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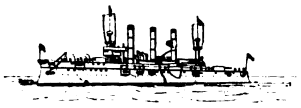
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Santiago—July 3, 1898

By Thomas A. Janvier



IN the stagnant pride of an outworn race
The Spaniard sail'd the sea:
'Till we haled him up to God's judgment-place—
And smashed him by God's decree!



Out from the harbor, belching smoke,
Came dashing seaward the Spanish ships—
And from all our decks a great shout broke,
Then our hearts came up and set us a-choke
For joy that we had them at last at grips!

No need for signals to get us away—
We were off at score, with our screws a-gleam!
Through the blistering weeks we'd watched the bay
And our captains had need not a word to say—
Save to bellow and curse down the pipes for steam!

Leading the pack in its frightened flight
The *Colon* went foaming away to the west—
Her tall iron bulwarks, black as night,
And her great black funnels, sharp in sight
'Gainst the green-clad hills in their peace and rest.

Her big Hontoria blazed away
At the *Indiana*, our first in line.
The short-ranged shot drenched our decks with spray—
While our thirteen-inchers, in answering play,
Ripped straight through her frame to her very spine!

Then the *Texas* slid into the fighting game,
With the *Iowa* closing to get her turn:
And the *Colon* fled fighting—making bid for fame—
With all her port broadside a sheet of flame,
Though her certain fate was to sink or burn!

In their fleeing Admiral's hopeless wake—
Too proud to strike, and too weak to aid—
Came the Spanish ships: in their turn to take
Our hurtling shell-fire's withering rake—
From guns that were served as on drill parade!

From their flaming ports and their flaming decks
The rising smoke hid the colors of Spain.
We had them there with our knives in their necks!
And we hammered them down into shapeless wrecks
With our screaming shells in a fiery rain!

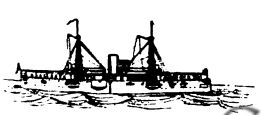
And Wainwright—the cheek of the thing to see!—
Cuts in with the *Gloucester*, of no-weight tons;
And he takes hell's broadside, and says, says he:
"I'll teach your tea-kettles not to fight *me!*"
And he cracks it back with his tom-tit guns!

Straight to its end went our winning fight—
With the thunder of guns in a mighty roar.
Our hail of iron, casting withering blight,
Turning the Spanish ships in their flight
To a shorter death on the rock-bound shore.

The *Colon*, making her reckless race
With the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* close a-beam,
Went dashing landward—and stopped the chase
By grinding her way to her dying-place
In a raging outburst of flame and steam.

So the others, facing their desperate luck,
Drove headlong on to their rock-dealt death—
The *Viscaya* yielding before she struck,
The riddled destroyers, a huddled ruck,
Sinking, and gasping for drowning breath.

So that flying battle surged down the coast,
With its echoing roar from the Cuban land;
So the dying war-ships gave up the ghost;
So we shattered and mangled the Philistine host—
So the fight was won that our Sampson planned!



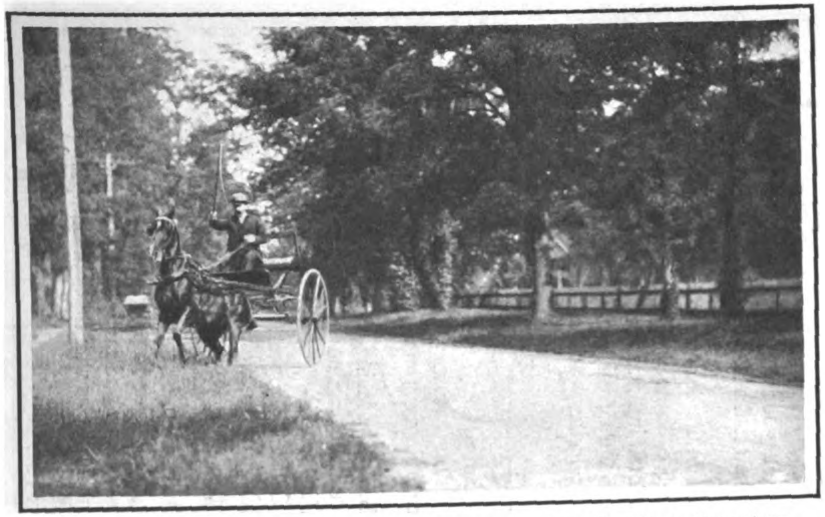
In the stagnant pride of an outworn race
The Spaniard sail'd the sea:
'Till we haled him up to God's judgment-place—
And smashed him by God's decree!



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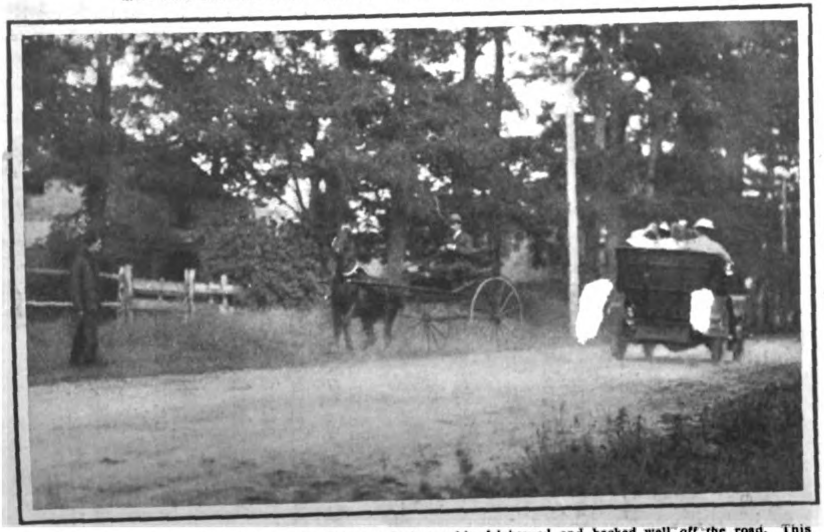
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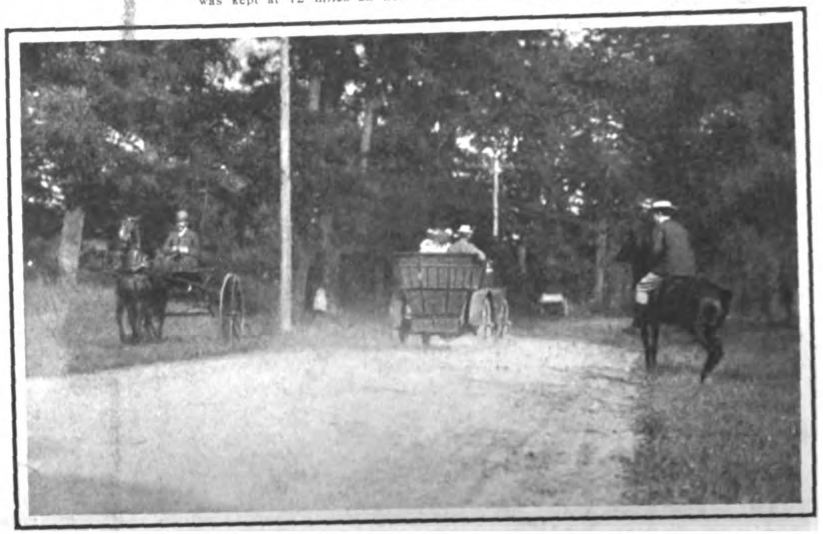
1.—The first sight the horse had of the motor. The motor was moving at 12 miles an hour, and was more than 300 feet away. The coachman raised his hand and signalled distress



2.—Motor 50 feet away, with the horse backing fast, and almost beyond the driver's control. The motor was kept at 12 miles an hour on the far side of the road



3.—Motor just abreast of the horse, with the animal thoroughly frightened and backed well off the road. This was the fourth time the motor passed him, and the case appeared hopeless; but from that time an improvement began



4.—After several trials the horse was set on the macadam on one side, and another pony, saddled, on the other side. The motor was then run between them at 30 miles an hour. Both horses jumped off the road, but the result was a distinct improvement on No. 1

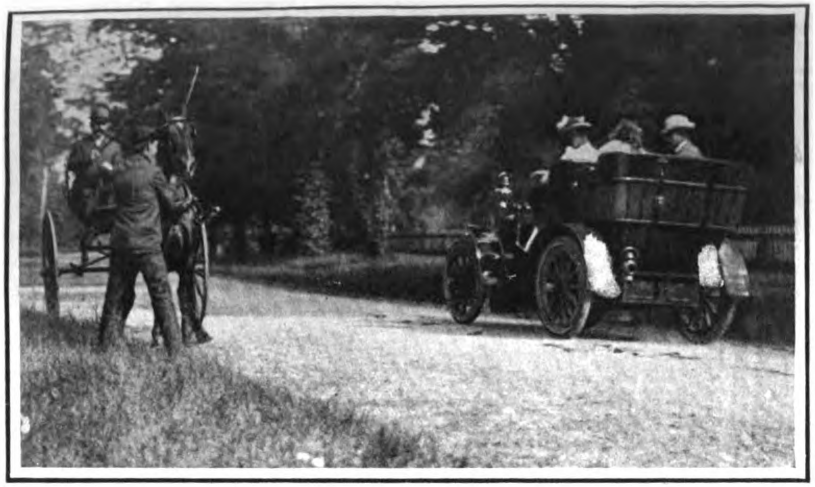
THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE HORSE

A practical illustration of what can be done with a horse scared by an automobile

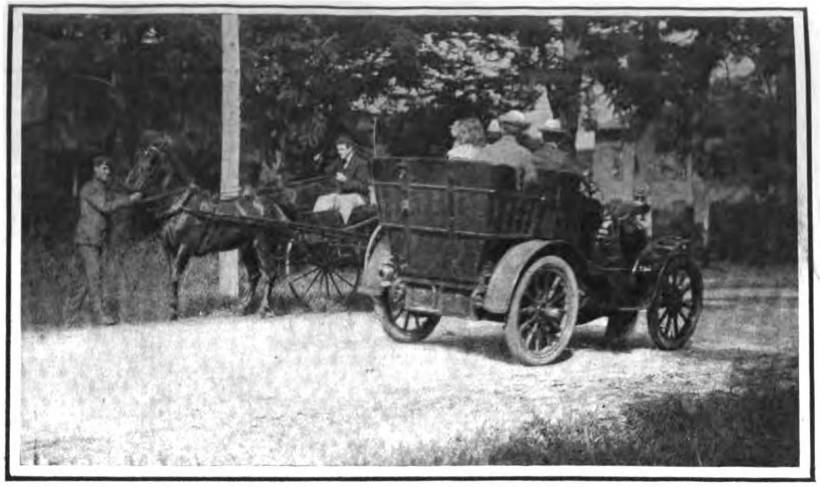
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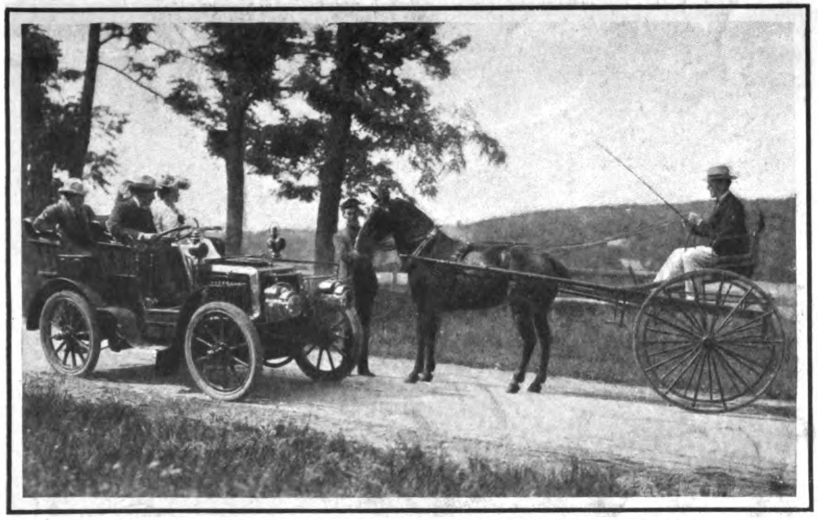
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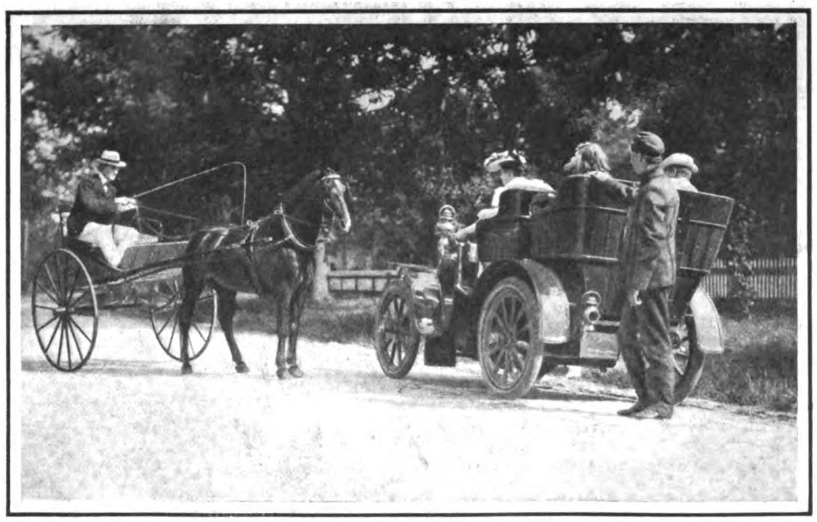
5.—The chauffeur was then sent out ahead to hold the animal, and he stood reasonably still with the motor going at 25 miles an hour. In ordinary courtesy an automobilist should use his chauffeur thus on such occasions



6.—Again holding the horse, the Panhard was run close in to him, moving very slowly, and making much more noise than when moving swiftly. The horse stood absolutely still, and watched the motor with increasing interest



7.—After fifteen minutes of experimenting as above, the chauffeur led the horse up to the motor as it stood still and perfectly silent. The animal hesitated for a few moments, and finally begin to sniff at the car



8.—Finally, absolutely cured of his fright, the horse was driven quietly up to the car, which, though standing still, was vibrating, and making all the noise that could be produced by the engine. At the same time the horn was tooting constantly

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE HORSE

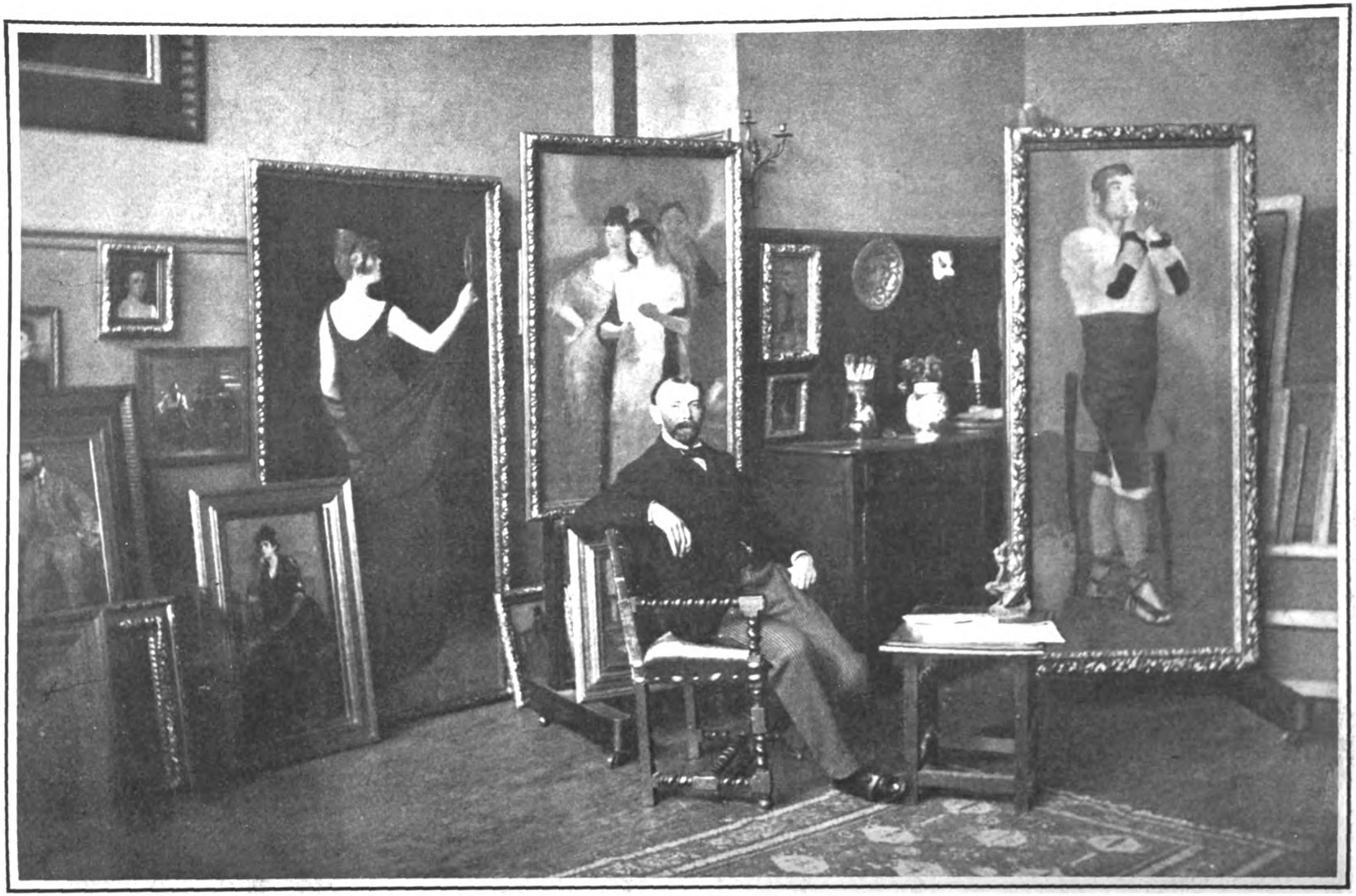
These photographs were taken of a horse which had run away and broken a cart on meeting an automobile, and in less than half an hour he was cured

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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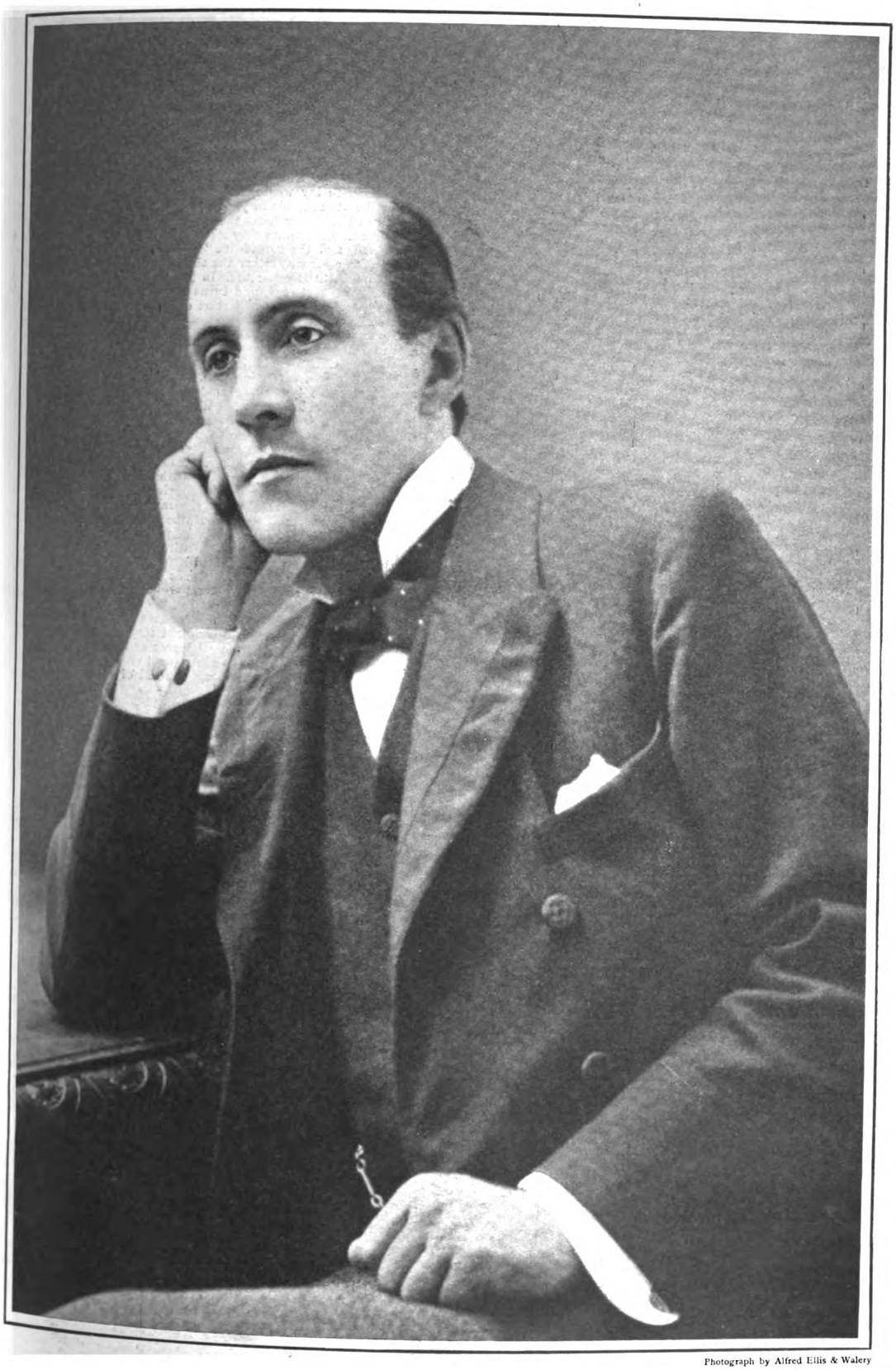
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THE AMERICAN ART COLONY IN PARIS—WILLIAM T. DANNAT IN HIS STUDIO

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Photograph by Alfred Ellis & Walery

ANTHONY HOPE

Whose new serial, "The Intrusions of Peggy," begins in this number of Harper's Weekly

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The Struggle for Western Free Range

How Cattle-men and Sheep-men Contest the Government Pastures

THE greatest movement of sheep ever accomplished in the United States by one body of men in one day was made recently on the Wyoming range. On a pleasant spring Sunday 100,000 sheep were moved back across the "dead-line" on the western range by representatives of 700 families, whose very existence was menaced by the woolly flocks.

This settlers' raid was a part of the fierce war now in progress between the cattle-men and the sheep-men of the frontier as to which class shall possess the government's free range. For many years there has been a well-defined boundary between the cattle and sheep lands which has been respected by both sides. Now the range is being rapidly diminished by the incoming thousands of settlers. According to the railway records, 136,000 home-seekers passed westward through the St. Paul gateway in the sixty days ending April 12 of the present year, and the end had not come, for the immigration would not close until June 30. These have all taken land, and have thus far lessened the amount of government pasture. Last summer nearly 4,000,000 acres were settled up in the Southwest, mostly in Oklahoma. A proclamation has been made for the opening of the Rosebud lands, 400,000 acres, and the great Kiowa pastures, of the same size, will soon become famous.

Added to this hegira of the farmer to the newer lands are two other reasons for the bitterness of the fight—the deterioration of the grass, and the damage of the sheep's pasturing compared with that of the cattle.

The range to-day is not what it once was. Over large tracts in Nebraska and Wyoming, as well as in the parks of Colorado and on the open plain of New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona, the diminishing condition and the lessening power of the sod to sustain stock have caused alarm. The government and the railroads are now planning extensive experiments for devising means of replenishing the barren places. Importation of South-American grasses, reseeding with native grass, and rest are some of the plans proposed. So poor are some sections of the range that where ten acres would once support a steer for the summer, now twenty are required.

The injury from the pasturing of sheep is a very real and positive one. The sheep-men have the best of it in the contest for the use of pasture. Where sheep have eaten, cattle will not go; but sheep will follow the cattle herds. Such an odor follows the flocks that for weeks the cattle refuse to eat from the same sod. Sheep are nomadic. They must be watched night and day, or they will wander on and on, forgetting their corral. Only at evening when they have eaten their fill will they peaceably and of their own free will come home, provided they are not then too far away. On the range a man and dog take care of 3000 sheep. As the flock goes over the grass it eats every spear and blade; it is voracious; it leaves the land bare. "And so," angrily demands the settler, "is it right to allow one man, who may not even be a citizen of the United States, with 10,000 sheep, and employing three men, to lay waste in one season the development of several hundred settlers made in years?"

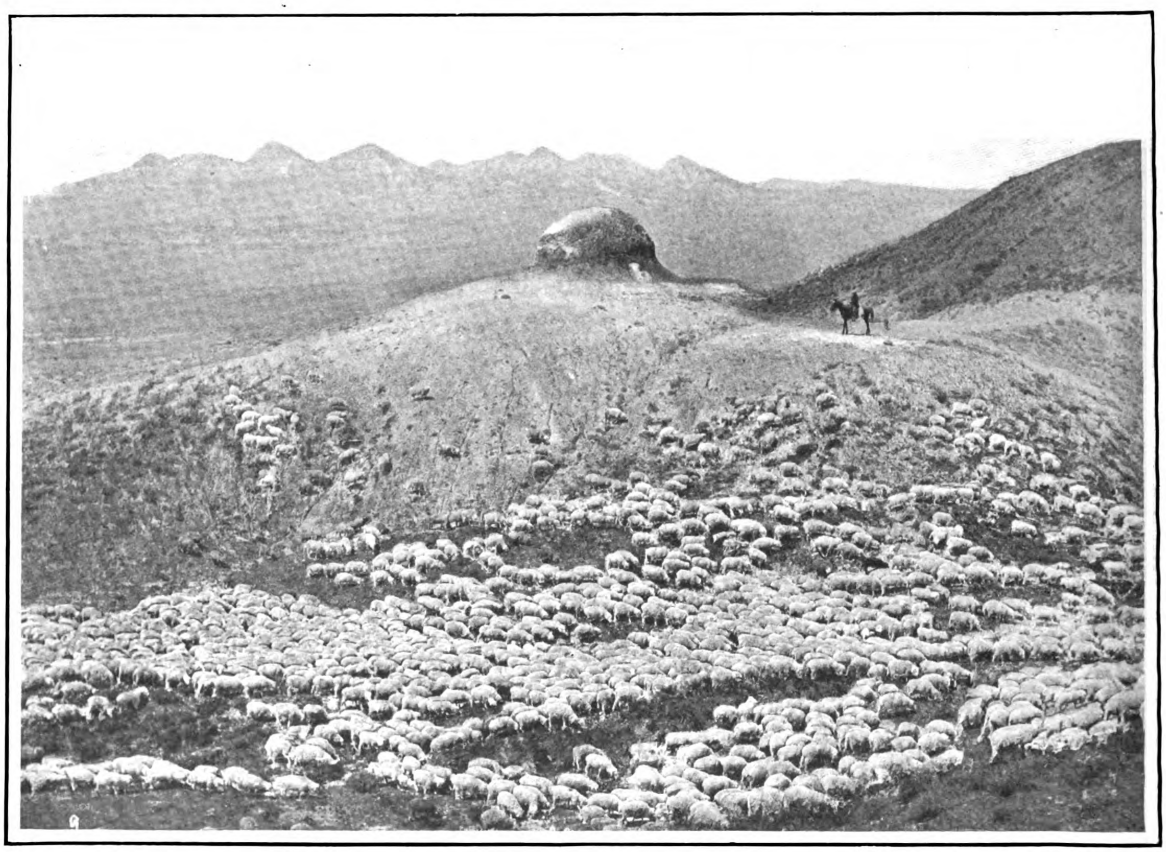
And so the herder hates the shepherd; the cattle-man detests the sheep-man. Sometimes they meet and fight it out; a few employees are killed, and the "dead-line" is established again.

It is not clear why either the sheep-man or the cattle-man should have a right to free pasture. In either case he owns a small piece of land near a stream, and turns his stock loose on the "desert." If the cattle-man is in a portion of the West where there is some necessity for enclosing his pasture with a fence, he does it. He starts at a given corner, and builds until he gets tired; then makes a turn and builds home. If he owns or leases a tenth of the land he uses he thinks he is liberal.

The sheep-men are doing well. The prices for wool and mutton are high. The lambs are sold in the market for six to eight cents a pound. The flock is culled, and the animals fit for fattening are taken to the alfalfa-lands of eastern Colorado and other places close to the corn region, there to be transformed into marketable material. The feeders have for several years been making money, and the industry has, because of this, flourished. The sheep-men deny that they take anything more than their rights, and make a strenuous contest for their privileges.

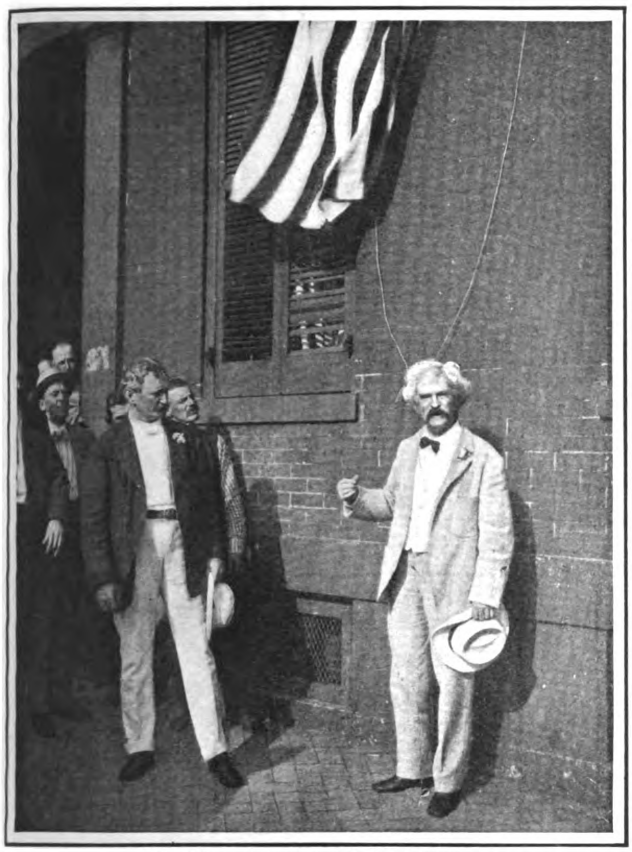
So bitter is the rivalry for the range, and so frequent is the bloodshed over the matter, that the government is investigating the situation, and range leases in which boundaries are strictly defined may be placed over the entire range country wherever the settler has not already obtained a foothold.

The problem of the grazing-lands is a large one, and is in a state of bitter controversy throughout the open range-lands of the West. The quicker it is settled, the better for all. At present the government is ordering the cattle-men to take down their fences and arresting them when they do not obey; the settlers are fighting back the sheep-men; the cattle-men and sheep-men are contesting the use of the range. As the amount of land is limited, and the numbers of stock are increasing, the end of the controversy must before many years be reached.



Devastating Woolly Tribes

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Mr. Clemens makes a brief Address

Mark Twain Unveils a Tablet to Eugene Field

ONE of the principal events connected with Mark Twain's recent visit to Missouri was the unveiling of a tablet commemorating the birthplace of Eugene Field. The ceremonies were simple, but the presence of Mr. Clemens and the Rochambeau party added to their impressiveness. The unveiling took place on the afternoon of June 7, immediately after the landing of the party from an excursion upon the Mississippi, during which Mr. Clemens had for a time acted as pilot of the steamer.

The tablet, which is of bronze, is conspicuously placed on the front of the house. The inscription upon it reads as follows:

> Here was Born
> EUGENE FIELD,
> The Poet.
> 1850-1895.

Before releasing the flag that draped the tablet, Mr. Clemens said:

"My Friends,—We are here with reverence and respect to commemorate and enshrine in memory the house where was born a man who by his life made bright the lives of all who knew him, and by his literary efforts cheered the thoughts of thousands who never knew him. I take pleasure in unveiling this tablet to Eugene Field."

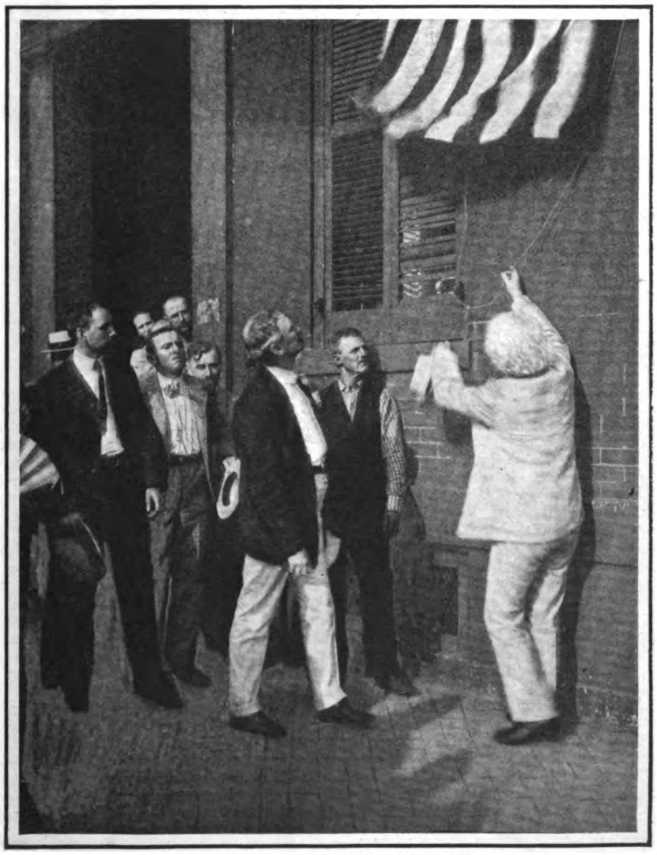
President Francis, of the Exposition Company, followed Mr. Twain. He referred to the occasion as a memorable one, and said, "This tablet to the memory of Missouri's greatest poet and sweetest singer is unveiled by a man who is not only the greatest Missourian, but the best-known American man of letters of the day."

A rather humorous aspect is given to the event by the subsequent discovery that the house on which the tablet was unveiled was not the birthplace of Mr. Field. This is vouched for by Roswell Field, of Chicago, brother of the poet. Mr. Field, in commenting upon the honor done his brother, says: "There was only one drawback to the complete success of the ceremonies, and that seems to have been lost sight of in the more important features. It is not with the intention of exciting controversy or of suggesting any change in the inscription on the tablet that I wish to say that, as a matter of fact, Eugene Field was not born in this house, nor within a mile of that neighborhood."

The suggestion of a memorial to the poet originated with Francis Wilson. The fact has been established that Mr. Field spent much of his youth in the house, and, so far as can be positively learned, there seems to be no doubt that his parents moved to the house in the first years of his infancy.

Mr. Clemens's Western visit was really a series of ovations. His early experiences as a Mississippi pilot, and which he has described in his *Life on the Mississippi*, were repeated in part for a few moments when he took charge of the wheel on the steamer carrying the Rochambeau party and Mr. Clemens. The deck and pilot-house were crowded with guests, who cheered the erstwhile pilot, standing at the wheel, with his gray locks blown about by the breeze. The origin of his pen name came back to the listeners as they heard the call of the leadsman, and the answer from the lips of the distinguished pilot-author at the wheel. "Mark T-h-r-e-e" came from the deck, and "Mark T-h-r-e-e" echoed from the pilot-house; "Ha-a-l-f T-w-a-i-n" from below, and again "H-a-l-f T-w-a-i-n" from above; "Q-u-a-r-t-e-r T-w-a-i-n" from the leadsman was heard in a moment, and the answer "Q-u-a-r-t-e-r T-w-a-i-n" followed. And then, amid cheers from the spectators, followed "M-a-r-k T-w-a-i-n" by the deck-hand, with the answer from the impassive man at the wheel—"M-a-r-k T-w-a-i-n."

Mr. Clemens was made an LL.D. by the University of Missouri, at Columbia, during his tour, and afterward delivered the diplomas to the graduates. He was attired in his Yale gown, and was the recipient of many attentions, two banquets being given in his honor, as well as one formal and several informal receptions. In fact, this was not only the case at Columbia, but at all the places visited by Mr. Clemens during his sojourn in Missouri, his visit to that State being regarded as an event of the greatest importance.



Mr. Clemens Unveiling the Tablet

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The Notable Plays of the Year

Some Consideration of a Few American Plays, Wise and Otherwise

IN glancing over the season's play-bills one is impressed with the unusual variety of the dramas presented during the year, as well as with their general excellence. The output of fairly strong original plays by American authors has been encouraging, and to one observer at least it seems clear that the newer writers have carried off the honors for intrinsic merit. Neither Mr. Augustus Thomas nor Mr. David Belasco, probably the most expert playwrights we have, may plume himself upon his showing, although the latter is unquestionably responsible for the greatest commercial success of the season, as evidenced by a continuous run. The two productions of the former, "Colorado" and "Soldiers of Fortune," lacked the virility of the author's earlier efforts. In the latter instance, Mr. Thomas is not to be blamed, since he was required to work in double harness with another equally talented individual who was not designed by nature to be anybody's running mate. For "Colorado," however, he was directly and individually responsible, and in it he cannot be said to have measured up to his own very high standard. The fine manliness and notable sincerity of such plays as "Alabama" and "Arizona" were lacking in "Colorado," and at no point were his portrayals of life in that State convincingly true. The humor was forced, and at times verged on burlesque, while the serious moments of the play filled one with a desire to laugh, failing utterly to elicit that responsive thrill which the dramatist sought. Had one not known that the contrary is the fact, one might have supposed from the last act of "Colorado" that Mr. Thomas had no sense of humor, which indicates a serious departure of this playwright from those standards which have won for him a most enviable reputation.



Charles Klein



Mrs. Lottie Blair Parker

Of Mr. Belasco's contribution we have already had much to say, and in this retrospect it suffices to remark that we see no reason to alter our often-expressed conviction that his "Du Barry" was hysterical rather than historical, calisthenic rather than histrionic, and in its perversion of known facts a dramatic offence. The incident that it paid tremendously well does not alter the main facts. Mr. Belasco, too, like Mr. Thomas, would seem temporarily to have lost his sense of humor, for he put in a very vigorous claim for recognition as a part author of Mrs. Burton Harrison's social study, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," upon which, for a short period, Mrs. Fiske wasted her sterling talents. Were the claim substantiated, Mr. Belasco's showing would be still further reduced, for of all the woman-baiting plays that we have been compelled to endure, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" impressed us as being the most brutal and unnecessary, and, be it said, wholly unsuggestive of the pen of the gentlewoman who appeared as its author.

Mr. Clyde Fitch has advanced materially, and has shown his right to be considered seriously as an American dramatist. His "Way of the World" was a brilliant effort, both in construction and in dialogue, and played by a competent company would have won deserved plaudits. All Mr. Fitch needs now to do is to safeguard the reputation he has already won by suppressing some of the pot-boiling of his past. If he can keep his adaptations of Augier and his dramatizations of French novelists off the stage, there is no reason why he may not take high rank among our playwrights. He is too individual to waste his time upon polishing up, or disinfecting, other people's ideas, and since there is no necessity for his debasing his own wit to the uses of exotic themes, we look forward to a period of real achievement for him.

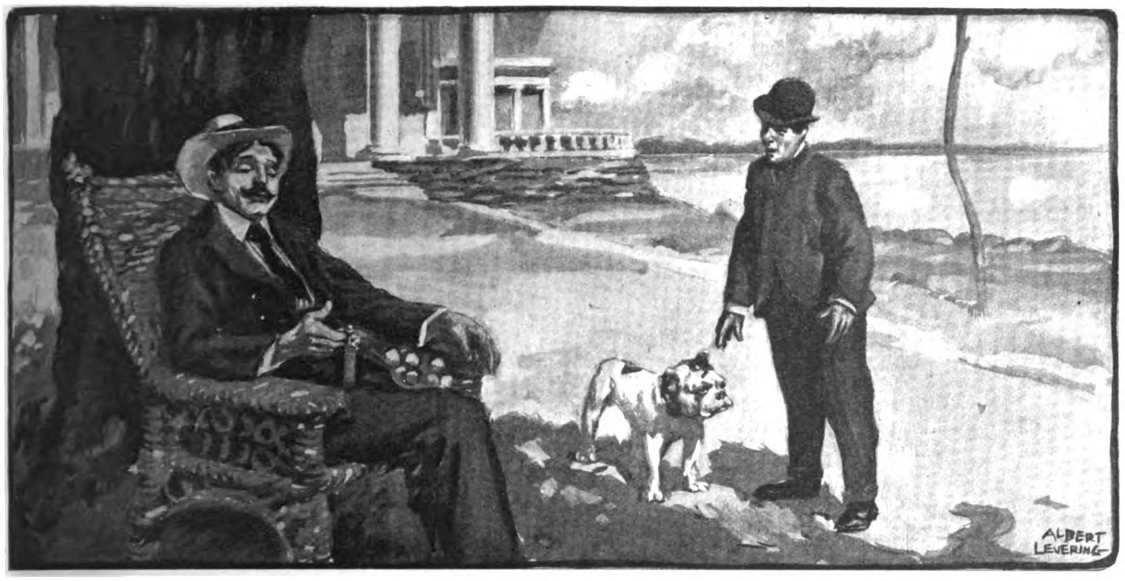
Apart from the work of these three gentlemen, there have been a number of other plays that inspire comment, and of a favorable nature. Mr. Theodore Burt Sayre's little comedy of "Tom Moore" was an agreeable and highly meritorious study, and presented a fairly accurate portrayal of the Irish bard's character, in spite of certain liberties with known facts which the author ventured, but which he may well excuse on the general exonerating plea of "poetic license." We might commend Mr. Sayre's study of Moore to Mr. Belasco as a fit example of just how far a dramatist may take liberties with history—or biography. Whatever departures from fact Mr. Sayre may have made, he nevertheless presented the real Thomas Moore to us as he is known through the pen picture of his contemporaries. Incidents of Moore's life may have been altered to suit the requirements of the playhouse, but the essence of the man himself was not tampered with, and the theatre-goer was in the large educated, even if in certain matters of detail he was misled. It is a matter for regret that Mr. Sayre's play was produced at a season of the year when New York is still in the throes of summer, and not yet ready to give serious attention to anything which goes on in the theatre. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Mack, who was the interpreter of Mr. Sayre's theme, may venture a winter season in New York, and when he does, we suggest that he will find in "Tom Moore" the fittest rôle in his répertoire for its beginning.

Another American beginner in play-writing whose work stands out in pleasant relief is Mr. Louis Evan Shipman. His comedy, "D'Arcy of the Guards," was a delightful bit. We have grown very weary of the swordsmen of the stage, and Mr. Shipman's comedy induced a sense of surprised satisfaction. To those who had not read the refined little book of the same title, worthier than many to be called, in its best sense, an historical novel, there may have been a slight disappointment to discover at the play no material evidence of the swashbuckler. The idea that a man may be a soldier and yet remain a gentleman—not a Gentleman of France, but the simon-pure article—fact though it is, has not occurred to many who write our books or our plays. The excellence of Mr. Shipman's conception of his hero, to our mind, lay in the perception of this fact, and his comedy, cast in an atmosphere of conflict sufficiently indicated to be impressive and dramatic, was none the less of the drawing-room. Mr. Shipman's vision has been sufficiently acute to discern that a gentleman is not necessarily a butcher, and that the shambles are better left untouched. Of course, Mr. Shipman is not a Sheridan, but in "D'Arcy of the Guards" we got a breath of the Sheridan atmosphere, in which there was so much that was human, so much that was sparkling, so much that was wholesome and witty and true, that there seemed to be an echo, though not an imitation, of a play-writing period when plays were conceived on lines of life, and not built by constructing companies on the contract system.

But there was one play by an American author in the season's list that stands out beyond even these, and that was "The Hon. John Grigsby," by Mr. Charles Klein, assisted by Mr. Langdon Mitchell. It was an historical study, though not an historical play. As a picture of life at a period of American history that brought forth great men and great results, it was worthy of very serious consideration, and while it may not be said to have been a popular success, we think it would prove to be such if it could be given another chance. To those who saw it, it undoubtedly made a strong appeal, and more especially to those who choose their theatrical diversion as they choose their books; who are not carried away by the factitious circumstances which nowadays make or mar a dramatic production, and who are capable of determining whether or not a thing is good and why. Mr. Klein has produced a study of what we may call the Abraham Lincoln period of our national development, and there is naturally throughout the whole story a strong dramatic interest, and many pictures of the life of the period which are or should be educational in their value.

These, with Mrs. Lottie Blair Parker's excellent "Under Southern Skies," are the plays that during the season have most commended themselves to our judgment for revival. They are all by American authors, and they constitute a valid basis for claiming that the time has come when we may recognize the existence of a distinctly strong native dramatic literature. That they have shone prominently in a season not lacking in evidences of activity among foreign-born authors, speaks well for their intrinsic merit, and we like to believe that the American public will be prompt in its appreciation of this newly discovered fund of native genius.

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The Return of the Prodigal

Chimmie Fadden: An Expected Return

Showing that there may be Too Much of a Good Thing

DE Bowery is a good ting. So is a teeater. I'm tinking nobody wouldn't want to live in a teeater all de time.

You're on: I'm back to Miss Fannie's.

Listen: when I gets all fit again, after de jolt on me coco I was telling you about, and Duchess had went back to our place on de Sound to finish her two weeks' notice wit Miss Fannie, de gang hunts me up, and says we'd have de time of our lives. Well, I suppose if dat was de only life I'd ever had it would been all right. But, honest, de time de gang give me was no cure for cold feet. As Mr. Paul used to say, "on de contrary, odderwise."

It was rough house, dat's what it was; and I soon tumbled dat I was stuck on rough house only like I'm stuck on jam: a little of it now and den beats a lot of it all de while. But I'd left me place, and Duchess was coming to join me; so I tought I was up against de game for fair, and it was next to me to take me punishment and look as cheerful as de game allowed—as de dentist told de man when he was pulling his toot.

Honest, de game was to de bad. It was rush de growler; it was scrapping wit dis gang and dat gang all de time; it was nearly everyting but bat'-tubs and decent langwudge, and me feet got so cold dey froze me shoes.

Me modder was on. I tought she wasn't; but I guess modders is mostly on to any old game when dere boys is in it. Listen:

"What do you tink Miss Fannie will be doing about now?" says me modder one morning.

"She'll be giving Housekeeper orders for de day; looking to see is de up stairs and down stairs goils doing deir woik proper; and telling me how many will be to lunch and dinner, and what trap she'll want from de stable, and—"

"Telling *you?*" says de old loidy.

"Telling dat ignorant coachman's kid, what took me place."

"And Little Miss Fannie: what would she be doing?"

"Making a sneak from French voibs, by telling governess she has to water her flowers."

"And Mr. Paul?"

"He'll be jollying Whiskers, down by de beach, about load water line, and sail arey, and rubbering at de veranda to see is Miss Fannie coming out."

"And Duchess? What would Duchess be doing now?"

"She'll be waiting for me to give her and Kiddie a row in de boat. We mostly had our mornings off."

"Duchess will be here to-morrow," says de old loidy, giving me a look out of de corner of her eye, "den you can give her and Kiddie a morning off on de Bowery."

"Dat 'll be great," says I.

"'Great,' says you! Great, is it, wit you falling back into de gang, and de place and de ways what Miss Fannie took you from—it's now five years ago, bless her heart! 'Great,' says you. Bah, I says."

Say, de old loidy sailed into me for fair. She rubbed it into me good, and didn't use no babeskin sponge while she rubbed.

"But," says I, side-stepping till I fetched wind enough to talk straight, "but I'm tired of wearing buttons. I'll have no more livery," says I.

"Livery, you say? Don't de cops wear livery? and dey is de kings of de island. Don't de firemen wear livery? and dey is de hero boys, all right. Livery, says you! What do de cloiks wear? A livery; every one dressing alike in deir billy-cock hats and blue hand-me-downs. What's a livery, if it shows you is woiking an honest day's woik for honest wages? Go along wit you!"

"But I gets sore," says I, "hearing de folks gabble all de time when dey don't gobble."

"You'd radder be wit de gang what's damning all de time when dey isn't drinking! Shame on you, Chimmie Fadden," she says.

"Sure," says I, "it would do me no harm to get back where more soap and water and less cussing is de fashion. I wonder would dey take me back witout no kick. P'chee, I'd like to give our Kiddie a roll in de sand again."

"Here's your hat, me son," says she. "Don't be a fool no longer," she says. Dat's all she says, giving me me lid.

Say, I gives her a hug, and I never stops running till I gets to a telegraft office. Dere I wires Duchess: "Don't start. I'll be back to-day."

Den I chases home, packs me trunk, tells de old loidy to send it after me, for dere was a train starting in half an hour, lets out one yell dat woke de cop on de next block, grabs de L at Chatham Square, and in half an hour was on me way home.

I runs all de way from de station to our place, near croisy wit excitement, and de foist folks I see was Mr. Paul and de bull pup, talking togedder under a tree on de lawn. When Mr. Paul seen me he takes out his watch, looks at it hard, puts it away, and den he says, "Chames, I has lost a case of dat blue ribbon wine I bet wit Mr. Van Courtlandt."

"What's doing?" I says.

"I bet him, a week ago, dat you'd be home dis morning. It's five minutes past twelve, and I lose. Why didn't you take a wagon at de station?"

"Dere was none dere; so I ran," says I.

Well, I chases into de house, and I meets Miss Fannie wit her housekeeping book in her hand. She looks up from it, and says, "Chames, some people dat likes nice silver will be at dinner: we'll have de George Fort set. You know de one I mean?"

"De stuff wit your grandmodder's name on 'em."

"Me grandmodder's modder," she says, giving me de keys.

Just den I hears Whiskers coming down de stairs, using langwudge. "It's a strange ting," he says, "dat I has to go barefoot when I pays me shoemaker two or tree hundred dollars a year."

"What shoes is you looking for, sir?" I says.

"Oh, is dat you, Chames?" he says. "When did you come?"

"Twelve five, sir."

"We'll have some of Paul's wine for dinner," he says. "Have I any white doeskin shoes, or haven't I?"

"Six pairs, sir."

"One will do," says he; and he waltzes out on de lawn, where I hears him giving Mr. Paul de laugh.

I began tinking I'd slipped a cog somewhere: nobody wasn't surprised to see me; nor glad nor sorry. So I chases to find Duchess.

"Oh, here you are!" says she, giving me a kiss.

"You got me wire? I sent it half an hour before de train."

"It will get here dis afternoon. Hasten," she says; "I promised baby you'd give us a boat ride before lunch."

"Hully chee!" I says. "How did you know I was coming?"

"It is, as you say, a beautiful day on de water," says Duchess. I don't know yet what she was smiling at.

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MRS. E. R. THOMAS

Who, before her marriage, was Miss Linda Lee, and whose husband is the son of General Samuel Thomas

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

We anticipate that, within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines, America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce, and Christianity; and believing, as we do believe, that, by virtue of the intelligence, industry, and conscience of her people, she is the nation best fitted to hold that commanding position, it becomes the chief mission of this journal to hasten the day and to help to perfect the equipment of those upon whom the responsibility must fall for the successful performance of their duty to progress and civilization.

As we write, the eyes of the whole civilized world are fixed anxiously upon the sick-room where the life of England's uncrowned King lies trembling in the balance. Whether the royal sufferer recovers, as all are fervently praying that he may, or not, there is a tragedy in the situation which has deeply stirred the hearts of all who contemplate it, irrespective of their personal interests, intimate or remote. It is as if the guests bidden to a wedding feast were gathered, joyously awaiting the coming of the bridegroom, only to be dismissed at the eleventh hour with the hush of death upon them. The democrat as well as the royalist feels a deep sense of personal sorrow that it has been withheld from the stricken man to fulfil the function for which he was designed. Edward has shown himself a true King, and has honored himself far more than his crown could have honored him, by his attitude toward the people with whom his armies were recently in conflict. No more gracious act than King Edward's proclamation to the Boers has been credited to the ruler of a victorious nation. That it was diplomatic and wise under all the peculiar circumstances of the victory by no means lessens the honorable gracefulness of his tribute to a "brave and determined people," and if the note that was struck in that utterance should have proved the key-note of his own attitude toward the public affairs of Britain, the chances of his making an enviable record as a constitutional monarch would have been by no means few. He has always been of a lovable personality, and the vast concourse of people from all parts of the world that had gathered in honor of what was to have been the formal beginning of his reign, as well as the note of tender sympathy that has gone out to himself and his people in their hour of affliction, shows the extent and the height of the personal esteem in which men have come to hold the King of England. The disaster that has overtaken the British people on the eve of the coronation festivities reminds us anew that we live in stirring times. Too stirring to some of us they seem. Fond as men may be of history, and eager as many may properly be to watch it in the course of its manufacture, to be contemporaneous with it, it is not to be denied that the sequence of historical events during the past four years, beginning with the destruction of the *Maine*, and ending with the calamity of Tuesday, has been somewhat too rapid and kaleidoscopic for the comfort of those who watch, to say nothing of those whose duty it is to chronicle.

When we consider how short is the ordinary limit of a President's term of office, and then reflect upon all the great and stirring things of actual historical importance that have occurred in a space of time longer than that time by a mere bagatelle of weeks, we shall begin to realize into what a whirl of history-making our latter days have been plunged. Two wars of magnitude have been begun and ended; the colonial empire of a once powerful nation has gone down into the dust; the colonial empire of a great Anglo-Saxon people has been welded, strengthened, and increased; a great and enlightened Queen has died; a great and enlightened President has been struck down by an assassin's hand; great discoveries in science and wonderful strides in surgery have been made; vast industrial enterprises have been born and brought to a successful though early maturity; disasters unparalleled have occurred upon sea and land, and where once a smiling city nestled among the soft verdure of a tropical hill-side now stands a smoking wilderness, with naught of life left to tell of that which used to be. The reader of to-day does not need to rummage through his Pliny or his Plutarch, his chapters of Revolutionary days, his chronicles of happenings to kings and other rulers, his stories of Newton, Galileo, and of Jenner, in search of passages to stir his soul. His daily newspaper for four years past has given him these things in great abundance, and whether it has been of the woes of Pelée, the horrors of Peking, the naval victories of Santiago and of Manila, the privations of war in Transvaal or Philippines, that he reads from those flying leaves of journalism, he will find nothing in all the printed pages of the historians to surpass them. It has been a wonderful period, fit in interest at least to bring one century to a close and to start another upon its cycle.

One feature of coronation week it is impossible to view with favor, and we may be very well satisfied with the fact that we find nothing analogous to it in this country. The habit of certain persons in England of insuring the sovereign's life is, we should think, a good thing to check. The custom first came notably to light at the time of Queen Victoria's death, when it was found that many thousands of pounds upon her Majesty's life had been underwritten. There may be plausible reasons for doing a thing of this kind, but on the whole it would seem as if by permitting it the authorities added materially to the dangers which are already sufficiently great along the path of one occupying so conspicuous a position. The idea that what practically amounted to wagers between the insurance companies and private individuals that King Edward would not live to be crowned were made, grates somewhat upon the mind that contemplates the situation from afar, and the despatch stating that in one day many thousands of pounds sterling were underwritten placing the King's life at a premium of three per cent. jars upon one's sensibilities, and to some extent mars the dignity of the picture. Unless one could show that he had material interests at stake, which would be seriously affected by unlooked-for disaster, the taking out of policies of this nature would seem to be obviously improper, as much so indeed as if some wholly uninterested individual should insure some one of our great public caravansaries against destruction by fire. It is not difficult to

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see how, were such a thing permitted, the custom would become a serious menace to the latter. How much greater the menace to a life already a marked one and automatically supplied with a plentiful number of evil-wishers is so wholly obvious to our minds as to make us marvel that the insurance companies are willing to embark upon such an enterprise, to say nothing of the easy state of the statutes which permit it to be done.

This week holds for Young America a day quite as joyous as Coronation day was to have been for the gamin of London, and that is the Fourth of July. Days may come and days may go, as the poet says, but the Fourth of July seems to be going on forever as usual. There are not wanting in certain quarters pessimists who say that the Fourth of July is not what it used to be, but they are mistaken. Whatever changes that may have come are in them, not in the day, nor in the mass of youth who still celebrate Independence day with all the noise and vigor at their disposal. It is safe to say that there will be as many burnt fingers when July 5 dawns as ever before, and that the day, in the country at least, will be made as memorable as ever with the fire-crackers of powder and of eloquence. It is a mistake to suppose that city ordinances against so-called nuisances, and their enforcement, have wrought a change in the feeling of Young America, or that the fires of patriotism burn less fiercely in their breasts because they are sternly repressed by law. The city is no longer a reflex of life. It is to the country-side that we must go for these ebullitions, just as we go there for other fine and beautiful things, such as trees, and flowers, and grass, and brooks undefiled. The city youth are none the less patriotic even if they are restrained in making a noise about it, a fact which the pessimist will find out for himself if he will but attend one of the public-school Commencements. Here he will see the bunting resplendently displayed. Here he will see little girls and boys standing in martial array singing out their little souls in "America" and "The Star-spangled Banner," and upon the platform small youths will be very much in evidence, reciting, with as much passion as their forebears displayed, the glorious story of "Paul Revere," with unlimited extracts from the eloquence of Patrick Henry and other rebellious colonials of other days. The day survives and its spirit with it, and whether the small boy who gives his day over to din and grime holds Dewey closer to his heart than Perry, and even if his idea of a soldier is the Rough Rider rather than the Minute-Man, the sentiment that lies deep down in the little heart is just as true and honest and sincere as it was in his father's or his grandfather's heart in days that are gone, when they too showed their love of country by burning holes in their trousers and scorching their eyebrows off in putting a fiery untamed pinwheel through its paces.

An interesting statement appeared the other day in a Boston newspaper's Washington correspondence. But it was not true; and while truth is sometimes exciting, this time the fiction was much more entertaining than the humdrum fact. Mr. Choate is not to cease to be ambassador to London, as the despatch asserted, in order to take the place of Secretary Hay. There has been no change whatever in the disposition of the President to Secretary Hay, and no change in the intention of either as to the latter's remaining at the head of the State Department. Wherever this rumor came from, it is characterized by a number of signs of deep-seated misinformation on the part of its author. There is a movement on foot in some quarters to compel the President to dismiss Mr. Root from the cabinet. The gentlemen who are undertaking this task must be greedy for hard work, for there is certainly no more difficult person to drive than the present President of the United States. Moreover, he likes his Secretary of War, and has confidence in him. He would not be likely, however, to be thinking of Mr. Choate while Mr. Root remains. It is true that there are two members of the cabinet from Iowa, but that is an additional reason for not having two from any other State. Moreover, no one but the news gossips has ever suggested Mr. Choate for Secretary of State.

The Virginia Constitution has been "proclaimed," and takes effect without the consent of the people. This makes it a curiosity among constitutions. It is the law of the people enacted and adopted by a representative body, the people having had no opportunity to pass upon it. It was proclaimed for the simple reason that the convention which adopted it was afraid that it would not be acceptable to the people. This makes it still more strange in the company of constitutions. Another State has now disfranchised the negro, and another piece of the reconstruction wall has been pulled down. The race problem is settling itself, so far as politics is concerned, but the settlement is not wholly satisfactory, for it is, in most instances, based upon an evasion of the Federal Constitution, and upon unfair discrimination against the illiterate blacks and in favor of the illiterate whites. The issue thus raised, however, may be left to the party politicians, who will probably continue to fear it in the future as they have feared it in the past. The practical effect of this disfranchisement of the negro ought to be the breaking up of the solid and Democratic South. If the negro is out of politics by operation of the new constitutional provisions, there is no reason why the whites should remain banded together. The first effect of the Virginia Constitution, however, seems to be the discouragement of the Republicans. They are talking of making no nominations this year. This may be expected at first, but as men of better character than those who lead the present Southern majority join the Republican party, there is every reason to expect a healthful movement which will disintegrate the solid South and divide its voters on lines of principle, and as the negro regains the suffrage by increasing education, he also will take sides in accordance with his opinions; in a word, he will no longer be forced to vote as a negro, but will vote as an intelligent citizen. The present movement in the South is not without its bright side.

The addresses at the formal opening of the Tilden Club the other night were interesting, if not important. Mr. Cleveland's emergence, his speech, and his prompt re-retirement, were characteristic, and of Mr. Hill's savagery the same may be said. The ex-President's observations were hauntingly familiar in form, but certainly did convey advice which, if heeded, might result in the material rehabilitation of his party. The incident was highly creditable to him, and the prompt and fiery repudiation of his sentiments by the great Nebraskan, also in retirement, but still aggressively inclined, is indubitable evidence of the weighty quality of his utterance. Your Uncle David was delightful, as of old. He "pitched into" everybody in his very best style, to the intense joy of the lone wayfarers from Tammany, and wound up with a pat on the back of Mr. Bryan, who had been invited—but not to speak—the irony of it!—and with the almost lost but not forgotten prediction of overwhelming Democratic victories next fall. We fear we cannot share his optimism. If the true Democracy of the country can somewhere find a leader with the philosophical cast of mind and the sagacity of Mr. Cleveland, combined with the aggressive qualities of the fighter that Mr. Hill possesses, controlled, and with a tongue well curbed, there is good reason for believing that the eminent candidate from Nebraska will be spared to the services of his country as an uncommonly interesting editor of that great journal of Populism, *The Commoner*. Until then we fear the Republican party will have to get along without the organized and intelligent opposition it so sorely needs.

There is some reason to believe that the unexpected strength which the irrigation bill displayed in Congress in its final stages was due to the particularly glowing picture which the happily-named Representative Newlands of Nevada presented to the national imagination in his great speech in favor of the measure. As the bill is now a law, it will be an interesting kind of game to see how near the realization comes to his promise. By a simple computation—for that matter, apparently well founded on probability—he conjured into being fifty million people. The proposition stands thus: Sixty million acres of otherwise irreclaimable land irrigated through the conservation of water-flow, to be accomplished only by government; these 60,000,000 acres divided into a million farms capable of maintaining in independence as many families of five persons each, which equals five million persons. But these proprietor-families would all need one or two hired men each, and these hired men would have their own families —five millions more. Mr. Newlands makes it twelve millions in all, throwing in two millions of people for good measure. And now, as Mr. Newlands expresses it, "the non-agri-

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cultural population indirectly dependent on the farms might easily double this number, making a total of not less than 25,000,000 people." But we are now only half-way through the account. With close and careful cultivation the density of the population to be directly supported would greatly increase, so that ultimately the area would easily take care of 30,000,000 or 40,000,000. Add to this the great development of grazing on the surrounding unirrigated lands, due to the proximity of new water-supplies, and the populations in turn dependent on these, and we have a grand total of 50,000,000 people. Of all this it is simply to be said that the figures will bear a great deal of discounting and still remain large. And it is all to be accomplished without the appropriation of any money in the Treasury—simply the assignment of the receipts from the future sales of public lands in the arid region to the creation of storage reservoirs. It is probable that the sentiment of the country will warmly approve the great experiment, whether or not the country goes all the way with Mr. Newlands in his figuring. Private enterprise has done as much toward the watering of the arid West as it can do, and the government, as the owner of both the water sources and the land to be watered, is the only agency that can start the great work of watering the land.

Talk about nations having trouble: the Manchu dynasty seem to have troubles enough of their own. Their obstinate obscurantism brought down on their Chinese subjects the hordes of the Foreign Devils; and now that the Manchus have thrown up the sponge, promised to make good and be good, and seen the Foreign Devils depart from their coasts, the long-suffering Chinese subjects seem determined to bring them back again by breaking forth in indemnity riots, rebellions, and revolutionary movements in six out of the eighteen provinces of the Middle Kingdom. These disturbances are all directed against the Manchus, either tacitly or openly,—as was the great Taiping Rebellion, when "Chinese Gordon" championed the obscurantist and obstructing Manchus, setting them once more firmly on the throne and giving them a new lease of dynastic life. The rebels in the south have gained a series of victories, winning over many regiments of imperial troops to their side, and have already declared their intention to separate the three southern provinces from the empire and form an independent state. In middle China, we have attacks on missionaries, atrocities, popular outbreaks, and savage reprisals by the Emperor's troops. In the north we have the refusal of many districts to pay the ransoms demanded for the injuries to the French Catholic missions —a refusal backed by armed force and open rebellion. And there is not the slightest likelihood that these widespread troubles will decrease in the immediate future. On the contrary, everything points to their continuance and aggravation.

One great fact emerges from all this turmoil: one cardinal defect of the Chinese character. The Celestials have no power of cohesion, no genius for political combination. They lack men possessing the general and abstract quality of intellect which is needed to form large organizations. They seem unable to conceive and carry out a great systematized scheme working towards a definite and impersonal end. It is this lack in the Chinese character which opened the way for the Manchu conquerors in the seventeenth century; the Manchus had the gift of statecraft, though they seem to have lost it in recent years. The Chinese seem to be altogether without it. Their minds or imaginations are a blank for great collective enterprises. The result is that, though there are elements of irritation affecting a hundred million people—the population of six provinces—yet there is no order or union among them, no definite plan; only the pressure of an outside force keeps them together. Their revolutionary armies are, what they have always been, little better than plundering and murdering hordes. It is of the utmost interest to speculate on the attitude of the Dual Alliance in the face of these new complications. Will England and Japan intervene to suppress a rebellion which seeks to destroy that integrity of China which the Dual Alliance was formed to preserve?

One of the advantages of being an earnest man is to be able to talk earnestly on all subjects without being suspected either of humor or insincerity. The Emperor William is an earnest man, and whatever he does or says the public conviction is that he means it. Sometimes his vigorous addresses make cynical observers smile, but nobody thinks he is joking. So the striking discourse on religion which he made on June 19 at Aix-la-Chapelle is accepted as the deliverance of a pious man, speaking on a matter of the first importance. Dwelling on the contemporary might and vigor of the German Empire, and repeating with pride a tribute lately paid by the Pope to the piety of the Germans, and especially of the German army, he said:

"I look to all, priests or laymen, to help me uphold religion among the people, in order that the German name may preserve its health and strength. Our two great creeds must, living side by side, uphold and strengthen the fear of God and reverence for religion. Whether we labor in this or that field does not matter at all. He who does not found his life on religion is a lost man. I rejoice that I have placed my whole empire, my people and my army, as well as myself and my house, beneath the cross, and under the protection of Him who said, 'Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.'"

The Emperor makes a good exhorter. There is no menace in his declaration. The two creeds he speaks of cover most varieties of Christian belief, and there is safety in variety. There is no such state church in Germany as in Russia, hostile to religious liberty, active and powerful in politics, and in continual conflict with a multitude of sects which its own pretensions breed. The Russian reformers are arrayed against the Russian Church, but Germany is a land of schools and education, and the religion the Emperor stands for is a menace to no one.

Lord Charles Beresford, whom the French amusingly misname "Sir Beresford," and the leading papers of our own country not less amusingly miscall "Lord Beresford," is once more on the war-path. The boisterous scion of the house of Waterford is certainly a broth of a boy, as befits his country and forebears. Like so many of the Anglo-Norman families in Ireland, the Beresfords are more Hibernian than the Hibernians; and when Lord Charles rises in the House of Commons to go for the government—any government—there is a light of Celtic Revival in his eye. His scathing criticisms of the deficiencies of the navy, when the estimates were under discussion the other day, were exactly in the tone and spirit which the gentlemen on the left below the gangway are wont to level at Dublin Castle and coercion governments. The whole Admiralty system, said Lord Charles, is rotten; it breeds extravagance and general inefficiency; it threatens the life of the navy, which is the life of the empire. Agitation, he says—agitation is the only remedy. Every increase in the number of ships, every improvement in them, has been won by agitation. The only way naval officers can get things done is by threatening to resign. Great Britain's naval reserves are about a third of what they ought to be; in the engine-room departments things are even worse. As to armaments, both the United States and France have better guns than England. Blunders will continue, says Lord Charles, until a separate business board is appointed at the Admiralty, and made responsible for the efficiency of the fleet. Treasury control is fatal. And here Lord Charles, having soundly berated his own party, turned his shillalah against their rivals, and affirmed that "Sir Harcourt," when Chancellor of the Exchequer, actually passed an order for guns, and then ran his pen through the allotment for ammunition!

The German government has just added a new chapter to the embalmed-beef and boric-acid controversy. It seems that the Imperial Health Office has long had misgivings on the subject of borax, and that two years ago a series of experiments were begun, as the Latin dictum ordains, *in corpore vili*. Four men have been dosed with borax or its compounds during the whole of the two years, and the Health Office now reports the result. The experiment proved that borax acts very deleteriously on the body, retarding the assimilation of fats and albumen, and interfering with the renewal of tissue. The victims lost weight and grew thin, but at the same time they lost appetite, and began to peak and pine, like the damsel in the ballad. When the experiments were pushed, the victims soon reached a condition that filled the experimenters with misgivings. So far the report. In ludicrous contrast with its forebodings, we have the declaration of the veteran Professor Virchow, the most eminent of living chemists, that borax is not only harmless,

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but positively wholesome; that he has taken a daily dose for a generation; and that he celebrated his recent birthday by a double dose. After all, this only proves that what is one man's embalmed meat may be another man's tonic; and we know that arsenic is tolerably poisonous, even though the Styrian peasants use it daily, and, like a testimonial-writing prima donna, find it matchless for the complexion. There may be no contradiction between the great chemist and the Board of Health. Professor Virchow may take borax precisely because it acts in the way the report describes,—because it hinders the formation of fat and reduces the weight. Here, in truth, is another and nobler use for embalmed beef, which may well commend it to the use of elderly German gentlemen and others who are threatened with a presence. We may yet see them taking a little borax for their stomach's sake.

Bishop Vinton, a newly created pastor of the Western Massachusetts Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has recently said that "The creation of artificial sins has been the bane of Christianity in all ages." Commenting upon this, *Zion's Herald,* an independent Methodist Episcopal journal, says:

"This is painfully true; and perhaps no denomination has been more blameworthy in this respect, with all of its good qualities, than the Methodist. From our earliest history we have been creating extra Biblical sins, interpreting, or rather misinterpreting, the spirit and mind of the one Teacher and Exemplar, and condemning and declaring those acts which come wholly within the nature of individual conscience to be sins. Like the Pharisee of olden time, not content with the Decalogue, we have added ten times ten commands to it, and made them equally obligatory upon the conscience and life."

Such an admission from a Methodist journal shows how time has wrought changes in that body once so rigid in its control of the amusements of its adherents, and even now nominally prohibiting many acts which a Roman Catholic or Episcopalian or Lutheran would not think twice about doing. For some time a fine-bred minority of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been working for a modification of the Church's discipline, and still has much to do before it can alter the attitude of the rank and file. So frank an admission by so influential a journal as *Zion's Herald* shows that the minority opposed to continuing the prohibitory legislation of the Church has won an influential ally, one more inclined to speak its honest opinion, of course, because a non-official organ, and hence not immediately subject to reproof or control by the General Conference. The disinclination of young people whose parents are Methodists to remain in a Church which multiplies sins—venial and otherwise—has forced many clergymen, who in theory believe in prohibition, to favor a modification of the Church's standards, at least to the extent of making the injunctions against card-playing, theatre-going, etc., admonitory rather than prohibitory.

In the last of his lectures at Columbia University, Professor Loeb took up the interesting question of the Reversibility of Life—that is, whether the process of growth could be reversed, and a plant or animal led back to the seed or germ cell from which it sprang. Chemists, of course, regard life nowadays simply as a very complete series of chemical reactions, which will be one day reproducible in the test-tube of a laboratory. Formerly, chemists were wont to divide all chemical reactions into those which are reversible —that is, that can be conducted in either direction—and those which are not. Life was set down as an irreversible reaction. It can go on only in one direction, which we call growth, but which seems merely a release of energy, ending in a condition of equilibrium which we call death. Later researches, however, seem to make it clear that all chemical reactions are reversible. For example, the carbon of coal combines with the oxygen of the air to form carbonic-acid gas, which goes off with the smoke. The reaction is attended with intense heat. For a long while it was supposed that this chemical combination could only take place in one way. It seems otherwise. At a sufficiently high temperature the reverse action sets in, so that at 1000° or 1500° C. coal and oxygen do not combine—the coal does not *burn,* or at least only partly. A familiar example is found in the carbons of the arc-light, which do not burn away at once, as one might expect, because the temperature of the arc flame is too high —above 3000° C. All chemical union seems likewise just a question of physical conditions—heat, pressure, state of division, presence of third substances, etc. The same seems true of the phenomena of life. With certain primitive animals or plants it is possible to reduce a grown adult organism back to apparently formless protoplasm, then start growth in an entirely new direction again, and all this simply by *contact,* either with hard substance, or water of different holding of salt, etc. It is extraordinary, almost unbelievable, but it is true. Of course, this refers as yet only to the lowest forms of life. But the higher organisms—an apple-tree or a man—seem rather vast colonies or aggregations of primitive single-celled affairs than anything radically different and new; so that what is true of the lowest beings holds, in a modified way, for the highest. The time when we shall be able by chemical means to convert a nonagenarian into a youth of twenty or a creeping child may be far distant—may never be attained. But the day a German biologist found that a grown and, so to speak, nonagenarian polyp could be led back to formless protoplasm—in a word, that vital phenomena, like all chemical phenomena, are reversible —marked a new epoch in the scientific study of life.

Of the graduating class at Harvard this year, eighty-eight men have declared intention to enter business houses (including banking, brokerage, clothing, and insurance); seventy-seven will study law; forty-four will study medicine; thirty-seven will be teachers; thirteen will study architecture; five expect to be civil engineers; and four journalists. These forecasts of intention leave more than half the class unaccounted for, and of these new graduates general business will get, no doubt, a very much larger proportion than the professions. A man who is going to study law, medicine, divinity, or engineering generally knows it before he graduates; whereas the youth whose first employment after leaving college is to find a job has necessarily much less definite ideas. The class secretary's report of the Harvard class of 1877, which graduated twenty-five years ago, shows that out of 195 members, 161 are living. One hundred and thirty-seven members married and have had 225 children, of whom 191 are living. Members of the class live in 28 States or Territories; 69 in Massachusetts, 32 in New York city, 10 in the Southern States, 14 in States and Territories west of the Mississippi, 11 in the Middle West, and 9 in New England outside of Massachusetts. Forty-seven members are practising lawyers, 16 are doctors, 25 are teachers or college professors, and 12 are ministers, leaving 51 members employed as journalists, politicians, brokers, bankers, capitalists, singers, chemists, public officials, librarians, zoologists, architects, farmers, manufacturers, designers, and in other capacities, and a few unemployed. A number of men who studied law and practised it for a time drifted away to other business, as is usual.

The secretary's report, from which the statistics above are taken, includes, as is customary, a brief report from each living member of the class, telling what he has done since graduation and is now doing. Two of these reports are in noteworthy contrast. A member of Irish descent, an able scholar, and a lawyer of learning and ability, living in New York, reports himself as chief organizer of the Political Liberty Society — an educational, anti-imperialist society formed to influence the Democratic party "to favor as the main and perhaps sole plank in its next platform the entire dropping of the Philippines at once, without a protectorate, but with the retention of a coaling-station." This member edits and publishes from time to time the *Political Liberty Herald,* which advocates the dropping of the Philippines. This anti-imperialist member is a bachelor. Another member who has got out of the beaten track is a minister, born in Maine, fifty-two years old, and the father of eight children, seven of whom are living. He began as a Congregational minister, later became a Baptist evangelist in the State of Washington, and, on an evangelizing tour round the world, sailed with troops for the Philippines and spent seven weeks there, visiting all points, preaching to the troops, and distributing Protestant literature. He is a zealous annexationist, an imperialist, he says, "but solely from the point of prophecy," since he considers the Eastern question "identical with the controversy of Zion," and feels it high time that we had a hand in settling it. It seems to take imagination to

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hatch out an enthusiastic yearning for the Philippines. This brother has plenty of it. He has gone to Liverpool now with most of his family, as evangelist for a religious body in Maine "who live the Bible as did the early apostles." He finds life full of profit and satisfaction, and that though he is "a wanderer, homeless, salaryless, seeking the evangelization of a lost world." "It pays well," he says; and no doubt it does. To be a religious enthusiast, convinced that you are on the right track at last, is probably as remunerative in joy as any occupation that has been invented. These two middle-aged Harvard graduates are earnest men, evidently very little concerned about the minor interest which we call "the main chance," and very deeply concerned about things of real importance. It is interesting to notice how strongly both feel about the Philippines, and how vehemently they take opposing sides.

Dr. Patton warns the American people that their ceaseless scramble for wealth is dulling their conscience most dangerously. It seems evident that it must do just that. And yet it is one of the ironies—or, perhaps, rather one of the more delicate and smiling cynicisms—of life that the people among us who have the sharpest consciences have always been the greatest scramblers for wealth that we own, while the habitual despisers of riches are "easy" people in all moral matters. One wonders greatly why this is so. The New England conscience has been developed among a people who are the very hardest grubbers for money, the most inveterate intriguers for dead men's shoes, on the American continent—unless it be the Pennsylvania Quakers, who are also a people with particularly keen consciences. Not long since a writer in a scientific journal presented a mass of evidence which went to show that the colored people of the South are devoid of thrift and all sense of material responsibility because the idea is so thoroughly ingrained into them that no rich man can enter the kingdom of heaven. There is far too little scrambling for wealth among them, and also far too blunt a sense of right and wrong. It is almost to be regretted that the scope of Dr. Patton's recent discourse on this subject did not permit him to explain this anomaly. It is impossible to assume that, in order to be truly conscientious, to be keenly sensitive morally, a people must devote themselves with ever-increasing assiduity to digging and struggling for money. Perhaps the explanation of the paradox lies in the fact that material responsibility, pride in personal and financial independence, the desire to possess what we very properly know as a *competence*—a thing to be got by being fit to get it through struggling for it—is an excellent foundation for moral integrity and the moral consciousness.

Bowdoin College's reputation among the New England colleges has been so high that there will be more than sectional interest in the effort to raise a sufficient sum for her adequate endowment to be announced at her coming centennial. The constancy with which certain families of New England and the Middle States send their youth to Bowdoin is proved by a list—published in President Hyde's last report—of one hundred and seventy families that have been represented at Bowdoin by two or more generations. President Hyde, a Harvard graduate, follows implicitly in the theory of education championed by President Eliot. "Development of character," he says, "under the responsibility of freedom is of much more consequence than conformity of conduct under the eye of authority." He serves warning on parents intending to send their sons to Bowdoin that the college is not a reformatory. "If you can trust your boy, send him to us; we shall trust him; and if he proves unworthy of trust, we shall send him back to you at the first opportunity. If you cannot trust him, and do not wish us to trust him, by all means send him somewhere else." This is a radical departure from the *in loco parentis* theory of education formerly held by college officials; and yet if President Hyde's report be read in full it will be seen that the faculty and the best students at Bowdoin seem to exercise a singularly fraternal, if not paternal, influence over the moral lives of such students as need aid.

So obscured was the fame of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins up to the time when *The Prisoner of Zenda* appeared, that although he had then half a dozen books of fiction to his credit, he was almost universally hailed in the press as a new writer whose first novel showed the influence of Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, and other popular writers of adventure ten years ago. His first book, *A Man of Mark,* was published at his own expense in 1889,—just for the fun of the thing, for it was not of literature he thought as a profession in those days, but, like so many of his contemporaries in letters, of the bar. A second book, *Father Stafford,* was brought out a year later; then he began to contribute short stories to the *St. James's Gazette,* several of which reappeared in *Sport Royal. Mr. Witt's Widow, A Change of Air,* and *Half a Hero* followed closely in '92 and '93, and gradually gained a wider hearing for the young author. With the publication of his next book, *The Prisoner of Zenda,* Mr. Hawkins won his way solidly into public favor, and it has never deserted him. His work since then is well known to all readers, and his previous books have become familiar through various reprints and new editions. Mr. Hawkins is one of the most versatile of novelists, as a cursory glance through his work would readily show. From *The Prisoner of Zenda* to *The Dolly Dialogues,* for example, is a far cry, yet in both he excels in originality and literary charm. His new story, *The Intrusions of Peggy,* which begins in this number of the WEEKLY, is more in the manner of *The Dolly Dialogues,* and has all the piquancy, pungent wit, sparkle, and brilliancy that distinguish his comedies of smart society.

That poets must be measured by the rules of law as severely as their verse by the rules of metre, Judge Francis B. Delehanty charged a New York jury in the recently contested case of Rosenfeld *vs.* Sarasohn & Son. The plaintiff, who is known to the critics of two continents as New York's Poet of the Ghetto, represented art, the defendants commercialism. The artist contracted with the publishers to furnish to them "such poetry as may be requested by said firm, or may be necessary and desirable for" their newspapers. The hand that subscribed the contract indited the verses; but the poet's soul revolted, and this revolt, in burning verse—the defendants averred—appeared anonymously in a competitive publication, which not unnaturally wounded the feelings of Sarasohn & Son. With that instinctive adroitness which poets impute to publishers in general, these publishers recognized, or thought they recognized, the libellant as their private bard. The publishers promptly declined to publish the contract verses which the plaintiff invoiced to them in the course of business. The plaintiff thereupon brought suit to recover, not his honorarium, but the specific "mazuma"—to use the idiom of the trial—which had been "nominated in the bond." The judge charged the jury that the plaintiff could not recover unless he had strictly complied with the contract, and written not poetry in general, but poetry "as directed" by the defendants, in compliance with their plans and specifications. But, for the plaintiff, Counsellor Patterson made his most strenuous appeal on the impossibility of any poet writing "as directed." "Poetry," said the learned counsel, "is a matter of inspiration, an output of impulse. It can no more be written to order than the wind can be wooed into the South on a sultry afternoon." The jury disregarded the judge's charge, gave the plaintiff a verdict for the full amount due him under his contract, and found in effect that whatever he was inspired to write the publishers ought to have been inspired to accept. The defendants thereupon paid the "mazuma."

It was at an afternoon gathering of people famed in two continents for achievements artistic, literary, and musical, and there was a man discussing a recent book with a woman of his acquaintance. He is a man very familiar to the brilliant social world here and abroad, and to a large contingent of newspaper readers besides, for he is one of the persons the quiet folk like to read about, in the dull routine of their sober lives. He has travelled widely, has tasted of the best of everything, it seems, that the world can offer. Yet there was great earnestness, mingled with not a little wistfulness, in his voice and manner, as he said, commenting on the recent novel of a friend—a novel of tremendous power but scant tenderness: "No, I didn't like it. I *admired* it, of course, for its brilliance and strength, but I didn't *like* it;

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it didn't do me any good that I am aware of. What we all need is to be encouraged, cheered on to do our best, made to believe that only our best is worthy of us, and that however discouraging things may look now, for the faithful and the true, great ultimate good is bound to come to them by-and-by. Yes," he went on, after a pause, "from our friends, as we meet them, from books as we read them, what we all need, I take it, is to be encouraged." And to the same woman to whom he spoke some one else, a day or two afterward, in answer to the question "What do the poor need most?" replied briefly but ardently, "Sympathy! not pity, but encouragement, such encouragement as you and I give to one another in the face of difficulties." Child of fortune, envied of all men, and child of labor and of sorrow, "what we all need is encouragement."

A note of genuine charm comes from the weird chorus of horrors in Martinique, where at the last accounts Pelée was still in a state of most dismal and unpleasant eruption. When the world was hearing the news of the destruction wrought by the volcano on the northern end of the island, the question was sometimes asked, "What has become of King Behangin of Dahomey?" This conquered and captive African monarch, master, with power of life and death, of the rude savages who used to shout so grewsomely from the walls of their village on the Midway Plaisance, was banished nine years ago to Martinique. He had been living in a cottage somewhere in the country districts, wrapped in the merest shreds of his former state. Had he been overwhelmed, with the pitiful remnant of his harem and his court? No one knew. He was apparently mislaid somewhere in the hurly-burly. Not one of the reporters hunted him up. But now he comes to the surface in a communication, couched in very good French, which he has addressed to the Colonial Office at Paris. In the years of his captivity he has been learning the language of his captors, and evidently reading their books, in which Paris always figures as the Earthly Paradise. He is not happy now in Martinique. "It is not," he says, "that I am ill treated: on the contrary, I am the object of the utmost benevolence. But just now Martinique offers so few distractions!" The king, who is perhaps the only person in Martinique who has found the eruption of Pelée so tame as not to be worth mentioning, goes on to express a desire to be taken for a little outing to Paris, where he doubtless expects to find something going on.

We know a woman so charming and conscientious that she never has trouble with any servant except the cook; but, alas! the trials of the kitchen become at times almost more than she can bear. After years of futile experimentation with Irish, Swedes, Germans, English, and even, in daring desperation, an American, she employed a Jap who "Speak good Inglis," and gave him as a helper a German girl just over who spoke no English at all. In this way she hoped to make for peace in the household because of the obvious impossibility of the other servants making their complaints understood, or in any, except possibly a physical, manner browbeating the Jap. For a fortnight all was well, but then there issued from the boiler precinct this portentous document:

"Deer Madom

"I like quit of my duty by condision because the servants in this house allways is compensation for meal so I don't Cook any More Please you get any body else."

Reflection upon the great difficulty which must have accompanied the composition of the "notice" was the sole consolation of the poor lady, as again she sadly turned her weary feet towards the familiar "intelligence" office.

It is an interesting contribution which Edison makes to the literature of storage batteries and motor-carriages in the July number of the *North American Review*. The significant advantages of an electric carriage propelled by a battery of his new nickel-iron cells, as pointed out by the great American inventor, are precisely those upon which Mr. Alfred Harmsworth dwells in his article on "The Choice of a Motor." Edison's idea of a popular pleasure-carriage is an electric runabout the initial cost of which shall be considerably less than a thousand dollars, and which may be paid for in instalments, like a piano, by the family of moderate means. If he cares for a spin over suburban roads, on his return from business, the head of the family will charge the nickel-iron battery of his carriage as it stands in the carriage-house, and will then be able to give his wife and children, at a total cost of a half-dollar, the luxury of an easy, noiseless drive. He need be neither a mechanical engineer nor an expert electrician. When he is not using his runabout, it is no more expense to him, in its stall, than his piano is in his drawing-room. The new battery does not increase in weight, for efficiency, with every successive charge; it may be charged as often as desired by the non-expert at a trifling cost, and the useful range of a pleasure-carriage so equipped becomes at once from eighty to a hundred miles. Of course there are many millions of capital invested in lead batteries, and their friends regard with considerable asperity such statements as these. Before many weeks have passed each of the five different types of electric carriages now on the road with nickel-iron batteries will have completed the 5000-mile test to which Edison is subjecting the new apparatus, and then there will be the last word to say.

While idling upon the deck of an ocean steamship recently, the attention of a group of voyagers, comprising several prominent Americans and two English baronets, was directed to the fact that no less than a dozen passengers were deeply engrossed in books relating to bridge whist. Whereupon the merits of that fascinating game were discussed, and differing answers made to the question as to whether it would retain, by virtue of inherent worth, its present extraordinary popularity. The most interesting point, however, was reached when Sir Edward Colebrooke wondered whether it was quite patriotic for Americans to dislodge their famous national game. "Meaning draw poker!" ejaculated Mr. Morgan. "That is not a game characteristic of the American people. It never was. It never will be. It is a bad game. It is based upon a lie. The man who has the greatest capacity for deceit wins. To become a strong player he studies to develop the most ignoble and most un-American faculty. The effect upon boys is to make them think deceit and bluff are 'smart' and essential to success in work as well as in play. It is an iniquitous game and ought to be abolished. Nothing could be more foreign to American ideas. The man who labelled it our typical national game ought to be shot. I never hear it referred to by that term without wanting to shoot him." This ended the argument.

The extremes of society seem just now to vie with one another in disorderly conduct. The coal-miners have done more or less violence to law; the Pawtucket strikers have had to have soldiers to keep them in order, as also have the strikers and anarchists in Paterson. At the same time the newspapers have recorded the efforts of the police to protect communities in various parts of the country from the hazards incident to the propensity of gentlemen from New York—young gentlemen chiefly—to run their automobiles at an excessive speed. In the week ending June 21 nine complaints were made against a single New York automobile at White Plains, one against a New York automobile at Newport, and one against still another New York automobile that sped unlawfully on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. The habit of haste which residents of New York acquire at home seems to stick to them when they get away from their own hustling island. It is a habit for which there is much excuse in New York itself, where distances are great and it is hard for busy men to fill the day's engagements without promptness and speed. When the New-Yorker leaves town for the summer he is apt to be impressed with the leisurely manner in which the business of life is conducted in the rural communities which he invades. Shopmen are slow and keep him waiting; and people generally put a lower value on his time than he has been used to. The change, if he adapts himself to it with philosophy, is good for his manners and his nerves; but these conflicts of New York automobilists with the rural and New England police suggest that the New-Yorker finds it hard to slow up. He must learn, somehow. One thing that he leaves town for is to stop doing the things that he does at home; to modify his gait, live slower, move slower, have more patience, and give his bearings a chance to cool.

Who is the most unpopular man in the world?

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The President up to Date

MR. ROOSEVELT has now been President nearly ten months. During these ten months Congress has been in session nearly seven. Therefore we have data sufficient for at least a tentative judgment as to the conduct of the executive office by the President, whose personal popularity is as great and more widely extended than that of any of his predecessors known to living men. We speak now simply of the affection which has been, and is still, manifested for Mr. Roosevelt's individuality. Other Presidents have been admired for public achievements in the field or in council, but Mr. Roosevelt has won his way into the popular heart by traits of character purely personal, among them being a certain gift of courage supporting high purpose.

To those who know the President best, and who judge him sanely and justly, his conduct of his great office has not occasioned disappointment. It has been more or less the fashion of some who pass as his friends, and whose desire to agree with him and to approve him is doubtless honest, to mourn over certain seeming lapses on his part, some timid yielding to party influences, and some harmful hesitancy in his intercourse with Congress, especially in the controversy growing out of the proposition to grant tariff concessions to the new republic of Cuba. The weak point in the attitude of these friendly critics is that they do not really know the President as he is; they regard him as an idealist, self-bound to insist upon the attainment of the highest and purest objects of government, no matter what may be the practical effect of his action. To those who know him better, the President is the same to-day as he was before he became Governor of New York; the same essential man, although richer in experience and riper intellectually, that he was when he was the ardent and efficient Civil Service Commissioner. His ideals of administration are as high as are those of the most impractical purist, but as an executive officer he regards it to be his first duty to carry on the business of government, and to secure the best administration possible with the tools and instruments which our institutions place at his disposal. Working for practical ends, with such human aid as his party lends him, he is bound often to seem to fall below his own high standard; but when he does appear to fall he has the right to ask that judgment on him be rendered in accordance with his theory: that his critics take into account the necessity which he feels of being practical when he is called upon to administer practical affairs; and that he should not be blamed for that which is inevitable, in view of the conditions now prevailing in representative government.

Keeping this in view, and, furthermore, remembering that he is a firm believer in the necessity of working through his party organization, let us examine the record of these first ten months. In the first place, he has gained the confidence of the country in the integrity of his purpose, and in the soundness of his views on every subject in which its honor and credit are involved. Men may differ regarding the wisdom of his economic views, and his essentially political policies, but they realize that so long as he is in the White House the country is to have an honest administration, and that the laws are to be respected and executed.

His most obvious accomplishment is the re-establishment of the merit system in the civil service. He found the system in a demoralized condition. He has not only arrested the progress of decay, but has breathed into it the breath of life. For the first time in its history, the civil service commission is composed of three men who believe thoroughly in the law which it is their duty to execute. The classified service has been greatly extended, and the spoils for partisan service equally decreased. One of the most conspicuous examples of the President's firmness and of his courage in standing out for whatever appears to him to be essentially right was his action on the bill establishing the permanent census bureau. The temporary bureau had been filled with the favorites of Congressmen, and it was the purpose of the House of Representatives and Senate to continue these favorites in the public service by transfer to other departments. How the President forestalled and prevented this effort is still fresh in the public's memory, which has not forgotten either the outburst of wrath with which the disappointed politicians greeted the defeat of their scheme. The President's efforts in behalf of the civil service law and system have been of immense advantage to the country. They have visibly heartened the employees of the government whose sole reliance is in their ability and fidelity displayed in the daily discharge of their duties, who now feel that their employment is secure, and that, in time, their future will be dependent mainly upon themselves. We are well within bounds in asserting that, as a result of ten months of Roosevelt, the merit system is on a surer footing than it has ever been before.

In dealing with the personnel of the administrative service which is not included in the classified service, the President has had a difficult problem. He has been compelled to deal frankly with the Senators who, through years of self-assertion and usurpation of the nominating power, have come to regard the Federal patronage as their own, to be used by them for their own or the party's advantage. As we have said, the President is not the idealist who proposes to deprive himself of the assistance of his party organization. The Senate is an important part of the governmental machine, and he has not been bent upon making it his enemy and the opponent of his policies. His purpose, therefore, has been to consult the Senators and other party leaders regarding appointments. He has not only asked advice as to names before him, but it has been his intention to appoint men on the nomination of the leaders of the organization, and to refrain from even the appearance of constructing a machine of his own in rivalry with the regular existing machine. He has insisted, however, upon good men, and, on the whole, he has succeeded in procuring persons who have improved the service. If a Senator declines to name a man acceptable to the President, the latter does not hesitate to seek for himself, or to go below the leader to his subordinates for advice. He has even gone outside of his party for appointees. Failing to discover a Republican in Alabama fit to be a Federal judge, he selected Governor Jones, a Democrat. He also appointed Democrats, gold Democrats, as internal-revenue collectors in Kentucky and South Carolina. Moreover, the organization Republicans in the Southern States being, as a rule, of exceptionally bad character, he has sought advice from the best men among the Democrats who were driven into retirement in 1896. He has given the country the best administrative officers that he could find among the organization men of his party, never going outside the organization unless it absolutely failed to satisfy his requirements. Naturally, this system has led to the appointment of men, like Mr. Clarkson, for example, who are known throughout the country as "machine politicians." The President, however, has no objection to "machine politicians" so long as he believes them to be of good private character and capable of discharging the duties of the offices to which they are appointed. When, however, he has felt the necessity of men of exceptional or special capacity, he has had his own way, usually by convincing the Senator interested that no other way was possible.

All that the President has done, or tried to do, has been for what he conceives to be the good of the country, and the administration of affairs has greatly improved under him. The air of the White House is clean and wholesome. His own attitude towards the law is respectful and courageous. He has done his best to promote friendly feelings between the sections, not only by his speeches, but by improving the Federal service in the South, by dropping out the predatory rascals who have been preying on that section. His effort in behalf of Cuba has been not only righteous, but manly, and his failure to obtain all that he asked for the young republic is one of the signs of the conflict to which we have thought it best to call attention. In his effort in behalf of good government, and by very reason of it, the President is meeting serious opposition from the Senators and other leaders of his own party. He has not sought the quarrel; he has, on the contrary, done his utmost to avoid it; but it exists, and it threatens the defeat of his good intentions and his best efforts. The country is undoubtedly with him, and would be more emphatically so if it knew the real significance of the attitude of the Senate on the Cuban question; but if we are to secure the full benefit of the President's intention and ability, it is necessary to define the issue sharply, to make the fact and character of the opposition plain, and to force the contest. The ten months have shown that President Roosevelt can give the nation an administration of singular value and purity, and that the Senate, which controls Congress, blocks the way.

Whether the struggle for mastery of the party, which now seems inevitable, could have been averted is a question whose discussion at this time would be unprofitable but for the hint it may contain relative to future methods. The fact is that the President lacks what he needs most—the daily advice of a sagacious politician. Despite the marked ability in their respective capacities of Mr. Hay and Mr. Root, no member of the cabinet satisfies these requirements. The Secretary of State is not sufficiently practical, and the Secretary of War is far too aggressive by temperament, and each lacks the experience essential to success in coping with the wily directors of the Senate Club. The President himself is handicapped by the very impulsiveness, directness, and eccentricities which constitute his most attractive qualities. Thus far the contest has been distinctly professional on the one side, and has seemed somewhat amateurish on the other, with the result that the rout of the administration, notably in the Cuban imbroglio, is full of discomfiture.

It will not serve to insist merely that the President has done all that he can do, and that the responsibility for a disgraceful national act rests elsewhere. To fill the full measure of success, a President must be not only true to the people, but the real leader of his party, and it must be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet attained to that position. We wish that he had; we hope that he will. But only one way now seems possible. Either he must conquer the Senate, or the Senate will conquer him. In view of the net results of the past ten months, we should anticipate the climax of such a struggle with grave misgivings but for the fact that, in this republic, right,

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sternly adhered to, invariably triumphs. Mr. Roosevelt is not only in the right, but the people know that he is; hence our profound conviction that, in the end, he will win.

Superfluous Partings

A RUMOR that one of the great railroad companies had forbidden the parting of passengers from their friends beyond the ticket-puncher's gate, has brought a summer topic of rare distinctiveness upon the *tapis*,—or call it matting, or cool, bare floor. It may be that the daily press has itself been too much exhausted by the seasonable heat to treat the topic exhaustively, but in any case something seems left for periodicals of an ampler leisure; and we have a suggestion or two to offer which we hope the reader will not find altogether idle in an inquiry of so deep a human interest.

The superfluous parting is not peculiarly American. In every quarter of the globe the observant traveller is witness of supplementary embraces between people who have already parted half a dozen times, and who have come to the station together to see or to be seen off through their tears, or amid cries of forced gayety. In Latin countries the spectacle of mustachioed military kissing each other on both cheeks and clasping each other in their arms is of too common fame to be dwelt on here, and need be noted only in passing. The true superfluous parting is that between fond members of the same family, as husbands and wives, and parents and children; or between pretty girls of a clinging friendship; or young men and maidens, who are sealing a pleasant acquaintance by repeated farewells; or tender lovers whose vows are yet so new that the first separation seems desperate. All these types are familiar to the passing stranger, who has himself or herself been one of them in his or her time. Their emotions, which are open to all the world, constitute a poem which the wayfaring man has by heart, a drama of which he can predict every pretty or pathetic catastrophe. He knows beforehand how the friend or lover who is to stay will prevail with the gateman to let him go to the train with the friend who is to leave, and how the one will accompany the other to the car, and come in and sit down on the arm of the seat, against all the protests of the passenger, to repeat the things, the nothings, already said a score of times at the house, in the cab, in the waiting-room, until the cry of "All aboard!" from the platform warns him to risk his neck by a wild leap from the moving train. He then stands watching a window of the car he has left for the face that is watching for him, until the last imbecile smile, the last foolish wave of the hand, the last fatuous bow, has been smiled, waved, bowed.

The scene is varied a little in the case of severing girls, who are mostly afraid to go aboard the train for the ultimate adieux, but exchange them with exhaustless iteration from the platform, and through the open window which some gallant youth or guileful elder has lifted for the girl within, with a design upon her future companionship and conversation. This type is most noticeable at country stations, where the two friends shriek and shout, and laugh to each other for as long time as the train halts, whether two or twenty minutes, and leave and send messages already left and sent in all their circumstance and variety.

The leave-taking of husbands and wives is protracted or not as they have been long or lately married. It seldoms happens that the husband remains on board the train till it starts, like the lover or the gentleman friend, because for one thing his wife will not let him take the risk, and for another thing because experience has taught him that it is ridiculous to do so. If he is much experienced, he brings his wife and children aboard with all their belongings, and as soon as he has arranged them in their seats wipes the perspiration from his forehead, kisses them all round, tells his wife to be sure and give his love to her mother, and gets off the train with alacrity, and without staying for charges which he knows she will wish to renew as soon as he has left her. If he has still something of the bloom of the bridegroom remaining upon him he will linger tenderly at the side of his girlish wife's chair, and while she smiles heroically will kiss her authoritatively yet delicately, and quit her before she has time to pull her veil down and hide her starting tears. He will wait outside till she has had time to dry her eyes, and then tap on the window, and kiss his hand to her resolutely laughing face through the glass. Before the Pullman porter gathers up his carpeted steps to get on board, he may give him a quarter and charge him to look after the lady in Chair 15, and see that she gets her luncheon all right; which will avail no more with the promising porter than if he had not done it.

The partings between men are of little interest, and are of such comparatively infrequent occurrence as to offer chiefly the single type of young men who call each other old man and are very ta-ta in their farewells. They are commonly of the college age, and commonly one of them has been having the other at his father's house for a few days in return for politeness shown his sister at some college function. In these cases the parting guest leaves a very, very deferential message for the sister, which the brother receives with gravity, and gives with vexing nonchalance. Now and then a father comes to see his son off, and the spare show of affection between them is something that will move the spectator in proportion to his finer taste in such matters, and his ability to distinguish the shades of tenderness in manly reticence.

In partings between mothers and daughters, or mothers and sons, it will be the son who has come to see the mother off, and the mother who has come to see the daughter off. But in either event the witness will not be without a sense of personal injury, for such scenes have an irresistible fascination in the grief which they impart. The real sorrow in them may be much or little; it is enough that it is real, and not the less real because it should already have fully vented itself. After all, there is something in the notion of a mother's heartache which comes home even to those who, like Bunthorne, have never had a mother. In the instances here imagined only too truly, the mother is no longer young, and she takes with her on her journey the anxieties which her children would be glad to have her leave behind. Or if it is her daughter who is going, the mother sends her away imperilled by all the chances of sickness and danger, and girlish ignorance, which multiply themselves in her loving fancy, with the great supreme fear that they may never meet again. Parting, in fact, is a kind of voluntary death, the image, vivider to age than to youth, of the separation for which there is no earthly reunion, and in which no letter or telegram can avail to relate the severed friends. It is doubtless the obscure sense of this which hurts the spectator of such a parting as the type here considered, and rankles at last into a resentment of all superfluous partings.

Why, indeed, as several of our able contemporaries have suggested, should not friends definitively part in the decent privacy of their own houses, and forbear to follow such farewells up with the public and superfluous displays which we have been considering? These, whether they afflict or amuse the spectator, are of no avail. They do not stay the inevitable severance, they do not bridge its gulf with any semblance of meeting. At the end of all, one must go and one must stay. Why not have it over with at once, and not eke it out in the waiting-rooms, and on the platforms, and in the cars of the railroad companies? It is said that the company which was said to have forbidden the extenuated misery of partings has disclaimed any such heartless rigor; for heartless it would be held by all but that small portion of the American public which we can hope to persuade of the idle folly of such partings.

As we said at first, these are not a peculiarly American vice, and yet they are commoner here than anywhere else, because, no doubt, of our intensely domesticated life, and the supremacy of the family with us. However universally divorced we may seem in the eyes of Europe, however lax may look the home ties that bind us, we are conjugal and filial and parental beyond any other people in the world. We are so much so as to be almost unconsciously so, and we no more think of hiding the emotions of our tenderness than other nations would think of publishing them. With a highly developed sense of humor, we are the tenderest-hearted of mankind, and it is in the interest of our own sensibilities that we urge a somewhat greater reserve in the degree and number of our adieux. The season is already upon us when many best girls and young wives are going into the country or to the shore for those pleasures which a strict attention to business forbids their lovers and husbands to share with them, and though the sight of their fond farewells at all the stations is amusing, we invite them to consider whether these could not be more comfortably and decorously enjoyed at home. As for the partings between mothers and sons, and mothers and daughters, they torture the nerves of beholders in such measure that it really seems as if the Board of Health might do something to suppress them.

Correspondence

Is the Horse a Fool?

OWENSBORO, KY., *July 1, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I have spent much of a long life in the observation of horses. I have reared them, broken them, trained them, ridden them, and driven them in every form from the plough to the four-in-hand. The result of these years of study is summed up in one sentence: I believe the horse to be part maniac and part idiot. Every horse at some time in his life develops into a homicidal maniac. I believe any man who trusts himself or his family to the power of a horse, stronger than himself, to be lacking in common-sense and wholly devoid of ordinary prudence. I have driven one commonplace horse every other day for six years over the same road, and then had him to go crazy and try to kill himself and me because a leaf fluttered down in front of him. I have known scores of horses, apparently trustworthy, apparently creatures of routine, go wild and insane over equally regular and recurring phenomena. No amount of observation can tell when the brute will break out. One mare took two generations of children to school over the same quiet road, and then in her nineteenth year went crazy because a rooster crowed alongside the road. She killed two of the children. If any one can tell me of one good reason why man should trust a horse, I should be glad to know. G. A. A.

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Our Account with Cuba

By John H. Finley

THE Spaniards have a "Santiago day" in their calendar of saint days; it is a day that has been observed with special zeal in Santiago de Cuba, and it is a day which Cuba herself might now very well select as the holiday of her political independence; for Santiago has a peculiar and proud association, not only with Cuban liberties, but with our own Independence day as well. It was from the harbor and hills about Santiago that Cuban independence received its first emphatic assurance of realization four years ago, just as we were preparing for our own celebration; it was in Santiago that Cuba's convalescence first became noticeable under the heroic treatment of a certain army surgeon; and it has been chiefly under the persistent advocacy and devotion of two men, who four years ago were occupying an eminence just outside of Santiago, that Cuba has at last come into that independence.

The story of the four years since Santiago has been written to the end, but the concluding chapter has not yet been officially published, and cannot be for weeks or months to come. From interviews with officials who have served in Cuba and with unofficial witnesses and critics of their administration, from the observations of a few days recently spent in the island, and from a careful examination of such documents and statistics as have been made accessible to me, I am permitted to give, though it can be in but meagre outline, what yet remains to be told of this story, with whose theme and chief characters there is general acquaintance.

The report of an administrator to a judge of probate is not usually of great dramatic interest; but where the probate judge is seventy millions of people, more or less; the administrator, his appointee; and the ward heir to an estate of millions of acres — the case assumes an unusual interest, especially when it is remembered that the administrator risked his life for the ward and the integrity of her estate.

There is no better way of following the varied activities of our soldier administrator than through the expenditures of the insular treasury. Wherever a dollar has gone it has carried the voucher of its destination, and disclosed its purpose. If it went to buy a flag to decorate a hall for the reception of the new President, that errand has not been concealed; if it went into the pocket of General Gomez, the auditor (and whoever else cares) knows it; if it bought a copy of a paper with a reciprocity editorial to send to some "leader of thought" or controller of votes in the States, it would be futile to deny it, for the probate judge, with his million eyes and ears, is certain to discover it. It is unfortunate that the items of expenditure cannot be immediately published, but that is a physical impossibility. The auditor's report for the first two years filled several volumes, and that for the last year will fill two or three more. But eventually every item must come to the light.

I have heard General Wood accused for a veritable Verres, the Roman Senator who, in the administration of Sicily, sold his decisions as judge to the highest bidder, confiscated estates on fictitious accusations, seized without scruple the finest works of Praxiteles and Zeuxis, sent any who complained of his tyranny to the quarries, protected pirates and hanged innocent men in their stead, and managed to gather in spoils out of his insular province several million dollars. But among the acknowledged services of General Wood are that he purged the courts of justice of their corruption, that he imprisoned thieves and suppressed brigandage, that he made the island more beautiful for those who had to live in it; and it is asserted by those who know and whom I have every reason to trust, that he not only did not add to his official income by private or other gain, but, rather, contributed from his own purse to Cuba's aid, and came away from Havana without a peso of spoil. This is what we wish to believe, for our honor with his is at stake, and this I am glad to be able implicitly to believe.

Months ago I heard the broad-shouldered, stout-chested, muscular General tell of the enjoyment he found in his daily early-morning game of handball (the national professional game). I have no doubt that his physical fitness was sustained by this vigorous exercise which the Cubans could not reconcile with the dignity of his great office; and it may have been this difficulty which gave rise to a suspicion, ripened into a belief by the time I reached Havana, that the Governor was financially interested in the association which controlled the professional games. These had become the occasion of extravagant betting, and while gambling enterprises had been generally suppressed, this was allowed to continue. Upon looking into this charge, I learned not only that the Governor had no stock in the company, but also that it existed under a charter granted prior to the American occupation, and was wholly within the control of the municipality of Havana. This latter fact would not in itself have been a sufficient reason for the non-interference of the Governor; for he made it his business to interfere wherever there was incompetency or corruption. Alcaldes and other elective officers were mercilessly beheaded if there was proof of gross violation of trust, and no one was so near or valued a friend as to stand between him and his conceived duty. Some would perhaps write "his own interest" where I have written "duty," but I have satisfying reason for my estimate.

He was a virtual dictator in his powers; this I have said. And he was an actual dictator if there was need; but he was accustomed to take action only with the approval of his advisers, who were among the best men of Cuba and most devoted to her interests. The two items which have invited so much attention recently—the Gomez appropriation, which has been made annually during these years, and the appropriation for the dissemination of reciprocity literature—were made at the solicitation of the representatives of the Cuban people and out of Cuban funds. One of the first appropriations of the new Cuban Congress was in continuance of the Gomez honorarium, and I fancy the chief regret of the Cubans with respect to the other is that it wasn't larger.

No American questions the wisdom of the expenditure for sanitation, except, perhaps, to suggest that the sanitation did not go deep enough, that more should have been spent in making sewers and less in sweeping streets. The vital statistics are good witnesses, however, for the course which has been followed. And the sewers are to be built.

We have, of course, profited by these expenditures, as has the whole world (for the discovery of the means by which the yellow-fever germ is transmitted was made possible by the appropriations from the insular treasury); but the profit to Cuba, which possible immunity from the ravages of fever will bring, is immeasurable. The expenditure is not at all commensurate with the financial advantage which it brings, even though three millions a year has been spent for all sanitary purposes.

One must be surprised at first by the amount spent for "barracks and quarters" (about three millions in all), when only temporary occupation was presumably contemplated. It should be said that this is the only army expense the insular government has had to meet. The soldiers were paid by the United States government as if in service at home or in hostile country. Moreover, the barracks, upon the gradual withdrawal of the troops, have been utilized for other public purposes, especially as school-houses. The famous prison, for example, in the Isle of Pines, for a time used as barracks, is now happily converted into a school-building. This is illustrative, by-the-way, of the trend of things. I shall not be surprised if even Morro Castle is some day put to educational or other peaceable uses. I hope I am violating no confidences of this historic fortress, which cost millions in the construction, to say that a day or two after the Americans sailed out of the harbor it had a garrison of six men (who seemed only boys to me) and a lot of worthless guns looking seaward. It was the most hopeful, and at the same time pathetic, sight I saw in Cuba.

In General Brooke's report of the first year there appeared the item, "Agriculture, $17,331." Next year this item had grown to $207,963, and last year it was about $250,000. Here we have illustration of the generous paternalism of the dictator. I had been told in Cuba that while the Havana people promenaded with apparent content their new-made Prado (which Governor Wood had extended to the sea), the barefooted agriculturists in their shacks were neglected, and had not the instruments with which to begin productive life again. I asked the Government about this, and the Government said, "We have bought ploughs and machetes and hoes beyond the limit of the demand; we have imported cattle and horses, and practically given them to the farmers." I hope these strictures upon the Governor-General and his council (who had only Cuban funds out of which to give the much-needed aid) will not divert criticism from those who have given the expectation of help and then denied it. From all I can learn, it is not instruments of production the Cubans need; it is a market for what they have produced. When we threw our arm of protection about them we deprived them of their old markets by our very protection, and now with increased necessities they find barriers on every side.

I think it one of the amazing accomplishments of the administration that, beginning with feeding three hundred thousand persons, the government now supports only those who are normally dependent. One officer said to me that in another year, by employing charity-organization methods, it would have been possible practically to eliminate able-bodied beggary. I saw almost none of it in my journeys. I have talked with those who visited the prisons and hospitals and asylums in those first days of the intervention. In the insane-asylum just outside of Havana half the inmates had died during the year, and what were left were starving and many of them entirely naked. The Red Cross societies had established several orphan-asylums, but had left them utterly without support. It is now the pride of the Governor that the prisons have been made habitable (and, moreover, that they have fewer inhabitants); that the hospitals, or many of them, have the most modern equipment; that the insane are cared for in a humane and scientific manner; and that orphan children are placed in family homes. The insular government, again, has had to bear practically all of this burden, much of which, it was hoped, would be assumed by the municipalities. The Governor's knowledge of how these things should be done and

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his power to do them prevented his leaving these humane duties to bodies that either made no provision or inadequate provision. The Cubans made no complaint of these expenditures, and why, in the name of mercy, should we?

During the first year of General Wood's administration there appears a new item, the expenditure for schools; and this expenditure was large—disproportionately large, some have complained. During the last year there was spent more than three and a half millions, and chiefly upon the public schools. The census returns, received on the day of this writing from our new minister to Havana, show that there are 396,255 children in Cuba between the ages of six and sixteen. The average monthly attendance last year was somewhat less than half this number. It is admitted by the officer in charge of this work that the wages were high, but it was insisted that this was unavoidable, and had been justified in the quality of the teaching secured. I was assured on every hand that this expenditure was one that was most heartily approved by the people at large. The government has pursued no other object with such zeal, unless it has been sanitation, and it has been in the belief, as Governor Wood himself puts it, that the future success or failure of the republic depends upon the schools. It is a fortunate circumstance that the new President is himself a schoolmaster, and will be in sympathy with General Wood's past efforts. It must be remembered, however, that with revenues no larger than last year the new government will have greatly increased expenditures. The expense entailed by the new provincial councils alone will itself amount to two millions. This, together with new expenses of the insular government, will probably fully equal what has been spent for schools each year by a government in which the executive and legislative functions were united in the Governor and his heads of departments.

I have mentioned the principal objects of expenditure; there remain only those incident to the administration of the various departments, the building of roads, bridges, and light-houses, the maintenance of order, the recompense for use of Church property, etc. It is entirely safe to say that there is not an expenditure in all these budgets which is not justified in its motive. I cannot say that some of it has not been useless or even harmful. I am confident that nothing has consciously been spent for the exploitation of Cuba and to her injury for the benefit of our own country or for the personal gain of those in authority. If this is true, the chapter of history which has been written by our intervention in the affairs of that island may be put with pride beside the first chapter of our own independence.

I was in the Palace when the American flag was lowered. I supposed that this last office was enacted by a civilian, and so I wrote in HARPER'S WEEKLY a short time ago, describing the ceremonies of departure and inauguration; but I have since learned from one who witnessed this change of flags that while a civilian appeared to be performing the function, it was, after all, a soldier, an aide to the Governor-General, who "hauled down" the flag in Cuba. And it was to me one of the most touching and dramatic incidents of the American occupation that the Governor-General (whom I heard at noon of that day, amid the booming of guns and shouts of the people, plainly and apparently without emotion reading the deed of transfer), ten minutes before these final ceremonies, said to his aide: "Lieutenant ——, after the forty-five guns are fired you will [and then pausing to choke back the emotion in his throat]—you will haul down the flag."

The Five Boons of Life

By Mark Twain

I

In the morning of life came the good fairy with her basket, and said:

"Here are gifts. Take one, leave the others. And be wary, choose wisely; oh, choose wisely! for only one of them is valuable."

The gifts were five: Fame, Love, Riches, Pleasure, Death. The youth said eagerly:

"There is no need to consider;" and he chose Pleasure.

He went out into the world and sought out the pleasures that youth delights in. But each in its turn was short-lived and disappointing, vain and empty; and each, departing, mocked him. In the end he said: "These years I have wasted. If I could but choose again, I would choose wisely."

II

The fairy appeared, and said:

"Four of the gifts remain. Choose once more; and oh, remember—time is flying, and only one of them is precious."

The man considered long, then chose Love; and did not mark the tears that rose in the fairy's eyes.

After many, many years the man sat by a coffin, in an empty home. And he communed with himself, saying: "One by one they have gone away and left me; and now she lies here, the dearest and the last. Desolation after desolation has swept over me; for each hour of happiness the treacherous trader, Love, has sold me I have paid a thousand hours of grief. Out of my heart of hearts I curse him."

III

"Choose again." It was the fairy speaking. "The years have taught you wisdom—surely it must be so. Three gifts remain. Only one of them has any worth—remember it, and choose warily."

The man reflected long, then chose Fame; and the fairy, sighing, went her way.

Years went by and she came again, and stood behind the man where he sat solitary in the fading day, thinking. And she knew his thought:

"My name filled the world, and its praises were on every tongue, and it seemed well with me for a little while. How little a while it was! Then came envy; then detraction; then calumny; then hate; then persecution. Then derision, which is the beginning of the end. And last of all came pity, which is the funeral of fame. Oh, the bitterness and misery of renown! target for mud in its prime, for contempt and compassion in its decay."

IV

"Choose yet again." It was the fairy's voice. "Two gifts remain. And do not despair. In the beginning there was but one that was precious, and it is still here."

"Wealth—which is power! How blind I was!" said the man. "Now, at last, life will be worth the living. I will spend, squander, dazzle. These mockers and despisers will crawl in the dirt before me, and I will feed my hungry heart with their envy. I will have all luxuries, all joys, all enchantments of the spirit, all contentments of the body that man holds dear. I will buy, buy, buy! deference, respect, esteem, worship—every pinchbeck grace of life the market of a trivial world can furnish forth. I have lost much time, and chosen badly heretofore, but let that pass; I was ignorant then, and could but take for best what seemed so."

Three short years went by, and a day came when the man sat shivering in a mean garret; and he was gaunt and wan and hollow-eyed, and clothed in rags; and he was gnawing a dry crust and mumbling:

"Curse all the world's gifts, for mockeries and gilded lies! And miscalled, every one. They are not gifts, but merely lendings. Pleasure, Love, Fame, Riches: they are but temporary disguises for lasting realities—Pain, Grief, Shame, Poverty. The fairy said true; in all her store there was but one gift which was precious, only one that was not valueless. How poor and cheap and mean I know those others now to be, compared with that inestimable one, that dear and sweet and kindly one, that steeps in dreamless and enduring sleep the pains that persecute the body, and the shames and griefs that eat the mind and heart. Bring it! I am weary, I would rest."

V

The fairy came, bringing again four of the gifts, but Death was wanting. She said:

"I gave it to a mother's pet, a little child. It was ignorant, but trusted me, asking me to choose for it. You did not ask me to choose."

"Oh, miserable me! What is there left for me?"

"What not even you have deserved: the wanton insult of Old Age."

Horace in the 20th Century

By John Paul Bocock

BOOK I., ODE XII.

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri."

AD THEODORUM AUGUSTUM

What man, what hero, Muse of mine,
What god shall we, in notes divine
Of harp or shrilling flute proclaim,
Till joyous echo sound his name
In Helicon's umbrageous coasts,
On Pindus, or where Haemus boasts
Of trees that rushed in eager throng,
Of streams that paused, at Orpheus' song;
Orpheus, Calliope's own child,
Whose wondrous art the winds beguiled,
And even the listening oaks inclined
To follow down the charmèd wind.

To Romulus, and Numa's reign,
Cato, and Tarquin's haughty strain,
To Regulus, and valorous Scaur,
To unkempt Curius, great in war;
Old Hickory, aye, and him we call
Old Abe, best Romans of them all,
Log-cabin boys, low-sprung, high-souled—
Sing, Clio to the great of old;
To whom, when Time shall speak the word,
Columbia adds a glorious third,
Whose age matures through storm and strife,
While Duty crowns the strenuous life.

Scholar uncloistered, man of might,
Statesman and warrior for the right,
Administrator,—this thy son,
Columbia, merits thy "well done"!
He brought our conquering banner home
As Honor bade, across the foam
Cervera dyed; by his decree
A new Republic gems the sea.
He keeps Old Glory flying far
As Honor bids, above the war
Which the brown bandit foe maintains
Against the hand that broke his chains.

As a Rough Rider leaps to meet
The fiery bronco's flying feet,
Bits the red mouth and grips the mane,
Bounds on the beast and scours the plain,
Subduing force by force, until
He wins a courser to his will;
So may each influence malign
Be moulded to his high design,
Each foe o'ercome in righteous wrath,
Each traitor driven from his path,
And this his People's will decreed:
"Success was thine, thyself succeed."

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The Fourth-of-July Boy

By William Dean Howells

THERE were two Frank Bakers in the Boys' Town fifty years ago; there was big Frank, and there was little Frank, whom the fellows called Pony Baker, so as to tell him from big Frank. They were cousins, and it was big Frank Baker who was trying to saw enough stove-wood to last his mother over the Fourth of July, when Jake Milrace came along on horseback. It was the morning of the Fourth, and Frank was so anxious to get through with his wood-sawing, and begin celebrating with the rest of the boys, that he hardly knew what to do. He had a levvy (as the old Spanish *real* used to be called in southern Ohio) in his pocket, and he was going to buy a pack of shooting-crackers for ten cents, and spend the other two cents for powder. He had no pistol, but he knew a fellow that would lend him his pistol part of the time, and he expected to have about the best Fourth he ever had. He had been up since three o'clock watching the men fire the old six-pounder on the river-bank; and he was going to get his mother to let him go up to the fireworks in the Court-house yard after dark.

But now it did not seem as if he could get wood enough sawed. Twice he asked his mother if she thought he had enough, but she said "Not near," and just as Jake Milrace rode up the saw caught in a splinter of the tough oak log Frank was sawing and bumped back against Frank's nose; and he would have cried if it had not been for what Jake began to say.

He said he was going down to Pawpaw Bottom to spend the Fourth at a fellow's named Dave Black, and he told Frank he ought to go too; for there were plenty of mulberries on Dave's father's farm, and the early apples were getting ripe enough to eat, if you pounded them on a rock; and you could go in swimming, and everything. Jake said there was the greatest swimming-hole at Pawpaw Bottom you ever saw, and they had a log in the water there that you could have lots of fun with. Frank ran into the house to ask his mother if he might go, and he hardly knew what to do when she asked him if there was wood enough yet to get dinner and supper. But his Aunt Manda was spending the summer with his mother, and she said she reckoned she could pick up chips to do all the cooking they needed, such a hot day; and Frank ran out to the cow-house, where they kept the pony, because the Bakers had no stable, and saddled him, and was off with Jake Milrace in about a minute.

The pony was short and fat and lazy, and he had to be whipped to make him keep up with Jake's horse. It was not exactly Jake's horse: it was his sister's husband's horse, and he had let Jake have it because he would not be using it himself on the Fourth of July. It was tall and lean, and it held its head so high up that it was no use to pull on the bridle when it began to jump and turn round and round, which it did every time Frank whipped his pony to keep even with Jake. It would shy and sidle, and dart so far ahead that the pony would get discouraged and would lag back, and have to be whipped up again; and then the whole thing would have to be gone through with the same as at first. The boys did not have much chance to talk, but they had a splendid time riding along, and when they came to a cool, dark place in the woods they pretended there were Indians; and at the same time they kept a sharp eye out for squirrels. If they had seen any, and had a gun with them, they could have shot one easily, for squirrels are not afraid of you when you are on horseback; and, as it was, Jake Milrace came pretty near killing a quail that they saw in the road by a wheat-field. He dropped his bridle and took aim with his forefinger, and pulled back his thumb like a trigger; and if his horse had not jumped, and his finger had been loaded, he would surely have killed the quail, it was so close to him. They could hear the bob-whites whistling all through the stubble and among the shocks of wheat.

Jake did not know just where Dave Black's farm was, but after a while they came to a blacksmith's shop, and the blacksmith told them to take a lane that they would come to on the left, and then go through a piece of woods and across a field till they came to a creek; then ford the creek and keep straight on, and they would be in sight of the house. It did not seem strange to Frank that they should be going to visit a boy without knowing where he lived, but afterwards he was not surprised when Dave Black's folks did not appear to expect them. They kept on, and did as the blacksmith told them, and soon enough they got to a two-story log cabin, with a man in front of it working at a wheat-fan, for it was nearly time to thresh the wheat. The man said he was Dave Black's father; he did not act as if he was very glad to see them, but he told them to put their horses in the barn, and he said that Dave was out in the pasture hauling rails.

Frank thought that was a queer way of spending the Fourth of July, but he did not say anything, and on their way out to the pasture Jake explained that Dave's father was British, and did not believe much in the Fourth of July, anyway. They found Dave easily enough, and he answered Jake's "Hello!" with another when the boys came up. He had a two-horse wagon, and he was loading it with rails from a big pile; there were two dogs with him, and when they saw the boys they came towards them, snarling and ruffling the hair on their backs. Jake said not to mind them—they would not bite; but they snuffed so close to Frank's bare legs that he wished Dave would call them off. They slunk away, though, when they heard him speak to the boys; and then Jake Milrace told Dave Black who Frank was, and they began to feel acquainted, especially when Jake said they had come to spend the Fourth of July with Dave.

He said, "First rate," and he explained that he had his foot tied up the way they saw because he had a stone-bruise which he had got the first day he began to go barefoot in the spring; but now it was better. He said there was a bully swimming-hole in the creek, and he would show them where it was as soon as he had got done hauling his rails. The boys took that for a kind of hint, and they pulled off their roundabouts and set to work with him.

Frank thought it was not exactly like the Fourth, but he did not say anything, and they kept loading up the rails and hauling them to the edge of the field where Dave's father was going to build the fence, and then unloading them, and going back to the pile for more. It seemed to Frank that there were about a thousand rails in that pile, and they were pretty heavy ones—oak and hickory and walnut—and you had to be careful how you handled them, or you would get your hands stuck full of splinters. He wondered what Jake Milrace was thinking, and whether it was the kind of Fourth he had expected to have; but Jake did not say anything, and he hated to ask him. Sometimes it appeared to Frank that sawing wood was nothing to it; but they kept on loading rails, and unloading them in piles about ten feet apart, where they were wanted; and then going back to the big pile for more. They worked away in the blazing sun till the sweat poured off their faces, and Frank kept thinking what a splendid time the fellows were having with pistols and shooting-crackers up in the Boys' Town; but still he did not say anything, and pretty soon he had his reward. When they got half down through the rail-pile they came to a bumblebees' nest, which the dogs thought was a rat-hole at first. One of them poked his nose into it, but he pulled it out quicker than a wink, and ran off howling and pawing his face and rubbing his head in the ground or against the boys' legs. Even when the dogs found out that it was not rats they did not show any sense. As soon as they rubbed a bee off they would come yelping and howling back for more; and hopping round and barking; and then when they got another bee, or maybe a half-dozen (for the bees did not always fight fair), they would streak off again and jump into the air, and roll on the ground till the boys almost killed themselves laughing.

The boys went into the woods, and got pawpaw branches, and came back and fought the bumblebees till they drove them off. It was just like the Battle of Bunker Hill; but Frank did not say so, because Dave's father was British, till Dave said it himself, and then they all pretended the bees were Mexicans; it was just a little while after the Mexican War. When they drove the bees off, they dug their nest out; it was beautifully built in regular cells of gray paper, and there was a little honey in it; about a spoonful for each boy.

Frank was glad that he had not let out his disappointment with the kind of Fourth they were having; and just then the horn sounded from the house for dinner, and the boys all got into the wagon, and rattled off to the barn. They put out the horses and fed them, and as soon as they could wash themselves at the rain-barrel behind the house, they went in and sat down with the family at dinner. It was a farmer's dinner as it used to be in southern Ohio fifty years ago: a deep dish of fried salt pork swimming in its own fat, plenty of shortened biscuit and warm green-apple sauce, with good butter. The Boys' Town boys did not like the looks of the fat pork, but they were wolf-hungry, and the biscuit were splendid. In the middle of the table there was a big crock of buttermilk, all cold and dripping from the spring-house where it had been standing in the running water; then there was a hot apple-pie right out of the oven; and they made a pretty fair meal, after all.

After dinner they hauled more rails, and when they had hauled all the rails there were, they started for the swimming-hole in the creek. On the way they came to a mulberry-tree in the edge of the woods-pasture, and it was so full of berries and they were so ripe that the grass which the cattle had cropped short was fairly red under the tree. The boys got up into the tree and gorged themselves among the yellow-hammers and woodpeckers; and Frank and Jake kept holloing out to each other how glad they were they had come; but Dave kept quiet, and told them to wait till they came to the swimming-hole.

It was while they were in the tree that something happened which happened three times in all that day, if it really happened: nobody could say afterwards whether it had or not. Frank was reaching out for a place in the tree where the berries seemed thicker than anywhere else, when a strong blaze of light flashed into his eyes, and blinded him.

"Oh, hello, Dave Black!" he holloed. "That's mean! What are you throwin' that light in my face for?"

But he laughed at the joke, and he laugh-

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ed more when Dave shouted back, "I ain't throwin' no light in your face."

"Yes, you are; you've got a piece of lookin'-glass, and you're flashin' it in my face."

"Wish I may die, if I have," said Dave, so seriously that Frank had to believe him.

"Well, then, Jake Milrace has."

"I hain't, any such thing," said Jake, and then Dave Black roared back, laughing: "Oh, I'll tell you! It's one of the pieces of tin we strung along that line in the corn-field to keep the crows off, corn-plantin' time."

The boys shouted together at the joke on Frank, and Dave parted the branches for a better look at the corn-field.

"Well, well! Heigh, there!" he called toward the field. "Oh, he's gone now!" he said to the other boys, craning their necks out to see too. "But he *was* doing it, Frank. If I could ketch that feller!"

"Somebody you know? Let's get him to come along," said Jake and Frank, one after the other.

"I couldn't tell," said Dave. "He slipped into the woods when he heard me holler. If it's anybody I know, he'll come out again. Don't seem to notice him; that's the best way."

For a while, though, they stopped to look, now and then; but no more flashes came from the corn-field, and the boys went on cramming themselves with berries; they all said they had got to stop, but they went on till Dave said: "I don't believe it's going to do us any good to go in swimming if we eat too many of these mulberries. I reckon we better quit, now."

The others said they reckoned so, too, and they all got down from the tree, and started for the swimming-hole. They had to go through a piece of woods to get to it, and in the shadow of the trees they did not notice that a storm was coming up till they heard it thunder. By that time they were on the edge of the woods, and there came a flash of lightning and a loud thunder-clap, and the rain began to fall in big drops. The boys saw a barn in the field they had reached, and they ran for it; and they had just got into it when the rain came down with all its might. Suddenly Jake said: "I'll tell you what! Let's take off our clothes and have a shower-bath!" And in less than a minute they had their clothes off, and were out in the full pour, dancing up and down, and yelling like Indians. That made them think of playing Indians, and they pretended the barn was a settler's cabin, and they were stealing up on it through the tall shocks of wheat. They captured it easily, and they said if the lightning would only strike it and set it on fire so it would seem as if the Indians had done it, it would be great; but the storm was going round, and they had to be satisfied with being settlers, turn about, and getting scalped.

It was easy to scalp Frank, because he wore his hair long, as the town boys liked to do in those days, but Jake lived with his sister, and he had to do as she said. She said a boy had no business with long hair; and she had lately cropped his close to his skull. Dave's father cut his hair round the edges of a bowl, which he had put on Dave's head for a pattern; the other boys could get a pretty good grip of it, if they caught it on top, where the scalp-lock belongs; but Dave would duck and dodge so that they could hardly get their hands on it. All at once they heard him call out from around the corner of the barn, where he had gone to steal upon them, when it was their turn to be settlers: "Aw, now, Jake Milrace, that ain't fair! I'm an Indian, now. You let go my hair."

"Who's touchin' your old hair?" Jake shouted back, from the inside of the barn. "You must be crazy. Hurry up, if you're ever goin' to attack us. I want to get out in the rain, myself, awhile."

Frank was outside, pretending to be at work in the field, and waiting for the Indians to creep on him, and when Jake shouted for Dave to hurry, he looked over his shoulder and saw a white figure, naked like his own, flit round the left-hand corner of the barn. Then he had to stoop over, so that Dave could tomahawk him easily, and he did not see anything more, but Jake yelled from the barn: "Oh, you got that fellow with you, have you? Then he's got to be settler next time. Come on, now. Oh, do hurry up!"

Frank raised his head to see the other boy, but there was only Dave Black, coming round the right-hand corner of the barn.

"You're crazy yourself, Jake. There ain't anybody here but me and Frank."

"There is, too!" Jake retorted. "Or there was, half a second ago."

But Dave was busy stealing on Frank, who was bending over, pretending to hoe, and after he had tomahawked Frank, he gave the scalp halloo, and Jake came running out of the barn, and had to be chased round it twice, so that he could fall breathless on his own threshold, and be scalped in full sight of his family. Then Dave pretended to be a war party of Wyandots, and he gathered up sticks, and pretended to set the barn on fire. By this time Frank and Jake had come to life, and were Wyandots too, and they all joined hands and danced in front of the barn.

"There! There he is again!" shouted Jake. "Who's crazy *now*, I should like to know?"

"Where? Where?" yelled both the other boys.

"There! Right in the barn door. Or he *was*, quarter of a second ago," said Jake, and they all dropped one another's hands, and rushed into the barn and began to search it.

They could not find anybody, and Dave Black said: "Well, he's the quickest feller! Must 'a' got up into the mow, and jumped out of the window, and broke for the woods while we was lookin' down here. But if I get my hands onto him, once!"

They all talked and shouted and quarrelled and laughed at once; but they had to give the other fellow up; he had got away for that time, and they ran out into the rain again to let it wash off the dust and chaff, which they had got all over them in their search. The rain felt so good and cool that they stood still and took it without playing any more, and talked quietly. Dave decided that the fellow who had given them the slip was a new boy whose folks had come into the neighborhood since school had let out in the spring, so that he had not got acquainted yet; but Dave allowed that he would teach him a few tricks as good as his own when he got at him.

The storm left a solid bank of clouds in the east for a while after it was all blue in the western half of the sky, and a rainbow came out against the clouds. It looked so firm and thick that Dave said you could cut it with a scythe. It seemed to come solidly down to the ground in the woods in front of the hay-mow window, and the boys said it would be easy to get the crock of gold at the end of it if they were only in the woods. "I'll bet that feller's helpin' himself," said Dave, and they began to wonder how many dollars a crock of gold was worth, anyhow; they decided about a million. Then they wondered how much of a crock full of gold a boy could get into his pockets; and they all laughed when Jake said he reckoned it would depend upon the size of the crock. "I don't believe that fellow could carry much of it away if he hain't got more on than he had in front of the barn." That put Frank in mind of the puzzle about the three men that found a treasure in the wood when they were travelling together: the blind man saw it, and the man without arms picked it up, and the naked man put it in his pocket. It was the first time Dave had heard the puzzle, and he asked, "Well, what's the answer?" But before Frank could tell him, Jake started up and pointed to the end of the rainbow, where it seemed to go into the ground against the woods.

"Oh! look! look!" he panted out, and they all looked, but no one could see anything except Jake. It made him mad. "Why, you must be blind!" he shouted, and he kept pointing. "Don't you see him? There, there! Oh, now, the rainbow's going out, and you can't see him any more. He's gone into the woods again. Well, I don't know what your eyes are good for, anyway."

He tried to tell them what he had seen; he could only make out that it must be the same boy, but now he had his clothes on: white linen pantaloons and roundabout, like what you had on May day, or the Fourth if you were going to the Sunday-school picnic. Dave wanted him to tell what he looked like, but Jake could not say anything except that he was very smiling-looking, and seemed as if he would like to be with him; Jake said he was just going to hollo for him to come over when the rainbow began to go out; and then the fellow slipped back into the woods; it was more like melting into the woods.

"And how far off do you think you could see a boy smile?" Dave asked, scornfully.

"How far off can you say a rainbow is?" Jake retorted.

"I can say how far off that piece of woods is," said Dave, with a laugh. He got to his feet, and began to pull at the other boys, to make them get up. "Come along, if you're ever goin' to the swimmin'-hole."

The sun was bright and hot, and the boys left the barn, and took across the field to the creek. The storm must have been very heavy, for the creek was rushing along bank-full, and there was no sign left of Dave's swimming-hole. But they had had such a glorious shower-bath that they did not want to go in swimming, anyway, and they stood and watched the yellow water pouring over the edge of a mill-dam that was there, till Dave happened to think of building a raft and going out on the dam. Jake said, "First rate!" and they all rushed up to a place where there were some boards on the bank; and they got pieces of old rope at the mill, and tied the boards together, till they had a good raft, big enough to hold them, and then they pushed it into the water and got on it. They said they were on the Ohio River, and going from Cincinnati to Louisville. Dave had a long pole to push with, like the boatmen on the keel-boats in the early times, and Jake had a board to steer with: Frank had another board to paddle with, on the other side of the raft from Dave; and so they set on their journey.

The dam was a wide, smooth sheet of water, with trees growing round the edge, and some of them hanging so low over it that they almost touched it. The boys made trips back and forth across the dam, and to and from the edge of the fall, till they got tired of it, and they were wanting something to happen, when Dave stuck his pole deep into the muddy bottom, and set his shoulder hard against the top of the pole, with a "Here she goes, boys, over the Falls of the Ohio!" and he ran along the edge of the raft from one end to the other.

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Frank and Dave had both straightened up to watch him. At the stern of the raft Dave tried to pull up his pole for another good push, but it stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of the dam, and before Dave knew what he was about, the raft shot from under his feet, and he went overboard with his pole in his hand, as if he were taking a flying leap with it. The next minute he dropped into the water heels first, and went down out of sight. He came up blowing water from his mouth, and hollooing and laughing, and took after the raft, where the other fellows were jumping up and down, and bending back and forth, and screaming and yelling at the way he looked hurrying after his pole, and then dangling in the air, and now showing his black head in the water like a musk-rat swimming for its hole. They were having such a good time mocking him that they did not notice how his push had sent the raft swiftly in under the trees by the shore, and the first thing they knew, one of the low branches caught them, and scraped them both off the raft into the water, almost on top of Dave. Then it was Dave's turn to laugh, and he began: "What's the matter, boys? Want to help find the other end of that pole?"

Jake was not under the water any longer than Dave had been, but Frank did not come up so soon. They looked among the brush by the shore, to see if he was hiding there and fooling them, but they could not find him. "He's stuck in some snag at the bottom," said Dave; "we got to dive for him:" but just then Frank came up, and swam feebly for the shore. He crawled out of the water, and after he got his breath, he said, "I got caught, down there, in the top of an old tree."

"Didn't I tell you so?" Dave shouted into Jake's ear.

"Why, Jake was there till I got loose," said Frank, looking stupidly at him.

"No. I wasn't," said Jake. "I was up long ago, and I was just goin' to dive for you: so was Dave."

"Then it was that other fellow," said Frank. "I thought it didn't look overmuch like Jake, anyway."

"Oh, pshaw!" Dave jeered. "How could you tell, in that muddy water?"

"I don't know," Frank answered. "It was all light round him. Looked like he had a piece of the rainbow on him, or foxfire."

"I reckon if I find him," said Dave, "I'll take his piece of rainbow off'n him pretty quick. That's the third time that feller's fooled us to-day. Where d'you s'pose he came up? Oh, *I* know! He got out on the other side under them trees, while we was huntin' for Frank, and not noticin'. How'd he look, anyway?"

"I don't know; I just saw him half a second. Kind of smiling, and like he wanted to play."

"Well, I know him," said Dave. "It's the new boy, and the next time I see him—Oh, hello! There goes our raft!"

It was drifting slowly down toward the edge of the dam, and the boys all three plunged into the water again, and swam out to it, and climbed up on it.

They had the greatest kind of a time, and when they had played castaway sailors, Frank and Jake wanted to send the raft over the edge of the dam; but Dave said it might get into the head-race of the mill and tangle itself up in the wheel, and spoil the wheel.

So they took the raft apart, and carried the boards on shore, and then tried to think what they would do next. The first thing was to take off their clothes, and see about drying them. But they had no patience for that; and so they wrung them out as dry as they could, and put them on again; they had left their roundabouts at Dave's house, anyway, and they had nothing on but a shirt and trousers apiece. The sun was out hot after the rain, and their clothes were almost dry by the time they got to Dave's house. They went with him to the woods-pasture on the way, and helped him drive home the cows, and they wanted him to get his mother to make his father let him go up to the Boys' Town with them, and see the fireworks; but he said it would be no use; and then they understood that if a man was British, of course he would not want his boy to celebrate the Fourth of July by going to the fireworks. They felt sorry for Dave, but they both told him that they had had more fun than they ever had in their lives before, and they were coming the next Fourth and going to bring their guns with them. Then they could shoot quails or squirrels, if they saw any, and the firing would celebrate the Fourth at the same time, and his father could not find any fault.

It seemed to Frank that it was awful to have a father that was British; but when they got to Dave's house, and his father asked them how they had spent the afternoon, he did not seem to be so very bad. He asked them whether they had got caught in the storm, and if that was what made their clothes wet, and when they told him what had happened, he sat down on the wood-pile, and laughed till he shook all over.

Then Frank and Jake thought they had better be going home, but Dave's mother would not let them start without something to eat; and she cut them each a slice of bread the whole width and length of the loaf, and spread the slices with butter, and then apple-butter, and then brown sugar. The boys thought they were not hungry, but when they began to eat, they found out that they were, and before they knew it they had eaten the slices all up. Dave's mother said they must come and see Dave again sometime, and she acted real clever; she was an American, anyway.

They got their horses, and started home. It was almost sundown, now, and they heard the turtle-doves cooing in the woods, and the bob-whites whistling from the stubble, and there were so many squirrels among the trees in the woods-pastures, and on the fences, that Frank could hardly get Jake along; and if it had not been for Jake's horse that ran whenever Frank whipped up his pony they would not have got home till dark. They smelt ham frying in some of the houses they passed, and that made them awfully hungry; one place there was coffee, too.

When they reached Frank's house, he found that his mother had kept supper hot for him, and she came out and said Jake must come in with him, if his family would not be uneasy about him; and Jake said he did not believe they would. He tied his horse to the outside of the cow-house, and he came in, and Frank's mother gave them as much baked chicken as they could hold, with hot bread to sop in the gravy; and she had kept some coffee hot for Frank, so that they made another good meal. They told her what a bully time they had had, and how they had fallen into the dam; but she did not seem to think it was funny; she said it was a good thing they were not all drowned, and she believed they had taken their deaths of cold, anyway. Frank was afraid she was going to make him go up stairs and change his clothes, when he heard the boys begin to sound their call of "Ee-o-wee" at the front door, and he and Jake snatched their hats, and ran out. There was a lot of boys at the gate: Hen Billard was there, and Archy Hawkins and Jim Leonard; there were some little fellows, and Frank's cousin Pony Baker was there; he said his mother had said he might stay till his father came for him.

Hen Billard had his thumb tied up from firing too big a load out of his brass pistol. The pistol burst, and the barrel was all curled back like a dandelion stem in water; he had it in his pocket to show. Archy Hawkins's face was full of little blue specks from pouring powder on a coal and getting it flashed up into his face when he was blowing the coal; some of his eyewinkers were singed off. Jim Leonard had a rag round his hand, and he said a whole pack of shooting-crackers had gone off in it before he could throw them away, and burnt the skin off; the fellows dared him to let them see it, but he would not; and then they mocked him. They all said there had never been such a Fourth of July in the Boys' Town before; and Frank and Jake let them brag as much as they wanted to, and when the fellows got tired, and asked them what they had done at Pawpaw Bottom, and they said, "Oh, nothing much; just helped Dave Black haul rails," they set up a jeer that you could hear a mile.

Then Jake said, as if he just happened to think of it, "And fought bumblebees."

And Frank put in, "And took a shower-bath in the thunder-storm."

And Jake said, "And eat mulberries."

And Frank put in again, "And built a raft."

And Jake said, "And Dave got pulled into the mill-dam."

And Frank wound up, "And Jake and I got swept overboard."

By that time the fellows began to feel pretty small, and they crowded round and wanted to hear every word about it. Then Jake and Frank tantalized them, and said of course it was no Fourth at all, it was only just fun, till the fellows could not stand it any longer, and then Frank jumped up from where he was sitting on his front steps, and hollooed out, "I'll show you how Dave looked when his pole pulled him in," and he acted it all out about Dave's pole pulling him into the water.

Jake waited till he was done, and then he jumped up and said, "I'll show you how Frank and me looked when we got swept overboard," and he acted it out about the limb of the tree scraping them off the raft while they were laughing at Dave and not noticing.

As soon as they got the boys to yelling, Jake and Frank both showed how they fought the bumblebees, and how the dogs got stung, and ran round trying to rub the bees off against the ground, and your legs, and everything, till the boys fell down and rolled over, it made them laugh so. Jake and Frank showed how they ran out into the rain from the barn, and stood in it, and told how good and cool it felt; and they told about sitting up in the mulberry-tree, and how twenty boys could not have made the least hole in the berries. They told about the quails and the squirrels; and they showed how Frank had to keep whipping up his pony, and how Jake's horse kept wheeling and running away; and some of the fellows said they were going with them the next Fourth.

Hen Billard tried to turn it off, and said: "Pshaw! You can have that kind of a Fourth any day in the country. Who's going up to the Court-house yard to see the fireworks?"

He and Archy Hawkins and the big boys ran off, whooping, and the little fellows felt awfully, because their mothers had said they must not go. Just then, Pony Baker's father came for him, and he said he guessed they could see the fireworks from Frank's front steps; and Jake stayed with Frank, and Frank's father came out,

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and his aunt and mother leaned out of the window, and watched, while the Roman candles shot up, and the rockets climbed among the stars.

They were all so much taken up in watching that they did not notice one of the neighbor women who had come over from her house and joined them, till Mrs. Baker happened to see her, and called out: "Why, Mrs. Fogle, where did you spring from? Do come in here with Manda and me. I didn't see you, in your black dress."

"No, I'm going right back," said Mrs. Fogle. "I just come over a minute to see the fireworks—for Wilford; you can't see them from my side."

"Oh," said Mrs. Baker, softly. "Well, I'm real glad you came. You ought to have heard the boys, here, telling about the kind of Fourth they had at Pawpaw Bottom. I don't know when I've laughed so much."

"Well, I reckon it's just as well I wasn't here. I couldn't have helped in the laughing much. It seems pretty hard my Wilford couldn't been having a good time with the rest to-day. He was always such a Fourth-of-July boy."

"But he's happy where he is, Mrs. Fogle," said Mrs. Baker, gently.

"Well, I know he'd give anything to been here with the boys to-day. I don't care where he is. And he's been here, *too;* I just know he has: I've felt him, all day long, teasing at me to let him go off with your Frank and Jake, here; he just fairly loved to be with them, and he never done any harm. Oh, my, my! I don't see how I used to deny him."

She put up her apron to her face, and ran sobbing across the street again to her own house; they heard the door close after her in the dark.

"I declare," said Mrs. Baker, "I've got half a mind to go over to her."

"Better not," said Pony Baker's father.

"Well, I reckon you're right, Henry," Mrs. Baker assented.

They did not talk gayly any more; when the last rocket had climbed the sky, Jake Milrace rose and said in a whisper he must be going.

After he was gone, Frank told, as if he had just thought of it, about the boy that had fooled them so, at Pawpaw Bottom; and he was surprised at the way his mother and his uncle Henry questioned him up about it.

"Well, now," she said, "I'm glad poor Mrs. Fogle wasn't here, or—" She stopped, and her brother-in-law rose, with the hand of his sleepy little son in his own.

"I think Pony had better say good-night now, while he can. Frank, you've had a remarkable Fourth. Good-night, all. I wish I had spent the day at Pawpaw Bottom myself."

Before they slept that night, Pony's mother said:

"Well, I'd just as soon you'd kept that story to yourself till morning, Henry. I shall keep thinking about it, and not sleep a wink. How in the world do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it," said Pony's father.

"Now, that won't do! What do you think?"

"Well, if it was *one* boy that saw the fourth boy it might be a simple case of lying."

"Frank Baker never told a lie in his life. He couldn't."

"Perhaps Jake could, or Dave. But as they all three saw the boy at different times, why, it's—"

"What?"

"It's another thing."

"Now, you can't get out of it that way, Henry. Do you believe that the child longed so to be back here that—"

"Ah, who knows? There's something very strange about all that. But we can't find our way out, except by the short-cut of supposing that nothing of the kind happened."

"You can't suppose that, though, if all three of the boys say it did."

"I can suppose that they think it happened, or made each other think so."

Pony's mother drew a long sigh. "Well, I know what *I* shall always think," she said.

Finance

EVEN at the risk of wearying the readers of this column with constant harping on one string, it must be said that the stock-market has again demonstrated that what it most needs is adequate leadership. General conditions having a determining influence on security values have remained unaltered. Indeed, if any slight change has occurred it has been for the better. The future, therefore, looks no less promising than it did three or four weeks ago, when some semblance of improvement from the apathy in which the stock-market had lain for months previously began to manifest itself. That the public felt no apprehension over the business outlook was evident then, as now, the absence of selling pressure from the "outsiders" being commented on by Wall Street. For the public—that is, for the thousands of potential stock-gamblers—to abandon their attitude of passive confidence, a change in the conditions which justified their calmness was and is indispensable. No unfavorable turn in commercial and industrial affairs having occurred to cause hesitancy or apprehension, it is to be expected that the change of front will lie in the direction of active speculation.

That the market, at least technically, was ripe for a moderate rise early in June was evident. It afforded ample justification for a miniature bull campaign, as it were, and a clique of bold operators seized the opportunity as it presented itself. We saw, as a result of their leadership, improving prices here and there, and some increase in stock transactions. But partly because a general and really important market movement was premature by reason of various circumstances and partly because the leadership was not of a character calculated to inspire widespread confidence, bull speculation has halted. Outside interest in the stock-market did not revive to any marked degree. The would-be leaders probably were as successful as they hoped to be, all things considered. But the speculative community is still waiting for the logical, well-planned, and, above all, well-led movement which it expects to see to begin a month hence.

It is the consideration of these points which makes impartial observers differ from the opinions of the professional element who thought that the rising tendency of stock prices had been checked by the disturbance in sentiment following the announcement of King Edward's serious condition. But it is clear that even if the curious prophecy that Edward VII. would be King but not crowned should unfortunately come true, the effect would be mainly sentimental in the British security markets.

So far as our own securities markets are concerned, the situation is not nearly so serious as it would have been a few years ago. Quite apart from our increased strength and present prosperity, it is to be borne in mind that the holdings of American securities in Great Britain have been very greatly reduced during the past three or four years. This is particularly true of the speculative holdings, which are to-day so small as to be a negligible factor. Of the securities held for investment, it is not conceivable that the British investor, who has held them through our boom and its tempting high prices in the face of the depression in England incident to the war in South Africa, should part with them because of any flurry in the London securities markets, which, being caused by sentiment, should strike him as being temporary. It is, therefore, no heavy liquidation of American stocks by London that need be feared, but the possibility of a disturbance in our money-market. Should we be called upon to repay the very large balance we owe Europe, there is no doubt that we should be seriously affected. The conditions in the foreign-exchange market have been bringing us steadily nearer the gold-exporting point. Sterling rates in New York, though somewhat higher, appeared to be checked by the resumption of the now familiar expedient resorted to by the New York bankers of borrowing from Europe. This may become less profitable in the next fortnight. The decline in sterling exchange in Paris has continued at this writing, and even if the New York rates for sterling exchange should rise no further, a further drop in Paris would enable the gold-exporting operation here to be carried on at a profit.

Perhaps the week's most important contribution in the way of news likely to influence speculative sentiment has been President Mitchell's manifesto. His "statement" to the public cannot be considered a success. To begin with, it is fatally belated. It must impress the most disinterested reader as being largely an after-thought, prompted by the natural and widespread demand from the suffering public to hear the miners' side of the case. Mr. Mitchell says nothing that could not have been said a month ago, without prejudicing his case. The document is, it must be admitted, commendably temperate in tone; but in its reasoning it is not convincing, many of Mr. Mitchell's arguments being founded upon "facts" and statistics easily refutable. The grievances of the men, as expressed by their leader, will not impress many as affording sufficient justification for striking first and explaining afterward. Eliminating the counter-statements of the operators as being possibly prejudiced, impartial coal-trade experts are numerous who consider Mr. Mitchell's "statements of fact" fallacious to a degree. A detailed discussion is precluded by the limits of this article. But, while granting that certain reforms are advisable in some of the methods now in vogue in the anthracite coal districts, it would seem as if the main point at issue is the "recognition" of the Miners' "Union." The trouble with the latter is the trouble with the majority of labor unions. The employers are responsible parties. They are expected to carry out every agreement and contract. Not so the men. It has not been proven that the existence of the Miners' Union has reduced the number of irresponsible strikes. It is notorious that Mr. Mitchell himself was opposed to the present strike. He recognized its futility from the first, and realized that its failure meant a serious loss, not alone to his individual *prestige*, but to the cause of organized labor. Yet he was powerless to control his men, and now, in his present extremity, we are led to believe he would not hesitate to induce the soft-coal miners, who are *union* men, to violate their contracts and signed agreements.

Apart from the coal strike, conditions have remained good. Railroad earnings show increases steadily, crop reports *are* generally good, interior trade continues active, given the season of the year, and the general business outlook is certainly bright.

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Financial

The Corn Exchange Bank

WILLIAM AND BEAVER STS., NEW YORK

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THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
ALBERT E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS - - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

BRANCHES

ASTOR PLACE BRANCH,
Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
[illegible] Avenue (Borough of Queens).
BROADWAY BRANCH,
[illegible] and Spring Street.
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
[illegible] and Grand Streets.
FIFTH WARD BRANCH,
Cherry and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
SECOND STREET BRANCH,
[illegible] and 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
[illegible] 43d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
[illegible] West 125th Street
MORNINGSIDE BRANCH,
[illegible] Street and Columbus Avenue.
MECHANICS & TRADERS BANK OF BROOKLYN,
[illegible] and Greenpoint Aves. (Borough of Brooklyn)
QUEENS COUNTY BRANCH,
[illegible] Ave. and Front St. (Borough of Queens.)
UNIVERSITY BRANCH,
702 Broadway.

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THOMAS T. BARR, President of Nassau National Bank,
[illegible]
W. B. FREEMAN, Cotton.
[illegible] DAVIS, Blake Bros. & Co.—Bankers.
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[illegible] Busby, Holt & Co.—Grain.
[illegible] Bowers, Bowers & Sands—Attorneys.
ALEXANDER STEWART, Real Estate.
[illegible] NICHOLS, President of General Chemical Co.
[illegible] BARNES, Vice-President of American Book Co.
[illegible] A. BRADY, Capitalist.
[illegible] F. HAVEMEYER, Vice-President of National [illegible] of North America.
[illegible] Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Co.
[illegible] H. BALDWIN, JR., President of Long Island [illegible] Co.
ALBERT E. FREW, Vice-President.
JAS. McGOVERN, Jas. McGovern & Co.—Bankers.

The Mechanics' National Bank of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)
33 WALL STREET

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[illegible] - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
[illegible] A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
[illegible] U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

[illegible] E. ORR, - - - - David Dows & Co.
[illegible] - - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
[illegible] - - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
[illegible] - - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
[illegible] M. PRATT, - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
[illegible] - - - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
[illegible] - - - - - John Sinclair & Co.
[illegible] - - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
[illegible] - - - - - - - - Blair & Co.
[illegible] W. GARTH, - - - - - - President.

Financial

THE TRUST CO. OF AMERICA

149 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
(NORTHWEST CORNER LIBERTY STREET)

Capital - - - - - $2,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits - $2,919,345.28

Allows Interest on Daily Balances subject to check through the New York Clearing-house or payable at sight and on Certificates of Deposit.

Acts as Trustee, Receiver, Committee, Executor, Guardian, Administrator, Assignee, Registrar, Transfer and Fiscal Agent.

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They spent the Evening on the Boulevards

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER I

LIFE IS RECOMMENDED

THE changeful April morning that she watched from the window of her flat looking over the river began a day of significance in the career of Trix Trevalla—of feminine significance, almost milliner's, perhaps, but of significance all the same. She had put off her widow's weeds, and for the first time these three years back was dressed in a soft shade of blue; the harmony of her eyes and the gleams of her brown hair welcomed the color with the cordiality of an old friendship happily renewed. Mrs. Trevalla's maid had been all in a flutter over the momentous transformation; in her mistress it bred a quietly retrospective mood. As she lay in an arm-chair watching the water and the clouds, she turned back on the course of her life, remembering many things. The beginning of a new era brought the old before her eyes in a protesting flash of vividness. She abandoned herself to recollections—an insidious form of dissipating the mind, which goes well with a relaxed ease of the body.

Not that Mrs. Trevalla's recollections were calculated to promote a sense of luxury, unless indeed they were to act as a provocative contrast.

There was childhood, spent in a whirling succession of lodging-houses. They had little individuality and retained hardly any separate identity; each had consisted of two rooms with folding-doors between, and somewhere, at the back or on the floor above, a cupboard for her to sleep in. There was her mother, a bridling, blushing, weak-kneed woman; kind save when her nerves were bad, and when they were, unkind in a weak and desultory fashion that did not deserve the name of cruelty. Trix had always felt less anger than contempt for her half-hysterical outbursts, and bore no malice on their account. This pale visitor soon faded—as indeed Mrs. Trevalla herself had—into non-existence, and a different picture took its place. Here was the Reverend Algernon, her father, explaining that he found himself unsuited to pastoral work and indisposed to adopt any other active calling, that inadequate means were a misfortune, not a fault, that a man must follow his temperament, and that he asked only to be allowed to go his own way—he did not add to pay it—in peace and quiet. His utterances came back with the old distinction of manner and the distant politeness with which Mr. Trevalla bore himself towards all disagreeable incidents of life—under which head there was much reason to surmise that he ranked his daughter.

Was he unjust in that? Trix was puzzled. She recalled a sturdy, stubborn, rather self-assertive child; the freshness of delicacy is rubbed off, the appeal of shyness silenced, by a hand-to-mouth existence, by a habit of regarding the leavings of the first-floor lodger in the light of windfalls, by constant flittings unmarked by the discharge of obligations incurred in the abandoned locality, by a practical outlawry from the class to which we should in the ordinary course belong. Trix decided that she must have been an unattractive girl, rather hard, too much awake to the ways of the world, readily retorting its chilliness towards her. All this was natural enough, since neither death nor poverty nor lack of love was strange to her. Natural, yes; pleasant, no, Trix concluded, and with that she extended a degree of pardon to Mr. Trevalla. He had something to say for himself. With a smile she recalled what he always did say for himself, if any one seemed to challenge the spotlessness of his character.

Yet he had become a party to the great conspiracy; it was no less, however much motives of love and hopes ever sanguine might excuse it in one of the parties to it—not the Reverend Algernon. They had all been involved in it—her father, old Lady Trevalla (her husband had been a soldier and K.C.B.), Vesey Trevalla himself. Vesey loved Trix, Lady Trevalla loved Vesey in a mother's conscienceless way; the mother persuaded herself that the experiment would work, the son would not stop to ask. The Reverend Algernon presumably persuaded himself too—and money was very scarce. So Trix was bidden to notice—when those days at Bournemouth came back to mind her brows contracted into a frown as though from a quick spasm of pain—how Vesey loved her, what a good steady fellow he was, how safely she might trust herself to him. Why, he was a teetotaler too! "Yes, though his gay friends do laugh at him!" exclaimed Lady Trevalla admiringly. They were actually staying at a Temperance Hotel! The stress laid on these facts did not seem strange to an ignorant girl of seventeen, accustomed to Mr. Trevalla's solitary but eloquent virtue. Rather weary of the trait, she pouted a little over it, and then forgot it as a matter of small moment one way or the other. So the conspiracy throve, and ended in the good marriage with the well-to-do cousin, in

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being Mrs. Trevalla of Trevalla Haven, married to a big, handsome, ruddy fellow, who loved her. The wedding-day stood out in memory; clearest of all now was what had been no more than a faint and elusive but ever-present sense that for some reason the guests, Vesey's neighbors, looked on her with pity—the men who pressed her hand and the women who kissed her cheek. And at the last old Lady Trevalla had burst suddenly into unrestrained sobbing. Why? Vesey looked very uncomfortable, and even the Reverend Algernon was rather upset. However, consciences do no harm if they do not get the upper hand till the work is done; Trix was already Vesey's wife.

He was something of a man, this Vesey Trevalla; he was large built in mind, equitable, kind, shrewd, of a clear vision. To the end he was a good friend and a worthy companion in his hours of reason. Trix's thoughts of him were free from bitterness. Her early life had given her a tolerance that stood her in stead, a touch of callousness which enabled her to endure. As a child she had shrugged thin shoulders under shabby frock; she shrugged her shoulders at the tragedy now; her heart did not break, but hardened a little more. She made some ineffectual efforts to reclaim him; their hopelessness was absurdly plain; after a few months Vesey laughed at them,—she almost laughed herself. She settled down into the impossible life, reproaching nobody. When her husband was sober, she never referred to what had happened when he was drunk; if he threw a plate at her then, she dodged the plate; she seemed in a sense to have been dodging plates and such like missiles all her life.

The odd thing about the four years her married life lasted was that they now seemed so short. Even before old Lady Trevalla's death (which happened a year after the wedding) Trix had accommodated herself to her position. From that time all was monotony—the kind of monotony which might well kill, but, failing that, left little to mark out one day from another. She did not remember even that she had been acutely miserable either for her husband or for herself; rather she had come to disbelieve in acute feelings. She had grown deadened to sorrow as to joy, and to love, the great parent of both; the hardening process of her youth had been carried further. When Vesey caught a chill and crumpled up under it as sodden men do, and died with a thankfulness he did not conceal, she was unmoved. She was not grateful for the deliverance, nor yet grieved for the loss of a friend. She shrugged her shoulders again, asking what the world was going to do with her next.

Reverend Mr. Trevalla died soon after Vesey, having caught a chill and, with his usual sternness, refused to drink hot grog. That was his doctor's explanation. Mr. Trevalla's dying smile accused the man of cloaking his own ignorance by such an excuse; he prized his virtue too much to charge it with his death. He was sorry to leave his rooms at Brighton; other very strong feeling about his departure he had none. Certainly his daughter did not come between him and his preparations for hereafter, nor the thought of her solitude distract his fleeting soul.

In the general result life seemed ended for Trix Trevalla at twenty-two, and, pending release from it in the ordinary course, she contemplated an impatient and provisional existence in Continental *pensions*—establishments where a young and pretty woman could not be suspected of wishing to reap any advantage from prettiness or youth. Hundreds of estimable ladies guarantee this security, and thereby obtain a genteel and sufficient company round their modest and inexpensive tables. It was what Trix asked for, and for two years she got it.

One evening she arrived at Paris rather late, and the isolation ward (metaphors will not be denied sometimes) to which she had been recommended was found to be full. Somewhat apprehensive, she was driven to a hotel of respectability, and, rushing to catch the flying coat-tails of *table d'hôte*, found herself seated beside a man who was apparently not much above thirty. This unwonted propinquity set her doing what she had not done for years in public, though she had never altogether abandoned the practice as a private solace: as she drank her cold soup, she laughed. Her neighbor, a shabby man with a rather shaggy beard, turned benevolently inquiring eyes on her. A moment's glance made him start a little and say, "Surely it's Mrs. Trevalla?"

"That's my name," answered Trix, wondering greatly, but thanking Heaven for a soul who knew her.

"That's very curious," he went on. "I dare say you'll be surprised, but your photograph stands on my bed-room mantel-piece. I knew you directly from it. It was sent to me."

"When was it sent you?" she asked.

"...t the time of your marriage." He grew grave as he spoke.

"You were his friend?"

"I called myself so." Conversation was busy round them, yet he lowered his voice to add, "I don't know now whether I had any right."

"Why not?"

"I gave up very soon."

Trix's eyes shot a quick glance at him, and frowned a little.

"Well, I ought to have been more than a friend, and so did I," she said.

"It would have been utterly useless, of course. Reason recognizes that, but then conscience isn't always reasonable."

She agreed with a nod as she galloped through her fish, eager to overtake the *menu*.

"Besides, I have"—he hesitated a moment, smiling apologetically and playing nervously with a knife—"I have a propensity myself, and that makes me judge him more easily—and myself not so lightly."

She looked at his pint of *ordinaire* with eyebrows raised.

"Oh no, quite another," he assured her, smiling. "But it's enough to teach me what propensities are."

"What is it? Tell me." She caught eagerly at the strange luxury of intimate talk.

"Never! But, as I say, I've learnt from it. Are you alone here, Mrs. Trevalla?"

"Here and everywhere," said Trix, with a sigh and a smile.

"Come for a stroll after dinner. I'm an old friend of Vesey's, you know." The last remark was evidently thrown in as a concession to rules not held in much honor by the speaker. Trix said that she would come; the outing seemed a treat to her after the *pensions*.

They spent the evening on the boulevards; he heard her story, and he said many things to her, waving (as the evening wore on) a pipe to and fro from his mouth to the length of his arm. It was entirely owing to the things which he said that evening on the boulevards that she sat now in the flat over the river, her mourning doffed, her guaranteed *pensions* forsaken, London before her, an unknown alluring sea.

"What you want," he told her with smiling vehemence, "is a revenge. Hitherto you've done nothing; you've only had things done to you. You've made nothing; you've only been made into things yourself. Life has played with you; go and play with it."

Trix listened, sitting very still, with eager eyes. There was a life, then—a life still open to her; the door was not shut, nor her story of necessity ended.

"I dare say you'll scorch your fingers, for the fire burns. But it's better to die of heat than of cold. And if trouble comes, call at 6A Danes Inn."

She looked at him curiously. He was shabby, yet rather distinguished, shaggy but clean. He advised life, and he lived in Danes Inn, where an instinct told her that life would not be a very maddening or riotous thing.

"Come, you must live again, Mrs. Trevalla," he urged.

"Do you live, as you call it?" she asked, half in mockery, half in a genuine curiosity.

A shade of doubt, perhaps of distress, spread over his face. He knocked out his pipe deliberately before answering.

"Well, hardly, perhaps." Then he added, eagerly, "I work, though."

"Does that do instead?" To Trix's new-born mood the substitute seemed a poor one.

"Yes—if you have a propensity."

What was his tone? Sad or humorous, serious or mocking? It sounded all.

This meeting—all their conversation—was fresh and speaking in her brain as she sat looking over the river in her recovered gown of blue. But for the meeting, but for the shabby man and what he had said, there would have been no blue gown, she would not have been in London nor in the flat. He had brought her there, to do something, to make something, to play with life as life had played with her, to have a revenge, to die, if die she must, of heat rather than of cold.

Well, she would follow his advice—would accept and fulfil it amply. "At the worst there are the *pensions* again—and there's Danes Inn!"

She laughed at this idea, but her laugh was rather hard, her mouth a little grim, her eyes mischievous. These were the marks youth and the four years had left. Besides, she cared for not a soul on earth.

CHAPTER II

COMING NEAR THE FIRE

At the age of forty (a point now passed by some half-dozen years) Mrs. Bonfill had become motherly. The change was sudden, complete, and eminently wise. It was accomplished during a summer's retirement; she disappeared a queen-regnant, she reappeared a dowager—all by her own act, for none had yet ventured to call her *passée*. But she was a big woman, and she recognized facts. She had her reward. She gained power instead of losing it; she had always loved power, and had the shrewdness to discern that there was more than one form of it. The obvious form she had never, as a young and handsome woman, misused or overused; she had no temptations that way, or, as her friend Lady Blixworth preferred to put it, "In that respect dearest Sarah was always *bourgeoise* to the core." The new form she now attained—influence—was more to her taste. She liked to shape people's lives; if they were submissive and obedient she would make their fortunes. She needed some natural capacities in her *protégés*, of course; but, since she chose cleverly, these were seldom lacking. Mrs. Bonfill did the rest. She could open doors that obeyed no common key; she could smooth difficulties; she had in two or three cases blotted out a past, and once had reformed a gambler. But she liked best to make marriages and Ministers. Her own daughter, of course, she married immediately—that was nothing. She had married Nellie Towler to Sir James Quinby-Lee—the betting had been ten to one against it—and Lady Mildred Haughton to Frank Cleveland—flat in the face of both the families. As for Ministers, she stood well with Lord Farringham, was an old friend of Lord Glentorly, and, to put it unkindly, had Constantine Blair fairly in her pocket. It does not do to exaggerate drawing-room influence, but when Beaufort Chance became a Whip, and young Lord Mervyn was appointed Glentorly's Under-Secretary at the War Office, and everybody knew that they were Mrs. Bonfill's last and prime favorites—well, the coincidence was remarkable. And never a breath of scandal with it all! It was no small achievement for a woman born in, bred at, and married from an unpretentious villa at Streatham.

Trix Trevalla had been no more than a month in London when

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she had the great good fortune to be taken up by Mrs. Bonfill. It was not everybody's luck. Mrs. Bonfill was particular; she refused hundreds, some for her own reasons, some because of the things Viola Blixworth might say. The Frickers, for example, failed in their assault on Mrs. Bonfill—or had up to now. Yet Mrs. Bonfill herself would have been good-natured to the Frickers.

"I can't expose myself to Viola by taking up the Frickers," she explained to her husband, who had been not indisposed, for business reasons, to do Fricker a good turn. For Lady Blixworth, with no other qualities very striking to a casual observer, and with an appearance that the term "elegant" did ample justice to, possessed a knack of describing people whom she did not like in a way that they did not like, a gift which made her respected and on the whole popular.

It was very different with Trix Trevalla. Pretty, presentable, pleasant, even witty in an unsubtle sort of fashion, she made an immediate success. She was understood to be well-off, too; the flat was not a cheap one; she began to entertain a good deal in a quiet way; she drove a remarkably neat brougham. These things are not done for nothing—nor even on the interest of twenty thousand pounds. Yet Trix did them, and nobody asked any questions, except Mrs. Bonfill, and she was assured that Trix was living well within her means. May not "means" denote capital as well as income? The distinction was in itself rather obscure to Trix, and, Vesey Trevalla having made no settlement, there was nothing to drive it home. Lastly, Trix was most prettily docile and submissive to Mrs. Bonfill—grateful, attentive, and obedient. She earned a reward. Any woman with half an eye could see what that reward should be.

But for once Mrs. Bonfill vacillated. After knowing Trix a fortnight she destined her for Beaufort Chance, who had a fair income, ambition at least equal to his talents, and a chance of the House of Lords some day. Before she had known Trix a month—so engaging and docile was Trix—Mrs. Bonfill began to wonder whether Beaufort Chance was good enough. Certainly Trix was making a very great success. What then? Should it be Mervyn, Mrs. Bonfill's prime card, her chosen disciple? A man destined, as she believed, to go very high—starting pretty high, anyhow, and starts in the handicap are not to be disregarded. Mrs Bonfill doubted seriously whether, in that mental book she kept, she should not transfer Trix to Mervyn. If Trix went on behaving well— But the truth is that Mrs. Bonfill herself was captured by Trix. Yet Trix feared Mrs. Bonfill, even while she liked and to some extent managed her. After favoring Chance, Mrs. Bonfill began to put forward Mervyn. Whether Trix's management had anything to do with this result it is hard to say.

Trix and Mervyn were waltzing together at Mrs. Bonfill's dance. Lady Blixworth sat on a sofa with Beaufort Chance and looked on—at the dance and at her companion.

"She's rather remarkable," she was saying in her idle languid voice. "She was meant to be vulgar, I'm sure, but she contrives to avoid it. I rather admire her."

"A dangerous shade of feeling to excite in you, it seems," he remarked, sourly.

The lady imparted an artificial alarm to her countenance.

"I'm so sorry if I said anything wrong; but, oh, surely, there's no truth in the report that you're—?" A motion of her fan towards Trix ended the sentence.

"Not the least," he answered, gruffly.

Sympathy succeeded alarm. With people not too clever, Lady Blixworth allowed herself a liberal display of sympathy. It may have been all right to make Beaufort a Whip (though that question arose afterwards in an acute form), but he was no genius in a drawing-room.

"Dear Sarah talks so at random sometimes," drawled she. "Well meant, I know, Beaufort, but it does put people in awkward positions, doesn't it?"

He was a conceited man, and a pink-and-white one. He flushed visibly and angrily.

"What has Mrs. Bonfill been saying about me?"

"Oh, nothing much; it's just her way. And you mustn't resent it—you owe so much to her." Lady Blixworth was enjoying herself; she had a natural delight in mischief, especially when she could direct it against her beloved and dreaded Sarah with fair security.

"What did she say?"

"Say! Nothing, you foolish man! She diffused an impression."

"That I—?"

"That you liked Mrs. Trevalla! She was wrong, I suppose. *Voilà tout*, and, above all, don't look hot and furious; the room's stifling as it is."

Beaufort Chance was furious. We forgive much ill treatment so it is secret; we accept many benefits on the same understanding. To parade the benefit and to let the injustice leak out are the things that make us smart. Lady Blixworth had by dexterous implication accused Mrs. Bonfill of both offences. Beaufort had not the self-control to seem less angry than he was. "Surely," thought Lady Blixworth, watching him, "he's too stupid even for politics!"

"You may take it from me," he said, pompously, "that I have, and have had, no more than the most ordinary acquaintance with Mrs. Trevalla."

She nodded her head in satisfied assent. "No, he's just stupid enough," she concluded, smiling and yawning behind her fan. She had no compunctions — she had told nearly half the truth. Mrs. Bonfill never gossiped about her Ministers—it would have

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been fatal—but she was sometimes rather expansive on the subject of her marriages; she was tempted to collect opinions on them; she had, no doubt (before she began to vacillate), collected two or three opinions about Beaufort Chance and Trix Trevalla.

Trix's brain was whirling far quicker than her body turned in the easy swing of the waltz. It had been whirling this month back, ever since the prospect began to open, the triumphs to dawn, ambition to grow, a sense of her attraction and power to come home to her. The *pensions* were gone; she had plunged into life. She was delighted and dazzled. Herself, her time, her feelings, and her money she flung into the stream with a lavish recklessness. Yet behind the gay intoxication of the transformed woman she was conscious still of the old self, the wide-awake, rather hard girl, that product of the lodging-houses and the four years with Vesey Trevalla. Amid the excitement, the success, the folly, the old voice spoke, cautioning, advising, never allowing her to forget that there were a purpose and an end in it all, a career to make and to make speedily. Her eyes might wander to every alluring object; they returned to the main chance. Wherefore Mrs. Bonfill had no serious uneasiness about dear Trix; when the time came she would be sensible; people fare, she reflected, none the worse for being a bit hard at the core.

"I like sitting here," said Trix to Mervyn after the dance, "and seeing everybody one's read about or seen pictures of. Of course I don't really belong to it, but it makes me feel as if I did."

"You'd like to?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose so," she laughed, as her eyes rambled over the room again.

Lord Mervyn was conscious of his responsibilities. He had a future; he was often told so in public and in private, though it is fair to add that he would have believed it unsolicited. That future, together with the man who was to have it, he took seriously. And, though of rank unimpeachable, he was not quite rich enough for that future; it could be done on what he had, but it could be done better with some more. Evidently Mrs. Bonfill had been captured by Trix; as a rule she would not have neglected the consideration that his future could be done better with some more. He had not forgotten it; so he did not immediately offer to make Trix really belong to the brilliant world she saw. She was very attractive, and well-off, as he understood, but she was not, from a material point of view, by any means what he had a right to claim. Besides, she was a widow, and he would have preferred that not to be the case.

"Prime Ministers and things walking about like flies!" sighed Trix, venting satisfaction in a pardonable exaggeration. It was true, however, that Lord Farringham had looked in for half an hour, talked to Mrs. Bonfill for ten minutes, and made a tour round, displaying a lofty cordiality which admirably concealed his desire to be elsewhere.

"You'll soon get used to it all," Mervyn assured her with a rather superior air. "It's a bore, but it has to be done. The social side can't be neglected, you see."

"If I neglected anything, it would be the other, I think."

He smiled tolerantly and quite believed her. Trix was most butterflylike to-night; there was no hardness in her laugh, not a hint of grimness in her smile. "You would never think," Mrs. Bonfill used to whisper, "what the poor child has been through."

Beaufort Chance passed by, casting a scowling glance at them.

"I haven't seen you dancing with Chance—or perhaps you sat out? He's not much of a performer."

"I gave him a dance, but I forgot."

"Which dance, Mrs. Trevalla?" Her glance had prompted the question.

"Ours," said Trix. "You came so late—I had none left."

"I very seldom dance, but you tempted me." He was not underrating his compliment. For a moment Trix was sorely inclined to snub him; but policy forbade. When he left her, to seek Lady Blixworth, she felt rather relieved.

Beaufort Chance had watched his opportunity, and came by again with an accidental air. She called to him and was all

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graciousness and apologies; she had every wish to keep the second string in working order. Beaufort had not sat there ten minutes before he was in his haste accusing Lady Blixworth of false insinuations—unless, indeed, Trix was an innocent instrument in Mrs. Bonfill's hands. Trix was looking the part very well.

"I wish you'd do me a great kindness," he said. "Come to dinner some day."

"Oh, that's a very tolerable form of benevolence. Of course I will."

"Wait a bit. I mean—to meet the Frickers."

"Oh!" Meeting the Frickers seemed hardly an inducement.

But Beaufort Chance explained. On the one side Fricker was a very useful man to stand well with; he could put you into things—and take you out at the right time. Trix nodded sagely, though she knew nothing about such matters. On the other hand—Beaufort grew more diplomatic and confidential in manner—Fricker had little ambition outside his business, but Mrs. and Miss Fricker had enough and to spare—ambitions social for themselves, and, subsidiary thereunto, political for Fricker.

"Viola Blixworth has frightened Mrs. Bonfill," he complained. "Lady Glentorly talks about drawing the line, and all the rest of them are just as bad. Now if you'd come—"

"Me? What good should I do? The Frickers won't care about me."

"Oh yes, they will!" He did not lack adroitness in baiting the hook for her. "They know you can do anything with Mrs. Bonfill: they know you're going to be very much in it. You won't be afraid of Viola Blixworth in a month or two! I shall please Fricker—you'll please the women. Now do come."

Trix's vanity was flattered. Was she already a woman of influence? Beaufort Chance had the other lure ready too.

"And I dare say you don't mind hearing of a good thing if it comes in your way?" he suggested, carelessly. "People with money to spare find Fricker worth knowing, and he's absolutely square."

"Do you mean he'd make money for me?" asked Trix, trying to keep any note of eagerness out of her voice.

"He'd show you how to make it for yourself, anyhow."

Trix sat in meditative silence for a few moments. Presently she turned to him with a bright, friendly smile.

"Oh, never mind all that! I'll come for your sake—to please you," she said.

Beaufort Chance was not quite sure that he believed her this time, but he looked as if he did—which serves just as well in social relations. He named a day, and Trix gayly accepted the appointment. There were few adventures, not many new things, that she was not ready for just now. The love of the world had laid hold of her.

And here at Mrs. Bonfill's she seemed to be in the world up to her eyes. People had come on from big parties as the evening waned, and the last hour dotted the ballroom with celebrities. Politicians in crowds, leaders of fashion, an actress or two, an Indian prince, a great explorer—they made groups which seemed to express the many-sidedness of London, to be the thousand tributaries that swell the great stream of its society. There was a little unusual stir to-night. A foreign complication had arisen, or was supposed to have arisen. People were asking what the Tsar was going to do; and when one considers the reputation for secrecy enjoyed by Russian diplomacy, quite a surprising number of them seemed to know, and told one another with an authority only matched by the discrepancy between their versions. When they saw a man who possibly might know—Lord Glentorly—they crowded round him eagerly, regardless of the implied aspersion of their own knowledge. Glentorly had been sitting in a corner with Mrs. Bonfill, and she shared in his glory, perhaps in his private knowledge. But both Glentorly and Mrs. Bonfill professed to know no more than there was in the papers, and insinuated that they did not believe that. Everybody at once declared that they had never believed that, and had said so at dinner, and the very wise added that it was evidently inspired by the Stock Exchange. A remark to this effect had just



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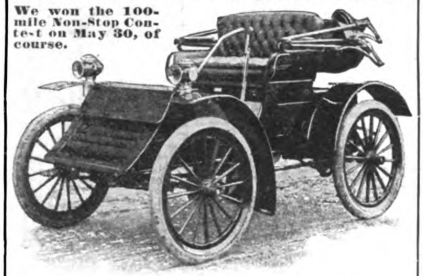
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fallen on Trix's ears when a second observation from behind reached her.

"Not one of them knows a thing about it," said a calm, cool, youthful voice.

"I can't think why they want to," came as an answer in rich, pleasant tones.

Trix glanced round and saw a smart trim young man, and by his side a girl with beautiful hair. She had only a glimpse of them, for in an instant they disentangled themselves from the gossipers and joined the few couples who were keeping it up to the last dance.

It will be seen that Beaufort Chance had not given up the game; Lady Blixworth's pin-pricks had done the work which they were probably intended to do; they had incited him to defy Mrs. Bonfill, to try to win off his own bat. She might discard him in favor of Mervyn, but he would fight for himself. The dinner to which he bade Trix would at once assert and favor intimacy; if he could put her under an obligation it would be all to the good; flattering her vanity was already a valuable expedient. That stupidity of his, which struck Viola Blixworth with such a sense of its density, lay not in misunderstanding or misvaluing the common motives of humanity, but in considering that all humanity was common; he did not allow for the shades, the variations, the degrees. Nor did he appreciate in the least the mood that governed or the temper that swayed Trix Trevalla. He thought that she preferred him as a man, Mervyn as a match. Both of them were, in fact, at this time no more than figures in the great *ballet* at which she now looked on, in which she meant soon to mix.

Mrs. Bonfill caught Trix as she went to her carriage—that smart brougham was in waiting—and patted her cheek *more materno*.

"I saw you were enjoying yourself, child," she said. "What was all that Beaufort had to say to you?"

"Oh, just nonsense," answered Trix.

Mrs. Bonfill smiled amiably.

"He's not considered to talk nonsense generally," she said; "but perhaps there was some one you wanted to talk to more! You won't say anything, I see, but—Mortimer stayed late! He's coming to luncheon tomorrow. Won't you come too?"

"I shall be delighted," said Trix. Her eyes were sparkling. She had possessed wit enough to see the vacillation of Mrs. Bonfill. Did this mean that it was ended? The invitation to lunch looked like it. Mrs. Bonfill believed in lunch for such purposes. In view of the invitation to lunch, Trix said nothing about the invitation to dinner.

As she was driven from Grosvenor Square to the flat by the river, she was marvellously content—enjoying still, not thinking; wondering, not feeling; making in her soul material and sport of others, herself seeming not subject to design or accident. The change was great to her: the ordinary mood of youth that has known only good fortune seemed to her the most wonderful of transformations, almost incredible. She exulted in it and gloated over the brightness of her days. What of others? Well, what of the players in the pantomime? Do they not play for us? What more do we ask of or about them? Trix was not in the least inclined to be busy with more fortunes than her own. For this was the thing—this was what she had desired.

How had she come to desire it so urgently and to take it with such recklessness? The words of the shabby man on the boulevards came back to her: "Life has played with you; go and play with it. You may scorch your fingers, for the fire burns; but it's better to die of heat than of cold."

"Yes, better of heat than of cold," laughed Trix Trevalla, triumphantly, and she added. "If there's anything wrong, why, he's responsible!" She was amused both at the idea of anything being wrong and at the notion of holding the quiet, shabby man responsible. There could be no link between his life and the world she had lived in that night. Yet if he held these views about the way to treat life, why did he not live? He had said he hardly lived, he only worked. Trix was in an amused puzzle about the shabby man as she got into bed; he actually put the party and its great *ballet* out of her head.

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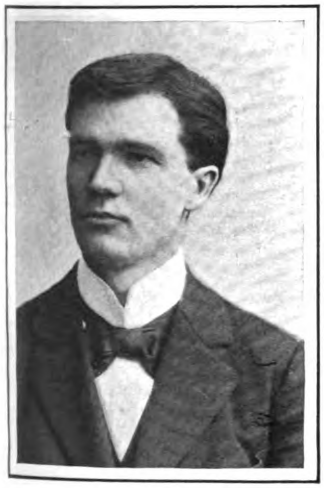
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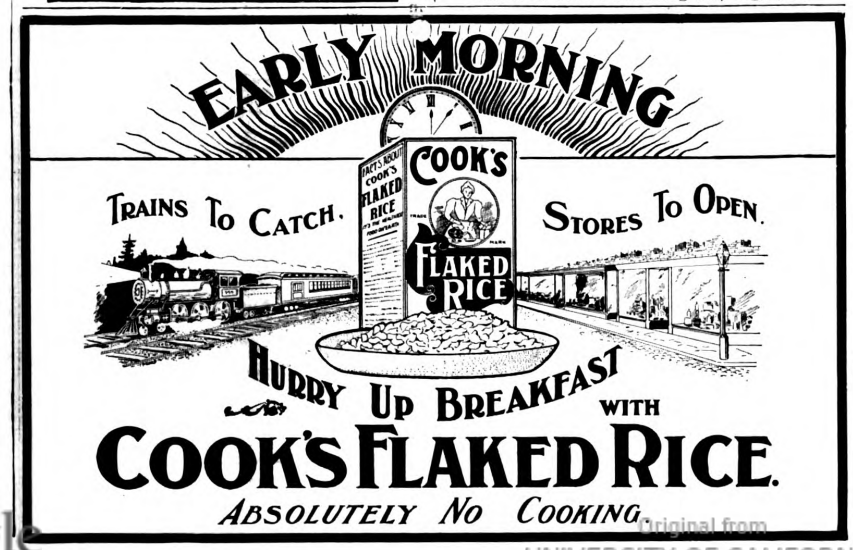
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
For
JULY

Summer is not the time for heavy literature. One wants plenty of light reading, and HARPER'S for July is full of that sort of delight.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

There are eight short stories in this number—one of them, daintily illustrated in color, is about an Angora cat named Zut, who lived in Paris and unwittingly stirred up a great deal of trouble between two families. It is by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Another excellent story of a more humorous turn is by Chester Bailey Fernald, and recites the adventures of a man in steel armor at Newport one hot night. Other stories are by Van Tassel Sutphen, Alice Brown, Eugene R. White, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, Roy Rolfe Gilson, and Mary Knight Potter.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The articles in HARPER'S for July are on a wide range of subjects and all uncommonly good. Benjamin Ridgley writes of the idle and romantic "Summer Life in Andalusia." Lucius Hitchcock has illustrated this article delightfully in color. Another illustrated paper deals with the rare old sport of "Falconry" as it is practised to-day in France, and Professor Kittredge, of Harvard, has written an intensely interesting article on the "Ways of Words in English Speech," in which he discusses many of the questions which come up in our talk every day.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

These are only a few of the good things in the July MAGAZINE. Mrs. Ward's novel goes on—Mr. Howells writes about Charles Dickens and the Dickens revival—there are fourteen pages of colored pictures in the number and twenty-eight separate contributions—an ideal hot-weather magazine—and a book in size.

HARPER'S FOR JULY.

For Sale Everywhere.

The Automobile and the Horse

On pages 846 and 847 of this week's issue is a series of photographs which were taken for the purpose of showing the results of a practical experiment in the encounter of horse and automobile. This particular animal had previously shown much fright when the rapidly moving machines whizzed by, and the trial was made to show how easily horses may become accustomed to even the most noisy of engines if consideration be used by both driver and automobilist.

A twelve-horse-power machine of the Panhard type was used. At first the horse was frightened, but with the machine driven at a moderate rate of speed, the driver of the horse had no difficulty in keeping the animal under control. This was repeated several times, at varying rates of speed, until finally the horse remained standing quietly by the automobile while the engine was working with considerable noise.

There is but one mode of procedure open to the automobile-driver if he wishes to drive in a manner compatible with safety to the public and with an easy conscience on his own part. Under no circumstances should he pass a horse-drawn vehicle at a higher speed than will allow a sudden halt to be made, while the machine is still some distance away, if the horse gives evidence of becoming unmanageable. When the animal is seen to be of too lively a disposition, it is better, and often quicker, to send the mechanic or some other occupant of the machine to the horse's head until after the automobile has gone by. In most cases it will be found to have a quieting effect if the operator speaks to the horse while passing; it seems to assure him that the engine is not a wild beast about to attack. While this course of action will not break any speed records, it will be found extremely satisfactory in the long-run.

On the other hand, the driver of the horse should use common-sense: he should not excite the animal by jerking the reins or using the whip unnecessarily. The horse should be well in hand, and, when opposite the automobile, should be lightly touched with the whip on the opposite side. This treatment will take almost any horse safely past an automobile, but if a very high-spirited animal be driven, there is always the remedy of raising a hand—a signal which no automobile-driver may legally or morally disregard.

In view of the frequent and often fatal accidents which have been of such alarming occurrence, it would seem that the time has come to determine and guard against their causes. These accidents may briefly be put down as under one or both of the following classifications:

1. Faulty construction of the automobile.
2. Incompetence or recklessness of the operator.

Such accidents as that which occurred on the Staten Island race-track belong to the first; under the second heading fall the greater part of the other collisions, etc.

The solution of the automobile question lies along these lines. Action should be taken in regard to the proper licensing of machine and operator. In this connection the laws of the country where automobiles have taken a most prominent part may be studied with advantage.

In France it is necessary to have two forms of license before an automobile may be driven on the public highways. One is issued by the engineers of the Department of Mines, certifying that the machine has been carefully inspected, and may be run with safety. The other is issued to the driver, only after a rigid examination as to his ability to control and guide the machine; his judgment in operating the automobile is also considered. This latter license (that of ability) may be revoked whenever the holder is found to have violated, twice within the year, the regulations governing the use of automobiles.

The following is the form of license which is required of every owner: it must be approved by the engineer of the "Mines," the engineer-in-chief of Municipal Highways, the engineer-in-chief of the Department of Roads and Bridges, and, finally, by the prefect of police, who gives the authorization. The text is as follows:

Mr. .....
Residing at ....., demands, by this petition, dated....., authorization to operate, on the public roads, a machine whose plans are as follows:
I. Principal dimensions of vehicle.
II. Weight of vehicle.
III. Weight of supplies.
IV. Maximum fuel capacity.
V. Full description of the system of engine.
VI. Specifications of the materials which produce the energy. (Fuel, etc.)
VII. Conditions under which these materials are employed.
VIII. Full description of braking and steering devices.
IX. Name and residence of the maker.
(*a*) of the body of the machine;
(*b*) of the engine of the machine;
(*c*) of the braking devices.
X. Examinations and tests which the different parts of the machine have undergone.
XI. Number of the machine.
XII. Use for which it is intended.
XIII. Location of the storage station.

To this petition must be affixed:
1. Certificate of residence.
2. Record of birth.
3. Two photographs of the owner.

The following are a few extracts from the laws regulating automobiles in France which may furnish valuable suggestions:

The driver should have, to present at request, a certificate of his ability to control the machine, also a certificate as to its construction. . . . All parts of the machine must be kept in good order. . . . Walking speed must be employed in narrow and obstructed places. . . . Speed in open country must not exceed 30 kilometres (about 19 miles) an hour. In built-up country must not exceed 20 kilometres (about 12 2-3 miles) an hour. . . .

If necessary, approach must be signalled.

The operator must not leave his machine without taking due precautions to avoid accidents, such as the carriage starting by itself, and all noise of the engine must be suppressed.

Independently of the above regulations, automobiles shall be under the regulation of the police of the highways. . . .

The machinery which produces the energy shall be under the regulation of the authorities who have supervision of such matters. . . .

Violations of laws and regulations governing automobiles shall be proven before a competent tribunal, and two such violations within the year shall be sufficient cause to revoke the license, either for a certain period or permanently.

The Automobile Club of Great Britain has made the following suggestions for proposed amendments to the present legislation:

1. He (the driver) shall not drive a light locomotive at any speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic on the highway, or so as to endanger the life and limb of any person at the time on the highway.

2. If the weight of a light locomotive does not exceed two tons, then the limit of speed of 14 miles an hour provided by section 4 of the article shall not apply to such light locomotive, provided that it is fitted with efficient brake power, except under the following circumstances:

(a.) When a light locomotive is passing through towns, villages, or crowded places.

(b.) When the light locomotive is meeting any horse or cattle driven upon the highway.

(c.) When the driver is not able to see that the highway, or any road or other highway joining therewith, is unobstructed for a distance of fifty yards.

In return for these concessions, the club suggests that a regulation be imposed identifying all cars constructed to travel at a greater speed than 18 1-2 miles an hour.

The gist of the matter may be given as follows:

I. That due supervision be exercised over the construction of automobiles of every character, and that permission be given to operate such automobile only after it has fully satisfied the requirements of a competent engineer as to strength, brake devices, steering apparatus, location of fuel, etc.

II. That no person shall drive an automobile without having first passed a thorough examination as to his capacity to control the machine, his thorough knowledge of all controlling devices, and his judgment as to proper management. A certificate to that effect shall be issued to the driver, after satisfying the requirements, and shall be presented by him on request.

III. That, after two or more evidently wilful violations, within one year, of the regulations governing the use of automobiles on the highways, the license may be revoked for a period of time proportionate to the offence, or it may be withdrawn permanently.

IV. That heavy penalties be inflicted on persons driving automobiles without the proper license.

If similar regulations are enforced in France, where there is much greater opportunity to speed with safety, they would surely prove of inestimable benefit in this country, where the need for some form of restriction is evident.

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Charles Frederick Stansbury

The Realistic Models of a Novelist

THE author of *Aphrodite the Kittiwake* went to Australia twenty years ago to hunt bush-rangers, and came back with a fund of animal lore, to which he added in Hawaii and Samoa. Fortified by these experiences, Mr. Charles Frederick Stansbury finds nothing incredible in Mrs. Atherton's two-inch cockroaches, nor in Rider Haggard's two-foot scavenger crabs. "Every traveller," says Mr. Stansbury, "sees and hears things which forever retain, even in his own mind, the stamp of unreality. Writing them down in black and white does not carry conviction. I have seen a Maori witch-doctor who was physically the counterpart of Barrister Tom Nolan, whose eccentricities I have endeavored to record in a book. Most readers are ready enough to laugh—but few of them will concede that the truth and only the truth is told about the big Irish-American. So there are in the world of birds and beasts comedians and buffoons, and the man who can find them out and describe them in a state of nature ought to have his fortune made. The black-bear cub and the fox-terrier are both great joke-makers." Mr. Stansbury originated the idea of and was instrumental in starting the *Penny Magazine*, of which he made an artistic and literary success. He is young to have lived through Pacific melodramas the actors in which were the counterparts of Stevenson's "Wreckers." For several years he successfully conducted the *Lantern* in Adelaide.

Famous Women Writers Dine Together

THE literary women of London have been having their annual Women Writers' Dinner at the Criterion, at which two hundred were present, including some of the best-known women of the day. Mrs. W. K. Clifford presided, and made a mutually congratulatory speech on the subject, "Ourselves." According to the *British Weekly's* account of the dinner, "more eminent than any other writer in the room was Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is only of recent years that Mrs. Ward has abandoned her original objection to a dinner at which women meet alone. Few literary women understand more thoroughly the art of dressing. . . . In any company she would be recognized as a remarkable and distinguished woman." According to the same authority, Mrs. Ward wore a black gown trimmed with rare old lace and pale blue velvet. The national anthem was sung, but there were no speeches, except that of Mrs. Clifford, which included some interesting remarks about the unselfishness of women writers. Referring to them, Mrs. Clifford said, "The happiest women of all are those who lead the sheltered life, and yet have capacity to reach beyond it."

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 7 to 20, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

1ST WARD, SECTION 1. PINE STREET SEWER, between South and Front Streets.

12TH WARD, SECTIONS 6 AND 7. 124TH STREET BASINS, at the northeast and northwest corners of Lenox Avenue.

12TH WARD, SECTION 7. 117TH STREET BASIN, at the southeast corner of Manhattan Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 6, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 7 to 20, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

18TH WARD, SECTION 3. EAST 15TH STREET REPAVING, from Avenue "A" to Avenue "C," so far as the same is within the limits of grants of land under water.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 6, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 12 to 25, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 9. RIVER AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from East 149th Street to Jerome Avenue.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 179TH STREET SEWER, between Southern Boulevard and Hughes Avenue; CLINTON AVENUE SEWER, between East 177th Street and East 180th Street; CROTONA AVENUE SEWER, between East 177th Street and East 180th Street; and BELMONT AVENUE SEWER, between East 177th Street and East 179th Street. PROSPECT AVENUE SEWER, from East 179th Street to Grote Street. TREMONT AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from the New York and Harlem Railroad to the transverse road under the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, and from said transverse road to Jerome Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 10, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 12 to 25, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 8. EDGECOMBE ROAD SEWER, between 155th and 162d Streets. EDGECOMBE AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from 155th Street to a point on the easterly side of Amsterdam Avenue opposite 175th Street. EDGECOMBE ROAD SEWER, between 162d and 167th Streets.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 10, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 7. 111TH STREET PAVING, from Amsterdam Avenue to Riverside Drive. 113TH STREET PAVING, between St. Nicholas and Lenox Avenues. 134TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND BUILDING RETAINING WALL, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. 136TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard.

19TH WARD, SECTION 5. 41ST STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND PAVING, from First Avenue to the East River.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 19, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 14 to 27, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named avenue in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 8. HAVEN AVENUE OPENING, between the southerly line of 170th Street and a distance of 464.31 feet northerly therefrom. Confirmed May 19, 1902; entered June 13, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 13, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 14 to 27, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. ADAMS PLACE OPENING, from East 182d Street to Crescent Avenue. Confirmed May 29, 1902; entered June 13, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 13, 1902.

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 18 to July 1, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF RICHMOND:

2D WARD. MARION AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, AND PAVING, from Cebra Avenue to Occident Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 16, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation of the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and arrears of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11. BOONE STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Freeman Street to Woodruff Street. WENDOVER AVENUE SEWERS, both sides, from the existing sewer in Third Avenue to Fulton Avenue; also, FULTON AVENUE SEWER, between East 170th Street and St. Paul's Place; and between Wendover Avenue and East 175th Street.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 182D STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Aqueduct Avenue to Jerome Avenue. LAFONTAINE AVENUE SEWER, between East 180th Street and Quarry Road.

24TH WARD, SECTION 12. EAST 203D STREET SEWER, between Mosholu Parkway South and the Concourse; BRIGGS AVENUE SEWER, between Mosholu Parkway South and East 201st Street; EAST 202D STREET SEWER, between Briggs Avenue and the Concourse; VILLA AVENUE SEWER, between East 200th Street and Van Courtlandt Avenue; also, JEROME AVENUE SEWER, between the street summit situated south of East 196th Street and the street summit situated north of Van Courtlandt Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 19, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 14 to 27, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 9. SHERIDAN AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, BUILDING APPROACHES, AND FENCING, from 153d to 161st Streets.

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTIONS 10 AND 11. PROSPECT AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from Westchester Avenue to Crotona Park South.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 12, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 13 to 26, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 179TH STREET OPENING, from Jerome Avenue to Anthony Avenue. Confirmed May 29, 1902; entered June 12, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 12, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 18 to July 1, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 12. BAINBRIDGE AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from the southerly side of Southern Boulevard to the northern side of Kingsbridge Road.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 16, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 25 to July 9, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTIONS 9 AND 10. EAST 130TH STREET OPENING, from St. Ann's Avenue to East 131st Street. Confirmed May 22, 1902; entered June 23, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

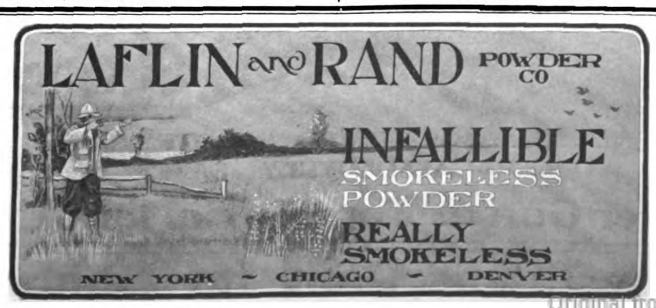
City of New York, June 23, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 10. EAST 156TH STREET SEWER, from Beach Avenue to Prospect Avenue. EAST 168TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from Union Avenue to Prospect Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 20, 1902.



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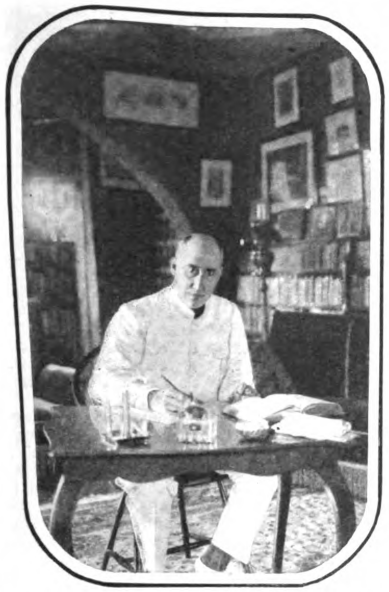
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"Want to interview me? Well, come in"



"I never use the library desk; a small table suits me far better"



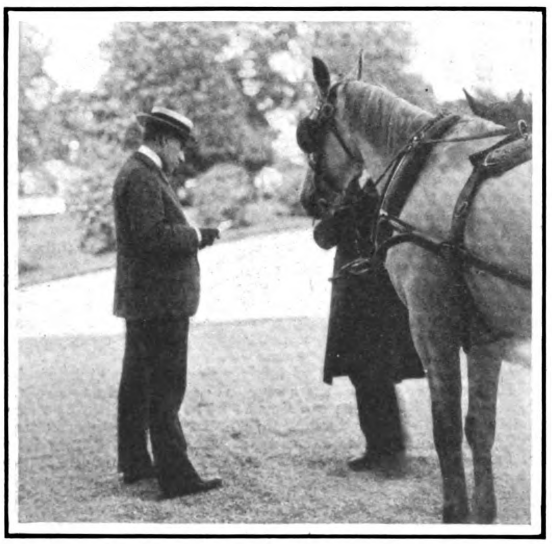
"It's a good veranda to get a breath of air from"



"This is the view from my study window"



"These are two of my boys"



"Sorry, but I'm called away by a telegram"

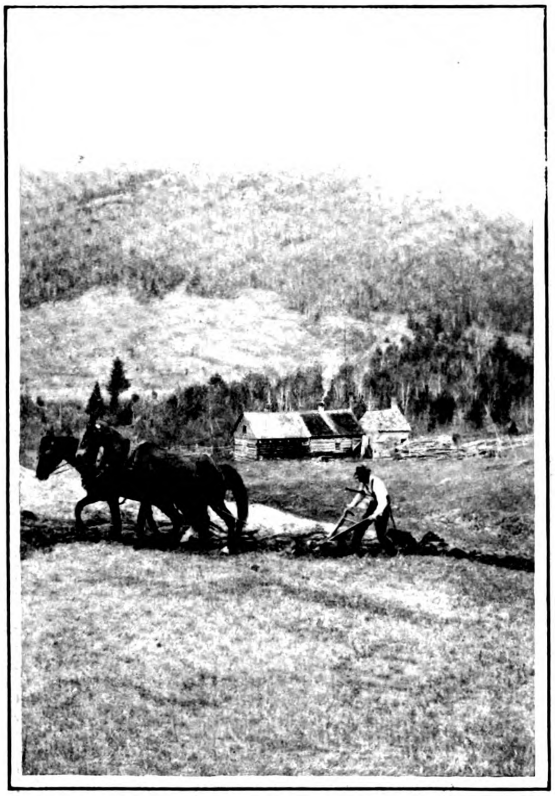
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS AT HOME

Photographs by Roderic C. Penfield

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In the Adirondacks

"I'LL be ready in a minute," said the stage-coach driver, and then he spent half an hour stowing away a vast cargo of boxes, barrels, and other miscellany in his rusty, canopy-topped vehicle. So little spare space was left I was thankful that I was the only passenger. My destination was an inland valley, and I had just alighted from a train at a little station among the outlying foot-hills of the mountains. When the



The Ploughman

driver climbed in and took up his reins to start, I called his attention to several great piles of hemlock bark near by awaiting transfer to some tannery.

"Those piles ain't nothing to what we used to see," was my companion's comment. "Our timber lands are growin' poorer all the time, and hemlock bark's gettin' more skeerce every year. We're cuttin' off everythin' we c'n get a cent for—that's the trouble."

From what the driver said and all I had heard of lumbering in the Adirondacks, I expected to find the mountains much denuded, but to my eyes they seemed still heavily timbered. Yet most of the finest trees have undoubtedly been felled, and the ancient primeval majesty of the forest is gone forever.

The road I travelled on my stage-coach ride was an excellent one, though some ruts remained, reminiscent of deep spring mud. It was a toll road, spoken of locally as "the turnpike," and presently we passed through the toll-gate at a cost of ten cents for the two-horse stage. The gate was guarded by a small brown house, with a projecting upper gable that extended clear across the wheel-tracks.

The driver paused, pointed with his whip toward a high mountain slope, across which there was a drift of yellow smoke. "By gol! look a' that!" he exclaimed. "Thar's a fire up in thar, and it's started since I went down an hour ago. But it's too early in the season for it to burn good. The woods ain't dry yit. Last summer we fit the fires stiddy for a month, and the fire-wardens got out every one they could git. Sometimes thar'd be a hundred men workin' on the same mountain. We carried shovels and dug trenches. You see, the top o' the ground was dry several inches deep and would burn off. We'd dig down to whar it was damp, and when the fire got to the ditch we'd made it would usually stop; but if thar was a stick lay across, or a dead tree got to burnin' and fell over the line, the fire would start again, and we'd have to trench around it once more."

"How do the fires start?" I asked.

"We don't often find out for certain, but thar's a lot o' fire-bugs in the mountains. They're sore over the game-laws, or they start a fire so's to earn some money puttin' of it out. The pay's high enough to make that quite an inducement. We git two dollars a day. The State pays half and the town half; and you never can tell when you git a lot of men out whether they're all workin' or not. Some of 'em just lie around drunk."

"Off on those higher mountains are white patches that appear to be snow," I remarked, presently.

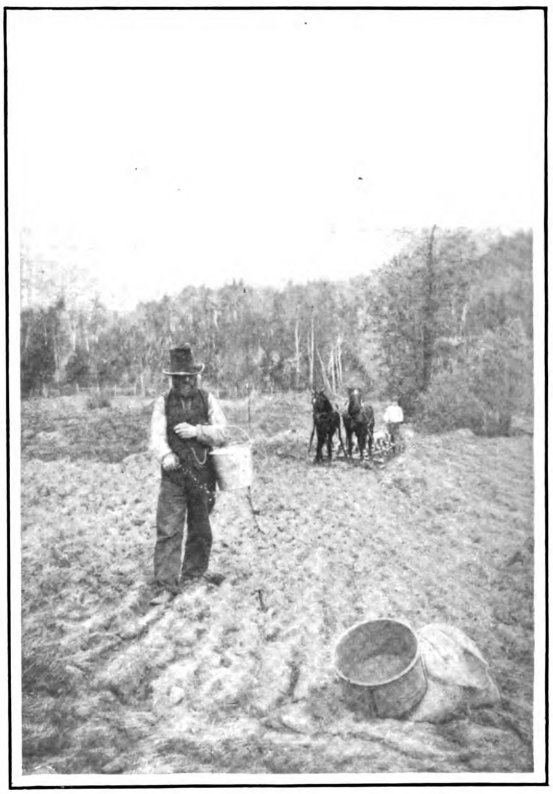
"I do' know but they are. More likely, though, they're bare rocks, and the sun glistenin' on water that's runnin' down over 'em. Still, thar's snow in some of the high hollows 'most all summer. We've got what they call an ice-cave in the town where I live, and every Fourth of July regular the young folks go up to it and have some fun snowballing. Thar'll be plenty of snow thar next Fourth, if we c'n judge anything by the winter we've had."

We were now going through a narrow pass between two mountains, and I mentioned the wildness of the spot to the driver. "Yes, it is kind o' wild," said he, "that's a fact. This is a great runway for bears across here. They've got a den back on one o' the ridges not fur away. I've seen their tracks in the road often enough, but they keep out o' the way o' men, and don't often show themselves. Lots o' people that have lived in the Adirondacks all their days have never laid eyes on a live wild bear."

"Do the bears trouble the farmers any?" I inquired.

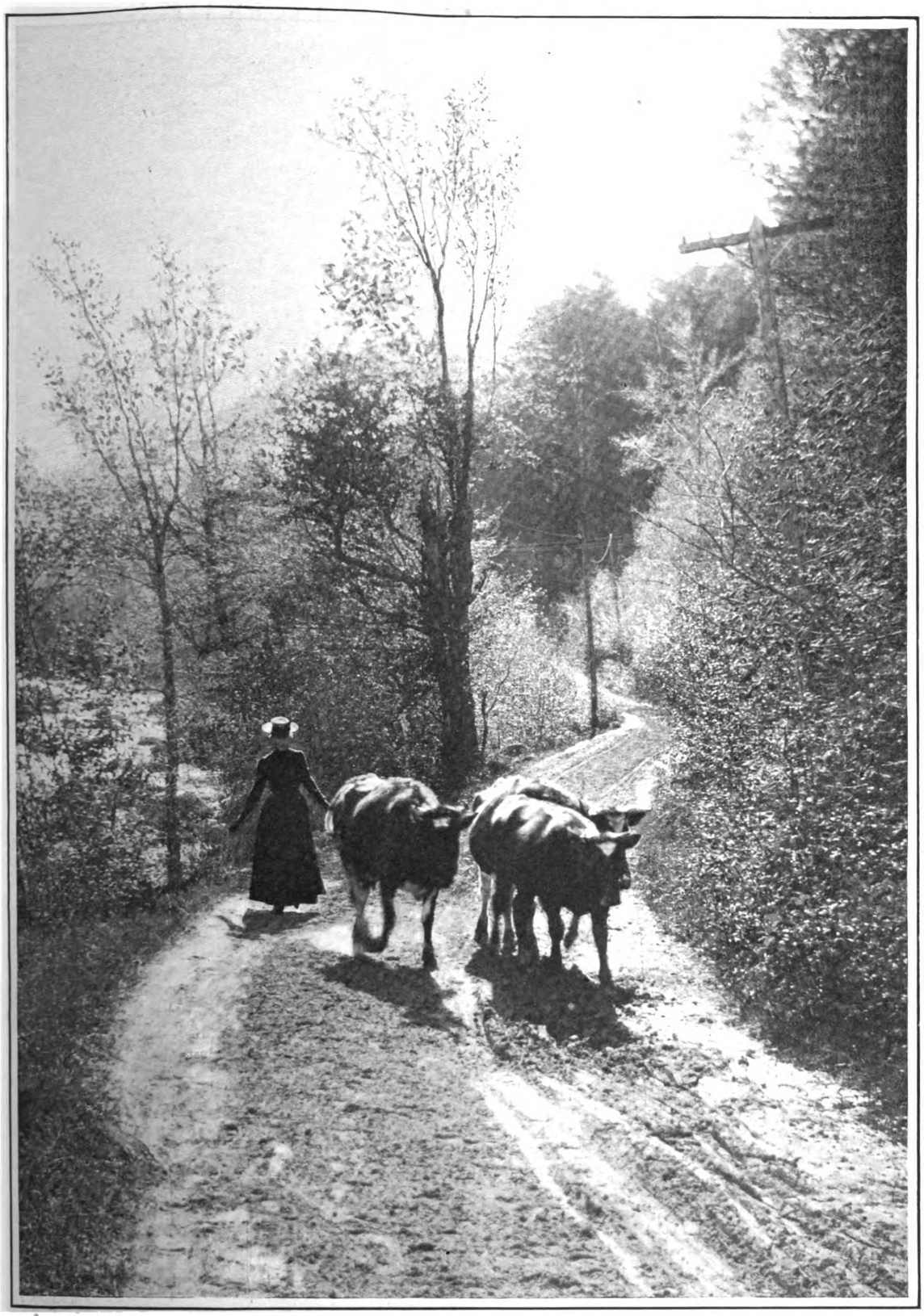
"No, they don't do much damage. I did some think they got six sheep o' mine a few years ago, but I guess those bears didn't have more'n two legs. Thar wa'n't the least sign o' the sheep to be found nowhar, and a bear always leaves the hide, anyway. It's torn some, but it's cleaned out a good sight cleaner than you could git it with a knife. The deer do the most harm. They'll git over the best fence we got, and the back lots next to the woods ain't never safe from 'em."

About the middle of the afternoon we reached the end of the stage route, and I continued farther into the mountains on foot. Most of the way the road led through the woodland up a valley, and close beside it was a swift, noisy stream. The forest was charming with the emerald and tawny tints of spring, and was musical with bird songs. As for the road, it was not nearly as good as the turnpike I had hitherto been travelling. Sturdy rocks humped up out of the earth at intervals in its very centre, there were often muddy shallows in the low spots fed by little



Sowing Oats

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DRIVING HOME THE COWS

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rivulets that trickled down the wheel-tracks, and, not infrequently, I encountered boggy places which had been filled in with brush and corduroy.

Along the road I was travelling were occasional meadow openings, occupied by a house or two, or perhaps several; and in the fields neighboring the houses I was pretty apt to see men and boys busy ploughing and planting. The land in the clearings was for the most part steep and broken, and the soil so stony that the progress of a man ploughing was very jerky and uncertain.

Wherever I went during my Adirondack stay the houses were small and usually unpainted. The barns were likewise meagre and rusty, and though the storage-room they afforded was likely to be eked out by a number of rude little sheds and lean-tos, it never seemed to be equal to demands. Hence, tools and vehicles to some extent had to stand exposed to the weather, and I noted several instances where the sleighs were kept on the piazzas.

The Adirondack sheds and barns were frequently of logs, but the era of log construction is past, and such buildings are becoming rarer every year. The majority of the log dwellings that still remain have been added to and improved past recognition, and the rudeness of those that continue as originally built is a constant distress, if their care-takers have any pride. The logs used are hewed off a little on each face, so that they are half-way between round and square, and the chinks are stopped with plaster.

One of the Adirondack days I remember with especial pleasure was a certain lowery Friday. In the afternoon I was caught by a shower that came charging with its mists down a mountain glen. I hastened along the forest road, while the drops played a tattoo on the leaves overhead, until I reached a road-side house,where I sought shelter in a wood-shed with an open front. This shed was in the ell of a house, and adjoined the kitchen. It was apparently used in part as a back room. There were pots and kettles and pails, a rusty stove, and a swill-barrel, and the far side was stowed full of neatly piled split wood. I asked a woman at work in the kitchen for a drink of water, and she brought out a chair for me and stepped across the yard and filled a dipper at a tub set in the ground. This tub was connected with a spring up the hill, the woman said; but, though springs were abundant, very few of the neighbors had running water. They were deterred by the expense of buying pipe, and got along with wells. From these they, as a rule, drew the water by means of some old-fashioned windlass contrivance, or a pole with a hook on the end, or an antiquated well-sweep.

I had not been long in the shed where I had taken refuge when a small boy in a big straw hat came around the corner of the house. He carried a fish-pole and a tin box. He had been fishing for trout, he said, but had caught chubs. "Do you always fish for trout?" I questioned.

"Yes."

"And do you ever catch any?"

"No," he acknowledged, despondently — "just chubs. I put 'em in this box. It's full of water."

Now his mother called to him. "Willie," she said, "I wish you would bring in some wood before it rains any harder—that wood out-doors, that we didn't have room for in the shed."

The boy went lingeringly toward the remnants of a pile in the yard. "It's thunderin', mamma," he said.

"You'd better hurry, then."

"Sounds like tumblin'-down stones."

"Hurry up!"

"Mamma, there's a hawk!"

"Well, I don't care!"

"It's a chicken-hawk, I guess! Come aout and see it. It 'll get those little chickens of ourn."

"Hurry up, or you'll get wet!"

But the boy had slipped away behind the house, and a few moments later he reappeared with his father, whom he had summoned from the corn-field.



A Road-side Meeting

"Let me have my gun!" the man called, with his eyes turned skyward toward the hawk, and the woman handed it out to him. He clicked a cartridge into the breech, and aimed at the soaring bird. But he did not fire. "Too high up," said he, lowering the gun and handing it back to his wife. "Well," he went on, "I guess I'll shell some seed-corn, and then if it keeps on rainin' I'll go fishin'."

"Do you go fishing every time it rains?" I queried.

"No, but I'm pretty apt to. The fish bite better when it's stormy."

He did not go this time, for he had hardly got his corn and sat down in the shed to shell it, using his hands and a cob, when the sun began to glint through the flying drops, and to brighten the green, watery landscape. "Hello!" said the man. "'Rain and shine to-day, rain to-morrer.' That's the old saying, but I'd like to have it pleasant for about a week, so I could finish up planting."

As soon as the shower was over I resumed my rambling, and the mountains never loomed finer than they did now, veiled in the moist haze that succeeded the rain, with here and there a filmy cloud floating across the loftier heights. Wherever I obtained an extended view the mountains looked mighty and magnificent enough to satisfy their most ardent admirers. I plodded along the muddy roadway, sometimes in the dripping woods, sometimes amid little home clearings. Toward evening I met a small drove of cows coming home from pasture in charge of a woman, the whole making a delightfully idyllic bit of life there in the quiet of the secluded forestway, with a murmuring stream close at hand, and the tink, tink of the bell on the leading cow's neck adding its musical rustic accompaniment. A little later I came to a house with a pasture just across the road, and in the pasture a lad milking. I stopped to ask if I could get kept overnight at some place near, and he sent me to the next house up the hill, Mr. Macey's.

One never has much trouble in getting lodging. The wayfarer can find accommodation at almost any house where he chooses to stop, and the standard price is fifty cents for a room, with supper and breakfast. The house I sought was a little brown dwelling on a slope overlooking a vast sweep of valley and dim mountains. Mr. Macey was standing in the yard when I approached — a thin gray man of about seventy, smoking his pipe. In response to my question as to whether I could stay for the night, he leisurely removed his pipe, and said: "You'll have to talk with the women folks. They do the work. All I do is the eatin'. You'll find my wife in the house thar."

A stout elderly woman appeared at the kitchen door just then, set two pails of milk out on the piazza, and said, rather sharply, "Why don't you feed this to the calves, as you was goin' to an hour ago?"

The old man stepped over to the piazza and took the pails with an alacrity that betokened a smitten conscience. At the same time I went to the door and requested lodging.

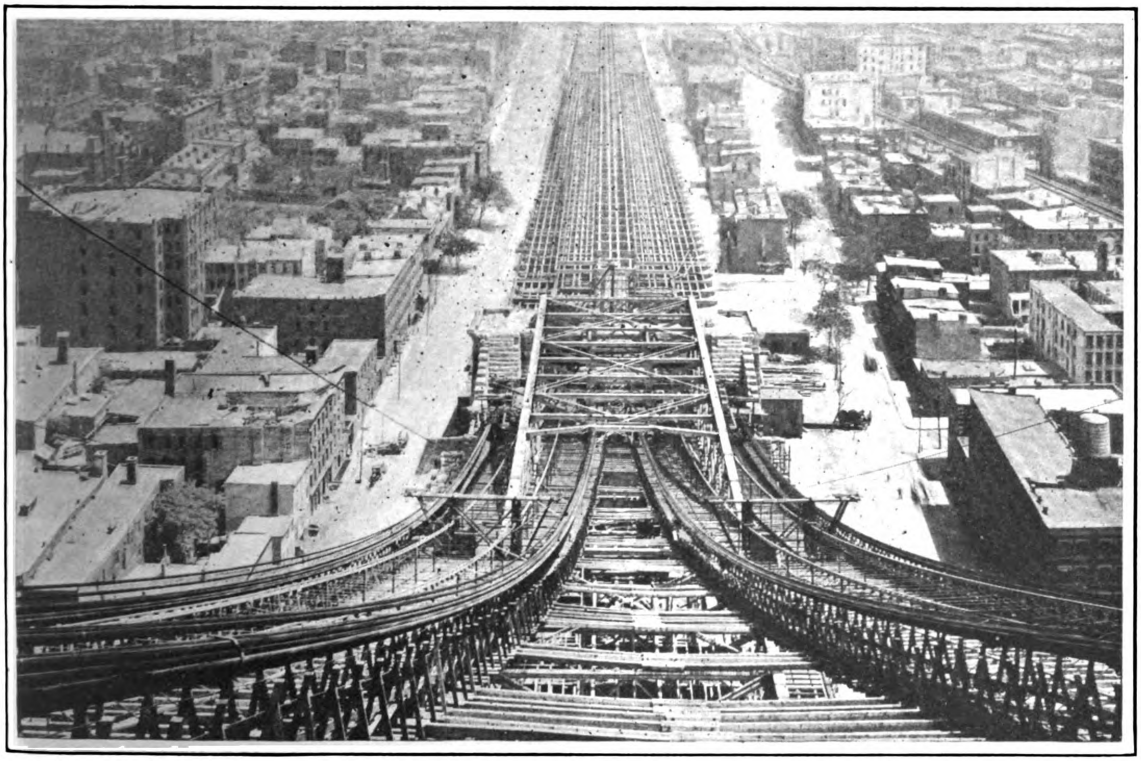
The house proved to be of logs, but these had been clapboarded over, and the real construction was not revealed until I went inside. Overhead was the flooring of the rooms above, with the long sagging logs that served for joists incrusted with many coatings of whitewash. The family consisted of the father and mother, two sons, and a daughter.

The following morning I left the Maceys, and a few days later went out of the mountains. The impression I carried away with me of the district was that it had not yet passed the pioneer stage. The people are still wrestling with nature in the woods, far from railroads and unaffected by the cities or by the influx of foreign immigrants. They are Yankees of a primitive sort that has pretty much disappeared from New England. Among them is a certain proportion of the shiftless and unthrifty, but, in the main, I thought them hard-working and ambitious of bettering their condition, and the region seemed to me a fresh upland fountain of human energy, certain to contribute much of its strength to the town life of the nation.

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The Bridge, looking across the River from the Top of the Brooklyn Pier



The Brooklyn Approach to the Bridge

THE LAST CABLE LAID

Views of the new Brooklyn Bridge taken on the occasion of the completion of the first great stage of the work, when on June 26 the last strand of the last cable was strung across the river

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Photograph by Histed

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL

Formerly Miss Armstrong of Baltimore, and a member of the exclusive set of Philadelphia

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending July 12, 1902

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COMMENT

THE building of an isthmian canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific is now apparently assured. It would have been a fitting crown for the nineteenth century, rich in marvellous victories over material nature, and it is a magnificent augury at the opening of the twentieth century. There is not a quarter of the globe which will not be benefited enormously by this great work, which ought to be completed and in operation before 1912, so that men now past middle life may see, before they grow to be very old, the realization of a dream which dates back to the sixteenth century, and which has been the almost constant visitor of American statesmen since the first half of the nineteenth. First, our own country is to be the greatest beneficiary. Vessels from both sides of the Atlantic seaboard may continue to seek the East by way of Suez, and large quantities of merchandise will undoubtedly go to Asia by way of our transcontinental railroads; but the grain and fruits of the Pacific coast will travel to the Atlantic by way of the new canal. The interchange of commodities between the Gulf and the Pacific States will be vastly increased. This will build up cotton manufactures in the South and in the Far West, and will make China, Japan, India, and the rest of the Orient constant customers, and therefore closer friends of the United States. The west coast of South America will come into more intimate relations with the Atlantic and Gulf States and with Europe. The field of mutual dependence, of mutual interests, and of interchangeable desires and satisfactions will be so extended that it will become almost world-embracing. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the completion of this canal will be the one work needed to bring all trading nations into the circle where their borders practically touch. The spread of commerce means the spread of peace, and it may even with safety be predicted that the rush of commerce through Colombia, and the inevitable spread of its influence north and south, will eventually still the revolutionary spirit of South and Central Americas by giving their restless people something more important to think about. It is something to be rejoiced over that the government of the United States is to be the constructor of this great work, and that it is to sit forever by the narrow passage, the guardian and protector of the world's peaceful commerce.

The passage of the bill was one more demonstration of the influence of public opinion on Congress. When Congress assembled last December, the Panama route had apparently been abandoned. By reason of the refusal of M. Hutin, president of the French company, to name a price for its rights and property, the Walker Commission had reported that the Nicaragua route was the only one practicable—that is, that it was the only one over which the United States could construct a canal which it might own and operate. When the French company woke up to the fact that it was about to be put out of business, and that its property and concessions were about to be made valueless by the construction of a canal at Nicaragua which would be owned and operated by the United States, the business of negotiation was taken out of the hands of M. Hutin, and the company, with the liquidator of the old company, both sustained by the French courts, quickly came to agreement with the Walker Commission, and offered to sell out for $40,000,000. The proposition came late, for Congress was so thoroughly committed to the Nicaragua route that the House of Representatives passed the Hepburn Nicaragua bill with only two dissenting votes, notwithstanding the commission's supplementary report. This second or supplementary report, however, disclosed the fact, long known to those intimately informed on the subject, that, with the exception of a single member, the commission unanimously favored the Panama route. The reasoning and statements in this report were so convincing that some Senators and Representatives, and all the unprejudiced press, turned at once to the Panama route. Chief among the converts was Senator Hanna, whose argument in behalf of the Spooner bill was a masterpiece of sound businesslike discussion. Notwithstanding the change of opinion wrought by the report, the Nicaragua bill would doubtless have been passed by the Senate had it not been for the intelligent discussion in the newspapers, and the consequent enlightenment of public opinion. The adoption of the bill which expresses a preference for Panama, and decides definitely upon it if the President is satisfied as to title and concessions, was the result of intelligent discussion, and its history is a new indication of legislation by deliberation.

There is a certain entertaining story which comes from Washington of a cabal among Republican Senators and Representatives who do not like Mr. Roosevelt or his opinions, or, and this is of more importance, his appointments to office. There is no doubt that a large number of Republican politicians would prefer some one else to Mr. Roosevelt, and it may even be that they are correct in supposing that if they are diligent in promoting discord they may throw the next House of Representatives to the Democrats. But if the cabal really contemplates such political action as this, it will learn, all the sooner if it really succeeds in helping the Democrats to power in the next Congress, that the best way to help Roosevelt is to put the Republican party in a seriously threatened position. Mr. Roosevelt stands for nothing, absolutely nothing, which has weakened the Republican party. It is naturally weaker than it was two years ago, but, more than that, the attitude of its representatives in Congress in opposing the President has increased the unpopularity which is almost inevitably the fate of the party in power in the middle of a Presidential term. Editor Hammond, of the Fremont *Tribune*, Nebraska, speaks for the Senate, which has earned the popular wrath; the Nebraska Republican State Convention spoke for Mr. Roosevelt, who has won the popular favor. If the party becomes exceptionally strong again in 1904, by reason of the blunders of its opponents, it may be able to afford to dispense with Mr. Roosevelt; but if it is in straits it will be forced to turn to him, its strongest man.

It is said in Washington that one consequence of the defeat of the President's effort to obtain justice and fair play

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for Cuba will be the final defeat of the reciprocity-treaty policy. As the matter has gone, it is just as well that this should be so. The reciprocity treaties negotiated during the last administration have never for a single moment had the slightest chance of success. Ratification requires a two-thirds vote, and, with the Republicans in command of the Senate, it is impossible to secure a two-thirds vote for any treaty which is thought to attack any protected industry. This applies to the proposed reciprocity treaty with Cuba, as well as to the treaties with France and other European powers. It is said that Mr. Roosevelt will yet gain his object by negotiating such a treaty, but a Senate in which a majority cannot be obtained for relief to Cuba in the form of a bill will certainly not give a two-thirds vote for the same object in the form of a treaty. The truth has been borne in upon the President's mind, at least on the general proposition of reciprocity, that the tariff is not to be changed in that way; that as it was the creature of legislation, so it must be changed by legislation. There is no experienced legislator, either, who has any faith whatever in the practicability of the reciprocity policy. In addition to the difficult requirement of a two-thirds vote in the Senate for ratification, we have the jealousy of the House of Representatives, which is unanimously of the opinion that a revenue law cannot be changed or repealed by the treaty-making power, because the Constitution grants to the House the sole power of initiating money or revenue bills. Therefore it is not correct to say that the experiences of the effort for Cuba killed the general reciprocity policy: it was dead before the Cuban project was conceived, and it will remain asleep at least for so long a time as the Republicans remain in power.

The Democrats in Congress have been quick to take advantage of the blunder of the Republicans in refusing to do anything for Cuba. The resolutions which they have adopted, and which are intended, of course, for a campaign platform, assert that the Republicans in Congress have refused to grant relief to Cuba, accompanied by the blow at the Sugar Trust involved in the abolition of the differential on refined sugar. This is hardly fair, since the Democratic Senators have stood in the way of the adoption of the House bill because it did not grant "real" relief; but unfairness often counts to the advantage of those who indulge in it for campaign purposes. This is especially true when, as in this instance, the party which suffers is, in the larger aspect of the question, guilty of not living up to its responsibility. The Republican party, excluding the President, is, in fact, guilty of the failure of justice to Cuba. How much it will suffer depends on the character of the opposition, which at present is pretty bad, while its constituent elements are at war with one another, Bryan, Champ Clark, Henry Watterson, and the Atlanta *Constitution* insisting that the Democratic party shall not be permitted to reorganize on the only basis on which Democratic victory is possible. The Democrats have also a strong plank in their declaration in favor of a reduction of "duties on all articles and commodities manufactured and controlled or produced in the United States by a trust or trusts." But, again, it is necessary to add that the people of this country will not intrust the Democratic party with control of their government until they are convinced of its sincerity, of the return of that sanity which was manifested in the nomination of Grover Cleveland, and of its complete cure of the malignant distemper of Bryanism.

No doubt the *Congressional Record* ought to be read by many thousands of serious people throughout the country, especially in view of the fact that the daily papers seldom publish more than a very brief summary of even the important speeches delivered in Congress. That it is read by scarcely any one is due not so much to any want of interest in the speeches delivered, as to the singular way it is made up. Save for occasional passages in which the Senators and Representatives are surprised into something like real debate, the proceedings of both Houses, but rather more so those of the House than the Senate, resolve themselves into two classes of matter—first, the set speeches that are intended to be cut out of the regular report, revised, and printed in a separate place in the *Record* some days after their delivery, and then circulated at public expense as pamphlets, in the orator's State or district; and, second, a mass of statistics, extracts, newspaper articles, and all sorts of undigested extraneous matter which the Congressman or some one else wants printed on the record and put in a way to be circulated for political purposes. Any given section of the regular record of proceedings is likely to read like the following, which is real—Mr. Jones of Virginia having the floor in Committee of the Whole on the Philippine bill:

Mr. Jones of Virginia: "I yield thirty minutes to the gentleman from Georgia" (Mr. Bartlett).

(Mr. Bartlett addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter.)

Mr. Jones of Virginia: "I yield thirty minutes to the gentleman from Tennessee" (Mr. Gaines).

(Mr. Gaines of Tennessee addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter.)

Mr. Jones of Virginia: "I yield five minutes to the gentleman from Indiana" (Mr. Zenor).

The remarks of Mr. Zenor of Indiana do not "appear hereafter," as his purpose was principally to have the clerk read a poem by the Rev. H. I. Stern, of Corydon, Indiana, Mr. Zenor's home town. The clerk read the poem, the importance of which, as a contribution to the national deliberations, may be inferred from one of its eight stanzas:

> O prophetess of freedom, O priestess of the right,
> Stops then at the Pacific God's highway for the light?
> Esteemed thou so lightly His glory on thy brow?
> Is He among the nations to have no witness now?

Thus the *Record* for pages. Perhaps it is no wonder that nobody reads it, and that the people are not supposed by the newspapers to feel any interest in the ordinary proceedings of Congress.

There could be no better or more stimulating national celebration of the Fourth of July than that which the President carried out in issuing the proclamation extending civil government to the Philippine Islands. There is probably more peace there than there has been for many generations before—indeed, for three centuries. The practical question is now as to the best way to govern the Filipinos for their own good and for the good of the world, especially of the neighborhood in which the archipelago is situated. This business of looking after the political and social affairs of these people is quite independent of the question of the final disposition of our own relations with the islands. The task in hand is that of making good citizens of them, of teaching them both the material and spiritual value of our own civilization. We are setting about it most hopefully, and under the guidance of an exceptional man. Judge Taft, under his present commission, is charged with the future of these Filipinos, for their permanent condition depends largely on the character of his work during the next few years. That he has both the ability and the spirit to treat the people of the Philippines justly, to deal with them moderately and wisely, to provide methods for their elevation, he has already shown; for it is plain to the most casual observer, if his mind be not inflamed by passion or perverted by prejudice, that material conditions in Luzon, and especially in Manila, have already been improved under the rule of the Taft Commission. Moreover, Governor Taft is endowed with that most useful of all gifts for a colonial governor over a strange and semicivilized people—the spirit of self-sacrifice. The announcement was made by the President at the Harvard alumni dinner that Governor Taft had declared that, although a seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court was the object of his dearest ambition, he would not accept it until his work in the Philippines was done. This was equivalent to an announcement that we have in the Philippines a spiritual kinsman of those devoted heroes who, like Lawrence and Nicholson, have made the English race the mightiest and most beneficent of colonizers.

Admiral Dewey's opinion of Aguinaldo is that of a plain, blunt sailor-man of one whom he regards as a politician. It is the characteristic view of politicians held by most officers of the army and navy, and while sometimes it is just, often it is very unjust, and springs from the impossibility on the part of the simple, straightforward mind to comprehend the workings of the political mind, or the necessities and ethics of political conditions. It is just as difficult for the military mind to understand the schemes of a politician for empire as it is for the civilian mind to understand the plots of a military mind for the capture of an enemy. Admiral Dewey's

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view of Aguinaldo may or may not be just. It may or may not be true that the insurgent leader is a looter and a thief, but his word to the effect will make an impression upon his fellow-countrymen, who are already inclined to distrust the accuracy of the likeness of the Filipino leader to George Washington, and who are not inclined to inquire too carefully into the Admiral's talents as a witness. It might be comical for an ordinary man on the witness-stand to thank his interlocutor, as the Admiral thanked Senator Dietrich, for giving him a reason of which he had never thought for an action performed by himself four years before; but Admiral Dewey will never be comical to Americans. He has rendered them too great a service, and many of them know what it is for a straightforward man to be under the ban of a cross-examiner. The character and motives of Aguinaldo, however, have not now, and never have had, anything whatever to do with the Philippine question as it addresses itself to us. Aguinaldo may or may not have desired independence for the Filipinos. It rests entirely with this government, the legal sovereign, to say whether they shall or shall not have it. Nothing is better established than that we were not his allies for the purpose of gaining independence, and that we are in rightful and legal possession of the archipelago. The only question at issue is whether it is more for our advantage to retain the islands than to be rid of them on fair terms to ourselves, to the Filipinos, and to the world at large. When the question is put on that basis it can be settled, and it cannot be definitely or wisely put at rest until then.

Another bit of prediction has gone astray. Mr. George V. L. Meyer was to come home to contest for the seat in the national House of Representatives left vacant by the appointment of Mr. Moody to be Secretary of the Navy. He was therefore to give up the Italian embassy, which was to go to Mr. Harry White, so long the very acceptable secretary of our London mission and embassy. This transfer of Mr. White was actually determined upon, but Mr. Meyer has now made up his mind to abandon the contest for Congressional honors, and to retain the diplomatic post. This naturally disappoints a good many people. Mr. Meyer was appointed ambassador to Italy by Mr. McKinley to fill Mr. Draper's unexpired term, which ended months ago. Mr. Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, was to be his successor, but business problems keep Mr. Herrick at home. Mr. Meyer is safe, for the President cannot ask him to get out of Mr. White's way without incurring the suspicion that, in some way, he is influenced by Senator Lodge, whose son-in-law, Captain Gardner, is still running for Moody's seat. Ambassador Andrew White's resignation continues to be expected, and when it comes Mr. Bellamy Storer is to be transferred from Madrid to Berlin. Then Mr. Harry White might go to Spain, but it is hardly likely that he would consent to quit the delights of London for Madrid, where friendly expressions for Dr. Curry, our special coronation ambassador, are much more plentiful than dinner invitations to our resident minister.

The coronation as an impressive ceremonial and pageant is apparently off. It is hardly likely that when his Majesty comes into his own again in health and vigor he or his counsellors will deem it advisable to begin anew those massive preparations which so calamitously miscarried during the so-called coronation week. To many this determination will bring a sore disappointment, for the expenditures in time, money, and trouble to which intending participants have been put in making ready are of such magnitude that it is a pity they should have gone for naught, yet the rift in the cloud brought about by the King's recovery lets in a deal of the light of comfort. What appeared at the moment to be an appalling affliction may in the end work a goodly purpose. It will be no small gain for the King to know, as he must have learned in the gloomy days just past, in what affectionate esteem he is held by his own and other peoples. Ordinarily a monarch has to assume a loving loyalty on the part of his people, and an affectionate solicitude for his welfare among the citizens and subjects of other nations. In this case the stroke that on the threshold of his formal accession to place and power laid him low, elicited the facts that in no other way could have been made clear so impressively. Nor is it a small thing for the British people themselves to have had brought home to them so forcibly the true depth of their liking for their King. Sorrow proves much in its welding force that no joy or succession of joys can so conclusively demonstrate, and so it may happen that this black cloud of anxiety, and possibly of death, that has hung like a pall over the British Empire will in the running pass away, and leave the nation, from King to the meanest of his subjects, more deeply impressed with the glories of the sun than it could have been had the cloud not descended upon them.

Whatever may in the ultimate be the fate of the coronation, the coronation honors have been bestowed, and they seem to us to reflect honor upon the hand that bestowed them. Here and there, there have been words of criticism of certain elevations, but in general the selections have met with considerable satisfaction. Two of them concern us in America rather more closely than the others, the knighting of Conan Doyle and Gilbert Parker. The knighting of Dr. Doyle will bring much pleasure to his friends in this country, who are many, not because he is at all a better man in our republican eyes for having been made a knight, but because in his own land he has won one of those high honors which the Briton seeks, and which signalize his achievement. Dr. Doyle's service to his country, rather than his service to letters, is undoubtedly responsible for his elevation. This has been no small service in the dark hours through which England has passed since the beginning of the Transvaal war. When no one else seemingly was hopeful of an honorable peace, Dr. Doyle preached courage and hope from the house-tops, and more than any other wielder of the pen in his father-land inspired his countrymen to loyal deeds. Lacking poets, England has fallen back upon its prose writers to sound those ringing measures which in war-times do much to strengthen patriotic endeavor, and to nerve the arm that carries the burden of responsibility. In action of this nature Dr. Doyle has served his country well, not with cavillings at aught in the policy of his government, but in the calm but vigorous discussion of principles at stake; constructively, not destructively, and as a man who believed in the power of his own people for the accomplishment of ultimate good. Nor has he contented himself with using his pen as a weapon of defence. He has been an active participant in the war, and has not sung its praises or its dispraises in the comfortable seclusion of his own library, but in the face of the enemy, on the field of battle. He has earned the honor which is his, and while we cannot quite yet write of him comfortably and naturally as Sir Arthur, we are happy that Conan Doyle should bear away the palm he has merited so signally.

The distinction conferred upon Mr. Parker is also rather political than literary, and may be taken as signifying the King's desire to welcome the entrance of young blood into the political arena. Short though his service to the state has been, Mr. Parker has already shown himself a man of aggressive energy and of initiative. The eyes of many keen observers have been upon him latterly, and long before the announcement of his selection for honors at the hands of the King, it was known that he was in a fair way to achieve a distinction in legislative matters equal to that which he had already won with his pen. Moreover, Mr. Parker as an author has done much to open the eyes of English-speaking people everywhere to the precise glories of that portion of the British Empire which lies at the north of the North-American continent. Canada has found in this young knight a tender, sympathetic, and loyal exponent of her history and her pretensions, but for whom it is safe to say that these would for no short period have been unheralded. The selection of Mr. Parker, therefore, strikes us as a happy one, and, as in the case of Sir Arthur, Sir Gilbert will find among his admirers on this side of the water no lack of congratulation upon the good fortune that has so deservedly come into his days. The past teaches us that the bestowal of such honors upon the makers of letters does not interfere with their literary productivity or mar the excellence of their output. If they did, the distinction these gentlemen have had conferred upon them might be regretted. As it is, there is cause for satisfaction all around—to the knighthood of Great Britain for having gained two worthy recruits; to the public that the honors have been so worthily bestowed; to the King for having honored himself in honoring them; and to the recipients upon having gained the coveted prizes of their environment.

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Not Sir William Vernon Harcourt, not John Morley, not Mr. Chamberlain, not Mr. Gladstone before these three, was the first distinguished Englishman to decline a peerage. But one can scarcely avoid the impression that scorn of the House of Lords is growing among English statesmen. The reluctance of such men as those we have named to take peerages does not by any means seem to be due altogether to contempt of titles in the abstract. More English politicians than Sir William Vernon Harcourt have been willing to take the honors of a baronetcy or of knighthood, but unwilling to enter the useless and futile House of Lords. That is probably the case with Mr. Chamberlain. As to titles, orders, and decorations themselves, a considerable usefulness may be conceded to them without any treason to republican principles. Lord Salisbury's new Order of Merit, for instance, is likely to accomplish the purpose of putting a number of men who really deserve distinction in a really distinguished list, and establishing them there in a definite and admitted way. We say that in this country we honor our distinguished men according to the honor that they can win and maintain. Perhaps in the long-run we do; and any other order of merit than the one of general esteem is impracticable with us. Nevertheless, many people must feel that, when every blackguard has unprecedented facilities for consigning any distinguished person to infamy, of blackening and shrinking his fame, it would be a true advantage if we could have some formal classification of persons of high distinction—a definite marking of them, so to speak, that would be something outwardly conclusive at least. A public acknowledgment of this sort might help to compensate men and women, who have made sacrifices for the public good, for some of the attacks that have been made upon them simply because they are eminent.

Professor Triggs of Chicago, who lectured lately on the strange persistence of superstition among intelligent American people, must have found his views as to the ineradicability of superstitious notions abundantly justified by the attention lately paid to the "evil omens" about King Edward. It is a curious thing that not only were these predictions repeated by cable from London, and therefore prominently published in all the newspapers in this country, but they were passed from mouth to mouth among educated people as if they were quite remarkable. People always appear to forget, when such predictions are quoted, to make sure that they were ever really uttered as reported; and also to make sure, if they really were uttered, whether they are now repeated as they were originally put forth. They very easily take on a new twist that makes them singularly applicable. People also forget all the prophecies, made about great personages, which have never come to pass—which have never been anywhere near to coming to pass. These are ignored, passed by, and their failure counted against nobody, because there is no occasion to recall them. Prophecy is really one of the simplest trades in the world. It is said that there are only thirty-six original situations, or independent and distinct sequences of occurrence, known to fact or fiction. Whether or not this is true, it is true that life is vastly more simple than most people suppose. The professional prophets, who thrive in greater numbers nowadays than they ever throve before, have only to keep the simple, elementary combinations of circumstance in mind, and assign them with a good regard to probability, to gain a great reputation for seership. It is very easy to be a prophet if one is never going to be called to account for all the things that never come true.

The Bolivian quarrel visibly contains the seeds of grave international strife. It will mark an epoch in the history of South America, and the relations of that vast virgin continent with foreign lands. More than that, this dispute will in all probability lead to active rivalry, if not hostility, between the United States and Germany, for the profits of South American territories hitherto unopened. It is the thin end of an exceedingly thick wedge. The history of the matter is this: Some time ago, Sir Martin Conway, the English explorer, convinced himself that a certain district of northern Bolivia, which bears the name of Acre, was a veritable El Dorado of undeveloped resources, needing only capital and enterprise to make it immensely profitable. For capital and enterprise, this Englishman turned to New York—in itself a sign of the times, and an indication of the turning tide. He interested five or six wealthy Americans in his plans; unfolded his schemes for exploiting the new El Dorado, and persuaded them to come in with him, in a very substantial manner. Then came the question of approaching the Bolivian government. This was done through Bolivia's diplomatic representative in London. By arts of suasion whose nature we can only guess at, the Bolivian minister was led to induce his country practically to cede to Sir Martin Conway's company the Acre district, to have and to hold, for richer or poorer, in consideration of a slight tax on its profits, amounting to only sixty per cent. For this prospective gain Bolivia gave over the civil government to the new company, which is to have its own army and fleet,—the latter, it is supposed, on the Amazon and its affluents, for Bolivia nowhere approaches the sea. The territory which will thus be erected into a practically independent state in the heart of South America is as large as Great Britain—a comparison which seems to have suggested to Bolivia's neighbors, Peru and Brazil, a series of most uncomfortable comparisons on the subjects of expansion, aggressiveness, and generally aggravating ways. So they both protest. Peru takes the very simple position that Acre belongs to her, and says she will fight any one who lays a finger on it. Brazil says the Amazon affluents—the front door of the new state—are hers, and she will close them to navigation rather than have the new state formed.

But Kaiser Wilhelm is even more interested in these strenuous goings-on than either Peru or Bolivia. For him this new South-American move is a perfect bonanza. He has long been in search of just such a solution to one of his most serious problems. Sir Martin Conway and his Anglo-American company have made the Kaiser a present of a most magnificent precedent, which he will promptly use to further his own El Dorado schemes. The terms of the concession, which has already been signed, sealed, and delivered, provide for the transfer by the government of Bolivia for a term of years to a company to be organized in England, or the United States of North America, or in one of said States, "*or in any other foreign country*," the civil government of the said territory, and the collection and receiving of all taxes, charges, customs dues, royalties, and all sources of public revenue—that is, full sovereignty in everything but the name. This is precisely the expedient which the Kaiser has been looking for, to strengthen the ties between his own Brazilian colonies and the father-land; and we may expect to see the formation of the Acre Company promptly followed by that of a German semi-sovereign state, or, even more likely, a whole series of such states, in the vast territory of Brazil, as large, almost, as the United States. The Secretary of State is practically committed to the support of the Acre Company, and is therefore practically certain to be drawn into Bolivia's quarrel with her neighbor, Peru and Brazil. We cannot pretend to settle the claim of Peru to sovereignty over Acre, but Brazil's right to close the Amazon affluents, though not the main river, to the fleet of the new state, seems to be undoubted. But, much more important from the stand-point of the Monroe doctrine and international politics is the fact that the Washington government appears to have accepted the principle of these semi-sovereign commercial colonies; in which case it will be extremely difficult to raise any objections when Germany proposes to follow suit. The matter is very important, and is certain to entail momentous consequences.

President Loubet and his new ministers have determinedly tackled the gravest problem in French politics. The first shot of the war was fired at the recent cabinet council, when the President received Premier Combes and his colleagues at the Elysée palace. The most important matter before the council was the decree against those religious houses which have failed to comply with the Law of Associations, the main work of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry. The decree has received President Loubet's signature; and the Minister of the Interior has sent orders to the prefects of the departments to act at once. The quarrel between church and state thus enters a new phase; and as we shall presently hear the distant rumbling of the storm, we shall do well to look into the causes, obscure and confused to outsiders, of this bitter and redoubtable contest. There is a Russian verse which sheds great light on the matter: Why is it that the cuckoo so brazenly praises the singing of the rooster? The reason is, that the rooster

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praises the cuckoo. The equivalents of these strenuous birds are the monarchists and the clericals: Why do the monarchists uphold the clericals? Because the clericals uphold the monarchists. That is the first reason for the eternal enmity between the French Republic and the religious orders; the religious orders never leave a stone unturned in the struggle to bring back the kings or emperors of France; they work unwearyingly, in season and out of season, by persuasion, insinuation, exhortation, through the religious schools, the confessionals, the pulpits, to discredit the republican government; and they are doubtless sincere in so doing. But the second cause of enmity is almost as grave: the religious orders, many of which are extremely wealthy, claim immunity from taxation. We do not know the actual extent and value of their possessions in France; but we can form some idea of it, by remembering that, across the Pyrenees, before the crusade against the monasteries two generations ago, the religious orders had a larger annual revenue than the government of Spain. The third ground of the quarrel is, that most of the orphanages of these orders are said to be mere sweatshops, competing ruinously with the paid labor of the French artisan, while evading taxation.

This is the time of the year, just following the high-school graduations and the college Commencements, when the graduates and the community are reminded, to put it in the phrase of an adept at the reminder, that there is "an hiatus between schooling and life." All sorts of ways are found to say this. Professor Triggs of Chicago University, for example, declares that the college man goes out into the world unprepared for the conditions that surround him. A Maine editor says that "a great many graduates are spoiled by too much education." More gentle is the assertion that many college graduates "will feel keenly the difference of the ideals of the college from those of the world they have entered"—which is only a roundabout way of saying that they are not good for much. And the story is told of a girl in a New England school who was proud of the proficiency she had gained in patching under the tuition of the sewing-teacher, but who ruined her mother's gown in trying to patch a hole in the elbow of a sleeve. She had been taught to patch a small square piece of cloth with artistic excellence, but when the task was a sleeve there was what one fine writer calls an "hiatus" between the instruction and the life. Over against all this mournful testimony concerning the general unfittedness of the season's crop of graduates, from the grammar-school up, for the stern duties of patching gowns and a living, it is a pleasure to discover that the gowns worn by the graduating class of the girls' Normal School at Athens, Georgia, were made by the girls themselves from cloth made by the students of the Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta. The students designed and wove the cloth, and the girls fashioned the gowns, and all to such good purpose that "they are delighted with their pretty new dresses." Here, at any rate, there is no hiatus; from designer to dress the succession is complete and satisfactory enough to warrant confidence that these young graduates are not hopelessly incompetent to grapple with an obstructive world. But, then, it occurs to us that some of those other graduates may not be entire failures, either. The little girl who spoiled the sleeve has a good start toward doing the next one right; and, somehow, a good many ex-collegians, in spite of Professor Triggs's head-shaking, manage to live fairly useful and successful lives. Our educational processes are not quite perfect yet, and their products are not all gilt-edged. Nevertheless, when the graduate has good stuff in him, even the hiatus is useful; it works as a stimulus to fill up the gap.

Loyalty to Harvard University, from which he graduated, has always been a conspicuous trait of Theodore Roosevelt, and his presence at the Harvard Commencement this year made it an exceptionally imposing and brilliant occasion. Due regard for official proprieties prevented the University's most distinguished alumnus from being quite as democratic as has been his wont when returning to Harvard in past years, but he found it easy to show in countless ways that he was unaltered by his elevation to power. He had the pleasure of seeing Secretary-of-State Hay and Captain Walter Reed, U. S. A., worthily honored with academic degrees by his *alma mater*—the one because, to quote President Eliot, "by force of just and liberal thinking," he has become "the most successful diplomatist now living"; the other because, as army surgeon, he planned and directed in Cuba the experiments which have given man control over yellow fever. The President also heard from President Eliot's lips the verdict that he is "a true type of the sturdy gentleman, and the high-minded public servant in a democracy." He improved the opportunity to pay his homage to veteran Harvard publicists like Senator Hoar and Edward Everett Hale, to testify to the eminent public service of ex-Secretary-of-the Navy Long and Secretary-of-State Hay, and with the most vehement emphasis to praise the patriotism and consecration to the public weal of Secretary-of-War Root, Governor-General William Taft, of the Philippine Commission, and ex-Governor-General Wood of Cuba. As the first graduate of Harvard to become President since John Quincy Adams, and the first President to visit Harvard at Commencement since Mr. Cleveland visited the institution, it was natural that President Roosevelt was seen by and addressed more alumni than have ever been gathered together on the historic Yard before. He has every reason to feel confident that towards himself and the policies which he represents both young Harvard and old Harvard are most kindly disposed. He and Leonard Wood and Edward Everett Hale, and not Senator Hoar and William Lloyd Garrison and Charles Eliot Norton, correctly typify the Harvard of to-day as the institution and its alumni face their national duties in the twentieth century. The far-reaching influence of an incident in the life of a university such as President Roosevelt made possible by his journey from Washington last week may be understood if one will but think of the many sections, races, and faiths represented in the present student body. When John Quincy Adams revisited Harvard it was a provincial, sectional, and exclusively Protestant institution. To-day Jews and Roman Catholics, Southerners and Westerners, join with Protestants and New-Englanders in making it a truly representative national institution. And just so far as it is national and not provincial, catholic and not sectarian, just so far will the visit of an institutional and national hero be an incident, the inspiration and memory of which will be widely diffused and as broadly beneficent.

President Roosevelt spent a day in Boston and Cambridge, and five formal speeches were to his credit at the end of the day. But notable as were his words to the gatherings of scholars at Cambridge, to the veterans of the Spanish-American war, and to the members of the International Press League, it was the human quality of the man revealed in many of the minor incidents of the day that increased his popularity with the masses as they either saw him do the deeds or read of them in the chronicles of the alert reporters. The boyish gusto with which he slapped his thigh and expressed his delight as he heard the favoring score of the second Harvard-Yale game; his stopping of the long procession of graduates and undergraduates, as it wended its way from the Harvard Yard to Memorial Hall, in order that old John the Hibernian fruit-peddler might receive a coveted grasp of the President's hand; the delight with which he greeted his old classmates, the sincerity with which he addressed them as "Bill" and "Dick," and reminded them of aforetime feats of prowess in college rivalry; the insistence that men who served with him in the campaign in Cuba should be unmistakably recognized as peculiarly dear to him; his message of praise to the military band which the Spanish war veterans had employed, and his request that they should play "Garry Owen"; and his departure at night for New London to lend his moral support and personal presence and distinction to the great annual contest of brawn and skill between the Yale and Harvard crews—all these incidents made the average man, the lover of sport, the man who likes to see his hero unbend and be accessible and democratic, feel very much drawn to the Chief Executive. The average man has little use for an official prig or a President who must forever be on his dignity. He likes to believe him open to the same influences as himself, touched with pride, glad of public approval, appreciating humor, and loyal to old friends and young admirers. Even those men present whose conscientious scruples have led them to criticise the American army and to oppose expansion must have been impressed by the daringly loyal way in which the President defended the reputations of Secretary-of-War Root, Judge Taft of the Philippine Civil Commission, and ex-Governor-General Wood

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of Cuba. The note of personal devotion to lieutenants was more noticeable in it even than the note of reasoned endorsement of the policy of state which they had carried out with conspicuous ability. Every Harvard man who heard the speech at once felt that it was one which tended to stiffen the backbone and warm the cockles of the heart of every subordinate official in the national service.

Professor Shaler of Harvard, who read the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem this year, has not been known heretofore as a poet, and doubt was even expressed as to whether he had a license. All the country knows him as a geologist and as an accomplished writer, and all Harvard graduates and many others know him as a very good lecturer. But nobody knew he was a poet. There is no doubt about it now, for he offered his learned brethren a discourse on Valor, in blank verse, which was unquestionably poetical, as well as edifying. Professor Shaler served in the Union army in the civil war, and in his poem spoke with feeling of war and its tremendous experiences, but the valor on which he dwelt was that which is the basis of the heroisms in every-day life—

When war's forgot and earth has peaceful days.

He had plenty to say, and that is helpful, even in poetry, where form goes for so much, but he said it exceedingly well. The Phi Beta Kappa oration, by Professor George H. Palmer, was a philosophical discourse on Self-Sacrifice, and, preceding the poem, led up to it very felicitously, so that the minds of the learned brethren were kept fixed on the same general theme throughout the proceedings. It was the best display of "teamwork" that the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa exercises have shown in many years.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson told the students of Bryn-Mawr College the other day that he deemed it absurd that women should be taught political economy and civil government, as they are, in many of the schools and all of the women's colleges of the country, and never have a chance to express in political action any of the principles that are thus taught them. This certainly looks like an incongruity; but it is to be remembered that all students, boys as well as girls, are taught a great many things in schools and colleges which they are never expected to make any practical application of. Boys, for instance, who are designed for the bar or the pulpit, are kept for hours at work at sloyd—the object being not to make carpenters or cabinet-makers of them, but to train their faculties of construction and order. If in some of the higher schools women are given lessons in logic, is it with any expectation that they will be logical after they graduate? One would say that it is rather with the hope that their general faculties will be so trained that they will be able to dispense with logic, with happier results to themselves and their friends than has commonly been the case. Nevertheless, there is certainly some superficial incongruity at least in instructing a woman long and elaborately in the science which rests on the ballot-box, and then forbidding her to approach the box. And there is this distance between her and the future lawyer or preacher who is instructed in sloyd: that he may take to carpentry if he prefer it to the law or the pulpit, whereas the woman student of civil government and political economy is not permitted—except in three States—to relapse into politics.

Yale University is to have an outpost in China. Graduates of Yale are to give themselves or their money to the support of an undenominational mission station in an unoccupied part of China. Twenty thousand dollars have been raised as a starting fund. Ex-President Dwight and other college officials are to be prominent in the council of forty which will supervise the work. Rev. Dr. Harlan P. Beach, an alumnus of Yale with a fine record as a missionary in China, and more recently as an administrative secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, will return to China and captain the enterprise. Episcopalian, Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian sympathy and financial aid are insured. The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions will co-operate. In short, all the foreign-missionary enthusiasm of the Christian men of a great American university will now be concentrated on a mission entirely its own in an empire which needs the leadership of educated, progressive Americans. This expansion of Yale's normal activity on the religious and educational side is significant and prophetic. Should it be a policy imitated by other American educational institutions, the effect on China and the Orient would be marked. Critics of American expansion in the Orient who dwell on the emphasis which the sword has had as a reformatory agency may find consolation in this form of expansion, in which the Bible, the hospital, and the school are to be the weapons.

The development of a new detail in the elective system in colleges is reported from the University of Chicago. In that institution both men and women are taught, and it has been the custom to have them attend the same classes. But because the classes were over-crowded, and because the results of complete "coeducation" are not wholly satisfactory, a plan has been perfected for separating the men from the women. Objections to this plan are being made by the more ardent coeducationists. President Harper has announced that "students in the Junior college who object to attending classes in which only men or only women recite may have the privilege in a number of branches of electing divisions where students of both sexes may recite together, just as they have done heretofore." Thus President Harper offers his students not only a choice of subjects, but a choice of society, which is a step farther than any other college president has been able to go as yet, so far as is known. It was a good way out of a perplexing situation. People who think that young men and young women profit by collegiate association are just as positive in their views as people who think they do better apart. To be able to leave both sides without reasonable grounds of complaint was very fortunate. A smaller institution, with fewer students and less ample resources, would find difficulty in accomplishing it, since it involves in a number of subjects at least three divisions—one for women, one for men, and one for men and women together. It will be interesting to see how the plan works, and whether the mixed divisions are more or less popular than the others. Under the new plan the men who find women's society in the class-room profitable and the girls who find the masculine intelligence stimulating will have to say so.

His Versatile and Irrepressible Majesty, Emperor William II., has been fulminating again. This time it is one of the idols of his own nation, the late Richard Wagner, who has incurred the royal disaffection. The Emperor has been attending some opera performances at Wiesbaden, and it is reported that he delivered himself thus weightily in comment thereon: "Wagner," affirms his Majesty, "I do not like; he is too noisy for me; indeed, the simple and withal so wonderful music of Gluck is more to my liking." Now this is really too bad of the Emperor; not only had we supposed that the shade of the great music-dramatist basked in the sunshine of the royal favor, but we had treasured an unswerving faith in his Majesty's inveterate originality of outlook and opinion. Why could not the Emperor have asserted that he did not like Wagner because he found him conventional and obvious, or because he was weak in a sense of the dramatic, or because he was too Italian, or too tuneful? Thus would his Majesty have achieved at least originality—at any rate, he might have spared us a revival of the immemorial "boiler-factory" joke. Why, has the Emperor never heard that the box-holders of the Metropolitan Opera House were wont to object to Wagner's most flagrantly Wagnerian music-drama, "Tristan und Isolde," on the ground that the softness of the music precluded conversation, since they were unable to talk during the performance without being overheard and hissed by such persons in the audience as held an unreasonable preference for listening undisturbed to the music? We have no quarrel with his Majesty's liking for the "simple and withal so wonderful music" of Gluck; but we had supposed that he was also a loyal Wagnerist—above all, we had supposed him a master of the unexpected in thought and opinion. We are distinctly disappointed in this latest effort of the Emperor's; he can do much better.

It is rumored that Lord Rosebery has written a novel which he is indisposed at present to intrust to the public. It is an interesting piece of news to any one who believes it, for a first novel, at least, by Lord Rosebery would command rather an appalling degree of public attention. That he is an ex-

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ceedingly good writer was made apparent by his recent book about Napoleon in exile, but that he could write an important novel—one that would be creditable to him—cannot be confidently predicted, for no prudent prophet will credit any man with the power to write a good novel until he has done it. Lord Rosebery is so clever as to make some observers doubtful about his greatness, and yet he has demonstrated his possession of such substantial and remarkable powers as to make his cleverness—his facility and versatility—seem the more surprising. He is one of the most interesting of contemporary men, and for that reason here's hoping that if he has written a novel he will print it. We would all like to know him better, and if we ever get a chance to read his novel, we will know him better—better, perhaps, than he would like.

It may be recalled that when automobiles began, one of our hopes in connection with them was that they would bring relief from horse accidents. They are not animals, imperfectly tamed, and liable at all times to whimsies and frights, but mere machines that would never be afraid of the cars nor shy at a newspaper. They would be safe, anyway: and in so far as they superseded horses we were all to be safer. Our hopes in that particular seem not to be rushing with undue speed towards fulfilment. It seems, on the contrary, that the underwriters of accident insurance have been constrained to make a special study of the automobile hazard, and contemplate the possibility of raising the rates on the automobilists. But they do not want to do it, and are hoping that it will happen with automobiles as it did with bicycles, which, when they first came, caused a great many accidents; but as their use was generally regulated by law, and as horses got used to them, accidents diminished. Most of the current automobile accidents are really horse accidents caused by automobiles. They ought to diminish when the speed of automobiles on the highways is limited everywhere by laws that are enforced. Many very lively accidents, however, have been accomplished by automobiles without equine help, as that near Little Falls, New Jersey, on June 14, when an automobile carrying three men, while passing a wagon, struck a rut, or was taken with sudden fits of some sort, and turned two complete somersaults (so the papers say), throwing out the three men, killing one and injuring the others. It is an exceptionally fractious horse that will do worse than that.

The annual meeting of the Christian Scientists in Boston in June was as successful this year as usual. Droves of them attended it, coming from far out in the ambrosial West and from all other directions, and crowding the Boston hotels. They are solvent people, as a rule, and not disposed to parsimony or needless mortification of the flesh on their annual pilgrimages. The "Mother Church" in Boston has come to be too small for them. Before they left they held a big business meeting in Mechanics' Hall, where Scientist Kimball of Chicago made the motion: "Recognizing the necessity for providing an auditorium for the Mother Church that will seat 4000 or 5000 persons, and acting in behalf of ourselves and the Christian Scientists of the world, we agree to contribute any portion of two million dollars that may be necessary for this." Undoubtedly they can raise the money and will. It is not a common thing for the members of a religious sect to vote two million dollars for a church.

Persons who know about electric traction are watching with lively interest the concerns of the New York and Portchester electric railroad, which is just about beginning the construction of its line. It has got leave to go ahead, after opposition from the rival steam railroad. It will extend about one-third of the way to New Haven, will be a third-rail road, and proposes to haul passengers at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. Its construction and future are of especial interest because it will constitute the first considerable experiment in this country in fast electric railroading. The trolley is not adapted to high speed, but with the third rail, or some better contrivance, there is no visible reason why on a properly constructed road a speed of a hundred miles an hour may not be maintained. As far as electricity and engineering go, such a speed is practicable, but a road fit for it must be almost straight. There is talk—vague talk as yet—of building such a road between New York and Boston, whereby it would be possible to make the trip in about two hours. If the Portchester road succeeds, its success will doubtless have a bearing on such a project. At any rate the outlook seems now to be that the fastest terrestrial conveyances we shall see in this generation will run on rails and be driven by electricity. In this country, at least, there is no endorsement in sight at present of Mr. H. G. Wells's forecast, set forth in *Anticipations*, of great highways whereon big automobiles are to run as public conveyances at astonishing speed. The speed is possible; the roads are conceivable; but high speed seems vastly safer when the vehicles that attain it run on rails.

The polo tournaments held this season have been the best ever played under the auspices of the American Polo Association. Strong young players are coming to the front, and there is a noticeable improvement in the ponies. In the early stages of the game in this country the ponies were picked up here and there where they were to be had, and the players took chances on occasionally securing a speedy and valuable animal. Now, breeding polo-ponies has become an established and profitable business, and as a natural sequence the American ponies have no superior in the world. At a recent meeting of the National Polo Association, in which fourteen clubs were represented, it was stated that the clubs controlled polo-ponies valued at $1,500,000. Though this statement at first seems surprising, it is probably true, for the reason that some of the best are valued at from $3000 to $5000 each, while a well-trained young pony often brings a thousand dollars. The sport is also being taken up by the military organizations of the country, following the English custom. Despite the failure of our representatives in England this year, we guess that the polo trophy will come here before the *America* cup goes there.

The city streets are taking on a deserted look, and the seashore and hill-sides begin to throng with men, women, and children seeking rest and recreation. The exodus has got fairly under way by this time, and the canny landlord is beginning, from his bookings and folks in hand, to get a tolerably accurate forecast of his chances of profit or of loss for the season. What this is to be in specific instances one may easily surmise from a glance at mine host's countenance. If this be genial and smiling, and if the food be of good quality, and the children be made to feel not unwelcome behind the desk, upsetting the ink and sprawling over the register, one may guess that a good balance on the right side of the books is promised. If, on the other hand, Mr. Boniface is lowering of mien, and lets the *chef* do as he pleases with the provender, and sends the youngsters from him with a forbidding frown, then may we assure ourselves that the other is the case, and the sooner we abandon the sinking ship the better. In the main the landlords appear to be of the former type—the smiling type—for there is nothing this year to take their patrons far afield. There is no world's fair of importance in progress anywhere to divert the rest-seeker from his usual haunts. The coronation folk are scurrying back, having saved enough by reason of their disappointment to pay their hotel bills here, and all promises well for a successful hotel season; and we are glad of it, for the latter-day hotel-keeper is not the stony-hearted seeker after gold that he used to be. He charges us quite as much nowadays as he did in the days of yore, but he gives us more for our money. The hotel-man has had a great awakening of late years, and he has begun to share his profits with his patrons, paying them dividends in comforts for which years ago they had to pay royally. The bath with a prohibitory tariff is a thing of the past. The very brazen brass bands that used to make the hotel corridors shriek with discord now find a substitute in excellent orchestras recruited from such organizations as the Boston Symphony and others of musicianly rank. Golf-links stretch over the country-side from Maine to California. Squash and tennis courts abound, and in every way to-day the hotel guest is made to feel that his comforts, his tastes, and even his fads have been met, and his every wish anticipated. Profit-sharing of this kind is about as good a business venture as one could wish to find, and the men who run our summer hostelries with full recognition of the fact are waxing fat and prosperous, while the others, still dwelling in the past when the craft took all it could get and gave as little as it could in return, are going to the wall, where they belong.

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The First Session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress

THE session is made memorable by the passage of the isthmian canal bill. This is, so far, the important work of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and it will doubtless continue to constitute its chief claim to distinction. It was probably the long voyage of Captain (now Admiral) Clark in the *Oregon*, the sudden revelation of the immense distance by water between our ports of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, that compelled universal attention to the subject; and it was the evidence of the military importance of a short-cut that finally determined the country to insist upon governmental ownership and management. It was because of this that the first and second Hay-Pauncefote treaties were negotiated with Great Britain; and as the canal bill is the memorable achievement of the Fifty-seventh Congress, the ratification of the second treaty is that of the Senate of this Congress. In this treaty Great Britain removed the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which stood as a bar to our desires. With the exception of the peace treaty of 1899, it is the most important treaty negotiated and ratified by this government since the Washington treaty, under which the so-called *Alabama* claims were submitted to arbitration.

The Spooner act, in which the canal project was formulated, authorizes the President to begin the work of construction at Panama, provided that he can obtain a satisfactory title to the property and rights of the present French Panama Canal Company, and proper concessions, including a certain amount of jurisdiction at the isthmus, from the Colombian government. There is hardly a doubt but that both the company and Colombia will respond satisfactorily, but if either fails, the law authorizes the President to enter into negotiations with Nicaragua. The amount to be paid the French company is $40,000,000. For this sum this government will receive property and rights worth, at least, $100,000,000. For this advantageous bargain the country is indebted to the Walker Commission, and especially to its astute and able chairman, Admiral John G. Walker, who is likely to be selected to supervise the building of the canal when all the preliminaries are arranged.

From the point of view of party politics, the most interesting question considered by Congress was that of Cuban reciprocity. Involved in this was the tariff question generally. The President urged an important concession to Cuba. The Republican leaders in Congress, however, determined that the tariff question should not be agitated. Representative Babcock introduced a bill greatly changing rates of duty on iron and steel products, repealing some and lowering others. There was an obvious division of opinion on the subject among Republican Representatives. The Middle West was demanding lower duties on manufactures and the retention of all the existing protection on agricultural products. Related to the tariff question was that of ship subsidies. The subsidy bill passed the Senate early in the session. The tariff-reformers in the House threatened to defeat it unless Babcock's bill was considered. The leaders of the majority — the Speaker, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Grosvenor, and Mr. Payne—determined that the Babcock bill should not be considered. This was the situation when the time came for a response to the President's appeal for justice to Cuba.

After a long period of time, and after much anxious thought and bitter contention, a bill was reported by the Ways and Means Committee. It granted a concession of 20 per cent. of Dingley rates until December, 1903, after a like concession had been made by Cuba on products and manufactures of the United States. In the mean time the Republicans who favored the Babcock bill had developed a strong, even violent, opposition to any concession to Cuba. This opposition was in the interest of the beet-sugar interest and the cane-sugar interest of Louisiana. The fruit-growers of the Pacific coast and of Florida were also much outraged by the suggestion of what they called an assault upon their industries. The agricultural interests were aroused against the manufacturers. Eventually the Babcock bill was set aside, and it was agreed that on the consideration of the Cuban reciprocity bill all Republicans should unite in supporting the rulings of the chair, to the effect that any general tariff amendment would be out of order. Nevertheless, there was such a revolt against the leaders of the House that they dared not bring in the rule, now invariable when a party measure is to be considered, limiting amendment and debate. The tariff-reform Republicans united with the Democrats, and added to the reciprocity bill an amendment abolishing the differential duty on refined sugar. This was a blow at the trusts. This House bill went to the Senate, where its consideration was defeated by a combination of nineteen Republican Senators, acting in the interests of the beet-sugar refiners, and, in the case of the Kansas and Nebraska Senators, against the expressed wishes of their Republican constituents. This overthrow of the President, the House leaders, and the majority of the Republican Senators is, as we have said, of the utmost political importance; for it is evident that the agricultural States are in serious revolt against the existing tariff law so far as it affects Eastern manufactures. In the general struggle, the subsidy bill failed to be reported to the House.

During the session the President ordered the evacuation of Cuba, only a sufficient number of troops, about 800 artillerymen, being retained in the island to keep the defences and the mounted guns in good condition until President Palma's new government could organize a proper force of its own. Congress acquiesced in all that the President did by providing for diplomatic and consular representation in the island.

The bill establishing civil government for the Philippines became a law. Practically, it continues the *status quo*—that is, for the present and for many years to come, the government of the islands will be directed by Governor Taft and his fellow-commissioners. Hereafter, new commissioners and the higher judges are to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate—that is, they are to be brought within the patronage system of the United States. The law provides for the first steps toward self-government by the Filipinos, but it will be many years before the natives will be entrusted with the powers of legislation. In the mean time the government by the commission will necessarily be such as is absolutely necessary if we are to impress upon the natives American political views and American civilization.

Civil government now extends over the whole archipelago except in a small portion of Mindanao. The new law provides also for the opening of the public lands to settlers and to corporations, limiting the entries which may be made, however, to 2500 acres for any single proprietor, individual, or corporation. Some radical differences of opinion occurring between the two Houses, the questions at issue are to go over for settlement to the next Congress. Arrangements have also been made under the law, and by agreement between Governor Taft and the papal authorities, by which this government may become possessed of the friars' lands—a most serious cause of complaint on the part of the natives against the Spaniards. A bill was passed early in the session reducing the rates of duty on goods imported into this country from the Philippines to 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates, and imposing on goods from this country to the Philippines the rates established by the commission.

A very important measure was that repealing the war taxes. By this act, it is estimated that the revenues are reduced by $73,250,000. This bill is partly excusable and partly inexcusable. Some of the taxes wiped out by it should have been retained, and it was the belief of Mr. McKinley that most of them would be kept on the statute-book. They will certainly be needed in case of a radical reduction of tariff duties.

A most obnoxious and perhaps unconstitutional piece of legislation is that which imposes a tax of ten cents a pound on oleomargarine, or other substances colored to imitate butter. It is the employment of the Federal taxing power for the purpose of destroying a domestic manufacture, and is undoubtedly an invasion of the police powers of the States.

Congress has also authorized the beginning of national irrigation of arid lands. The law which it has enacted provides for the use of the money received from the sales of public lands, except so much as may be necessary for the payment of the fees of the land-officers and for the five per cent. for educational purposes. The government is to condemn and impound waters, and those benefited are to pay something for the improvement. There is some doubt as to the constitutionality of the law, while experienced Congressmen, like the Speaker and Mr. Cannon, believe that it is the entering-wedge for increased extravagance and the opening of a new field for log-rolling legislation like the river and harbor bill and the public-buildings items in the sundry civil bill.

Two battle-ships, two armored cruisers, and two torpedo-boats have been authorized.

Anti-anarchy bills for the protection of the President and other high officers, including representatives of foreign powers, have passed both Houses, but no one of them has become a law, owing to differences of opinion between Senators and Representatives. The bill admitting New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma as States, which passed the House, also goes over to be acted upon, no doubt, at the next session of Congress.

Congress has failed to amend the immigration laws, the Sherman anti-trust law, or the banking law, and has declined to approve of Secretary Root's plan of army reorganization. The appropriation bills amount on their face to about $740,000,000, the largest sum ever appropriated in a single session. In this, however, is not included the total cost of the isthmian canal, or the sums required to complete contracts for public buildings, river and harbor improvements, and other works which have been duly authorized. The sum of all these and the immediate appropriations will bring up the aggregate expenditure necessitated by the legislation of the session to the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000. We used to cry out in alarm at a billion-dollar Congress; now we have a billion-dollar session.

The investigation into Philippine affairs, following the custom, amounts to nothing.

Congress has achieved one great deed; has continued affairs in the Philippines on the old basis, with the exception of opening the land to improvement; has failed to grant relief to Cuba; leaves the tariff and currency questions where they were at the beginning of the session; and has expended more money than all its predecessors, while reducing the revenue by nearly $75,000,000 a year.

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A Future for the Small College

THE other day interesting and important statements were made at Williams College. The occasion was the inauguration of the new President, Dr. Henry Hopkins, the son of that famous Mark Hopkins whose life of service to his college is known of all educated men. All the speakers at this inauguration, as if inspired by the memory of this great President, sounded the praises of the liberal education, and in doing so they both struck a noble train of thought and more than suggested the solution of that old vexed question as to the future of the small college, for it was announced that Williams intended frankly to insist upon remaining a school of the humanities. This small college, at all events, would be classical and literary even if she were to walk alone; more than this, even if her company of scholars should diminish in number. Indeed, it is well understood by those who are familiar with the inner circle of the college, that it has made up its mind that it does not desire increase in the number of its students, but rather advancement in scholarship, in intellectual requirements, and growth in what should be the inward grace of the college life.

In this day of the expanding and bustling university, here is a small college setting its light upon an intellectual eminence, content to illumine the way to its shrine of learning for the feet of those who seek broad knowledge of the arts and letters. This is the knowledge which has been the possession of our own foremost writers, divines, and lawyers, and which still enlarges and embellishes the minds of leaders of English thought, while it strengthens and ennobles the leaders of English action. The university says, through one President, that its task is to teach clear thinking; this college says that it is its task to teach clear and righteous thinking. Another university President says that it is no longer the task of the university to make scholars; this small college says that if this be so, then it becomes the duty of the small college to make scholarship its chief concern, and by scholarship it means, for its part, training and learning, disciplinary and stimulating, in the world's great literatures, in what we comprehend under the name of the humanities.

Williams College thus excites an exceedingly interesting discussion. The energies of the modern university are directed to the end of making its youth useful. This is a fashion of speaking, it being understood that the useful young man is one whose earning capacity is well developed. The modern university places itself among the institutions of the industrial world, and even in contemplating the learned profession of the law it is as an aid to vast industrial and commercial enterprises rather than as the bulwark of justice and good government. There is no fault to be found with the university on this account. It may be questioned whether the earlier years of preparation may well be passed in the atmosphere which is natural to the energetic struggle of modern existence, whether the young mind can expand in well-ordered and fair proportions to the graciousness and temperateness which the Greeks admired in the bustle of the factory, and where wits are struggling with other wits for gain; but for the university *per se* there is a real need, which eventually our larger institutions will fully satisfy as they now do partially.

Is there not, however, a place where learning may be pursued for its discipline, its development, and the balancing of all the mental powers, for its spirituality, for its idealism? Is there no longer a place in the world for quiet scholars? Is it not still true that broader and more liberal culture promotes sounder specialization? Are we no longer to breed the makers of literature? Are the busy men of the industries and commerce to give up the delights of scholarly diversion? We say that young men must get at work earlier in life; that four years at college and three years at a professional school postpone too long the taking up of the actual tasks of the world. But the university meets this problem, while the Law School of Harvard declines to meet it, saying to the Yale Law School: "You may make quick lawyers if you will; we insist upon the leisure to make lawyers only of those who have taken the bachelor's degree." This is another notable announcement of the present Commencement season, and fittingly supplements the announcement of Williams that it will devote itself chiefly to the teaching of the humanities, and is for those who have a mind for the liberal culture, either for itself, or for its finer preparation for special study, or in anticipation of the literary life. Whatever one may conclude for himself as to the relative value of the university or the college suggested by Williams, it must be admitted that the Berkshire institution has pointed out the way by following which the small college, essentially an American institution, may not only remain among our institutions of the first rank, but may be of greater use to the youth of the country than it has ever been before in its long and honorable career.

The Turning of the Tide?

FOR those who have cherished, in spite of long discouragement, the modest hope that Man will not always be the Ass he has been, there is much comfort in the poem delivered by Professor Shaler at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner in Cambridge, the other day, or week. It was not the first time the eminent scientist had given proof that he was not only a poet, but a humanist; and on this occasion he grappled again with a notion he had assailed before, when he declared that men learn no virtues in war. Himself a soldier of the great civil war, a Kentucky Unionist, with a military title bravely won, and long well lost in his scholarly distinction, he appeals from his own consciousness to that of his gray comrades to deny that battle evokes any such high types of heroism as the exigencies of peace. He chooses for one supreme hero the Southern physician who was accused of plotting to spread the contagion of yellow fever in the Northern cities, and who refused to make any denial of the charge, but waited in silence—

"Until the time
That scourge came to a city which once held
Against the arms he served; there entered in,
Toiled as true helper in his Master's work,
Fought on when stout men fled and left him lone
A tireless giant wrestling with that woe:
Physician, nurse, and priest to all who lived,
Grave-digger to his dead: fought to the end.
Then, his task done, he came forth stricken, old,
But with his answer writ upon the sky
That gave it but scant room—he, silent still."

Another hero of this soldier's choice is a—

"Plain country lad: he too of that stern folk
Who set those lines against us that for years
Seemed adamantine as a mountain's wall
Against the might we sent,"

and who in a piping time of peace saved his fellow-roustabouts, white and black, from a burning coal-mine. Another yet is the nun of Tracadie, fast by frozen Labrador, who enters the lazar-house with a leper, and gives her life for love of those loathsome prisoners of despair—

"a gray nun
By lot to lift her cross and bear it on
Unto that Calvary. Ah, she bears it well;
With arm about her sister and with eyes
That have Christ's light in them. . . .
Ah, comrades, we who of dear valor dream
In olden deeds, what are our memories
Of glory but mere rush-lights in the sun
That shineth from that port of Tracadie?
Let us give o'er that folly, yea, that shame
Of claiming valor prize for men at arms
And battle as the altar where our Lord
Would have his sacrifice. These samples tell
Three from the host that my own eyes have seen
Of hap three hundred, such as laid them down
By the Hot Gates for sake of Sparta's fame.—
Now in the plain man's heart our treasure bides
For he is man. Know ye God's valor goes
On two legs of a man and that his heart
Is ark to hold the covenants that seal
His right as man. . . .
Let not our eyes
Be blinded by war's flame, nor be our ears
Dulled by its drums and trumpets till forgot
Is the plain lesson of our peaceful days,
Of what is fellow-man who knows not war,
Who faithful does his tasks with faithful heart
And so gains valor for all fields we win.

Dear comrades, ye who ever bide with us
But tell us not of valor save in deeds
That show its tasks forever, how came ye
By your immortal part? Was it in arms
In battle's rage, or in the fevered camp,
Where ye in vain fought death? Nay, it needs not;
Ye silent speak; we read it in your lives,
True, faithful, toiling lives; in field and shop,
In student's closets and by firesides
Kept as faith's altars clean. 'Twas there ye won
The crowns ye hurled beyond those battled lines."

In other words, it is not rough-riding up San Juan hills alone that is the event of heroism. Heroism itself, if it must be something spectacular, is something less than the sublimity that does not wish to be known from the noble Commonness in which dwells the potentiality of all kindness and goodness. This was the note of that nobler day of such a little while ago, but now of such seeming remoteness in the retrospect from these tawdry times: the note of Emerson's and Lowell's day, and echoed later in Tolstoy's; and it is a welcome sound, after the trumpets and guns. Our poor old race struggles slowly up from the brute and the boy, and tries so hard to become man, that we must be glad of every counsel that lightens and not darkens him; which says and says again to his stupidity that only in peace can he be bravest, as only in peace can he be best; which denies the gross superstition of something fine and glorious in the myriad murder of war. A poem expressing such ideals as those embodied here is the gospel of righteousness once more by which men can alone live greatly and die happily.

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Murder and the Mafia

ONE of the greatest state trials of the past hundred years, in or out of Italy, is just approaching its end in the Bologna Assize Court. It has cost the Italian government from first to last not less than a million dollars; it has engaged the attendance of over two thousand witnesses, and by its series of dramatic surprises and the strange sociological and psychological sidelights it has thrown on Sicilian life and instincts it has held captive the attention of the whole civilized world. For the real defendant in this trial has been that deadly brotherhood which for centuries has preyed upon one of the fairest spots in Europe—the Sicilian Mafia; and the government, in taking up the prosecution, is seeking to fulfil the too long neglected duty of ridding Sicily of its mysterious tyranny. Law and order, one might almost say civilization itself, are at stake; for the verdict, whichever way it goes, will be decisive. If the government wins, Sicily, if not saved, is at least on the way to redemption. If the Mafia triumphs, a licensed anarchy, with none to interfere, is again let loose upon the island. All the evidence is in, but at this writing the verdict has not been delivered. Enough that practically all Italy, while convinced of the chief prisoner's guilt, expects his acquittal. The situation is not without a parallel of sorts. We have found in this country how great is the difficulty of bringing clever and unscrupulous politicians to book. They have covered up their tracks too adroitly; and "moral certainties" have no standing in a law court. In this Mafia case the evidence is almost wholly presumptive; it deals with events nearly ten years old; and every juryman knows that a verdict of "Guilty" makes him a marked man for life. In Italy there is no capital punishment for murder; and, what is worse, no half-way house between acquittal and imprisonment for life, in which a timid jury may take refuge. The country, therefore, is prepared to see the defendants walk out of court scot-free.

The first act in the drama dates back to 1876, when one Emanuele Notarbartolo, a Palermitan of noble family, a Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, and a man of great capacity and unimpeachable character, was appointed by the government director-general of the Bank of Sicily. Politics in Palermo are slightly more scandalous than they ever have been even in New York or Philadelphia, and politics had for years been busy in the bank's affairs. Notarbartolo needed all his watchfulness to keep the predatory elements at bay and nurse the institution back into something like financial health. He succeeded, but there were quarters in which his success was anything but welcome. In 1886 one Palizzolo, a Palermitan deputy to the central Parliament, joined the managing board of directors. The appointment was a political one, and made for the purpose of ousting Notarbartolo. From the first, Palizzolo put himself at the head of the factious minority, and began a campaign of opposition against the director-general. Notarbartolo made a confidential report to the Minister of Commerce, complaining of several directors, and of Palizzolo in particular. The report was stolen from the minister's office, sent back to Palermo, and read aloud at a board meeting in the absence of the director-general. The board, on Palizzolo's suggestion, passed a vote of no confidence in Notarbartolo, with the idea of forcing him to resign. So outspoken, however, was the public indignation at this manœuvre that his position seemed rather strengthened than otherwise. But Palizzolo had another and surer weapon in his armory. The Premier of the day was Crispi, and Crispi was a Sicilian, with a wholesome respect for the realities of the Mafia power. He knew, too, that Palizzolo's connection with the Mafia was of the most intimate character, that so far as the Mafia was an organization at all, the Palermitan deputy was its head. When therefore Palizzolo threatened that unless Notarbartolo were removed, the whole strength of the Mafia would be turned against Crispi and against Crispi's candidates at the elections, the Premier quickly made his choice. Notarbartolo was cashiered, and the Duke della Verdura, a friend of Palizzolo's, was appointed director-general in his stead. Under the new management Palizzolo was practically in a position to use the funds of the bank for purposes of private speculation. The system was an excellent one. Did an operation fail, the bank was the loser; did it succeed, Palizzolo or his agent received the proceeds. Notarbartolo still had friends in the bank, and so far as they could —for the system was worked with extraordinary cleverness—they kept him informed of what was going on. On his advice, formal complaints were laid before the government, with the result that in 1892, the year of the great bank scandals throughout Italy, the affairs of the Bank of Sicily were twice inspected, and the Duke della Verdura removed from the directorship-general. Early in 1893 it was reported that Notarbartolo would be reappointed to the vacant post. On February 1, 1893, he was murdered in a train while returning from Termini to Palermo, his dead body, pierced with twenty-three wounds, being found by the side of the railway. The nature of the wounds, which on one side were caused by a stiletto and on the other by a broad knife, showed that the crime must have been the work of more than one assassin, while the careful washing of the blood-stained compartment pointed to the complicity of the railway servants.

Public opinion in Italy at once recognized in the crime the hand of the Mafia, and was therefore not greatly astonished to find the years passing by without any one being brought to trial. Some perfunctory arrests were made, and there was a show of inquiry. The examining magistrate did his duty, but the police proved unable to furnish any evidence on which to base a prosecution. The gravest suspicion rested on two railway servants, Carollo and Garufi, and they were, it would seem, imprisoned for nearly three years, while the "preliminary inquiry" dragged on. But no proofs were forth-coming, both the police and the carabineers thinking rather more of the Mafia than of justice. The two men were accordingly released. Eighteen months afterwards some fresh evidence was discovered against them, and they were rearrested. With them one Giuseppe Fontana was indicted as the actual murderer of Notarbartolo. Fontana was the head of the Mafia in a village near Palermo. He seems to have been employed as a bravo by a well-known Sicilian nobleman, and also to have been under the financial protection of Palizzolo. A second inquiry was opened, with the result that the two railway servants were committed for trial at the Milan assizes in 1899, while Fontana was released for "lack of sufficient proof." The case against him, it is now known, had been intrusted to a police inspector who was in league with the Mafia and an ally of Palizzolo's. The central government, in obedience to pressure, showed that a too active inquiry was not to its taste. Palizzolo's name had been mentioned in connection with the case, but he was neither summoned nor questioned. An indiscreet magistrate who took steps in that direction found himself suddenly transferred to Piedmont. Palizzolo himself was publicly decorated with the highest order it was in the power of the government to bestow. With such backing all seemed safe.

But a new turn was given to the proceedings at Milan when Lieutenant Notarbartolo, the son of the murdered man, rose to address the court. He had practically turned his back on the navy, and given up his life to the task of hunting down his father's murderers. Before a spellbound court he unfolded an indictment based on the most minute and patient research, calm and even unimpassioned in tone, scrupulously attentive to fact, and of such cumulative strength that when he denounced Fontana as the chief executor and Palizzolo as the inspirer of the crime, he filled all Italy with a determination to see justice done. Palizzolo and Fontana were at once arrested, and, after eighteen months' investigation, committed for trial at the Bologna assizes. The trial began last October, and is now drawing to its close. The government for once has turned openly against the Mafia, mainly, one suspects, because public opinion forced it to. The trial, if less sensational than the one at Milan, has been not less interesting to the onlooker. The witnesses have been almost entirely Sicilians, gifted with the Sicilian subtlety and possessed by the Sicilian terror of the omnipotent and invisible hand of the Mafia. In the worst days of Parnell's rule in Ireland the Land League had just such an effect. Its very name seemed to burn the tongue of the Irish witnesses who were dragged to London to testify before the Parnell Commission. They spoke, as it were, with the sense of a dagger significantly pricking them in the neck; they cowered as beneath an unseen lash; and an unguarded statement, damaging to the League, or even merely admitting that such an organization existed, would send them into literal paroxysms of physical and mental fear. Psychologically, that has been the surpassing interest of this Mafia trial—to watch the action of a supreme terror on somewhat primitive minds. Palizzolo of course entered a flat denial of everything; denied that he ever profited by the management of the bank, denied that he knew Fontana, denied that he had any connection with the Mafia. His verbose eloquence and highly declamatory style, combined with an ultra-Italian profligacy of gesture and a quite incurable lack of straightforwardness, convinced nobody. And yet the expectation is general that he will be acquitted. If so, it will be because the Mafia is known to be behind him.

What is the Mafia? It is an organization of malefactors, with a fixed code of rules and a recognized body of officers, like the Tammany Hall of Fernando Wood's day? Is it a secret society of the kind that flourishes in China, the Philippines, and among the Malays? Is it a loose freemasonry such as binds the anarchists of all countries together in sympathies, if not in form? Is it a political league like the Clan-na-Gael? Or is it rather to be described as "a state of mind"—the product of history, race, and disastrous social economic conditions—like that which condones lynching in the South, and in Corsica has produced the scourge of the Vendetta? This last definition, vague as it is, seems to be the most accurate. It is the only one that covers at all adequately the results of many Italian investigations into the growth and influence of this mysterious power. Professor Alongi, Barons Franchetti and Sydney Sonnino, who have made profound studies of the Mafia on the spot, agree in declaring it to be neither an organization nor a secret society in the ordinary sense of the terms, but a "product of social instinct," "a species of subjective and impersonal force which circumstances have made inherent in the Sicilian life and character."

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But what are these "circumstances"? The answer can only be looked for in the past. Sicily is poor—except for some of the outlying districts of European Russia, perhaps the poorest portion of the Old World. It has passed through what is probably the very worst historical development on record. If ever one could palliate crime as being the daughter of fate, it is in Sicily. Centuries of Bourbon repression, of brutal despotism and grinding poverty, have borne their inevitable fruit in a loss of all respect for law, of all sense that the state exists for the people, of all idea of an impartial and impersonal justice between man and man. And when once the idea of official justice is disembodied, there always ensues a speedy recourse to the action of private revenge. Acting on the vehement, secretive, stealthy, and revengeful spirit of the Sicilians—to whom the Saracen, the Greek, the Spaniard, and the Norman have contributed some of their virtues and all their defects—this notion that the individual alone is the final arbiter of right and wrong has made each man an Ishmael among his fellows and spread throughout the island the essential spirit of anarchy.

This, it is now pretty well agreed, is the true origin of the Mafia. It rose as a secret means of protection against the extortions and oppression of the Bourbon police. It is now "a state of social immorality," penetrated with the mediæval sentiment that the individual is the proper person to arrange everything that concerns him, without the intervention of the authorities or the laws. The Mafioso is a Sicilianized Boer to whom craft and duplicity are natural and praiseworthy, who recognizes no law but his own interests, and regards himself as the dispenser of justice in all matters that touch himself and his dealings with his neighbors. The belief in honesty either as a duty or policy of life has been crushed out of him during long years of servitude to a galling and ferocious tyranny. To do that which seems good in his own eyes and to prevent by fair means or foul any interference with his plans on the part of the authorities are the prime instincts of the Sicilian. "The gallows are for the poor, the law for the weak man," says one of their pungent proverbs. It is the universality of this peculiar moral code that baffles and turns to futility the most persevering efforts of official justice. A Mafioso who has robbed or cheated or even killed his neighbor finds the family of his victim the first to protect him from the power of the law—for the simple reason that the neighbor is a Mafioso himself, and prefers private to public revenge. In the latest of the many books that have been written on the Mafia, the working of this characteristic is shown in more than one incident. A man who was shot was asked by the police to give the name of his assailant. All the reply he would make was, "Gesù Cristo." When he recovered, the man who had attempted to murder him was in his turn shot down from behind a hedge. There was the even more significant case of a Sicilian woman whom no threats or entreaties or workings on her emotions could induce to reveal to the authorities the name of the man who had killed her eldest son. Instead of that she confided it to a younger son, who at once avenged his brother's death by shooting the murderer. And even when the act of vengeance was completed, nothing could prevail on her or on her surviving son to admit that the man he had shot was the same man who had killed the elder brother. In that sense, but in that sense only, the Mafia is a conspiracy.

Just as it was women who inspired some of the most atrocious deeds of the French Revolution and the Commune, so the Sicilian women of the lower orders are mainly responsible for the continuance of the Mafia spirit. The qualities they most admire in men are recklessness, daring, and the capacity for successful cunning. The Sicilian woman of the peasant and working classes is herself one of the most curious studies in national psychology. Half-animal in her passions, with unlimited pride in her person, position, and name, illiterate and proud of being so, the prey of pagan superstitions, and in the country districts regarded as little better than a beast of burden, she has turned upside down all the accepted notions of honor and morality. The lessons she seeks to implant in her children's minds are that lying and bad faith are honorable practices, that physical force and moral cunning are the foundation of success in life, and that straightforwardness, pity, and fair dealing are the only vices. Brought up on such a system, and taught from infancy never under any circumstances to betray to outsiders what may be said or done in the family circle, the Sicilian steps into the world a fully formed Mafioso, believing with all his might that every man's hand must be against him and his hand against every man. As he rises to influence and wins respect among his fellows by his skill in defeating officialdom, he gradually gathers to himself the powers of a Tammany boss, takes toll of all industries, blackmails business men, and is able to run the local elections as he pleases. Although the Mafia has no central authority, no government, and no laws, yet the groups of Mafiosi, who are to be found in every town and village under local chiefs, are more or less connected with one another in sympathies and common formulæ of action, if not by open bonds.

The Mafia works all the more effectively for being loosely organized or not organized at all. Perhaps no sphere of social or public life is altogether free from its contamination. "The strength of the Mafia," it has been truly said, "lies in the fact that it penetrates into every sphere of social life in Sicily, from the peasant working in the fields to the government official in his bureau, from the criminal in the dock to the magistrate on the bench." It is an infinitely multiplied Tammany, with its tentacles on every man, every business, every profession in the island. By its mutual confederacy, its many-linked chain of human connection, its secrecy, the violation of which is punished by death, it can strike home with unerring aim and with almost perfect impunity. Not that it deals extensively in murder. In case of necessity, it would not for one moment shrink from it, but petty blackmailing, "on the suavest and most courteous lines," is its stock in trade. Perhaps the worst feature of this extraordinary phenomenon is its connection with the richer classes and the government. A powerful Mafioso soon finds himself courted and subsidized by rising politicians, who only ask that the instruments they employ shall be effective. There is an *alta* Mafia as well as a *bassa* Mafia, and no one doubts that many a man has been made away with, as Signor Notarbartolo was, at the instigation of some highly placed politician, sheltering himself behind the inviolate secrecy that forbids one Mafioso to betray another. The Palizzolo trial has shown, too, that governments have found the Mafia too useful as an electioneering agent to be willing to proceed against it as they should. Minister after minister sheltered Palizzolo to the very utmost of his power, removed too inquisitive magistrates, suppressed the evidence, did all they could to hush the matter up. So long as Sicilian education and Sicilian labor continue in their present condition, so long as Rome remains only half in earnest, so long will the Mafia endure.

In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

I.

How We Discovered Our Farm

BEEBY and Buzzer awoke shortly before five o'clock this morning. Beeby yawned, and called sleepily from her little room:

"Farver! Please make the birdies stop singing—dey 'terrupt myme nap."

There was a moment's silence; and then from Buzzer's room opposite came a snort typifying masculine superiority—little Beeby was four; her big brother was "half past five," as he was wont to remark vainGloriously.

"Huh!" said Buzzer. "*I* don't want to sleep now. I'm going to get right up, I am. We're not poor city people any more; we're farmers,—aren't we, Mother?"

"Mmmm," assented Ethel, from her twin bed alongside mine. Then she whispered:

"Arthur, don't you *dare* to stir. Maybe" (in hopeful tones) "he'll go off again."

There was a patter on the matting, and Buzzer came racing out of his room into ours, his golden hair blowing fluffily around his pink face, and his hazel eyes shining with anticipation. He hurled himself upon his mother, demanding excitedly,

"What's that you were saying?"

"Nothing—nothing for you. Oh dear, I *wish* you'd go back to bed and let me sleep."

"Can't," said Buzzer, exultingly; "I'm a farmer now!"

"'Sh-sh-sh!" Ethel said, beseechingly,—"you'll waken sister!"

"Oh, she's awake long ago,—aren't you, Beeby?" he called.

For response a tiny figure clad in flannel night-drawers appeared in the doorway; two white little feet advanced toward my bed, and two blue eyes winked rapidly in an endeavor to chase away the Sand Man.

"Yep," she responded; and crept under the covers of my bed, and snuggled up close. After a brief moment of precious quiet, she remarked, reprovingly:

"Farver, p'ease stop breavin'. It wakes me up."

Buzzer laughed until he shouted.

"Oh my! Sister; that's funny! If Fother stops breavin' he goes a deader, and then we all bury him down deep, and plant flowers on top—an', say! Mother, will you give me Fother's shiny hat to play in when he's dead?"

Before Ethel could reply, Beeby set up a wail so close to my ears that I put a hand over her mouth.

"Don't wa-ant Farver to be a deader!" she moaned. "Pe-ease, Farver, don't deader you'se'f!"

"No, no, I won't, baby girl. Of course I won't; there, there. And you, young man," I added, with some severity, turning to our eldest, "don't you say such things to frighten your sister. You tumble out of Mother's bed now, and get dressed."

Buzzer obeyed literally. I think he might achieve military renown if he should go into the regular service later on. He tumbled without an instant's hesitation; then, picking himself up, hopped into his own room, holding one foot in the air. After carefully inspecting the injured member from all sides, excepting the inside, and wiggling each toe separately to be sure it had not been broken off, he proceeded to dress, and, incidentally, directed a rapid fire of questions so skilfully that the barrier of our drowsiness was battered down.

"Fother!" he demanded. "Is the cow downstairs?"

"No," I replied. "We haven't any cow—yet, I mean."

"Huh!" said Buzzer, without meaning disrespect. "Don't see how we can be farm-

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ers 'ithout cows. Might's well stayed in the city."

"I'm doin' to have some chickbiddies, anyhow," Beeby replied, sliding down to the floor and trotting off for her clothes.

"*I* don't want shickens," her brother declared, loftily. "All I want is a dog an' two guns—no, a gun and two dogs—an' a baby camel to ride to school on. Fother, please get right up an' buy me my baby camel."

I got up.

"Farver, does baby camels bite frociously?" Beeby called from her room.

"Not very 'frociously,' I guess," Ethel answered for me, and turning, continued: "Now, Arthur, I'm pretty nearly ready, and I'll just run down stairs and see that Nora is getting along with the breakfast. She's new to our ways, you see, and may need a little looking after. If the children want any help, you can tie Buzzer's shoestrings, and button Beeby's dress at the back."

Then I was left alone, and for a moment wondered whether it were a wise move, after all, to cut loose from our home in town, and come out to this old-fashioned farm-house in search of rest and quiet and fresh air. To be sure, the doctor said I had to give up my work for several months—possibly for a year—or run the risk of breaking down. Later I ascertained that he had told Ethel I had already broken; but he and she made as their strongest argument the fact that our children needed a decided change from city life. The doctor said a year on a farm would build them up with strength to last a lifetime, and Ethel confessed that she was on the verge of nervous prostration, superinduced—I think that was the term she used—by excessive indulgence in the latter-day mania of women's clubs. She couldn't get away from them, she averred, so long as she lived in town; and she would die there anyhow. Of course I objected, but to little purpose. She wanted me to go house-hunting with her, but I declined to be a party to any such risk, and she started off alone, one Saturday morning. She went to the Grand Central Station with about as much idea of where she was going as has a hen with its head cut off, but before she had fairly got inside the doors she saw a sweet-faced elderly woman, with pink cheeks and bright blue eyes and white hair, leading two little girls, who were as fat and rosy and hearty as one could imagine. Ethel swept them with a glance, and then approached them, saying:

"I beg your pardon, but I am looking for a house in the country where my little children can grow just as strong and well as these fine-looking girls. Do you know of any place?"

The old lady smiled, and the little girls giggled. Finally one of them whispered:

"Grandma! Let her live in your house."

"Well, I dun'no'," she replied, without a trace of surprise, calmly surveying Ethel. "Your husband living?" she inquired. My wife nodded, and the other continued:

"I live with my daughter now, next to our home—my husband went to rest a few months back—and the old house 'ain't got anybody in it. Come up and see it."

Ethel went. There was an hour's ride in the train, disembarkation at a funny little railway station which had not felt paint-brush since the civil war, a two-mile drive behind powerful, leisurely farm horses, and arrival at a quaint old house, painted white. It stood well back from the road, surrounded by trees, and the yard was guarded by a tall hedge. Ethel looked just once at the funny stoop in front of the heavy, panelled door, at the young foliage in all its tender green, at the pines and apple-trees. Then she remarked:

"I'll rent it for a year. What's the price?"

"Better go in and look it over," suggested Mrs. Goodman. "My daughter Sally 'll be over in a minnit from her house, and her husband, Jim, here, they'll be glad to show it to you."

"Indeed we will," said Jim, cordially, from the front seat of the wagon. "If you get out here, Mis'—"

"Mrs. Lathrop," Ethel said.

"Well, if you get out here I'll take mother and the children over yonder, and be back with my wife soon's I can tie the horses."

When Ethel reached home that evening it was nearly eight o'clock.

"Well?" I inquired as we entered the dining-room.

"Oh, I don't want anything to eat—had the most charming little supper out there, and I've taken the place for a year. House, barn, two ice-houses, workshop, smoke-house, farmer's cottage, well, seven acres of garden, two orchards, apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, blackberries, currants—"

"Good heavens, Ethel!" I cried. "Don't you know we've got to economize this year, when I'm out of business, down to the last cent?" The cold perspiration stood out on my brow, but she continued, cheerfully:

"Yes, I know. And there's a corn-crib and a hen-house, and a wagon-shed, and oh, my! I nearly forgot the peaches and cherries and raspberries, and the frog-pond, and wild strawberries!"

I leaned my elbows on the table and groaned.

"What do you think the rent of the whole place is?" she inquired.

"House of twelve rooms, you said? And twenty acres of richness? Oh, about fifteen hundred dollars."

"Wrong," she corrected. "Two hundred and forty."

"A month!"

"No, you dear old stupid; a year. Just think of it! Only twenty a month."

I did think of it, and a load slid off what remained of my mind.

"Fresh air! Sunshine!" she laughed, clapping her hands like a youngster. "Our own fruits and vegetables! A cow, a horse, flowers, no mosquitoes or malaria! Oh, Arthur! You must go out there with me to-morrow and see it."

Before my dinner was finished the dear girl's enthusiasm had proved too contagious for resistance, and we went into the library, where we talked of the new home and its possibilities. Finally, when the clock chimed eleven, Ethel started from her chair, exclaiming:

"Dear me! It's time we were abed, or you'll be too tired to go out to-morrow. I do hope it won't rain."

She went to a window and opened it, and looked out. The stars were sparkling in a cloudless sky, and from the cross-street, just above, floated a rumble of wheels and the sound of horses' hoofs, and a murmur of voices, the whole punctuated sharply by the almost incessant clanging of gongs on trolley-cars.

"Thank goodness, we'll get away from all *that* noise," she said, and I returned her smile of joyful anticipation.

"What shall we call the new place?" she inquired, as she turned to take a last look at the children.

"Barefoot Manor," I ventured, thinking of the youngsters.

"Nonsense," she said. "It's silly; besides, there isn't any manor—just an old farm-house. We can call it Hilltop."

"Ordinary, but good enough for the time being," I commented.

And this is how we come to be living up here among singing birds and chattering squirrels and dancing young leaves. We moved in formally yesterday afternoon, although our household gods have been here for nearly a week. We have spent the time in arranging the furniture and getting all in readiness, boarding meanwhile with Mrs. Goodman's daughter, Sally Pagent, whose husband, James—a fine young farmer of five-and-thirty—has helped us in a thousand ways. I intended to write of the way we were kept awake by the mice last night, for the frisky little creatures held high carnival in the old walls and along the massive rafters above. But Buzzer is calling from downstairs that he has found a stable for the baby camel—thinks he can keep it in the corn-crib; and Beeby—bless her heart!—is chasing a young robin along the hedge, and Ethel says that I must hasten to breakfast.

I don't understand just why I should hasten, for Nora has taken her time about preparing the meal. More than an hour has passed since the children went down stairs, while I have remained at Ethel's desk, jotting this down in my journal. For, coming out here from the rush of the city, I have determined to avail myself of the highest form of luxury in which man can indulge his idleness—the keeping of a journal, regularly or occasionally, as the moods change. That is to say— Excuse me, Ethel is calling up the stairs in a whisper:

"*Do* come, Arthur! Nora is looking a little impatient."

There is a suggestion of tremor in Ethel's voice. I go.

To be Continued.

The Poet "Anon"

By C. B. De Camp

JOHN P. HOUGH owned the chair-factory, and devoted his life to the promotion of its prosperity. He was fifty-five years old, square-headed and firm of lip, and esteemed as one of the most successful citizens of Dorhampton. He had begun life on a farm, saved money until he had sufficient to begin a small business of chair-mending, and from the first he had prospered. In addition to the chair-factory he possessed a half-interest in the opera-house, and was one of the chief shareholders in the Dorhampton street railroad. The name of John P. Hough was synonymous with success. He was a man who had made himself what he was legitimately, before the eyes of his fellow-townsmen; his attainment was in a measure the town's attainment. He was respected, admired.

He lived in a large white house with a cupola, and every week-day morning he walked to the chair-factory, situated on the edge of Dorhampton, and walked home at noon to his dinner. He had a wife and one child, a son, twenty-two years old, named Herbert, whom he had sent to the best college that his son knew of. Mrs. Hough was a large woman with a plain, florid face. She would have been singled out by a stranger from among the women of Dorhampton as the wife of John P. Hough.

On Sundays Mr. Hough attended church with his wife, and after a hearty dinner, if the weather was fine, he walked out alone into the country, oftenest in the direction of Kramer's woods, a considerable tract of timber two miles from town. He looked about him as he walked: at the trees, at the sky, at the wide meadows over which cloud shadows swept. Once he stopped to watch a calf frisking about its mother. Again he paused to listen to the chirp of a bird on the telegraph wire. He stood with his head on one side, his large hands hidden in the pockets of his smooth gray overcoat. Reaching the woods, he proceeded slowly, stopping often, and sometimes seating himself on a log. He followed the flicker of a red squirrel's tail; stooped over a pale forest flower;

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stroked a cushion of delicate moss at the base of a decaying stump.

On one occasion a tree, recently fallen, engrossed his attention for a long time. He observed the withering leaves, some of them brown and brittle, others with a green patch of persisting life at their base. He followed the far sweep of the branches, and surveyed the screen of roots higher than his hat. Finally he seated himself on a short stump near by and took from his pocket some sheets of note-paper. He held a pencil tightly near the lead, and put it frequently to his lips. Then, recrossing his legs, he wrote, on the uncertain support of his knee:

Alas, you have fallen, O king
Of the forest! No longer will ring
The song of the birds in your branches.

He ceased writing for a time and compressed his lips. He scratched out "branches" and wrote over it "leaves." Then he proceeded:

The winter's cold storm when it heaves
Through the forest will miss your strong might
That resisted it all through the night.
Through many a gale you have stood,
Proud monarch of all in the wood,
But at last the buffet of Fate
Has brought you to this fallen state.

He read over what he had written, and resumed his contemplation of the uprooted tree. Then he put the paper and pencil in his pocket and walked home, his chin sunk on his cravat.

In the evening, after his wife and gone up stairs to bed, he spread out the note-paper under the sitting-room lamp and wrote, with occasional erasures:

So man, who has riches and might,
Believes himself strong for the fight.
He has weathered the gales of life
And expects to last all through the strife.
But, alas, the time comes when he, too,
Will find that his triumph is through.
And he, of whom people have thought
There was no one so powerfully wrought,
Will be swept from his place by a breath,
The breath that we mortals call Death.

He copied the lines on a sheet of foolscap, writing in a tall, back-slanting hand, quite different from the short, square characters on the note-paper. In making the copy he used a pen with a porcelain handle, which he dipped in an ink-bottle covered with red leather. He had taken these from behind a clock on the mantel. At the top of the sheet he wrote, "On a Fallen Tree," and at the bottom, beneath the last line, to the right, the word "Anon." He placed the paper in an envelope, which he addressed in the same tall back-hand to the editor of the Dorhampton *Bugle Call*.

Some time in the week following the lines "On a Fallen Tree" appeared on the editorial page of the *Bugle Call*. Mr. Hough bought two copies of the paper that day, putting one of them in the inside pocket of his coat. When alone that evening he cut out the verses with the scissors from his wife's work-basket, and slipped them into an old wallet which contained many other clippings of verse signed "Anon."

Once the *Bugle Call* directed attention editorially to these anonymous contributions. It asked, "Who is our poet?" But the answer was not forth-coming. There was considerable interest in the question, and the unknown author was sometimes referred to as the "sweet singer Anon." Several of the Dorhampton women of known literary bent were suspected of having written the poems, but they disavowed the authorship of them. The contributions to the *Bugle Call* increased in number.

Herbert Hough brought a college friend with him when he returned home for the mid-year vacation. Mr. Hough rarely took his eyes off Herbert. He noted the careless way his son threw a leg over the arm of a chair; the independent manner in which he thrust his hands into his pockets when standing before the fire. He listened to debates between Herbert and his friend concerning the value of certain studies, and his firm lips parted and his tight jaw dropped. Whenever Herbert said "Political Economy" or "Renaissance," his father would curve the toe of his boot upward and his face would express profound attention. Herbert and his friend talked a great deal about literature in an esoteric way, praising and damning the life-work of authors whose very name the elder Hough had never heard mentioned. Upon Herbert remarking that a certain classic writer "made him tired," his father said, "I should think they'd know better than to teach you about him."

One evening, shortly after the young men had arrived, Mr. Hough, on returning from the chair-factory, tossed a copy of the *Bugle Call* on the sitting-room table. It was folded with the editorial page outward. After supper, when they were seated about the table, he regarded the newspaper both expectantly and uneasily. He also watched his son. Herbert was moving around the room restlessly, hands in pockets. At length he approached the table and picked up the paper mechanically.

"Now, Steve," he said to his friend, "if you are good I'll read you some moving journalism. This Dorhampton paper is really better than a comic weekly." He glanced over the editorial page until his attention was suddenly arrested. He read for a moment, and then burst into a shout of laughter.

"Oh dear!" he gasped. "This is better than I expected. Now listen to it. This is printed not as a joke, but seriously." He began to read:

"Little bird, little bird, are you cold,
Up there on the telegraph wire?
While I am wrapped up in an overcoat
And have a warm fire?"

The reading was interrupted by an explosion of laughter from Herbert's friend.

"Do you wonder why I wear a hat,
While you have naught on your head?
Are you thinking that when the night comes
You are homeless, but I have a bed?

"Or is it perhaps for a mate
That you twitter so softly and sweet?
Cheer up, little bird, the Spring's coming,
When birdies with lovers will meet.

"This," said Herbert, in a choking voice, "is called, 'What Say, Little Bird?' and it is signed 'Anon.' Well, I should hope so." He threw the paper to his friend, and lay helpless from laughter in a chair.

"Oh, say, dad," he cried, when he could regain his voice, "you ought to get out an injunction against that sort of thing. That's criminal."

Mr. Hough was sitting in the shadow beyond the circle of lamp-light, one big hand smoothing his leg.

"Don't you think—don't you think it is good?" he asked.

"Oh, dad—" Herbert was at a loss for words. "Well, it's natural that you shouldn't see it the way we do, because you have never bothered your head about poetry and that sort of thing. But this stuff is so rotten that it's good. That's about the size of it."

Herbert took the paper from the table and cut out the poem with his penknife. "I am going to make a great hit with this when we go back," he said.

An hour or so later the young men left the house. Mr. Hough sat long in the shadow, his hands on his knees.

"Are you coming up stairs, John?" called his wife from above.

"After a bit, mother."

He opened a small safe in the corner of the room, and took from it the wallet. It was almost filled with clippings from the columns of the *Bugle Call*. He pulled the clippings out, and without examining them thrust them into the dying coals of the grate fire. The paper turned black slowly, and a spiral of smoke rose from it. He knelt on the fender and blew the blackening paper into flame, and as he blew a tear rolled down to the corner of his lips.

Books and Authors

When George Eliot was still Miss Evans, and before she had begun to write novels, she used to frequent an old book-shop on the Strand, where she left a very unfavorable impression on one young man who was at that time an assistant in John Chapman's shop. His description of her is that of a remarkably ugly young woman of universal knowledge, whose delight it was to use the Socratic method in conversation, but without the Socratic benevolence of intention. The result was that the young men at the dining-table (the shop had a boarding-house for its employees and guests) who heedlessly hazarded an opinion were very soon made to feel not only that they knew nothing of the subject under discussion, but that they knew very little indeed of anything. Now a young man does not relish being badgered and made a fool of by a pretty woman, but it is intolerable to be sat upon by an ugly one, at least such was the feeling of our informant, and one consequence of this treatment was that in after-years, when Miss Evans had become George Eliot, one man could never persuade himself to read *Adam Bede*, or to admit that the author was other than a very intolerant person and an intolerable intellectual prig. Which, after all, is a sad commentary on human nature.

In view of much recent criticism and biographical comment on George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant, and the continued popularity of Rhoda Broughton (in England at least), it is interesting to recall the fact that five-and-twenty years ago, when George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant were still alive, and when they, with Rhoda Broughton, were still in the heyday of popularity, Mr. Swinburne penned an exuberantly eloquent and passionately enthusiastic eulogy of Charlotte Brontë, in which he predicted that the author of *Jane Eyre* would be read by a discerning public with enjoyment and delight when *Daniel Deronda* had gone the way of all wax-work, when Miss Broughton no longer came up as a flower, and Mrs. Oliphant had been cut down like the grass. Mrs. Oliphant has long succumbed, alas! to the poet's prophecy, but Miss Broughton still flourishes like the green bay-tree, as may be seen from a cursory inspection of the English magazines, and a reference to Mudie's; and George Eliot, though less widely read to-day, still holds her own, and surely has the advantage of Charlotte Brontë. But who would judge George Eliot's fame by *Daniel Deronda* any more than they would apply the last test to Charlotte Brontë's place in public favor by *The Professor*, or George Meredith's by *The Tragic Comedians*, or George W. Cable's by *John March, Southerner*? Nevertheless, a quarter of a century has proved that few great writers of fiction, if any, had more natural genius, if she had less culture, than the author of *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*. Charlotte Brontë's style at its best is scarce-

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ly to be surpassed in the English prose of the last century, and to her, as to very few novelists of her time, can the quality of inspiration be attributed in its fullest force.

In the case for George Eliot it must also be borne in mind that, whereas Charlotte Brontë, beloved of the gods, died young, the creator of Adam Bede lived to be sixty, and that when Daniel Deronda was hung over the rag-shop door, as Swinburne puts it, she had survived the freshness of her imagination. In an appreciation of Mr. Leslie Stephen's *George Eliot*, that able critic Mr. Herbert Paul says the right thing, and says it well, when he marks George Eliot's climax with *Middlemarch* and not *Daniel Deronda:* "*Middlemarch* is her *Vanity Fair*, her *David Copperfield*, her *Heart of Midlothian*. *Adam Bede* may be more amusing, *The Mill on the Floss* may be more pathetic, *Silas Marner* may be more poetical. But *Middlemarch* is George Eliot herself, with her large, grave, earnest, tolerant view of human nature and life. It is pervaded by the melancholy of a reverent, regretful scepticism which surrenders with reluctance a store of cherished beliefs. It is impressed with the value of a scientific education and the futility of mere antiquarianism. It brings out more than any ostensibly political novel that I know the rooted and ingrained conservatism of the English character. . . . No other English novelist has drawn with more consummate skill the mastery which may be achieved by the weak over the strong if the strong be of Samson's sex and the weak of Delilah's. . . . Since *Tom Jones*, 'that faithful picture of life and manners,' there has been no English novel painted, so to speak, on large canvas with a broader brush than *Middlemarch*." These are the words of an enthusiast and a literary magician; they are also words of conviction, judicial, and freighted with discernment. They are quoted here in the hope that they will send many readers back to the author of *Middlemarch*, and to *Middlemarch* itself.

Finance

A PHILOSOPHICAL attitude is always desirable. It is the rarest thing in the financial district. Possibly money-making is like love-making, which, according to authorities, is distinctly unphilosophical. Wall Street, these dull summer days, indulges in much grumbling, because the course of speculation precludes profitable "trading." The apathy of the securities-markets is profound; so also is the disgust of the average speculator, professional or layman. Yet it would seem to the impartial observer that the next best thing to making money is not to lose any. Certainly there is no money being lost in Wall Street at the moment. The bulls show no profits; neither do the bears. Both grumble. They have no losses to bewail. But the cheerful philosophy of the "might be worse" appeals to neither.

It must be confessed that these remarks apply to the habitués of the great game, the professional "traders," which is Wall Street's euphemism for stock-gamblers. The great captains of finance, presumably, are calmly resting during the season of normal dulness, or busily perfecting their plans and schemes to be carried out at the proper time. To them the philosophical attitude is not a luxury; it is absolutely a necessity. The other great financial force, the public, is doing other things than worrying about the dulness of the stock-market. But the inveterate "trader," be he a member of the New York Stock Exchange or a customer of the average commission brokerage house, grumbles at the indeterminate tendency of security values which keeps him from making money in the most insidious form of gambling known to modern society. Curiously enough, it is this very discontent which is one of the greatest sources of loss in stock-speculation. There is a large class of speculators who find inactivity irksome. To what extent unsatisfied greed enters into the disgust of some and the unassuaged thirst of pure gaming into that of others must depend, like so many other things in life, upon the temperament of each individual. Were they content to speculate only when basic conditions are clearly defined, they would make money often enough. But the making of three or four profitable market "turns" a year, although these turns may show far handsomer returns on the capital invested than could have been had in mercantile operations, does not satisfy them. The great number of commission-houses, whose "running expenses" are enormous, testify to the widespread desire to speculate in and out of season. The general public, the "rank outsiders," as it were, do not, of course, come under the category of inveterate traders. Their incursions into the pastures of Wall Street depend upon various circumstances. To be sure, the lambs almost invariably lose, but their losses are due to easily ascertainable causes rather than to the desire of uninterrupted gambling.

Just now the public are not speculating, and consequently are not losing money. They are not grumbling. Those that have invested the surplus profits of their legitimate business or occupations in stocks and bonds see nothing in the situation to disturb their confidence in the country's prosperity. Possibly they lack the imaginative clairvoyance of the more nervous chronic speculator, whose entire business existence consists of a feverish desire to "discount" events and conditions, favorable or the reverse. The lamb is not impatient until he begins to speculate. Then he will find the lull in the money-making process as irksome as the other. But he loses his money not because he insists upon speculating out of season, but because of a variety of reasons. Obviously the one great source of loss in speculation in stocks, as in everything else, is ignorance. Men will buy stocks of which they know absolutely nothing. Only a lunatic would dream of buying a house for $10,000 located he knows not in what street, in a section which he has never visited, having not the slightest inkling of the "run" of rents in the neighborhood. But sane men will buy hundreds of shares of the stock of a company of whose business, profits, or prospects they have not the faintest notion. They will accept as dogmas financial statements and displays of statistics, which they cannot verify or are unable to analyze, going on the theory that figures never lie, though they must have heard that liars sometimes figure. It is not to be expected that every man should be an expert railroad accountant, but there are many and easy ways of reducing, at least, the ignorance regarding the affairs of companies in the stocks of which it is desired to invest, either permanently or temporarily.

The second source of unprofitable stock-market ventures is over-trading. There appears to be a widespread belief that speculating on margin is of itself fatally dangerous. It is all a matter of degree. There is nothing inherently imprudent in trading on a margin, provided the margin is safe. All business is, in a way, conducted on "margin." The merchant borrows money from his bank and does business. The speculator does the same. But he would be a foolish merchant who would borrow overmuch. So, too, is the lightly margined stock-speculator. It has been estimated, though the accuracy of the figures is not vouched for, that ninety-five per cent. of the business enterprises entered into result in failure. This sounds exaggerated, but it is certain that the disproportion of failures to successes is appalling. And of the failures, the overwhelming cause is insufficient capital. This holds good of the average lamb in Wall Street. It should be borne in mind when the excitement of the game tempts one to lose common business prudence.

The dulness in the securities-markets has continued because underlying conditions have undergone no important modification. Trade reports continue highly gratifying, considering the season of the year. The coal-miners' strike has dragged along, but it is the conviction of competent observers that the end cannot be far off. The losses sustained by the coal mining and carrying companies must necessarily be considerable, just as the miners themselves and the tradesmen in the coal regions must have suffered from the enforced idleness of many weeks. But that it has affected the entire community, or that it has checked in the slightest the general current of national prosperity, cannot be admitted even by the most pessimistic. On the other hand, the famous "barometer of trade," the condition of the iron and steel industry, shows how substantial a basis there is for the reports of the country's remarkable prosperity. The United States Steel Corporation has just issued its statement of earnings for the first half of this year. In the six months, June being estimated, the company earned net, after deducting each month the expenditures for ordinary repairs, renewals, and maintenance of plants, also interest on bonds and fixed charges of the subsidiary companies, the truly astonishing sum of $64,407,153. After deducting $6,796,456 for sinking-fund on bonds of subsidiary companies and for depreciation and reserve funds, the balance of profits applicable for United States Steel Corporation securities was $57,610,697. After paying interest on its bonds, dividends on its shares, providing for the sinking-fund on its own bonds, etc., the company's undivided profits for the half-year applicable to increase "depreciation and reserve fund" accounts, new construction or surplus, amounted to $20,463,623. What is, however, particularly noteworthy is that the second quarter, ending June 30 last, showed the greatest net earnings in the history of the company, being $37,691,696. The company is therefore now earning net at the rate of somewhat more than twelve and a quarter millions per month. This is more than $400,000 per day, not gross, but net! These are figures which are difficult to grasp.

The agricultural situation has not improved. Unseasonably cool weather in some sections has retarded growth, while in others an excessive rainfall has worked undoubted damage. That the damage thus far done has been confined to certain localities has been lost sight of in the deluge of alarmist news printed by the daily press, emanating from Chicago, the world's great clearing-house of crop lies. The fact that a powerful clique of speculators has been operating heavily on the bull side of the grain-markets must not be forgotten when perusing the newspaper reports of agricultural disaster. At this writing the situation is improving, but sentiment will remain somewhat perturbed until the extent of the harm has been accurately measured. There is every reason to believe that there has been much exaggeration. In the case of corn this is certainly so. The "pyrotechnics" of July corn, the price of which crossed that of wheat, were due to the engineers of the corner, and lack other significance than the ability of the operators in question to work their own sweet will on the unfortunate shorts.

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Financial

The Corn Exchange Bank

WILLIAM AND BEAVER STS., NEW YORK

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THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

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Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
135 Fulton Avenue (Borough of Queens).
BROADWAY BRANCH,
Broadway and Spring Stre...
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
Norfolk and Grand Streets.
ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
393 West 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
7 East 42d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
153 West 125th Street.
HUDSON RIVER BRANCH,
72d Street and Columbus Avenue.
MECHANICS & TRADERS BANK OF BROOKLYN,
Franklin and Greenpoint Aves. (Borough of Brooklyn)
QUEENS COUNTY BRANCH,
Borden Ave. and Front St. (Borough of Queens).
UNIVERSITY BRANCH,
2902 Broadway.
UNION SQUARE BANK,
8 Union Square.

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DAVID BINGHAM, Grain.
THOMAS T. BARR, President of Nassau National Bank, Brooklyn.
M. B. FIELDING, Cotton.
HOWLAND DAVIS, Blake Bros. & Co.—Bankers.
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The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, - - - - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, - - - - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
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Financial

United States Mortgage & Trust Company

59 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING.

CAPITAL, $2,000,000. **SURPLUS, $3,000,000.**

STATEMENT OF CONDITION JUNE 30, 1902.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Stocks and Bonds	$6,017,533.35	Capital	$2,000,000.00
Mortgages	9,956,069.85	Surplus	3,000,000.00
Loans, Demand and Time	11,585,347.10	Undivided Profits	341,045.38
Bills Purchased	105,808.65	Deposits	17,675,313.89
Foreign Department	500,000.00	Certified Checks	102,081.99
Accrued Interest Receivable	235,338.53	Mortgage Trust Bonds	9,000,000.00
Cash on Hand and in Bank	3,840,748.54	Accrued Interest Payable	122,404.76
	$32,240,846.02		$32,240,846.02

A Dividend of 7% amounting to $140,000 has been declared and charged out of the profits of the past six months.

DIRECTORS:

SAMUEL D. BABCOCK, WM. H. BALDWIN, JR., FREDERICK O. BARTON, C. LEDYARD BLAIR, DUMONT CLARKE, C. C. CUYLER,
GEORGE W. YOUNG, President.
CHARLES D. DICKEY, WILLIAM P. DIXON, ROBERT A. GRANNISS, G. G. HAVEN, JR., CHARLES R. HENDERSON,
GUSTAV E. KISSEL, LUTHER KOUNTZE, WILLIAM B. LEEDS, CHARLTON T. LEWIS, RICHARD A. MCCURDY,
ROBERT OLYPHANT, CHARLES M. PRATT, MORTIMER L. SCHIFF, JAMES TIMPSON, EBEN B. THOMAS, CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY

OF NEW JERSEY

15, 17, 19 and 21 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

Capital and Surplus, - - - - - - $1,000,000

STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1902

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Stocks and Bonds	$702,850.02	Capital	$500,000.00
Mortgages	431,925.00	Surplus	500,000.00
Loans, Demand and Time	3,726,300.00	Undivided Profits	213,349.79
Bills Purchased	179,298.03	Reserve for Taxes	7,000.00
Banking House	710,923.28	Deposits	5,832,701.35
Furniture and Fixtures	7,493.53		
Accrued Interest	22,644.74		
Due from Banks	243,337.98		
Cash on hand and in bank	1,028,278.56		
	$7,053,051.14		$7,053,051.14

COMMENCED BUSINESS ON JANUARY SECOND, NINETEEN HUNDRED

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GEORGE W. YOUNG, Vice-President.
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OSCAR L. GUBELMAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

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JACOB J. DETWILLER, OSCAR L. GUBELMAN, JOHN W. HARDENBERGH, ROBERT M. JARVIS, WILLIAM B. JENKINS, C. H. KELSEY, GUSTAV E. KISSEL, HENRY LEMBECK,
JAMES A. MACDONALD, FRANK J. MATHEWS, ROBERT H. MCCURDY, ALLAN L. MCDERMOTT, JAMES G. MORGAN, N. THAYER ROBB, ROBERT S. ROSS, EDWIN A. STEVENS,
BENJAMIN L. STOWE, EBEN B. THOMAS, MYLES TIERNEY, AUGUSTUS H. VANDERPOEL, JOHN J. VOORHEES, GEORGE W. YOUNG, AUGUSTUS ZABRISKE.

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Financial

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204 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO — LINCOLN TRUST BLDG. ST. LOUIS — 30 COLEMAN ST. LONDON
CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKSELLS"

Financial

MANHATTAN TRUST CO.

WALL ST., cor. NASSAU, NEW YORK

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits
$2,500,000

OFFICERS

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JOHN KEAN, AMOS T. FRENCH, } - - Vice Presidents
W. N. DUANE, - - 3d Vice-President and Treasurer
F. DWIGHT, - - - - - Trust Officer
C. H. SMITH, - - - - Secretary
E. A. SKINNER, - - - - Ass't Secretary

DIRECTORS, 1902

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Financial

FIDELITY TRUST CO.

NEWARK, N. J.

Capital - - - $1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits } 3,492,649.20

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, - - - - Vice-President
THOMAS N. McCARTER, - { Gen'l Counsel and 2d Vice-President
JEROME TAYLOR, - - - - Trust Officer
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"Times are hard, but the heart is light, Airey"

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER III

IN DANES INN

SOME men maintained that it was not the quantity, nor the quality, nor the color of Peggy Ryle's hair that did the mischief, but simply and solely the way it grew. Perhaps (for the opinion of men in such matters is eminently and consciously fallible) it did not grow that way at all, but was arranged. The result to the eye was the same—a peculiar harmony between the waves of the hair, the turn of the neck, and the set of the head. So notable and individual a thing was this agreement that Arthur Kane and Miles Childwick, poet and critic, were substantially at one about it. Kane described it as "the artistry of accident," Childwick lauded its "meditated spontaneity."

She had been acquainted with Airey Newton for two years—almost since her first coming to London. Many an afternoon Peggy sat by one of the big windows in a dilapidated wicker arm-chair, watching the type-writing clerk visible through the corresponding big window opposite. Sometimes Airey talked, oftener he went on with his work as though she were not there; she liked this inattention as a change. But she was a little puzzled over that work of his. He had told her that he was an inventor. So far she was content, and when she saw him busy with models or working out sums she concluded that he was at his trade. It did not appear to be a good trade, for he was shabby, the room was shabbier, and (as has been mentioned) he did not, so far as her observation went, dine. But probably it kept him happy; she had always pictured inventors as blissful although poverty-stricken persons. The work-table, then, a big deal one which blocked the other window, was intelligible enough. The mystery lay in the small table on the right hand of the fireplace; under it stood a Chubb's safe, and on it reposed a large book covered in red leather, and fastened with a padlock. She had never seen either book or safe open, and when she had asked what was in them, Airey told her a little story about a Spartan who was carrying something under his cloak—a mode of retort which rather annoyed her. She inquired no more.

Peggy had just bought a new frock—and paid for it under some pressure—and a check had not come for ever so long; so she ate bread-and-butter steadily and happily, interrupting herself only to pour out more tea. At last Airey pushed away his papers and models, saying, "That's done, thank Heaven!" and got up to light his pipe. Peggy poured out a cup of tea for him, and he came across the room for it. He looked much as when he had met Trix Trevalla in Paris, but his hair was shorter and his beard trimmed close and cut to a point; these improvements were due to Peggy's reiterated entreaties.

"Well?" he asked, his eyes twinkling kindly.

"Times are hard, but the heart is light, Airey. I've been immortalized in a sonnet—"

"Dissected in an essay too?" he suggested, with ironical admiration.

"I don't recognize myself there. And I've had an offer—"

"Another?"

"Not that sort—an offer of a riding-horse. But I haven't got a habit."

"Nor a stable, perhaps?"

"No, nor a stable. I didn't think of that. And you, Airey?"

"Barring the horse and the sonnet and the essay, I'm much as you are, Peggy."

"I suppose you get some money for your things sometimes?" she asked. "I mean, when you invent a—a—well, say a corkscrew, they give you something?"

"Of course. I make my living that way." He smiled faintly at the involuntary glance from Peggy's eyes that played round the room. "Yesterday's again!" he exclaimed suddenly, taking up the loaf. "I told Mrs. Stryver I wouldn't have a yesterday's!" His tone was indignant; he seemed anxious to vindicate himself.

"It won't be to-morrow's, anyhow," laughed Peggy, regarding the remaining and much-diminished fragment in his hand. "It wasn't badly stale."

Airey took his pipe out of his mouth and spoke with the abruptness of a man who has just made up his mind to speak.

"Do you know a Mrs. Trevalla?" he asked.

"Oh yes; by sight very well."

"How does she strike you?"

"Well—certainly pretty; probably clever; perhaps— Is she a friend of yours?"

"I've known about her a long while, and met her once."

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"Once! Well, then, perhaps unscrupulous."

"Why do you think she's unscrupulous?"

"Why do you ask me about her?" retorted Peggy.

"She's written to me, proposing to come and see me."

"Have you asked her? I can't have you having a lot of visitors, you know. I come here for quiet."

Airey looked a little embarrassed. "Well, I did give her a sort of general invitation," he murmured, fingering his beard. "That is, I told her to come if—if she was in any difficulty." He turned an appealing glance towards Peggy's amused face. "Have you heard of her being in any difficulty?"

"No, but I should think it's not at all unlikely."

"Why?"

"Have you ever had two people in love with you at the same time?"

"Never, on my honor," said Airey, with sincerity.

"If you had, and if you were as pleasant as you could be to both of them, and kept them going by turns, and got all you could out of both of them, and kept on like that for about two months—"

"Oh, that's how the land lies, is it?"

"Don't you think it possible you might be in a difficulty some day?"

"But, good heavens! that's not the sort of thing to bring to me!"

"Apparently Mrs. Trevalla thinks differently," laughed Peggy. "At least I can't think of any other difficulty she's likely to be in."

Airey was obviously disturbed and displeased.

"If what you say is true," he observed, "she can't be a good sort of woman."

"I suppose not." Peggy's admission was reluctant.

"Who are the two men?"

"Lord Mervyn and Beaufort Chance."

"M.P.'s, aren't they?"

"Among other things, Airey. Well, you can't tell her not to come, can you? After that sort of general invitation, you know."

"I was an old friend of her husband's."

"Oh, you've nothing to apologize for. When does she want to come?"

"To-morrow. I say, oughtn't I to offer to go and call on her?"

"She'd think that very dull in comparison," Peggy assured him. "Let her come and sob out her trouble here."

"Women have an extraordinary gift for disliking one another on sight," mused Airey in an injured voice.

"You seem to have liked Mrs. Trevalla a good deal on sight."

"She looked so sad, so solitary, a mere girl in her widow's weeds." His tone grew compassionate, almost tender, as he recalled the forlorn figure which had timidly stolen into the dining-room of the Paris hotel.

"You'll find her a little bit changed perhaps," Peggy suggested, with a suppressed malice that found pleasure in anticipating his feelings.

"Oh, well, she must come anyhow, I suppose."

"Yes, let her come, Airey. It does these people good to see how the poor live."

Airey laughed, but not very heartily.

His eyes dwelt on her for a moment, and a very friendly expression filled them.

"Don't you get into any difficulties?" he said.

"There's never but one with me," she laughed; "and that doesn't hurt, Airey."

There was a loud and cheerful knock on the door.

"Visitors! When people come, how do you account for me?"

"I say nothing. I believe you're taken for my daughter."

The visitor proved to be nobody to whom Peggy needed to be accounted for; he was Tommy Trent, the smart, trim young man who had danced with her at Mrs. Bonfill's party.

"You here again!" he exclaimed, in tones of censure.

Peggy smiled, and Airey relit his pipe. Tommy walked across and looked at the *débris* of the loaf. He shook his head when Peggy offered him tea.

A sudden idea seemed to occur to him.

"I'm awfully glad to find you here," he remarked to her. "It saves me going up to your place, as I meant. I've got some people dining to-night, and one of them's failed. I wonder if you'd come? I know it's a bore coming again so soon, but—"

"I haven't been since Saturday."

"But it would get me out of a hole." He spoke in humble entreaty.

"I'd come directly, but I'm engaged."

Tommy looked at her sorrowfully and, it must be added, sceptically.

"Engaged to dinner and supper," averred Peggy with emphasis, as she pulled her hat straight and put on her gloves.

"You wouldn't even look in between the two and—and have an ice with us?"

"I really can't eat three meals in one evening, Tommy."

"Oh, chuck one of them. You might, for once!"

"Impossible! I'm dining with my oldest friend," smiled Peggy. "I simply can't." She turned to Airey, giving him her hand with a laugh.

Airey sat down by the fireplace after Peggy had gone. He seemed unhappy and rather ashamed. Tommy glanced at him with a puzzled look, shook his head, and then broke into a smile.

"I've brought the certificates along," he said. "Here they are. Two thousand. Just look at them. It's a good thing; and if you sit on it for a bit, it 'll pay for keeping." He laid the envelope on the small table by Airey's side, took up his hat, put it on, and lit a cigarette as he repeated, "Just see they're all right, old chap."

"They're sure to be right." Airey shifted uncomfortably in his chair and pulled at his empty pipe.

"I'm your business man," remarked Tommy. "I do your business and I hold my tongue about it. Don't I?"

"Like the tomb," Airey acknowledged.

"And— Well, at any rate let me congratulate you on the bread-and-butter. Only—only, I say, she'd have dined with you, if you'd asked her, Airey."

"I know," said Airey Newton. He rose, unlocked the safe, and threw the long envelope in. Then he unlocked the red-leather book, took a pen, made a careful entry in it, relocked it, and returned to his chair. He said nothing more, but he glanced once at Tommy Trent in a timid way.

"She didn't tell you any news, I suppose?" Tommy asked.

"What, Peggy? No, I don't think so. Well, nothing about herself, anyhow."

"It's uncommonly wearing for me," Tommy complained, with a pathetic look on his clear-cut, healthy countenance. "I know I must play a waiting game; if I said anything to her now I shouldn't have a chance. So I have to stand by and see the other fellows make the running.

Airey endured this outburst—and its concluding insinuation—with unruffled patience. He was at his pipe again, and puffed out wisdom securely vague.

"You can't tell with a girl. It takes them all at once sometimes. Up to now I think it's all right."

"Not Arty Kane?"

"Lord, no!"

"Nor Childwick? He's a clever chap, Childwick. Not got a *sou*, of course; she'd starve just the same."

"She'd have done it before if it had been going to be Miles Childwick."

"She'll meet some devilish fascinating chap some day, I know she will."

"He'll ill-use her, perhaps," Airey suggested hopefully.

"Then I shall nip in, you mean? Have you been treating yourself to Drury Lane?"

Airey laughed openly, and presently Tommy himself joined in, though in a rather rueful fashion.

"Why the deuce can't we just like 'em?" he asked.

"That would be all right on the pessimistic theory of the world."

"Oh, hang the world! Well, good-by, old chap. I'm glad you approve of what I've done about the business."

His reference to the business seemed to renew Airey Newton's discomfort. He looked at his friend, and after a long pause said solemnly, "Tommy Trent!"

"Yes, Airey Newton!"

"Would you mind telling me—man to man—how you contrive to be my friend?"

"What?"

"You're the only man who knows—and you're my only real friend."

"I regard it as just like drinking," Tommy explained, after a minute's thought. "You're the deuce of a good fellow in every other way. I hope you'll be cured some day too. I may live to see you bankrupt yet."

"I work for it. I work hard and usefully."

"And even brilliantly," added Tommy.

"It's mine. I haven't robbed anybody. And nobody has any claim on me."

"I didn't introduce this discussion." Tommy was evidently pained. He held out his hand to take leave.

"It's an extraordinary thing, but there it is," mused Airey. He took Tommy's hand and said, "On my honor I'll ask her to dinner."

Airey was left sorrowful, for he loved Tommy Trent. Though Tommy knew his secret, still he loved him—a fact that may go to the credit of both men. Many a man in Airey's place would have hated Tommy, even while he used and relied on him; for Tommy's knowledge put Airey to shame—a shame he could not stifle any more than he could master the thing that gave it birth.

Certainly Tommy deserved not to be hated, for he was very loyal. He showed that only two days later, and at a cost to himself. He was dining with Peggy Ryle—not she with him; for a check had arrived, and they celebrated its coming. Tommy, in noble spirits (the coming of a check was as great an event to him as to Peggy herself), told her how he had elicited the offer of a dinner from Airey Newton: he chuckled in pride over it.

How men misjudge things! Peggy sat up straight in her chair and flushed up to her hair.

"How dare you?" she cried. "As if he hadn't done enough for me already! I must have eaten pounds of butter—of mere butter alone! You know he can't afford to give dinners."

"I believe he can," said Tommy, with the air of offering a hardy conjecture.

"I know he can't, or of course he would. Do you intend to tell me that Airey—Airey of all men—is mean?"

"Oh no, I—I don't say—"

"It's you that's mean! I never knew you do such a thing before. You've quite spoiled my pleasure this evening." She looked at him sternly. "I don't like you at all to-night. I'm grievously disappointed in you."

She rose and handed him her purse.

"Pay the bill, please, and mind you give the waiter half a crown. And ask him to call me a cab, please."

Peggy drove home, determined to speak plainly to Airey him-

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self: that was the only way to put it right.

"He shall know that I do him justice anyhow," said she. Thanks to the check, she was feeling as the rich feel, or should feel, towards those who have helped them in early days of struggle.

So great is the virtue of twenty pounds, if only they happen to be sent to the right address. Most money, however, seems to go astray.

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE MIDST OF THE WHIRL

"REALLY, I must congratulate you on your latest, Sarah," remarked Lady Blixworth, who was taking tea with Mrs. Bonfill. "Trix Trevalla is carrying everything before her. The Glentorlys have had her to meet Lord Farringham, and he was delighted. The men adore her, and they do say women like her. All done in six weeks! You're a genius!"

Mrs. Bonfill made a deprecatory gesture of a *non nobis* order. Her friend insisted amiably:

"Oh yes, you are. You choose so well. You never make a mistake. Now do tell me what's going to happen. Does Mortimer Mervyn mean it? Of course she wouldn't hesitate."

Mrs. Bonfill looked at her volatile friend with a good-humored distrust.

"When you congratulate me, Viola," she said, "I generally expect to hear that something has gone wrong."

"Oh, you believe what you're told about me," the accused lady murmured, plaintively.

"It's experience," persisted Mrs. Bonfill. "Have you anything, that you think I

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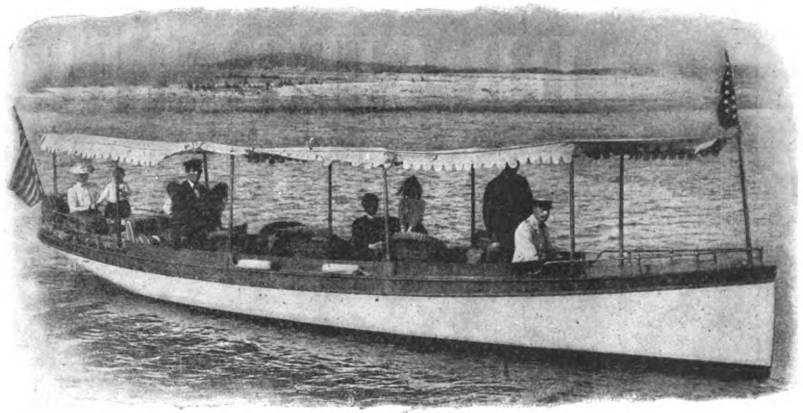
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sha'n't like, to tell me about Trix Trevalla?"

"I don't suppose you'll dislike it, but I should. Need she drive in the Park with Mrs. Fricker?" Her smile contradicted the regret of her tone, as she spread her hands out in affected surprise and appeal.

"Mrs. Fricker's a very decent sort of woman. You have a prejudice against her."

"Yes, thank Heaven! We all want money nowadays, but for my part I'd starve sooner than get it from the Frickers."

"Oh, that's what you want me to believe?"

"Dearest Sarah, no! That's what I'm afraid her enemies and yours will say."

"I see," smiled Mrs. Bonfill, indulgently. She always acknowledged that Viola was neat—as a siege-gun might admit it of the field-artillery.

"Couldn't you give her a hint? The gossip about Beaufort Chance doesn't so much matter, but—" Lady Blixworth looked as if she expected to be interrupted, even pausing an instant to allow the opportunity. Mrs. Bonfill obliged her:

"There's gossip about Beaufort, is there?"

"Oh, there is, of course; that can't be denied; but it really doesn't matter as long as Mortimer doesn't hear about it."

"Was there never more than one aspirant at a time when you were young?"

"As long as you're content, I am," Lady Blixworth declared, in an injured manner. "It's not my business what Mrs. Trevalla does."

"Don't be huffy," was Mrs. Bonfill's maternal advice. "As far as I can see, everything is going splendidly."

"It is to be Mortimer?"

"How can I tell, my dear? If Mortimer Mervyn should ask my advice, which really isn't likely, what could I say except that Trix is a charming woman, and that I know of nothing against it?"

"She must be very well off, by the way she does things." There was an inflection of question in her voice, but no direct interrogatory.

"Doubtless," said Mrs. Bonfill. Often the craftiest suggestions failed in face of her broad imperturbability.

"All right, Sarah," said Lady Blixworth, "but if you want my opinion, it is that she's outrunning the constable, unless—"

"Well, go on."

"You give me leave? You won't order me out? Well, unless— Well, as I said, why drive Mrs. Fricker round the Park? Why take Connie Fricker to the Quinby-Lees's dance?"

"Oh, everybody goes to the Quinby-Lees's. She's never offered to bring them here or anywhere that matters."

"You know the difference; perhaps the Frickers don't."

"That's downright malicious, Viola. And of course they do; at least they'll live to find it out. No, you can't put me out of conceit with Trix Trevalla."

"You're so loyal," murmured Lady Blixworth in admiration. "Really Sarah's as blind as a bat sometimes," she reflected as she got into her carriage.

There is no place like the top—especially when it is narrow and will not hold many at a time. The natives of it have their peculiar joy; those who have painfully climbed, theirs. Trix Trevalla seemed, to herself at least, very near the top; if she were not quite on it, she could put her head up over the last ledge and see it, and feel that with one more hoist she would be able to land herself there. It is unnecessary to recite the houses she went to, and would be (save for the utter lack of authority such a list would have) invidious; it would be tiresome to retail compliments and conquests.

But the case had other aspects, of course. It was all something of a struggle, however victorious; it may be supposed that generally it is. Security is hard to believe in, and there is always a craving to make the strong position impregnable. Life alone at twenty-six is—lonely. These things were in her mind, as they might have been in the thoughts of any woman so placed. There was another consideration, more special to herself, which could not be excluded from view; she had begun to realize what her manner of life cost. Behold her sitting before books and bills that revealed the truth beyond possibility of error or of gloss!

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From such studies she had arisen to go to dinner with Beaufort Chance and to meet the Frickers. She sat next Fricker, and talked to him most of the time, while Beaufort was very attentive to Mrs. Fricker, and the young man who had been procured for Connie Fricker fulfilled his appointed function. Fricker was not a bad-looking man, and was better bred and less aggressive than his wife or daughter. Trix found him not so disagreeable as she had expected; she encouraged him to talk on his own subjects, and began to find him interesting; by the end of dinner she had discovered that he, or at least his conversation, was engrossing. The old theme of making money without working for it, by gaming or betting, by chance or speculation, by black magic or white, is ever attractive to the children of men. Fricker could talk very well about it; he produced the impression that it was exceedingly easy to be rich; it seemed to be anybody's own fault if he were poor. Only at the end did he throw in any qualification of this broad position:

"Of course you must know the ropes, or find somebody who does."

"There's the rub, Mr. Fricker. Don't people who know them generally keep their knowledge to themselves?"

"They've a bit to spare for their friends sometimes." His smile was quietly reflective.

Beaufort Chance had hinted that some such benevolent sentiments might be found to animate Mr. Fricker. He had even used the idea as a bait to lure Trix to the dinner. Do what she would, she could not help giving Fricker a glance, half grateful, half provocative. But her laugh was conscious and she blushed a little when Beaufort Chance thanked her for making herself so pleasant.

All through the month there were renewed and continual rumors of what the Tsar meant to do. A speech by Lord Farringham might seem to dispose of them, but there were people who did not trust Lord Farringham—who, in fact, knew better. There were telegrams from abroad, there were mysterious paragraphs claiming an authority too high to be disclosed to the vulgar, there were leaders asking whether it was actually the fact that nothing was going to be done; there were an agitation about the navy, another final exposure of the methods of the War Office, and philosophic attacks on the system of party government.

Things were in this condition, and the broadsheets blazing in big letters, when one afternoon a hansom whisked along Wych Street and set down a lady in a very neat gray frock at the entrance of Danes Inn. Trix trod the pavement of that secluded spot, and ascended the stairs of 6A with an amusement and excitement far different from Peggy Ryle's matter-of-fact familiarity.

Airey's amazement at the sight of her was unmistakable. He drew back, saying:

"Mrs. Trevalla! Is it really you?"

The picture he had in his mind was so different. Where was the forlorn girl in the widow's weeds? This brilliant creature surely was not the same.

But Trix laughed and chattered, insisting that she was herself.

"I couldn't wear mourning all my life, could I?" she asked. "You didn't mean me to, when we had our talk in Paris?"

"I took your coming as a bad omen," said Airey, smiling, "but I hope there's nothing very wrong?"

"I'm an impostor. Everything is just splendidly right, and I came to tell you."

"It was very kind." He had not quite recovered from his surprise yet.

"I thought you had a right to know. I owe it all to your advice, you see. You told me to come back to life. Well, I've come."

"And it works well?" he asked, after a pause, and, as it seemed, a conscientious examination of her.

"Superb!" She could not resist adding, "Haven't you heard anything about me?"

"In here?" asked Airey, waving his arm round the room, and smiling.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't," she laughed; "but I'm rather famous, you know. That's why I felt bound to come and tell you—to let you see what great things you've done. Yes, it's quite true, you gave me the impulse." She set down her cup and leaned

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back in her chair, smiling brightly at him. "Are you afraid of the responsibility?"

"Everything seems so prosperous," said Airey. "I forgot, but I have heard one person speak of you. Do you know Peggy Ryle?"

"I know her by sight. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Yes, and she told me some of your triumphs."

"Oh, not half so well as I shall tell you myself!" And she launched out. It was the first chance she had enjoyed of telling to somebody who belonged to the old life the wonderful things about the new. Indeed who else of the old life was left? Graves, material of metaphorical, covered all that had belonged to it. Mrs. Bonfill was always kind, but with her there was not the delicious sense of the contrast that must rise before the eyes of the listener.

"You seem to be going it, Mrs. Trevalla," said Airey at last, unconsciously reaching out for his pipe.

"I am," said Trix. "Yes, do smoke. So will I." She produced her cigarette-case. "Well, I've arrears to make up, haven't I?" She glanced round. "And you live here?" she asked.

"Always. I know nothing of all you've been talking about."

"You wouldn't care about it, anyhow, would you?" Her tones were gentle and consolatory. She accepted the fact that it was all impossible to him, that the door was shut, and comforted him in his exclusion.

"I don't suppose I should, and at all events—" He shrugged his shoulders. If her impression had needed confirmation, here it was. "And what's to be the end of it with you?" he asked.

"End? Why should there be an end? It's only just begun," cried Trix.

"Well, there are ends that are beginnings of other things," he suggested. What Peggy had told him recurred to his mind, though certainly there was no sign of Mrs. Trevalla being in trouble on that or any other score.

Yet his words brought a shadow to Trix's face, a touch of irritation into her manner.

"Oh, some day, I dare say," she said. "Yes, I suppose so. I'm not thinking about that either just now. I'm just thinking about myself. That's what you meant me to do?"

"It seems to me that my responsibility is growing, Mrs. Trevalla."

"Yes, that's it, it is!" Trix was delighted with the whimsicality of the idea. "You're responsible for it all, though you sit quietly here and nobody knows anything about you. I shall come and report myself from time to time. I'm obedient up to now?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. Did I tell you to—"

"Yes, yes—to take my revenge, you know. Oh, you remember, and you can't shirk it now." She began to laugh at the half-humorous gravity of Airey's face, as she insisted on his responsibility.

"Shall I do you credit?" she asked, in gay mockery.

"You're really rather marvellous," laughed Airey. "And I suppose you'll come out all right." A hint of doubt crept into his voice. Trix glanced at him quickly.

"If I don't, you'll have to look after me," she warned him.

He was grave now; not solemn, but, as it seemed, meditative.

"What if I think only of myself too?" he asked.

Trix laughed at the idea. "There'd be no sort of excuse for you," she reminded him.

"I suppose not," he admitted, rather ruefully.

"But I'm going to come out most splendidly all right, so we won't worry about that." As she spoke she had been putting on her gloves, and now she rose from her chair. "I must go: got an early dinner and a theatre." She looked round the room, and then back to Airey: her lips parted in an appealing confidential smile that drew an answer from him, and made him feel what her power was. "Do you know, I don't want—I positively don't want to go, Mr. Newton."

"The attractions are so numerous, so unrivalled?"

"It's so quiet, so peaceful, so out of it all."

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"That a recommendation to you?" He raised his brows.

"Well, it's all a bit of a rush and a fight, and—and so on. I love it all, but just now and then"—she came to him and laid her hand lightly on his arm—"just now and then may I come again?" she implored. "I shall like to think that I've got it to come to."

"It's always here, Mrs. Trevalla, and, except for me, generally empty."

"Generally?" Her mocking tone hid a real curiosity; but Airey's manner was matter-of-fact.

"Oh, Peggy Ryle comes, and one or two of her friends, now and then. But I could send them away. Any time's the same to them."

"Miss Ryle comes? She's beautiful, I think; don't you?"

"Now am I a judge? Well, yes, I think Peggy's attractive."

"Oh, you're all hypocrites! Well, you must think me attractive too, or I won't come."

It was a long while since Airey Newton had been flirted with. He recognized the process, however, and did not object to it; it also appeared to him that Trix did it very well.

"If you come, I shall think you most attractive."

She left behind her a twofold and puzzling impression. There was the woman of the world, with airs and graces a trifle elaborate, perhaps, in their prettiness, the woman steeped in society, engrossed with its triumphs, fired with its ambitions. But there had been visible from time to time, or had seemed to peep out, another woman, the one who had come to see her friend, had felt the need of talking it all over with him, of sharing it and getting sympathy in it, and who had in the end dropped her graces and declared with a frank heartiness that she had enjoyed coming "awfully." Airey Newton pulled his beard and smoked a pipe over these two women, as he sat alone. With some regret he came to the conclusion that as a permanent factor, as an influence in guiding and shaping Trix Trevalla's life, the second woman would not have much chance against the first. Everything was adverse to the second woman in the world in which Trix lived.

And he had sent her to that world? So she declared, partly in mockery perhaps, enjoying the incongruity of the idea with his dull life, his dingy room, his shabby coat. Yet he traced in the persistence with which she had recurred to the notion something more than mere chaff. The idea might be fanciful or whimsical, but there it was in her mind, dating from their talk at Paris. Unquestionably it clung to her, and in some vague way she based on it an obligation on his part, and thought it raised a claim on hers, a claim that he should not judge her severely or condemn the way she lived; perhaps, more vaguely still, a claim that he should help her if ever she needed help.

To be Continued.

Signal Honor to Prof. Fryer

News of the appointment of Professor John Fryer, LL.D., of the University of California, to the presidency of the new Chinese university at Wuchang, is of special interest to Americans. Although Professor Fryer was born in England, his connection with the University of California since 1896, where he has occupied the Agassiz chair of Oriental Languages and Literature, has made his name and work familiar to Americans. Dr. Fryer is in his sixty-third year. He has done considerable valuable work for the Chinese government in the translation of foreign scientific works into Chinese, and Chinese works into English, much of this labor being performed during the professor's vacations. Professor Fryer is one of the many distinguished contributors to the new *Harper's Encyclopædia of United States History*. He was graduated from Highbury College, London, in 1860, and immediately afterward went to Hong-kong and became principal of St. Paul's College at that place. He has been consistently devoted to Chinese literature throughout his entire career.

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Chimmie Fadden:

Of Coeducation and Ruts. With Incidental Pollywogs

FOR fair it was a wonder de way tings was just de same to our place, when I goes back dere from de Bowery, as dey was before I chases meself. Maybe it was dat I had me run, and was willing to rest a few, dat made it seem not so woise to be back again. Nobody never said notting about it, and at de end of me mont I gets me full wad of wages, so I guess dey puts it up dat I had only took a holiday what I was due on.

Me little pasear learned me one ting, sure: When a mug begins to kick at de rut he's in it's up to him for him to climb out. If he don't get a move on him den de foist ting he knows de rut is so deep he can't climb out, nowhow; and dat queers his noive. He just plays de odd like a duffer, all his life. Dat's right, honey boy, if it's only me what's telling you.

I passes out a song and dance like dose to Mr. Paul, and he says dat he was already in a rut so deep he couldn't see daylight; and de sides was just like walls — prison walls.

"Excuse me, sir," says I, "but why don't you make a holler for somebody to give you a fist? You might get out if you had de helping hand."

"For sure," says he; "but every time I hollers for de hand it comes halfway to me, and den is witdrawn, like de owner tought I was so deep in de ruts dere was no use saving me."

"Excuse me again," I says. "I'm tinking you don't make a holler long enough, loud enough, and frequent enough. Maybe you stops your holler as soon as you see de hand coming your way, so de owner of de hand tinks you is satisfied where you is — or don't want to get out bad enough to get good and busy about de job."

"You speak in parallels, Chames," says he. "If I interrupt your meaning aright I'll make a holler de next chance I get what will wake de dead."

"Dat would be a foolish play, sir," I says. "It's de living you needs to wake: if you'll take my tip for it."

He pipes me, toughtful-like, a bit; den he floats off to de tent on de lawn, where we has tea dese days; and I chases to de house to fetch de tea tings.

"I obsoives," says Whiskers, when dey all had deir second cup, and was loaded for chin-chin, "I obsoives dat President Harper of Chicago is going to jail if he don't let de women have co-education. Dat is rot. Women don't need no education, co nor con. President Harper is to de good. Do we want our daughters meddling wit de planets, fussing wit chemistry, bluffing at biology —poking spy glasses into de ribs of pollywogs to see where deir legs is coming? No! Let women be content wit learning de tree Ds: Deportment, Dressing, and Dining."

"Hear, hear!" says Mr. Paul. "More billing and less biology; more cooing and less chemistry is what our women needs. Harper forever! Down wit de co-eds, up wit de stars! Give de boys a chance! Female competition is unfair. Hooray!" says he.

"Because you know no Western women you do not know what you are talking about; neider of you," says Miss Fannie. "In de West women really care for real education. I met a lovely Western woman, and her two daughters, once. De goils was to a co-ed, and just as hard at woik getting a education, for fair, as any man ever was. If women care to get sauces of entertainment in deir heads instead of deir heels; if dey wants interests dat will keep 'em from being bored deir whole lives long, dey has a right for a chance at de game."

"For Heaven's sake, daughter!" says Whiskers, "haven't women colleges enough of deir own, witout butting into men's univoisities? filling up de class rooms so dat a boy can't find a seat except on some goil's skoit—which is no place to get a education!"

"Who's going to teach in de women's colleges, if women is not let to go to men's univoisities?" says Miss Fannie. "Women will soon give up all dis eroize for atletics, and den if we don't know notting else—which most of us don't—what on eart are we to do? If a woman isn't busy wit someting harmless, she's likely to be busy at someting dat isn't harmless. It does a goil less harm to know where a frog's legs come from, dan to know where dey go to—especial if soived wit champagne after de teeatre. She's sure to know one ting or de odder."

"Lordy sakes, Fannie," says Wily Widdy, "I never was taught notting in all me life, and forgot everyting I ever was taught before I was married. I had to, in order to get married at all. Do you tink a sane man is going to marry a goil what's been bisecting pollywogs all her life, and putting de cute little tings under a opray glass to find why it toins into a frog? A man won't tell a goil her eyes are like stars if he knows dat what he says will start her talking about transits of equine-oxes, and processions of Venusus."

"I'd radder propose to dat kind of a goil, if I was a man," says Miss Fannie, "dan to a goil who would reject me if I had went out for de baseball team and failed to make it."

"I votes for Mrs. Harding," says Mr. Paul, meaning de Widdy. "A goil wit a mind given up to processions of Venusus is no kind of a young poisson to order a man's dinner, or keep him home from de club. Man wants de woman who, when she looks at de stars, sees only—Man!"

"De sun is low enough for us to do someting," says Miss Fannie. "Shall we ride, or go once around de links?"

"Chames, order de saddle horses," says Whiskers.

When we was back from de ride Duchess says to me, "What was de folks talking about at tea?"

"All sorts of Latin tings," I says. "Notting dat a forner could understand."

"I wonders what it was," says Duchess, "because when Ma'mzell Fannie came in for to be dressed she was as particular about her riding habit, her boots, her gloves, her hair, her hat, as if she was *une jeune fille* going out for her first ride with her *fiancé*."

"Did she say notting about pollywogs?" says I.

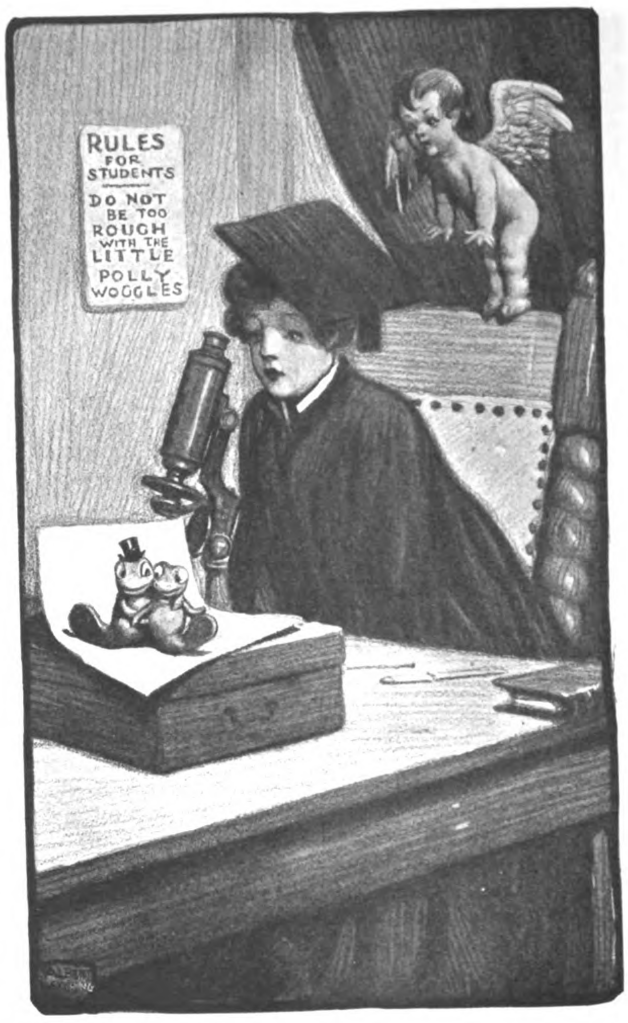
"Notting at all," says Duchess. "She only say, 'Hortense, one should always look her best at exercise in de open air.'"

"Dat's de same as pollywogs isn't," says I.

Dat evening Mr. Paul asks Miss Fannie to play some Showpan on de piano. She says she don't feel musical. Whiskers asks her to read some Burns. She says she was not up to literatoor. De gents yawned a bit, and chases to de Yacht Club house.

"Let's ping-pong," says Miss Fannie to Widdy.

"Witout men!" says Widdy. "No, let's nap."



The Pollywog Question

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The Wheat Crop of 1902

See page 890

THE harvest campaign has opened, and the army of harvesters is on the move. It has started on its summer march, and before it goes into fall quarters it will cover the wheat belt from Texas to the Great Lakes, and even cross into far Manitoba and Winnipeg. It is an army of invasion, but one that never enters the "enemy's country," for it is welcomed wherever it goes, and the country invaded pays the invaders generously for their coming. They make long skips at times, and always travel by rail; but, differing from the rule pursued by railroad companies when Uncle Sam's boys are changing posts, no great efforts are put forth to secure their business. They usually ride in "side-door sleepers" in going from one wheat belt to another, and can come very near telling the condition of the labor-market in so far as harvest hands are concerned by the treatment they receive from conductors and brakemen on freight trains. No railroad caters to the hobo traffic, as a rule, but they are interested almost as much as the farmers themselves in securing plenty of help to harvest the wheat crop, and when help is as scarce as it was last year, the roads traversing the great wheat-growing states of the Middle West quietly pass the word to freight crews not to make too close an inspection of empty box-cars being hauled towards the wheat-fields, the result being that many a car billed as "empty" is in reality loaded to the limit with living freight.

Harvesting in the West on a large scale is one of the most interesting episodes in this country. Take an average ranch. The men secured for the work receive $1 25 a day and board, and as they are in addition to the large number of regular farm-hands employed, it will be seen that it is a regular centre of activity. On the day before harvesting commenced, twenty new binders, just from the factory, were oiled and made ready for the field, and there were probably as many more that had been in use the year before. It was a rare sight to see these many brightly painted machines, each drawn by three strong mules, lined up for the opening round of the 1902 harvest. As each of them cuts a six-foot swath, a field of wheat disappears as if by magic. On rising in the morning one looks out on a waving sea of golden grain, and on returning from a distant part of the ranch at dinner-time the waves have disappeared and given place to countless shocks of wheat awaiting the coming of the threshing outfit, which they in turn will all be merged into one immense straw-racks

Farms in search of work are far from being the only visitors, for large numbers of farmers who are desirous of witnessing both the planting and harvesting of grain on a large scale, and the different kinds of machinery employed, are frequent visitors, and always receive a hospitable welcome and every facility for investigation by the genial proprietors. Some of the methods are a revelation to the smaller farmers accustomed to the cruder methods of agriculture.

The busy season on a ranch of such proportions never ends, for as fast as one crop is harvested preparations for another begin, and from January to December is a time of never-ceasing activity.

Future "homesteaders" need cast no longing eyes on these productive lands, for they will never be "opened," there being only enough to allow each present member of the tribe his allotment, leaving no surplus for the little Poncas and Otoes yet to come. They may await the opening of the great Osage country, where there will be an immense surplus, but the land, while splendidly adapted for grazing purposes, can only in part be compared with the unexcelled lands of their Ponca and Otoe neighbors. In fact, the day of the "homesteader" has passed in Oklahoma, having come to a glorious end with the notable opening of the Kiowa and Comanche reservations in the summer of 1901, and in future those who wish to reap the benefits of its splendid agricultural resources must purchase homes at valuations that may appear high, but that will in the end prove profitable investments.

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 18 to July 1, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF RICHMOND:

2D WARD, MARION AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, AND PAVING, from Cebra Avenue to Occident Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 16, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation of the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11. BOONE STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Freeman Street to Woodruff Street. WENDOVER AVENUE SEWERS, both sides, from the existing sewer in Third Avenue to Fulton Avenue; also, FULTON AVENUE SEWER, between East 176th Street and St. Paul's Place; and between Wendover Avenue and East 175th Street.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 182D STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Aqueduct Avenue to Jerome Avenue. LAFONTAINE AVENUE SEWER, between East 180th Street and Quarry Road.

24TH WARD, SECTION 12. EAST 203D STREET SEWER, between Mosholu Parkway South and the Concourse; BRIGGS AVENUE SEWER, between Mosholu Parkway South and East 201st Street; EAST 203D STREET SEWER, between Briggs Avenue and the Concourse; VILLA AVENUE SEWER, between East 200th Street and Van Courtlandt Avenue; also, JEROME AVENUE SEWER, between the street summit situated south of East 199th Street and the street summit situated north of Van Courtlandt Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 19, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 14 to 27, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 9. SHERIDAN AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, BUILDING APPROACHES, AND FENCING, from 153d to 161st Streets.

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTIONS 10 AND 11. PROSPECT AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from Westchester Avenue to Crotona Park South.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 12, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 13 to 26, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 178TH STREET OPENING, from Jerome Avenue to Anthony Avenue. Confirmed May 29, 1902; entered June 12, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 12, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 18 to July 1, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 12. BAINBRIDGE AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from the southerly side of Southern Boulevard to the northern side of Kingsbridge Road.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 16, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 28 to July 9, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTIONS 9 AND 10. EAST 130TH STREET OPENING, from St. Ann's Avenue to East 134st Street. Confirmed May 22, 1902; entered June 23, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 23, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 10. EAST 156TH STREET SEWER, from Beach Avenue to Prospect Avenue. EAST 159TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from Union Avenue to Prospect Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 20, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH of RICHMOND:

2D WARD. WARD AVENUE REGRADING AND MACADAMIZING, from Cebra Avenue to Occident Avenue; also, OCCIDENT AVENUE REGRADING AND MACADAMIZING, from Ward Avenue to Orient Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11. BROADWAY (now called Crotona Avenue) REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Boston Road to the Southern Boulevard.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 24, 1902.

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 12 to 25, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 9. RIVER AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from East 149th Street to Jerome Avenue.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 179TH STREET SEWER, between Southern Boulevard and Hughes Avenue; CLINTON AVENUE SEWER, between East 177th Street and East 180th Street; CROTONA AVENUE SEWER, between East 177th Street and East 180th Street; and BELMONT AVENUE SEWER, between East 177th Street and East 179th Street. PROSPECT AVENUE SEWER, from East 179th Street to Grote Street. TREMONT AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from the New York and Harlem Railroad to the transverse road under the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, and from said transverse road to Jerome Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 10, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 12 to 25, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 8. EDGECOMBE ROAD SEWER, between 155th and 162d Streets. EDGECOMBE AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from 155th Street to a point on the easterly side of Amsterdam Avenue opposite 175th Street. EDGECOMBE ROAD SEWER, between 162d and 167th Streets.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 10, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 7. 111TH STREET PAVING, from Amsterdam Avenue to Riverside Drive. 113TH STREET PAVING, between St. Nicholas and Lenox Avenues. 134TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND BUILDING RETAINING WALL, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. 136TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard.

10TH WARD, SECTION 5. 41ST STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND PAVING, from First Avenue to the East River.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 19, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 14 to 27, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named avenue in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 8. HAVEN AVENUE OPENING, between the southerly line of 170th Street and a distance of 464.31 feet northerly therefrom. Confirmed May 19, 1902; entered June 13, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 13, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 14 to 27, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. ADAMS PLACE OPENING, from East 182d Street to Crescent Avenue. Confirmed May 29, 1902; entered June 13, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 13, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 28 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF QUEENS:

1ST WARD. VAN ALST AVENUE SEWER, between Flushing and Hoyt Avenues.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 28 to July 12, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTIONS 11 AND 12. EAST 192D STREET (Primrose Street) SEWER, between Grand Avenue and Creston Avenue; JEROME AVENUE SEWER, between East 190th Street (St. James Street) and East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street); PARK VIEW TERRACE SEWER, between East 190th Street (Donnybrook Street) and Morris Avenue; KINGSBRIDGE ROAD SEWER, between Jerome Avenue and Creston Avenue; also, CRESTON AVENUE SEWER, between Kingsbridge Road and East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street).

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 27, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 30 to July 14, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 10. TIFFANY STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, BUILDING APPROACHES, AND FENCING, from Intervale Avenue to the East River.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 27, 1902.

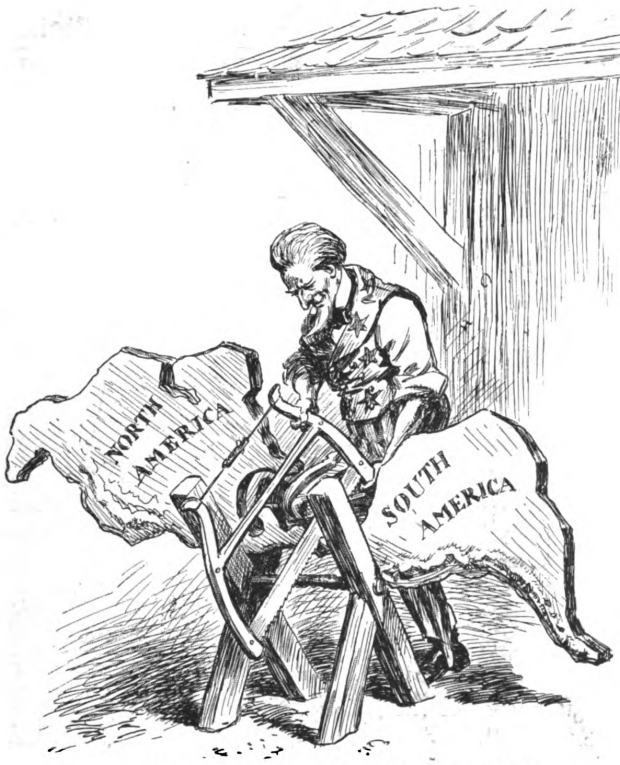
ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 30 to July 14, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named Avenue in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 9. MERRIAM AVENUE OPENING, from Ogden Avenue to Aqueduct Avenue. Confirmed June 13, 1902; entered June 28, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 28, 1902.

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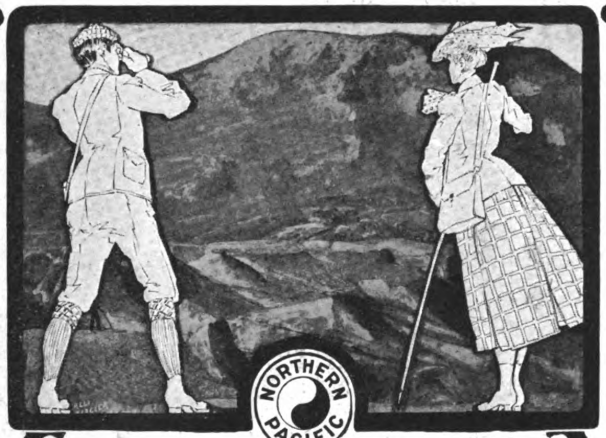
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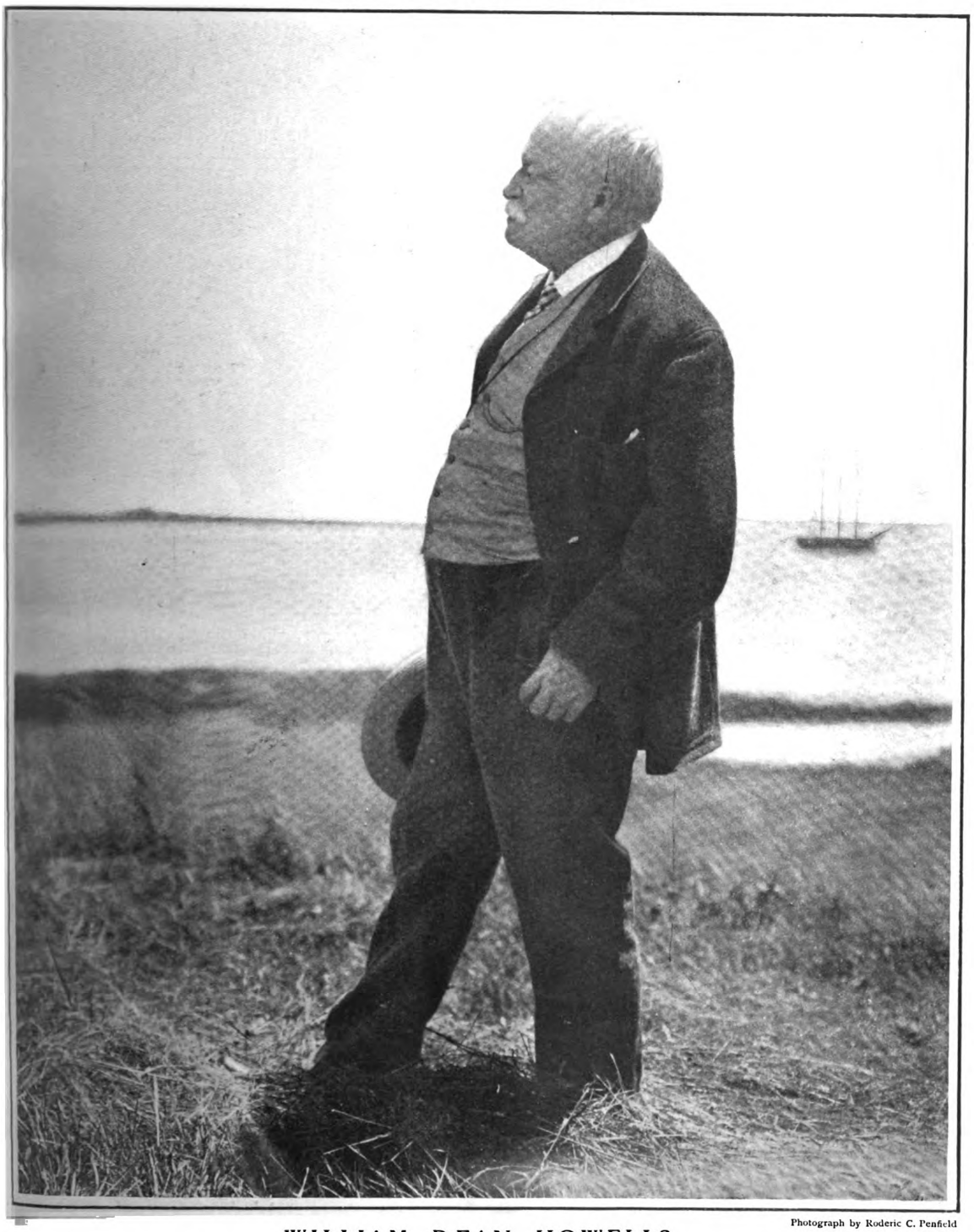
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, July 19, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2378

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Photograph by Roderic C. Penfield

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The distinguished author on the bluff in front of his country house at Kittery Point, Maine

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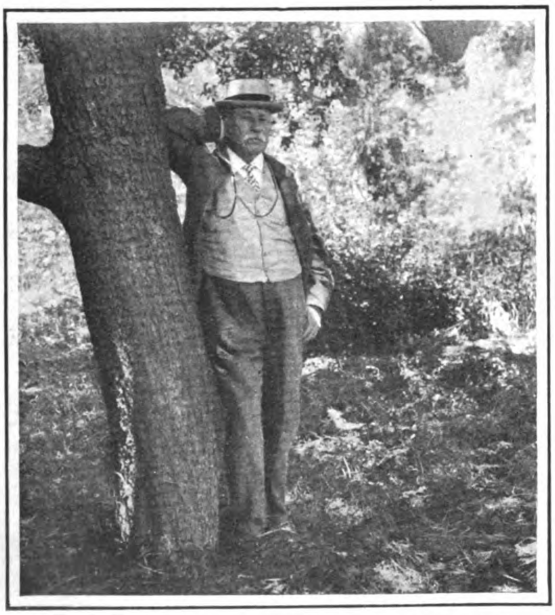
Mr. Howells has taken the picturesque Admiral Craven Place, Kittery Point, Maine, for the summer



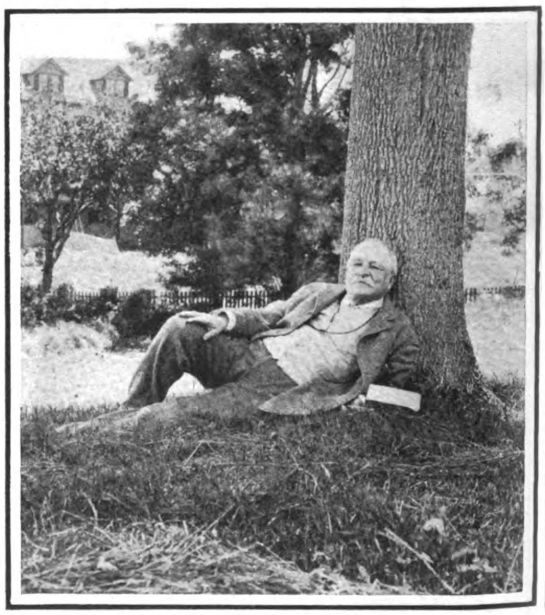
Nature's Sweet Neglect is Evident in the Gnarled Trees and the Riot of Shrubbery



The Writing-table at which Mr. Howells Works every Morning once graced Admiral Craven's Dining-room



The Sunlight through the Leaves makes Golden Patches on the Grass

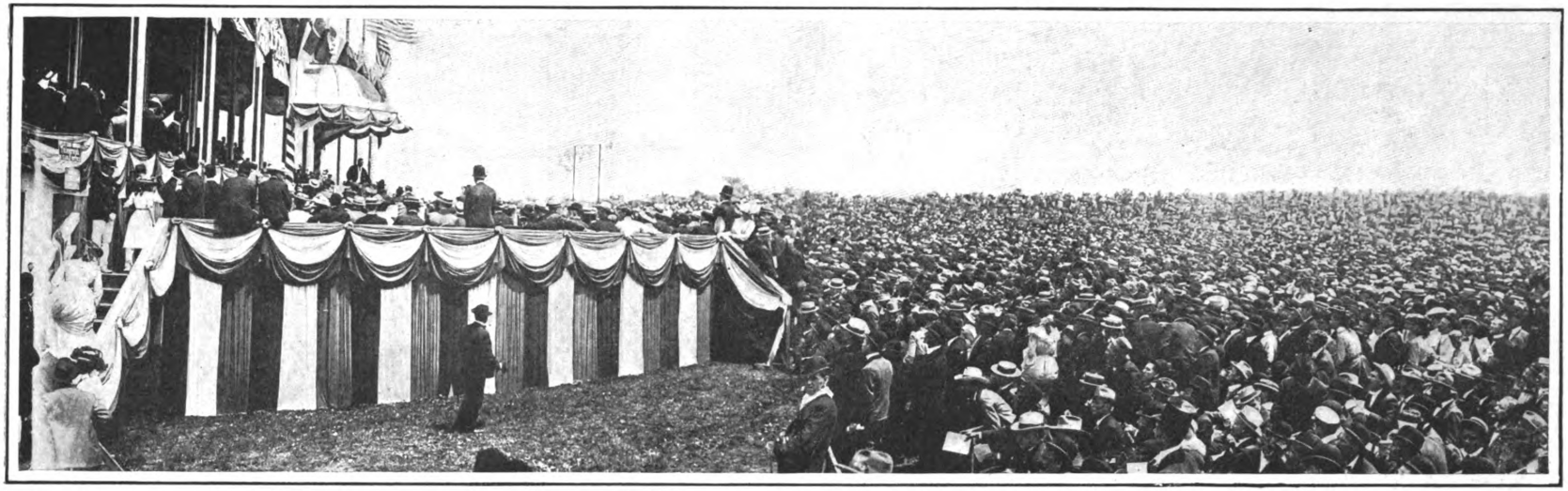


The Lawn Slopes in Irregular Terraces from the House to the Water-front

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AT HIS SUMMER HOME

Photographs by Roderic C. Penfield

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Some of the Citizens of Pittsburg Listening to the President



The Arrival of the Presidential Party



The President Delivering his Fourth-of-July Address

THE PRESIDENT AT PITTSBURG ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

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View from the Seventeenth Tee—The Drive to the Eighteenth Hole is across the Chicago River towards the Club-house



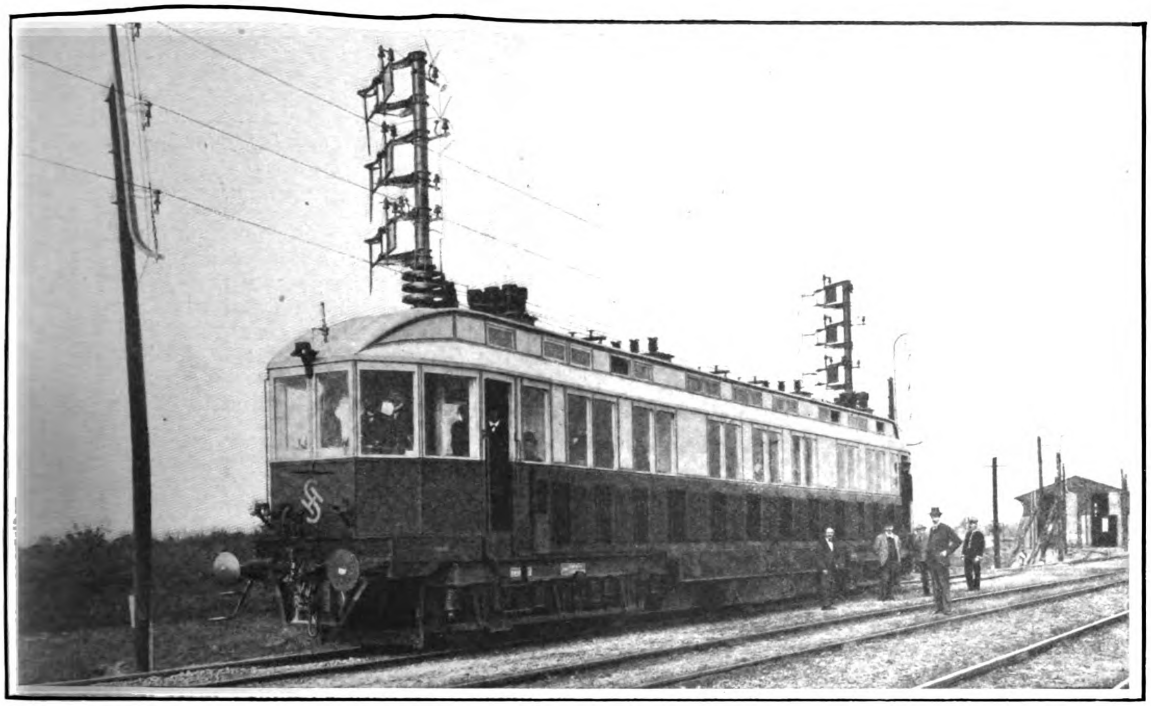
The Glen View Golf Club House and First Tee

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT GLEN VIEW

The play for the 1902 championship begins this week on the beautiful Glen View course, a few miles from Chicago

Photographs by William F. James, Chicago

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An Electric Trolley Car which makes 110 Miles an Hour

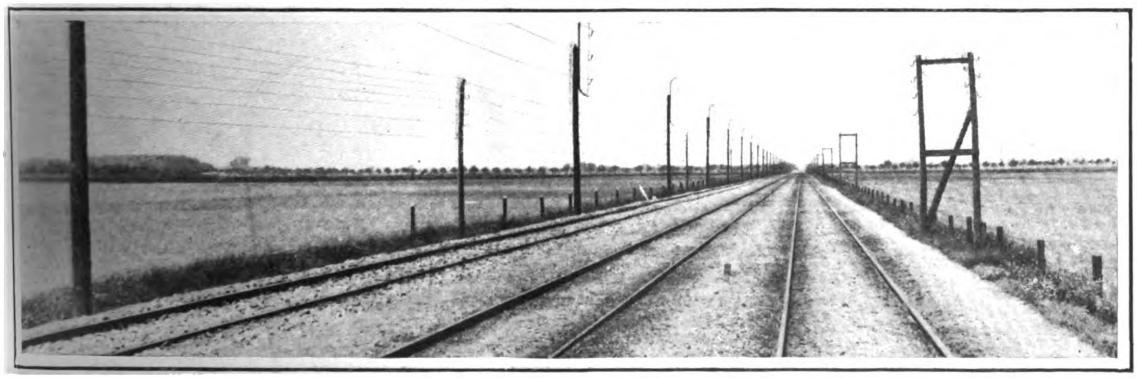
Beating the World's Railroad Record

ONE frequently reads about trains going at the rate of 100 miles an hour, but few persons have ever ridden at the rate of over 75 or 80 miles. On a little railroad extending from the suburbs of Berlin to the town of Zossen, an electric car has been travelling as fast as 110 miles an hour, breaking the record for speed on the highways of steel. It is what we call a trolley-car, but the trolley system is installed on a very elaborate scale, and the motive power which operates the car is simply enormous.

The railroad in question is only about 16 miles in length, and was built by the Prussian government for military purposes. Several months ago it was turned over to an association of electrical engineers and other experts for the purpose of ascertaining what speed could be developed by the electric current. At the works of the Siemens & Halske Company of Berlin, a car was constructed especially for the purpose, and when completed with the necessary machinery weighed nearly 100 tons. The body of the car is similar to many of those in use on railroads in this country, with a vestibule at each end, and the roof and sides tapering in order to offer as little resistance to the air, when going along at a high rate of speed, as possible. The car is divided into three compartments with seats extending transversely, while the motorman is separated from the passengers by a glass partition. What engineers call the three-phase system of electricity is utilized for running the car and the two trailers which it has been hauling during the experiments. Instead of the current being conveyed by one or two wires to the motor, it passes over a series of four, three of which are carried along the side of the railroad upon posts. These are known as high tension, and are capable of supporting a current of no less than 12,000 volts, owing to the system of conduction and insulation. The current passes through the trolley-bar, which, as will be noted, is a very elaborate affair, and thence through transformers to the motor. The motors are bolted upon the axles of the trucks beneath the car, each motor being large enough to run an ordinary factory, as it can generate fully 250 horse-power under ordinary conditions. Although these ponderous pieces of machinery weigh no less than 4½ tons each, they move at the rate of 900 revolutions a minute when a car is at full speed.

It would be impossible to stop and start the car with the controller which the motorman uses on the ordinary trolley system, so special apparatus had to be provided for this purpose. The electric switches and transformers are moved by compressed air, which really does the duty of the motorman.

As already stated, the railroad is being operated as an experiment to determine how rapidly an electric car can be moved. When the tests began in September last, the first run was made at the rate of 37 miles an hour, but with so little difficulty that the same day the speed was increased to 60 miles. Since that frequent records have been made ranging from 75 to 100 miles an hour, while on several occasions the trip between the terminal stations has been made in 8½ minutes, a rate of 110 miles an hour.



Road-bed and Feed-wire System for High-speed Electric Cars

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Tripoli

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ONE to ten of you, lesser men—these are the odds we crave:
For the ring of the sword, at the cry to board, is a song that befits the brave.
Board and burn, that ye well may learn how American tars atone:—
Borrow ye may, but there dawns a day when we come to claim our own!

Tripolitan pirate and Turkish thief, they had harried her there on the sunken reef,
Plundered, and robbed, and stripped her crew, for such was Tripoli law:
Lowered her barred and star-set flag, and run to her peak their pirate rag,
For the shaming of William Bainbridge and the fame of Jussuf Bashaw!
They had towed the wreck to the haven's neck, and under the castle's guns,
And bound and jailed all them that sailed as the *Philadelphia's* sons:
So the frigate lay in Tripoli Bay, by the Molehead batteries pinned,
And along her flank, in a watchful rank, the guardian gunboats grinned!

Out of the Gulf of Sidra's gales, a brig and a ketch, with flattened sails,
Slid toward Tripoli harbor as the sun ahead went down,
And, by the forts of Jussuf Bashaw pinned like prey in a panther's paw,
The captured frigate at anchor saw, in the curve of the pirate town.
And one of the pair had the peaceful air of a merchantman landward led,
And one of the two a Maltese crew, in fezzes of flaming red,
But they muttered on deck as they marked the speck of the flag that swung on high
Where the crimson bars and the silver stars had rippled against the sky!

Then a wind came out of the cool northwest, and lifted the ketch on a heaving crest,
Bulging her sails till the sea sang low at the touch of her slender prore,
And she leapt, with the joy of a living soul, through the narrow channel 'twixt reef and shoal,
And ran, like a racer, toward the goal of the tall black hull inshore!
But the brig lay to on the darkening blue of the offing, a mile outside,
And watched the ketch on the rippling stretch of the fort-girt harbor ride,
Till out of the light she slid from sight, tackle, and sails, and mast,
Undismayed, in the sombre shade that the hull of the frigate cast.

Now the staunch Sicilian pilot cried to them that leaned on the frigate's side:
"This is the *Stella* of Malta, with her anchors swept away,
And her cables, too, to the very last, when the storm of yester night went past,
So we crave your leave to take a fast from your quarter until the day."
"And what ye ask is an easy task," an officer made reply.
"Since ye have no line, I will send you mine, with leave in our lee to lie."
So the ketch crept near to the frigate's sheer, and, swung by the swirling tide,
Veered around, till her bowsprit ground on the *Philadelphia's* side.

Then Stephen Decatur's slender sword in the moonlight winked, as he thundered "Board!"
The hatches yawned on the ketch's deck, and, quick as a man may turn,
Up from her hold, with a stirring shout, sixty American tars leapt out,
And mounted the frigate's black redoubt like a wave that breaks astern!
And the startled night saw such a fight as none but the desperate make,
Blow on blow from foe to foe for the *Philadelphia's* sake!
Cheer on cheer, as the end drew near, and a final charge, and then
The frigate lay in Tripoli Bay—an American ship again!

From twoscore ports the smoke-wreaths crept, and a single rocket skyward leapt
To tell the brig in the offing that Decatur's work was done,
As the victors sprang to the ketch's deck, and pulled away from the blazing wreck
That reddened the tide to the harbor's neck, with news of the glory won!
And the slim flames struck from rail to truck, till the haven gleamed and glowed,
And the whole wide night was ablaze with light where Decatur's oarsmen rowed,
While Tripoli's sons from a hundred guns sent shot from the shelving shore,
And the frigate replied with her last broadside—an American ship once more!

But Stewart had seen that Decatur's crew had done the work that they had to do,
And the boats of the brig lay close inshore, as the ketch out-won her way.
Watching the oarsmen, drawing near, pause in their rowing, and, deaf to fear,
Rise to their feet with a stunning cheer in a harbor light as day!
Over the tide from the boats outside the answering cheer came in,
The hail of his mate who must watch and wait to the lad who may work and win!
And Decatur's men, at their sweeps again, sped on from the panther's paw,
While the frigate flamed, by her own reclaimed, at the gates of Jussuf Bashaw!

One to ten of you lesser men—these are the odds we crave:
For the ring of the sword, at the cry to board, is a song that befits the brave.
Board and burn, that ye well may learn how American tars atone:—
Borrow ye may, but there dawns a day when we come to claim our own!

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"AND MOUNTED THE FRIGATE'S BLACK REDOUBT LIKE A WAVE THAT BREAKS ASTERN"

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Photograph by Histed

MRS. EDWIN GOULD

Formerly Miss Sarah C. Shrady, of New York

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending July 19, 1902

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COMMENT

Its first session having closed, the country can examine the disposition of the Fifty-seventh Congress as to expenditures. The session is said to be a "billion-dollar session," and the Congress, therefore, a "two-billion-dollar Congress." This assumes that the second session will be as expensive as the first. The total regular appropriations amount to $626,142,617. Add to this $50,000,000 for the purchase of the Panama Canal Company's property and beginning work, $123,921,220, the sum of the permanent appropriations, and we have a total of $800,063,837. If to this we further add $259,373,215, the sum eventually to be called for by contracts authorized, we have a grand total of expenditures provided for at the session of $1,059,437,152—more than the total appropriations of the two sessions of the famous billion-dollar Congress. There are two important comparisons which may be made, and which ought to be carefully thought over. During the generation just past, the total regular appropriations of the government have increased from $154,216,751, the sum of the appropriations for the fiscal year 1873, to $626,142,617, the appropriations for 1903. Here is an increase of 306 per cent. in authorized expenses. In these thirty years the population of the country has increased about 100 per cent., and we live on a more liberal scale. The amount of money in circulation is not much greater per capita than it was thirty years ago, but that does not signify. The net revenue per capita has fallen off by nearly three dollars, while the net per-capita expenditure has increased by about $1 70. We are consuming much more of our own raw cotton, but, proportionately, less of our wheat than we consumed thirty years ago, while our per-capita consumption of sugar has about doubled. Still no increase of gain or of production or of revenue or of consumption equals the increase in our national expenditures. Our present appropriation for pensions alone is nearly equal to our total appropriation for 1873. Our appropriations for 1903 for army and navy foot up $170,229,099, about $19,000,000 more than the grand total of thirty years ago. The increase in our appropriations since 1883 is nearly 150 per cent., and since 1893 it has been 62 per cent., while population has increased in the decade about 21 per cent. What have we to show for this enormous increase? A war and some colonies, a large army and navy, an increase in the number of our public buildings, more river and harbor improvements, a very large army of pensioners. Our executive, legislative, judicial, and diplomatic services are about what they were thirty years ago. In a word, our larger expenditure has been, not for improved machinery of civil government, but mainly for military purposes, and, secondarily, for certain public works in the shape of improved waterways and new buildings.

Our wars constitute an important factor in connection with our increase in expenditures. It is true that our appropriations began to grow larger in 1900, when we had our first billion-dollar Congress. After that there was a falling off, however, and the billion-dollar mark was not again reached until the Fifty-fifth Congress appropriated for the war. This Congress added nearly $400,000,000 to the regular appropriations at its first session, and $110,000,000 at its second session. It also added about $52,000,000 to the permanent appropriations. Most of the increased expenditures have been for the wars with Spain and the Filipinos, but some of them have been for our own domestic affairs. The sum demanded for pensions has fallen since 1899 from $149,304,702 to $139,842,230; but the army and navy appropriations have grown immensely. The sums appropriated for the army from 1890 to 1900 foot up $238,117,389; the sums appropriated for the four years since—1900, '01, '02, and '03—foot up $401,914,485. The average annual expenditure for this purpose for the ten years before the Spanish war was $23,811,739. At this rate the expenditure for the years during and since the war would have been $95,246,958, showing that the two wars have cost the country $306,667,529 for army purposes alone. By the same process of calculation it appears that the increased cost of the navy by reason of the wars is $150,650,674, while the increased cost of administration is about $1,000,000. Add to this the $20,000,000 paid for the Philippine Islands, and we have as the direct cost of the Spanish and Philippine wars to June 30, 1903, the sum of $478,317,203. But the influence of war is always to foster extravagance, and therefore we have an annual increase of $21,000,000 for rivers and harbors, and of nearly $40,000,000 in the sundry civil bill, which provides for public buildings. Indeed, the sum of the appropriations in the latter bill for the ten years was $118,552,436, and for the four years, $226,708,919.

Mr. Roosevelt's Pittsburg speech on the Fourth of July has called forth approving responses from the country. This is especially true of his announcement that reciprocity with Cuba is coming "as sure as fate." This is without doubt the spirit whose manifestation will bring about the triumph of the President's policy of honesty and decency. The country is with the President, and approves of his Cuban policy because the country, like the President, believes in keeping its promises and in fair play. All that was needed to make reciprocity as "sure as fate" was the assurance that the Senate, and a selfish protected interest, were obstructing the carrying out of the President's policy. Mr. Roosevelt might have made this apparent before, and by doing so might have triumphed before the adjournment of Congress. As it is, however, he is sure to win now that the people who make Senators know the true inwardness of the situation. Aiding greatly is the sore financial distress of the Cubans, by reason of the triumph of the beet-sugar industry. The latest efforts of the new government to borrow money for the relief of the distressed planters may succeed and may help to tide over an evil period, but the only real salvation for these people is a commercial concession from our government. Now that this is apparent to the people, we doubt if the obstructing politicians will long continue to stand in the way. It is clear, too, that if we are to remain on friendly terms with our neighbor we must keep our word to her. She is already manifesting signs of resentment; witness the demand that we abandon the wharf at Triscornia, near Havana, which we supposed we needed for one of those coaling-stations.

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The country has been treated to a great deal of oratory lately, and talk as a commodity is getting cheap enough to be within the reach of all. We are not aware just how many pages of the *Congressional Record* have been printed during the session of Congress just adjourned, but we fancy that not for many years has there been such a Pelée of words and phrases as have been set forth in that over-dull periodical in the past six months. But apart from the eloquence of those who consider eloquence to be an obligation of their office, there has been much speechifying by volunteers, and while it forms in bulk reading of an arduous nature, it is really worth while to study it, and learn something of oratory at least, if of nothing else. We cannot imagine a more illuminating contrast, for instance, than is to be found in the Fourth-of-July speeches of the President at Pittsburg and of the Prodigal Son of Tammany, Mr. Bourke Cockran, at Tammany Hall. Mr. Cockran is said to be an orator, and it is unquestionably the fact that he speaks easily and sways his ten thousand hearers without apparent effort, whereas Mr. Roosevelt is a difficult speaker, whose sentences come jerkily from within, and give the impression rather that they are bitten off than that they are rounded out. Yet when the speeches of these gentlemen appear the next day in cold type, to be read in the calm and cool of the abstract, one is impressed by the fact that it is better to be a difficult speaker whose sentences when bitten off show digested thought than to be able to soar into the empyrean of words with nothing in particular to say. The contrast of the suave, smooth-running Tammany orator stirring his braves with facile nothings, and the other speaker striving consciously to give utterance to the ideas that he has within, is not in the matter of delivery wholly in favor of the latter, but when that which has been said by both is set down in print and in parallel columns, the young orator seeking a model will deduce the conclusion that, after all, thoughtless glibness has its disadvantages, and that in the long-run it is better to be a hard speaker with thoughts worth having than a well-oiled vocabulary incarnate having none at all.

The political paradox presented by the fact that the President is most popular, and the demand for his renomination apparently most urgent, in the States from which has come the fiercest opposition to the chief item in his requirement of Congress, suggests the question whether Congressmen ever really know very much about what the people want. They are given to keeping their ears to the ground, and are always much impressed by the receipt of a considerable number of letters on any subject. Yet every little while some Representative finds that he has been terribly mistaken in his guess at the thing the majority of people in his district really wanted. Not long ago a couple of dozen men in a certain city quietly organized a "question club," the purpose of which was to interpellate by letter Senators and members of Congress on economic questions—to make various protests and demands in the line of their own hobby. For a while the industrious interrogators had their members very much stirred up. The Congressmen thought that a ground-swell of public opinion had set in. There is no doubt that the questioners had, for a time, an influence on public affairs out of all proportion to their numbers and consequence. For the time being they were "the people." But by-and-by they began to tire of the task of letter-writing. The club broke up; the ground-swell was over. The people of the districts, meantime, went on reading the papers, quietly talking with one another in their usual meeting-places, and voting in a manner often quite at variance with the anticipations of the politicians—and, on the whole, rather more wisely as well as more boldly than the politicians thought they were going to do. If they did not choose their Representatives as they ought to have chosen, it was because the choice was not open to them.

The United States army has profited probably in popularity as the result of the attacks that have recently been made upon it. It is unusual to see it specifically "endorsed" in the political platforms, and to hear allusions to it in public speeches, in a time of profound peace, cheered to the echo. But in regard to the constructive legislation that it greatly needs, the army has to "muddle along," as it has been muddling along for the last hundred years. Not even the slightest amendment of the militia law of 1792, properly characterized by President Roosevelt in his last message as obsolete and worthless, can be secured. We are always hearing that public sentiment has been advanced so that reformatory military legislation may be expected at the next session; but the next sessions come and go, and nothing except temporary, patch-work legislation, generally obtained in a more or less furtive manner through an amendment in the appropriation bill, is adopted. Perhaps we may really hope that the recent reaction of sentiment in the army's behalf, the result of an unjust attack, may result in something at the next session. The wise advocates of reconstructive legislation are not hoping or asking for too much. They may content themselves with the general staff provision of this year's unsuccessful bill. There is no earthly need for any other "commander-in-chief" of the United States army than the President, but it will probably be necessary to keep a nominal commander in a chief of staff. The American people, singularly conservative in military matters, almost Scriptural, Old-Testament-like, in their notions of war-making, cannot understand an army without a military commander-in-chief—a great captain, like Joshua, or Abner, or Judas Maccabæus, always at the head of his hosts with a drawn sword. There is some good in every popular notion, even when it is obstructive; and perhaps this general prejudice against the modern military organization saves our army from becoming too distinctly a business agency.

"The only enemy," said Mr. Cannon of Illinois, in a recent speech in Congress, in which he referred to the decrease of five and a half million dollars in the annual pension appropriations, "before whom the American soldier retreats is the Grim Reaper himself, who is now rapidly decimating the ranks of the Union veterans of the war of the rebellion." Mr. Cannon made two little errors in this statement. The American soldier does not retreat before the Grim Reaper; he faces him, as he has faced all other enemies. And the Union soldiers have already been much more than decimated. There is a note of sadness in Mr. Cannon's tribute which the whole country will echo. The civil-war veterans are going. And yet it would be a grievous error to suppose that they are nearly gone, or that there will be too few of them to constitute a really Grand Army for some time to come. How old is the average veteran of the civil war? Exact statistics are wanting for a determination of the average age of the volunteers who went into the army all the way from 1861 to 1865; but the average soldier whom people knew in those days was a man anywhere from twenty to thirty years old. That means a man who is now somewhere between sixty and seventy. The number of veterans who are less than sixty years of age is very large. One of these, if the natural course of events is not interrupted and the office is not abolished, will be the commanding general of the United States army erelong. His name is MacArthur, and he is now fifty-seven years old. There are many civil-war soldiers who are no older. The last veteran of the war of 1812 died only three or four years ago. If the civil-war veterans show as much tenacity as the men of the Revolution and of the war of 1812, there will be some to defy the Reaper as late as the noon of the twentieth century. The Grand Army should still possess respectable proportions in 1925, for the surviving seventeen-year-old volunteers who went into the army between 1861 and 1865 will then be from seventy-six to eighty-one years old. Think of the honor that will be paid to these venerable men in 1925, and hold on to life as long as you can, veterans!

With the close of the colleges for the summer vacation the pessimistic observer of tendencies begins anew to deprecate the importance of athletics in the modern university. Statistics will show, he tells us, that more attention is paid by public and by press to athletic than to academic functions, and he proves it by instancing the disparity in numbers between the vast concourse of people at the football matches of the season past and the limited audiences at the various Commencement exercises throughout the country. Against such arguments as this it is, of course, impossible to stand, and it is beyond all question true that the supply of college athletics sometimes seems to exceed the demand, yet, upon the whole, we are inclined to believe that what college athletics need most is encouragement, and not deprecation, in these strenuous days. For a time at least the man of the strong arm and muscular back and broad, deep chest and sturdy legs is going to be needed in this country, and in the races for the prizes which

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life nowadays bestows the man of might is likelier than his less highly developed brother to prove the winner. It is the muscular Christian who is best equipped to go down into the slums to do the missionary work that is most needed at the very doors of our churches; the strain of modern business upon a man all mind and no muscle is of killing quality; the painter and the writer seeking new fields and more stirring themes for the exploitation of their talents find themselves in far and difficult countries, to reach and endure the life of which taxes their physical strength almost to the utmost; we even believe that women would be better shoppers had they learned more of the arts of the rush-line and flying wedge. Most of all, however, would it appear that a thorough course in physical culture is coming to be needed in political life, in the very council-chambers of the nation, and if the manly art of self-defence were to be incorporated in our schools of political science no convincing protest against such action could be sustained, in the face of recent outbreaks of a fistic nature in Washington. We fancy if it came to be known that Senator This or Senator That was amply able to throw an assailant out of the window, or rush him through the door to the Capitol steps and thence downward to mother earth, we should have fewer outbreaks of a disgraceful nature from those whose self-control is nil. Had Senator Beveridge, under his recent provocation, calmly risen up and tackled Mr. Bailey as a Yale half-back tackles his Harvard adversary, we have little doubt that Mr. Bailey would have been forever cured of his desire to disarrange a single neck-tie of the opposition. Senator Tillman too would have profited through adversity had Mr. McLaurin been a graduate from some well-trained school of gymnastics. When athletics become an obsession they should indeed be discouraged. But in view of the requirements of modern life it is manifestly improper that they should be eliminated from the curricula of our universities. On the contrary, they should be more perfectly organized, and, in so far as it is possible to have it so, made compulsory.

What of Aguinaldo! Triumphs are out of date and out of favor. The Filipino chieftain was not here to ride in the Dewey parade in New York. He will not walk in chains behind the chariot of MacArthur or Chaffee, because things are no longer done in that way. He is free, and can go where he will, and it has been reported that he intended to come to this country. Where is Major Pond? Cannot he and Aguinaldo be brought together to their mutual advantage and the profit of the general public? Aguinaldo seems to want to see the Americans at home. The Americans would not only be glad to see Aguinaldo, but would hear him gladly. If he knows or can learn enough English, why shouldn't he lecture? It would not be undignified, for he is as distinctly a private individual as Colonel Bryan. It would be profitable, and no way suggests itself in which the late dictator could so directly work for the cause he is believed to have at heart.

For many years young Frenchmen and their friends in politics and journalism have been fighting against the three years' compulsory military service law which rules in their country, and wastes so much of one of the most important periods of young men's lives, and when the new government proclaimed that it intended to attempt to reduce the term of service to two years, the friends of France all over the world approved this determination, and hoped it would lead eventually to the complete abolition of a conscription which is so detrimental to the interests of both the country and the individual. To us here in America it seems incomprehensible that the three years' service law should have stood so long, in view of the overwhelming objections to it. There is no doubt that the passionate desire of the French to win back their lost provinces and prestige from Germany has been a strong element in the maintenance of this hardship-working statute. But there are other reasons why it has been upheld, or a great statesman like M. Waldeck-Rousseau would not have given up the idea of overthrowing it. That he did so give it up, General de Galliffet affirms in a recent letter of warning to the *Journal des Débats*. Two years ago, he says, when he was Minister of War, he was summoned before a Parliamentary Army Commission, and gave such reasons against the proposed step of reducing the term of military service that M. Waldeck-Rousseau was completely converted, and withdrew from any further action in the matter. General de Galliffet further considers it his duty to tell the country that any diminution of the military spirit in France would mean the immediate devolution of the country from its position as a first-rate power. Two other generals have written to the *Gaulois* on the subject, General Jamont declaring that a two years' service can only be the conception of politicians eager for popularity, and General Voisin protesting that the two years' system would only be a pretext for the substitution of a worthless national guard for the defence of the country's frontiers, upon which substitution would follow the speedy dismemberment of the nation. But these are the views of soldiers, to whom war is a thing that must be with us always, and who believe that the only sort of strength and power a country can have is the strength of trained and serried ranks and the power of gunpowder and cannon balls. But if the young Frenchmen who now give up three years to the acquirement of military efficiency were to spend that time in industrial or other useful production, would the real power of the country be diminished? Even the two years' service law, if it is voted, will entail hardship enough: two years out of the life of a young man of twenty or twenty-one, who is just beginning his trade or profession, are just two years too much.

One of the most horrible tragedies that ever occurred in Massachusetts is said to have secured the favorable consideration of important legislation, long asked for, but not before secured. The tragedy was that of the murder of her six children by Mrs. Narramore, in a country town near Worcester, last year, and the legislation is a law giving mothers equal rights with fathers in the care and custody of their minor children. While the connection of these two happenings is not apparent on the surface, the debate in the Massachusetts House of Representatives evolved the Narramore case conspicuously. The woman had, or thought she had, reason to believe that her husband intended to take the children away from her, as he might have done with the sanction of the law. She had been working to the extreme limit to support them and to keep them together, and crazed by the fear that she would have to part with them, she killed them all. The chief advocate of the bill used this occurrence to impress the legislators; and whether his argument was entirely sound or not, he evidently made it effective, for the opposition to the measure diminished perceptibly as a result of the discussion. Some of the lawmakers objected to the legislation on the ground that such a law would breed dissensions, break up families, and stimulate divorce. As all the rest knew that these evils come thick and fast without the law, they concluded to take the chance.

The present administration is opposed to flies, and is fighting them through the Department of Agriculture. Dr. Howard, chief of the Division of Entomology, is the general directing the campaign, which is being prosecuted at present chiefly by the distribution of pamphlets, telling about all sorts of flies, their various habits and dangerous propensities. For the better study of them 2300 were caught in kitchens and dining-rooms in all parts of the country and put on trial. Of these, ninety-eight per cent. were common house flies. The house fly does not bite nor sing. The greatest danger from him arises from his neglect to wipe his feet. He will tramp over filth and infected matter, and straightway track his accumulation over anything that any near-by family may be having for dinner. It is easier to discourage flies altogether than to teach them better habits. General-Entomologist Howard talks of a war of extermination, but the first and most practicable thing to do is to teach people in general as much as possible about flies; when and where they breed, and why they are dangerous. It is well known that stables are great nurseries of flies. It seems hopeless to attempt to regulate stables so that flies won't breed in them, but a good deal can be done by the use of knowledge and of sense; and where stables are so placed that their flies are particularly annoying, the use of chloride of lime will help matters very much. The great central truth about flies and the danger from them seems to be, the cleaner the place, the fewer flies, and the less danger from those that are there. Common flies do not secrete poison; they merely carry it. Don't leave any poison around where they can get at it. Bury filth; keep garbage in proper receptacles, and remove it promptly.

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It is a rather curious fact that it never occurred to any one in particular to put city school houses and grounds to use except in the days and in the months when "school keeps." It is not thus in the country. There the ground has no such value as it has in the city. No fabulous prices are paid there for the use of little spots of space aboveground. Yet the country school-house is the place of meeting for the singing-school, the alluring political caucus, and the exciting debating society; the prayer-meeting is held within its precincts; on Sunday morning or afternoon the people worship there if there is no church edifice in the neighborhood, or it is given over to the dissident congregation whose numbers and wealth do not permit them to have a house of their own. Sometimes the light fantastic toe is tripped recreatively in the precincts ordinarily devoted to the other extremity of the human system. So far as any one has ever heard, the school-house is not harmed by these various uses. It is not a question in the cities of giving up the school-houses on week-day evenings to prayer-meetings, singing-schools, or hops, or on Sundays to religious services; but Mayor Low of this city has expressed his approbation of a movement which favors the use of the school playgrounds and gymnasiums by poor children of the street on Sundays and holidays and in vacation-time, and of the rooms, or some of them, as gathering-places for neighborhood clubs, guilds, and debating societies. One of the most conservative of the religious newspapers recently approved this plan for employing the improving facilities of city school-houses on Saturdays and Sundays and in vacations, saying that they "represent capital that should draw interest steadily and permanently, not intermittently." The plan is likely to be adopted in New York, and adopted in this spirit.

It is too bad about those twenty Andover boys who were caught cribbing in their examinations to enter Princeton. It is too bad they cribbed. It is not too bad they were caught. That is a good thing, and it is a particularly good thing that so many of them were caught at once as to make a sensation and a public scandal. It is conceivable, of course, that these boys are a dishonest lot, prone to cheat, and in a fair way to grow up to be thimbleriggers or promoters, but by far the likelier case is that they are lads of average rectitude, honorable according to their own accepted standards, and with fair prospects of growing up to be reputable men. The trouble is that they have come to consider cribbing a fair game, to be played without loss of self-respect or repute by lads bold enough to brave its hazards. It is certainly no new thing at Andover, and it is probably more or less prevalent in most large schools, especially in those of the Andover pattern. It is difficult to prevent cribbing in such schools. What seems to be done is to watch the boys so closely in examinations that they cannot consult their cribs without being caught. This close supervision implies expectation on the part of the school authorities that the boys will cheat if they can. But boys are very ready to meet expectations of that sort. When you put a detective on a boy to see that he does right, it is his natural impulse to meet wile with wile, and fool the detective if he can. Judging from the accounts in the papers, these Andover misdemeanants seem either to have got hold of the examination papers for admission to Princeton before they were issued to the examiner, or else to have done wholesale copying from one another during the examination. The examiner, apparently, took no pains to watch them, but gave them all the rope they wanted, and let them hang themselves. He beat the boys hands down, for their own papers convicted them, beyond all question, of crooked work.

The most effective way to prevent cribbing in schools is to cultivate such a sentiment against it among the boys that those who do it lose caste with their fellows. That is easier done in good boarding-schools, where the relation between the boys and the masters is close, and where the same boys continue as pupils for five or six years, than in schools like Phillips Academy at Andover, where the boys live less under the masters' eye and where their stay is much shorter. A large part of the discipline of schools is best maintained by the older boys trained for years to respect the traditions of the school; but in schools like that at Andover, where new boys are received in any class they are fit to enter, and often graduate after no more than one year's residence, it is harder for good traditions to become effective. But Andover is a great school of its kind, and the kind is one that cannot be spared, no matter what its drawbacks are. The detective system to insure integrity in examinations is faulty, but it may be the only system practicable at Andover. If that is so, the complaint of the Andover authorities that the Princeton examiner was to blame in not watching the boys closer is more reasonable and better justified than appears at first sight. It would have been kinder to the boys and fairer to the boys' teachers to have watched them (since they were used to that way), but as a lesson in the inexpediency of using cribs the incident does very well as it is.

In 1833 Chicago had a population of 250 people. In that year James Kinzie, a son of Chicago's very first family, built along the river-bank the first hotel in the potential metropolis, and called it the Green Tree Tavern in honor of a mighty oak which spread its umbrageous branches over the shingled roof. That old two-storied frame building is still standing, though now, after several changes of location, it has been moved away out on Milwaukee Avenue, and is given over to occupation as a tenement and saloon. Now it is proposed by the Chicago Historical Society to buy the old building from the people who are about to destroy it, and to move it to a permanent location in one of the big West Side parks, where it may stand as a lasting memorial of the old days. In a similar way the Municipal Art Association and other organizations in the big city by the lake are moving for the preservation of historic landmarks, and where it is impossible to preserve the ancient buildings, tablets are being set up to mark their location for the remembrance of the future generations. Chicago, with its present population of eighteen hundred thousand, and its record of less than seventy-five years as an incorporated village, is just reaching the stage of the young man in the later thirties, to whom memories of his childhood are beginning to be dear. It is fortunate in the circumstance that it has awakened to the value of its historical sites and houses while men still living can point them out from personal knowledge. And it is to be hoped that the societies which have taken the work in hand will persevere until they have aroused permanently that spirit of local and civic patriotism which should be a lasting inspiration to all its future citizens. A present memorial of what their fathers have accomplished in so few years can hardly fail to quicken the resolves of the sons.

Killed, 21; wounded, 2378. This is not an extract from the report of the commanding officer in a bloody battle. It is the record of casualties growing out of the celebration of the Fourth of July. Are patriotism and powder so intimately allied that for the proper expression of the one a score of lives must be lost yearly, and two regiments of men and boys seriously injured by explosions of the other? It is easy to grow hysterical on the subject. Aching ear-drums and shivering nerves inspire philippics which call for the total suppression of the immemorial fire-cracker and torpedo. Sensitive middle-age cries out for protection against the boisterous enthusiasm of youth. It is a relic of barbarism; a lingering of the savage liking for loud noises and meaningless explosions. The Sioux Indian beating on his tomtom and shrieking his war-cry is our brother. The proud old Athenian spent his national holiday listening in solemn silence to the reading of a tremendous tragedy—and Athens is not. Thank Heaven this is still a land of youthful and even boisterous enthusiasm! It is a good and thankworthy thing that Young America still gets up at four o'clock on the morning of the Fourth and explodes his whole pack of fire-crackers under the otherwise commonplace and unpatriotic wash-tub. Let the elders assist in the noisy jubilee, and their nerves will prove less painful. In the mean time, of course, the present slaughter should be stopped. It is the dynamite cracker and the toy pistol which should be suppressed, because they are responsible almost wholly for the serious damage. How that may best be done is a problem for legislator and executive—chiefly for the latter, for in most cities there are already laws to spare on the subject. But let the fire-cracker and its innocent colleagues alone. It is only a neurotic nation which cannot stand a little patriotic noise.

It was Mr. Abram S. Hewitt who said not long ago that he knew how hundreds of millions might be given to advantage

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to benevolent uses. It was his answer to a suggestion that it was extremely difficult to give away much money without doing more harm than good. It is a satisfaction to find Mr. Hewitt one of the five members of the corporation formed to hold and administer Mr. John Masterton Burke's gift of about four million dollars to found a home for convalescents. Mr. Burke is a retired New York merchant, a bachelor, eighty years old and upwards, whose accumulations of property have very considerably outgrown his personal needs. He has purposed for some years past to give away some of his surplus fortune, and the plan that he has finally settled upon is this one for a home for convalescents—"for intelligent and respectable men and women who, in consequence of sickness or discharge from hospitals before they have gained sufficient strength to earn their livelihood, or in consequence of other misfortune, may be in need of temporary assistance." Even in this day of large gifts, four million dollars is still a very considerable sum for any single donor to devote to benevolent uses. It is the more gratifying therefore to find Mr. Burke's purpose commended as timely and wise by men who ought to know. Mr. Hewitt is a good judge of the charitable needs of New York, and Mr. Burke seems to have had the advantage of his experienced counsel in making his plans. President Stewart of the United Board of Charities says that Mr. Burke's gift will meet a crying need. Dr. George T. Stewart, Superintendent of Bellevue Hospital, says the same thing. Mr. George Blair, late of the Department of Charities, bears like testimony. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that this large sum has been wisely bestowed, and will help people who both need help and are worth helping.

Mr. James Bryce lecturing at Oxford last month on "The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind" was interesting, erudite, and instructive, but failed to express conclusive opinions as to some particulars of his subject which his American friends have very much on their minds. He did not say what his American brethren ought to do in and with the Philippines. Mr. Louis Dyer, himself a paragon of erudition, heard him, and has reported his lecture at some length to the *Evening Post*. Mr. Bryce talked of the races that intermarry and those that don't, of those that should and of those that should not. Strong peoples that intermarry on equal terms find advantage in the blending. All the great peoples of the world—French, Germans, Russians—more than either the English, and most of all the Americans—are of mixed blood. How the extraordinary mixture of stocks in this country that has taken place in the last seventy years would turn out he did not know. It is too soon to tell, but he thought the original English type might remain, but the character prove to be affected. But the most difficult race problems came with the contact of races which do not blend. Mr. Bryce did not expect these problems to be averted by inducing Europeans to keep out of the countries inhabited by the colored races. In India, Algeria, and western Turkestan he found English, French, and Russians "sadly committed to wellnigh impossible tasks." It may be inferred that he thinks it the part of wisdom for Americans not to commit themselves sadly to a wellnigh impossible task in the Philippines, but he did not say so, and the omission is creditable to his discretion. A new order has begun in the Philippines. Probably Mr. Bryce, like the rest of us, prefers to look on for a while, and see what comes of it.

The French sculptor Rodin—Rodin the great, or Rodin the eccentric (as you like it)—has been visiting London, feasting his artist appetite on the glorious Grecian, Assyrian, and Egyptian art treasures of the English capital. He was duly banqueted by a distinguished assembly of admirers and disciples, and in response to a hearty toast in his honor stood up and frankly professed his artistic creed. "Twenty years ago," he said, "when I first visited the fine English museums, their wonderful collections awakened in me a host of sensations which, if not new, had, at any rate, a rejuvenating influence; and those sensations caused me to follow nature all the more closely in my studies. I felt more imperatively than ever that in order that my productions should not prove barren it was necessary, if I sought to give them the vivifying spirit which engenders emotion, to go to nature, the only model whose variety can never stale, whose unforeseen and sublime revelations rise superior to all efforts of our imagination,and in which are embodied all styles, past, present, and future. . . . So it is that our vision of every-day life, generally looked upon as commonplace, becomes, as it were, enlarged, and we consider beautiful all beings surrounding us, whether they be friends or enemies. From that moment we do not cease to admire, and we are once and forever initiated into the joy of fervently loving nature—all-absorbing and voluptuous nature. The humble sculptor then becomes in his turn the mirror of nature, an artist who, as malleable as wax, retains nothing of his own personality, and is merely the docile instrument which a superior instinct governs at will." That is earnest, at any rate; but much of Rodin's work will continue to exasperate the many lovers of sculpture who believe that sculptural art should concern itself exclusively with beautiful forms, and who cannot accept the doctrine that everything in nature, from an artistic point of view, is beautiful, and fitted to give delight in formal representation.

Harry Tracy, the fugitive Oregon convict, who has been giving us such an interesting exposition of what misdirected energy may accomplish, is still at large at this writing, though upwards of a thousand armed men are reported to be in quest of him with bloodhounds and all the known aids to capture. His pursuers include the sheriffs of five counties in the State of Washington, State officers of Washington and Oregon, and three revenue-cutters, and various other forces of the United States. It is unquestionably time that the man was caught. The record of his deleterious activities as set forth in the newspapers begins with the killing of a deputy-sheriff in Colorado in 1897. When arrested for burglary in Portland in February, 1899, he wounded a detective, and attempted to seize a railroad train, but was shot down and captured. Since his escape on June 9, from the Oregon penitentiary at Salem, he has killed seven men, wounded five or six others, and robbed houses, stolen horses, and "held up" small parties of his pursuers and others, according as his necessities required. The man's audacity is consummate; he shoots very accurately with a revolver, and is reported to have plenty of ammunition. Audacity, accuracy, and ammunition, taken in combination with modern weapons, can do surprising things. There was Oxnard. Think what he accomplished! And here now is this Tracy with a thousand men out after him, and his death already a month overdue!

The German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*, whose launching attained to the proportions of an international function, has been tried, and while she does not appear to be the fastest thing afloat, she is certainly an acceptable craft, and full of true American politeness, in that she permitted the *Iduna*, the yacht of the Empress, to precede her over the finish-line. If the reports that come over the sea are reliable, in a breeze of goodly stiffness the *Meteor* was able to show her heels to pretty much everything she encountered in the recent regatta at Kiel, but when it came to flat calms and flimsy breezes she was unable to cope with the craft of his Majesty's imperial consort. Disappointing as this may have been to the Kaiser, we are impressed with the entire fitness of things in the situation. In times of storm and stress the War Lord should undoubtedly be to the fore, and the ship that he sails should be stanch and true and at the head of the line. But when the sweet calm of peaceful waters prevails, when the breezes are the zephyrs of indolence rather than of strenuous endeavor, then is it fit that the lighter hand should rule the hour, and that the gracious superiority of lovely woman should manifest itself. It is not often that our ship-yards turn out such craft as this; craft that are mindful of the niceties of life and the amenities which should ever obtain between the sterner and the lovelier sex. Hence it is that we feel prouder of this American-built ship than ever before. It was a fine achievement that she brought a royal visitor to our shores, a precious hostage of friendship from the German ruler; it is finer still that in her initial trial she has insisted upon that invariable rule of American courtesy, "Ladies first."

How many times in the course of a year we use the little sentence "I can't afford it," usually with a complaining note in voice or mind as we realize the difference between what we can pay for and what we desire. Yet people usually, if not always, afford what they want most. One man on a dollar-a-day wage cannot afford to marry—another can. It is because

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the first man wants to make other use of his dollar a day, not because it couldn't be made to sustain life in two if love and love's companionship meant more than what an undivided dollar would buy. "What class of people can afford to buy such books?" some one asked a man in a great New York store,—meaning the very costly old editions and rare prints of which this man had charge. "The class of people who want them," he replied. "Sometimes a man of millions comes in here, looks with apparently great longing at a first edition valued, we'll say, at two hundred dollars, but finally refuses to buy, saying, 'I can't afford it.' Yet I may know that that man's yacht costs him $75,000 a year to keep in commission, and that this very week he has paid $10,000 for a new service of gold plate. Even a millionaire can't buy everything on earth; he has to take his choice, like other men, but, like other men, he manages to afford what he wants most." By what we can or cannot afford we usually mean what the utmost living we are able to make will or will not suffer us to buy. But here is another way to calculate. "The cost of a thing," said Thoreau, "is *the amount of what I will call life* which is required to be exchanged for it immediately, or in the long-run." Stevenson says, "I have been accustomed to put it to myself, perhaps more clearly, that the price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty." Here is a new measure of what we can afford,—not how many purchasable things we can manage to barter our life and liberty for, but what amount of life or liberty we can afford to exchange for any purchasable commodity; in a word, what kind of a living we can afford to earn. "Do you want a thousand-dollar income?" says Stevenson, "or a five thousand, or ten thousand? And can you afford the one you want?" What a revolution in the world of economics and finance were every one honestly to ask and answer himself that question!

The excellent Baron Shibusawa, often alluded to as "the Pierpont Morgan of Japan," created a highly favorable impression in this country during his recent visit. Possessing a physiognomy which, barring an Asiatic tint and a crown of hair of un-European straightness, blackness, and fineness, might have been that of a prosperous elderly banker of American, English, or Scottish nationality, and a grave and sagacious financial bearing, he spread everywhere the wonder how the Japanese could so soon have assimilated themselves to Western ways. Are we sure, by-the-way, that financiers have not looked essentially alike in all countries and ages? Many busts and statuettes of prominent elderly citizens have been dug up in Greece and Rome, and are to be seen in museums to-day, whose faces strongly suggest close and not too credulous attention to financial propositions of some sort; and they look just like our bankers. There is nothing new under the sun of finance except the scale of the propositions; the financiers and their ways are eternally the same. Baron Shibusawa is an excellent type of the kind. His numerous suite, however, were not the well-assimilated Japanese business men seen daily on our streets, who look as if they were born in European clothes, and who have substituted the New York facial expression for the bland Japanese smile. They were for some reason real Japanese, merely masquerading in Western dress. In the group of photographs which they amiably permitted to be taken for the papers, the awkwardly bending knees look as if they were reaching out for the kindly protection of flowing robes.

There is a new way of making history, not by deed nor by written word, but by legislative act. The Louisiana Legislature gave it a trial the other day when both of its Houses passed unanimously the Smith bill prohibiting the use in the public schools of the State of any history covering the Spanish war which does not give Admiral Schley the credit for the naval victory at Santiago. Our Louisiana brethren like to have their own way in their own State, and in such a matter as this he is a mean man that would hinder them. General Jackson won at New Orleans and Admiral Schley at Santiago! So be it (in Louisiana), even though the Legislature's action may recall to some smiling observers the good old times in another country when it was forbidden by the authorities to teach that the earth revolved around the sun.

A correspondent of a Boston paper has been advocating the erection of a statue to Benedict Arnold, "to commemorate those patriotic services performed by him when he was true to the American cause." This proposition suggests the reverence paid to the small bone which was guaranteed to be the thigh-bone of St. Peter when he was a little boy. In order to sympathize fully with the idea, we have to imagine the patriot Arnold as a separate entity from the traitor Arnold—and not only as a separate entity, but as one somehow stopped from going on and developing into the traitor. If the traitor was the same man who once had been the patriot, the patriot services must have been nullified by the treason. But as there were two Ajaxes, there may have been two Arnolds; and if so, the first was honorable and worthy of a statue. Yet the difficulty on the part of the Boston man who fathers the scheme would still be to prevent the effigy of the patriot Arnold from being to all intents and purposes the effigy of the other one too. The matter might be taken care of in the inscription; and yet an inscription is only a story, after all, whereas a statue is a representation of a man who lived and grew, and had in him, at any one time, the essence of all that he was afterward to become. There seems to be really only one way out of the difficulty. One of Arnold's legs was disabled at Saratoga. This incapacitated leg may be assumed to have had no part in the man's treason. Why not make the statue consist wholly of this leg—the pedestal bearing the inscription "to the patriot Arnold," and the imagination of the beholder being left to finish out the figure with the face and form of the man, still young, brave, brilliant, and true, out of whose heart the demon of jealous resentment had not yet eaten the spirit of devotion to American liberty?

The gathering of colonial premiers in London is likely to bear fruit in many ways, and has already had one result, on which we are all to be greatly congratulated. This is the vindication of constitutional government in Cape Colony, at the urgent instance of Sir John Gordon Sprigg, and in direct opposition to the often declared wishes of Lord Milner. It is recognized now on all hands that Lord Milner's intolerant and despotic temper was a potent contributing cause to the South-African war; and we cannot but express a feeling of profound relief that he is not to have his way in Cape Colony. To quote Sir John Gordon Sprigg, the granting of the petition to suspend the constitution of Cape Colony would have caused apprehension regarding the position of every self-governing colony, since it involved the whole question of free constitutional governments. The decision of the London government to restore and vindicate the constitution of Cape Colony will promote peace and reconciliation in South Africa, while its suspension would have reopened the wounds of the state and opened the way for new evils.

It was divulged last month, as part of the Commencement news, that Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson had agreed to become the "David A. Wells Professor of Political Science" at Williams College. The professorship is a new one, endowed by Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, who was a classmate of Mr. Nelson at Williams in the sixties. Mr. Nelson has not only book knowledge of political science, but an intimate and long-standing personal acquaintance with it. He knows not only the theories of government, but the practices. He will carry with him to the Williams faculty a knowledge of public affairs, public men, and the world outside of libraries and class-rooms which is rare and valuable, and must appreciably increase the ability of the college to offer profitable knowledge to her students. Mr. Nelson has been so long an editor and a writer, and writes so much to the edification of so many readers, that it would be matter for grave regret to have him withdraw altogether from the field in which he is best known. But one of the great attractions about being a professor in a college is that the labors of that calling do not commonly engross all the energies of an industrious man, but leave him leisure not only to write, but to think of particularly good things to say.

The unexpected happened when Buffalo got half a million out of the national Treasury to pay part of the losses on the Pan-American. The money will not be grudged, though the reasons why it should not have been voted were very respectable. The important thing is that it should go to the right people, and for that the bill seems to have made full provision.

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The President and Mr. Littlefield on Trusts

THE report that the President has requested Mr. Littlefield of Maine to prepare a bill providing for the recognition and control of trusts, or combinations of capital, is interesting. In the first place, it seems to be the President's answer to the Democratic programme of attacking trusts by attacking their partnership with the government—that is, by seeking to abolish all tariff protection of trust products. In the second place, Mr. Littlefield is an energetic and determined seeker after an effective legislative method for the suppression of whatever evils may be the consequence of modern combinations of wealth, and is a believer in the President's oft-repeated panacea of "publicity." During the session just passed he introduced two bills, in which are embodied his views on this subject, and which, in the light of the rumored alliance between the President and himself, become of importance, and may justly be regarded as significant. Moreover, Mr. Littlefield's general attitude upon trusts was expressed in a speech which he made in the House of Representatives on the 1st of June, 1900. This speech was in advocacy f a constitutional amendment of so drastic and far-reaching a character that it has been almost universally regarded as a campaign document. This amendment gave to Congress, without any previous judicial investigation or determination of the subject, the power "to define, regulate, control, prohibit, or dissolve trusts, monopolies, or combinations, whether existing in the form of corporations or otherwise." Here was, in brief, a proposition that the Federal government should invade the States, and that, being there, Congress might declare citizens, or a citizen, of a State, without trying the case in court, guilty of a breach of a Federal law, close up the citizen's business, or dissolve the corporation created by the law of the State. But, as we have said, this proposed amendment was regarded as an emanation of campaign necessities, and is not therefore to be taken seriously.

The two bills introduced by Mr. Littlefield are much more likely to express his real view of the attitude which the general government should assume towards trusts. Before setting forth their purport, which is the main design of this article, it ought to be explained that Mr. Littlefield does not regard the modern industrial movement, the tendency to combinations, as an unmixed evil, as Mr. Bryan does. He realizes the force of natural movements, and recognizes their economic advantages. He is seeking solely to design a law which shall prevent so-called monopolies from restraining, or limiting, trade, or destroying competition. It ought also to be explained that Mr. Littlefield is one of the sincerest and most determined protectionists in public life. He is the appropriate successor of Mr. Nelson Dingley, and his views on protection have not undergone the modifications which had changed Mr. McKinley's point of view immediately before his death.

What, then, are the measures of control and restraint which Mr. Littlefield has already suggested? The two bills were introduced on the 2d of December, 1901, at the very opening of the first session of the present Congress. The first provides for certain amendments to the Sherman act. That law makes contracts, combinations, or conspiracies in restraint of inter-State and foreign commerce "illegal." Mr. Littlefield's bill proposes that any such act shall be a crime." The law provides for a maximum punishment. Mr. Littlefield would insert provisions for a minimum punishment, in order that the guilty might not escape a penalty worthy of the offence.

The important features of this bill lie in the additions to the existing statute, which its author proposes. In the first place, he provides that all "agents, officers, and attorneys" of guilty corporations are to be treated as principal offenders. In his view, no individual, knowing or not knowing of the criminal act, ought to be able to escape indictment on that plea if he be an agent, officer, or attorney of the company.

The Sherman act provides that "any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy [contemplated by the laws], and being the subject thereof, and being in the course of transportation from one State to another, or to a foreign country," may be seized, condemned, and forfeited to the United States. Mr. Littlefield proposes to add a section making the common carriers, or transportation company, transporting such property liable to damages in the form of a penalty of not less than $500, nor more than $5000; while any officer, agent, manager, or attorney of such company receiving such property for transportation shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be fined "not less than $500 nor more than $5000, and by imprisonment, not less than thirty days nor more than six months."

Another section of this bill denies to those who are subpœnaed the right of refusing to testify on the ground that the evidence might tend to criminate him or subject him to a penalty or forfeiture; at the same time the witness is declared not liable to such penalty or forfeiture on any act to which he may testify.

This bill, it will be seen, simply enlarges the scope of the Sherman act as a criminal law, and probably, if it were enacted, would determine the rule of construction, concerning which there is now some dispute. If Mr. Littlefield's amendments and additions were adopted, would not the contention that the whole statute must be strictly construed in favor of the accused be placed beyond peradventure? It will also be seen at once that the bill, if passed, would not aid in the administration of the law. It does not seek to define a trust or combination, or to help the Executive over the difficulties which it has already encountered in its efforts to enforce the Sherman law. Probably Mr. Littlefield is satisfied with the apparent drift of the courts towards the carrying out of the seeming purpose of the Sherman act.

The second bill deals with the question of publicity. It affects every corporation, large or small, trust or otherwise, engaged in inter-State commerce. It provides for an annual report to the Secretary of the Treasury, giving in detail the full financial history of the corporation, including a true statement of its stock and its character; its origin; its formation, composition, and organization; its indebtedness, and the form in which it is held; the amount of its assets and liabilities; its earnings and income, operating expenses, interest, taxes, maintenance, permanent improvements, net earnings, and dividends declared: the salaries of its officials, and the wages of its employees. The return is to be made under the oath of the treasurer, who is to be punishable for perjury. Another section of the bill provides for a Federal tax, equal to one per cent., on all issued stock, on all outstanding stock not fully paid in. This tax is to be a first lien on all the property of the corporation, while failure to pay the tax within the time specified would give to the government the right to restrain the corporation from engaging in inter-State commerce. This bill, of course, refers only to transportation companies, and does not include corporations engaged in manufacturing.

There is no doubt that the President would approve of this second bill, but there is also no doubt that he would approve of a measure denying tariff protection to trust products, nor is it certain that Mr. Littlefield would not agree with him, protectionist as he is. At any rate, in these two bills we have all that Mr. Littlefield has thus far suggested by way of granting relief from what he regards as the evils of modern combinations of wealth and capital. Aside from his advocacy of the constitutional amendment, there is little that is radical in his attitude, except the proposition to fix upon a possibly guiltless individual the crime of a corporation committed by other officers, agents, or attorneys.

Is the Press Deteriorating?

A PAPER in one of the June magazines, by a writer who gives several proofs of knowing somewhat less than nothing of the facts relating to his subject, laments, most illogically and with preposterous vehemence, what he terms the "commercialization" of our newspapers. Flat assertions to the effect that the great daily journals are wholly dominated by the counting-room, and that their opinions are bought and sold, are so absurd that denial is superfluous. The broader charge of general deterioration on the part of the daily press, with marked discrimination in favor of the weekly publication, however, merits consideration.

It is an error to suppose that in the past our press was more public-spirited than now. Formerly the newspaper was a small business, and now it is a great business. That is the sole difference; it was and is always a business, except in those rare instances which are now more frequent than ever. It is character that characterizes, it is the ideal that consecrates; and certain honorable journals of the past are remembered as distinctive of that time, while the ruck of industrial successes of the same period are forgotten. But the daily paper which was owned by its editor was not a purer or braver affair than the daily paper which is now owned by a company. It was of the same commercial intention, and it was even more easily swayed by base fears and hopes. The great newspaper of today may ignore facts of public interest, but the small newspaper of yesterday perverted the fact; and it was low and scurrilous past all the blackguardly personalities of the actual enterprises. If the student of this phase of our civilization would see a true image of the average journalism of the past, he may see it in some of the wretcheder of our country newspapers, which not even the advantage of appearing once a week ennobles.

In fact, we doubt if there is any such virtue inherent in hebdomadal publication as the writer of that magazine article seems to suggest. There is the same temptation for the counting-room to commercialize the weekly as the daily press, but perhaps there is a grace in the larger leisure of the reader which helps out the moral impulses of the editor. The editor himself shares this larger leisure; he has more time to think over what he is about to say, and ascertain that it is really safe to say it, although it is right and true. We do not like to imagine too lofty a motive in the weekly editor, while conscious of a virtue in ourselves above all such anxieties, and we will therefore not claim for him a magnanimity which it would be difficult to verify in any given case. But we may invite the inquirer to observe that it is not only the greater time for reflection which stands the weekly editor's friend. He is less subject to the influence of the advertising interest than the daily editor, be-

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cause his periodical is less sensitively responsive to the demands of the advertiser, less dependent upon the advertiser for its prosperity. He may more fearlessly consult the tastes and opinions of his subscriber, his reader, who may prefer an honest difference of mind in him, and may like sincere expression on some matter of public concern, better than complaisance to a business interest. A large dry-goods house cannot move his courageous spirit by the threat of withdrawing its patronage, because it has probably never given it; his soul would not tremble for the loss of a full-page advertisement, for his paper might never have had it.

In a world which would rather keep a good conscience than not, men commonly behave as righteously as they think the conditions will allow. But we must not forget that it is mainly the conditions which decide, if they do not actuate, conduct. The weekly press, we will admit, if we must, is braver and better than the daily press, but that is so because it can be so with less embarrassment and detriment. It is to the advantage of the weekly press, which is mainly responsible to its subscribers and not to its advertisers, to keep itself uncommercialized. It will probably speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, oftener than the daily press, not from a superior worth in its editors or proprietors, who are of the same fallible make as the editors and proprietors of the daily press, but from the sense of conditions favorable to the expression of the eternal, and even the temporal veracities. The sense of such conditions has here inspired reflections upon the matter which may affect some readers as superfluous, or perhaps cynical, but we feel it entirely safe to make them, and we think the mental and moral atmosphere will be the clearer for them. Naturally we should like to allow all that the writer of that magazine article claims for us, as the effect of an inherent virtue, but the very exercise of the virtue predicated of the weekly press forbids this. In other words, we cannot help telling the truth; but it is to our profit as well as our pleasure, and we merit no praise for it. Rather the praise for truth is due to those few daily papers which habitually speak it, and with which again we leave each of our many contemporaries free to identify itself. The conditions which favor us are all averse to them, and if they are not quantitatively equal to the just men who might have saved Gomorrah, neither are the weekly periodicals qualitatively beyond those men.

Both the daily and the weekly press fairly represent the moral frame of our people, who like to think for themselves when it is quite safe, but would rather not when it interferes with business. We all live under a competitive system, in which no man is a hero or martyr to himself alone, and the daily newspaper is, in an ill sense, no more an industry now than it ever was; the scale has changed, that is all.

Progress is without doubt the law of the individual, of nations, of the whole human species. To grow towards perfection, to exist in some sort in a higher degree, this is the task which God has imposed on man, this is the continuation of God's own work, the completion of creation.—*Demogeot.*

To him who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combines the possession of moral beauty in his soul with outward beauty of form, corresponding and harmonizing with the former, because the same great pattern enters into both.—*Plato.*

Tolerance is the charity of the intelligence. —*Lemaître.*

Some Modest Misgivings

A good friend of this periodical, writing us from Colorado, has noted an insufficiency in the scientific explanations of the recent disaster at Martinique, which we hoped might escape detection when we advanced them, though they were ours only at second hand, and we were not really responsible for them. He asks us, however, not to regard his letter "as a criticism, or to find fault, but to point out some facts of truth, and that we may turn to God's text-book for an answer to doubtful problems and great calamities." The calamities he seems to look upon as solutions of the problems, or if not quite that, as penalties justly inflicted upon those who found them doubtful. "As men have beheld burning mountains pouring forth fire and flames and torrents of melted ore, drying up rivers, overwhelming populous cities, and everywhere spreading ruin and desolation, the stoutest heart has been filled with terror, and Infadils and blasphemers have been constrained to acknowledge the infinite power of God."

Our good friend does not openly class wars and pestilences with the seismic and cataclysmic agencies of the divine wrath, but there are great numbers of good people who do, though not so many, probably, as have done so in times past. Our valued contributor, Mr. Janvier, indeed, declares that—

"In the stagnant pride of an outworn race
The Spaniard sailed the sea:
Till we haled him up to God's judgment-place,
And smashed him by God's decree,"—

but this is probably in his character of poet and patriot, rather prophet, and does not materially affect our position. Generally speaking, we should say that wars, if not pestilences, were now less accepted than earthquakes and volcanoes as the providential means of reforming man, or even of constraining "Infadils and blasphemers" to confess the omnipotence of their Creator. Wars have this difference from the other measures of God's offended majesty, that there are always two sides to them, and that one side may be praying as fervently and confidently as the other to the same power and entreating the same God to send his vengeance upon the enemy. But in the matter of floods, fires, and plagues, the case is much simpler: they do not involve controversy; the ruler of the universe has but to command either of them against a sinful people, and the thing is, as it were, done. To be sure, a vast number of the innocent perish with the guilty, and the perplexed spirit cannot rely for comfort upon the counsel urged by the old crusader against an heretical city, when invited to observe that there were a good many faithful among those he was putting to the sword, "Kill all: God will know His own." If the recent outburst of Mount Pelée was an expression of the divine anger with Martinique for her iniquities, it must bewilder the believer in the divine justice that Paris, or even London, not to mention New York, should escape. Possibly among those swept to sudden death at Johnstown some years ago, there was here and there a victim who, while recognizing the propriety of his own city's punishment for her sins, may have asked in his heart, "Why spare Pittsburg?"

Was it possibly because Martinique was in easy reach of a volcanic mountain, and Johnstown lay at the foot of a dangerous reservoir, and those other places not, that they escaped the celestial wrath, and Martinique and Johnstown suffered? Our good friend in Colorado would probably hold us no better than an Infadil and a blasphemer if we ventured to say so, and we shall be equally far from saying that it is for an unequal purpose that cholera is just now being inflicted upon the Philippines, and the good Americans in Manila are dying along with the wicked natives. Pestilences, however, seem always to have been imperfect means of reform, for they were always, even in the believing ages, followed by periods of worse corruption than passed before them, and brought them down upon their victims. Wars are not all that could be wished by those who hold them to be divine chastisements, for they seem to leave the warring nations in a more lamentable case than they found them in. Especially is this so with the victorious nation, which, though it is of course victorious only through the righteousness of its cause, and because it was unmistakably on God's side, falls a prey to prosperity, luxury, and debauchery. Your enemy, when you have—

"Haled him up to God's judgment-place,
And smashed him by God's decree,"—

seems somehow to have got the better of you, as, for instance, the Boers have of the English in South Africa, and as the Spaniards have of us in the Philippines. Not to insist upon the sad case of the English, we must recognize that in our own the war by which we triumphed tempted us into a lust of dominion which we have gratified by cruelties unimaginable of Americans before.

Doubtless God can, but only on the old terms proclaimed by Him who asked if the men whom the tower fell upon were worse than those who escaped. We cannot be too diffident, too delicate, too modest, in our claim to confidential relations with the Almighty, who, if He could be offended by our folly, might well resent the vanity which assumes to interpret His intentions in the calamities that befall mankind. Even piety so simple and sincere as that of our good friend in Colorado may profitably ask itself to make sure whether it is able to read the full meaning of the mystical allegories and histories of Scripture. If we step aside from our province of humble and submissive inquiry, we shall pretty surely commit some egregious error, as science itself did, when it ventured through some of its votaries to prophesy death everlasting, because it found no proof of eternal life in nature.

A little while ago when the King of England fell sick, the peoples of all his many dominions were supposed to unite in prayer for his recovery. Protestant and Catholic Christians, Mohammedans, Brahmins, Buddhists, Pagans, wherever the British flag floated, officially supplicated their deity or deities to spare the life of the sovereign, by whatever title they knew him. The fact that neither the Irish, the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Soudanese, the French Canadians, the Boers, or the savages of the islands of the seas had any love for him as their prince, or could have, has nothing to do with the interest of the spectacle, or with the question which of their saints, or prophets, or under-gods, prevailed with the Supreme Being to save an amiable man, who was at least dear to his Anglo-Saxon subjects. If we confine the affair entirely to these, we still have an inquiry of a curious and novel occasion. Was it the God of the English Church, or of the Scottish Church, or of the Dissenters, namably the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Unitarians, who was omnipotent for mercy, and if it was one more than another, why? Here is ground one will not have to clear of any scientific pretenders before declaring "the facts of truth," where neither infidel nor blasphemer will interrupt, and we invite our friend from Colorado to occupy it.

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Mr. Howells and "The Kentons"

Once again Mr. Howells returns to that life he knows best and can handle most efficiently for the types of character in his latest novel, *The Kentons*. Judge Kenton, with his memories of the civil war ("It was Kenton's pride and glory that he had been part of the finest army known to history"), his wife, his sons and daughters, raised and reared in a typical little Ohioan town, are the principal *dramatis personæ* of this delightful comedy, fraught with its weight of domestic anxiety projected into the blissful calm of the family ménage by one of the daughters. Very beautiful and tenderly pathetic is the picture of their home life, its provincial prejudices and aspirations, sharpened later by the exodus to New York, and touched to nobler, finer issues by their subsequent experiences across the Atlantic and in the quiet shelter of their European retreat at Sheveningen. Mr. Howells gets very close to the heart of the American people—and of human nature, for that matter—in following the solicitude of Judge Kenton and his wife over the erratic yet very natural behavior of one of their feminine brood when confronted with her determination to welcome the attentions of a very unwelcome suitor. Comedy it is, from beginning to end, yet the moisture will come to the eyes at times, even at the troubled recollection of the honest, kindly, gentle old Judge. "They are good children," says Kenton, sorely perplexed by the old, old unsolvable problem of love's emotional aberrations. "Yes"; replies Mrs. Kenton, "that is the worst of it. If they were bad, we wouldn't expect any comfort from them. Ellen is about perfect. She's as near an angel as a child can be, but she could hardly have given us more anxiety if she had been the worst girl in the world." There you have the *motif* in a few words—a bit of common experience, seemingly prosaic and trivial, almost too trying for ordinary patience, too petty for serious consideration in this rough-shod, busy world of ours. Yet how touching and poignant with reality it becomes in the hands of the humorist. And how well we know the members of this family by the time we come to part from them. It is as if we had actually known them and shared their confidences, their perplexities, grieved with them, rejoiced with them. Mr. Howells has never succeeded better in drawing familiar types with a skill and charm of divination that impart fresh human interest to their commonplace significance, and by a wonderful sympathy and understanding brings out the hidden romance of their apparently ordinary lives. Indeed, this is one, by no means the least important, of several features of Mr. Howells's artistic treatment and choice of material which call for iteration and reflection.

It goes without saying that there is no more interesting personage in American literature to-day than Mr. William Dean Howells. For upwards of thirty years he has more nearly represented and maintained the literary succession of our great writers and won the homage of a cosmopolitan culture and intellectual aristocracy than any other native author. An acute critic, reviewing the work of Mr. Howells with no unsparing hand and with characteristic audacity, nevertheless has to admit that "he is to-day the most eminent of all living American men of letters. As a novelist, he is one of the greatest that our country has yet produced. A new book from his pen is always regarded as an important literary event. His name is known and honored wherever the English language is understood." It may be added that his name is the one strong link in the chain of literary association that binds us to the traditions of Hawthorne and Holmes, of Emerson and Lowell. In quietness and confidence he has clung, unfalteringly, to his ideals, and therein lies his strength and the hope for the enduring quality of his work. Amid the babel of strange tongues and the flare of noisy reputations that have had their little day, in good report and in evil report he has calmly held on his way, and refused to enter the alluring, devious by-paths of ephemeral productivity. He has seen Time take its revenges on the evanescent boomster and the Jonah's gourd of spurious fame. To-day he remains, as surely as he did in the beginning, the highest and best type of literary genius in the America of the last quarter-century; a type of all that is sweet and wholesome in American life, with reverence for its past, respect for its present, hope for its future. Through his written word, as through the personality of the writer, we feel the breath of freedom, the simple faith and courage of one who grew up with the nation-builders—the mighty hopes which defy lust and avarice and meanness, and make a nation rise to the stature of manhood.

There was a time when a younger generation of critics than that which recognized the genius of Mr. Howells in his earlier books, rendered more impatient of the finer intellectual processes of his later work by the superficial training of journalistic necessities, sought to depreciate and sniff at one who is perhaps to-day the most highly sensitized reflector of the modern mind in American consciousness. But this mood is passing. It is always well to suspend judgment on a writer until the aims and the effect he has striven for are clearly understood. This is what has happened in the case of Mr. Howells. To be sure, there was a change in the manner of his imaginative treatment of life in these later novels which called for some mental readjustment on the part of his critics and readers. From the fresh creative impulse, fastening on the life about him that found embodiment in such novels as *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, Mr. Howells passed on with deeper maturity of purpose and wisdom to the handling of certain social aspects of modern life which stirred him to the soul. They were the things that matter most to an intense mind, and, in consequence, we find his later novels keyed to a more subtle analysis of human motive and conduct, and less dependent on adventitious aids that make a more immediate appeal to the novel-reader. Mr. Howells was writing at the top for thinking men and women. The distinctive character of these later novels lies in their closer application to the conditions of a society, incongruous, heterogeneous, anomalous, such as exists in our country, of the ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life" which Mr. Howells acquired for himself from his observations of these conditions, what, in other words, constituted his point of view. Surely, it may be said of fiction, as of poetry, that at bottom it is a criticism of life. And no better criticism of that phase of life which is mirrored in Mr. Howells's novels exists in fiction anywhere. To him we must look, posterity must go, for the true history of that evolutionary period in the making of a nation through which as a people we have been passing during the last decades of the nineteenth century. It is a just view of Mr. Howells the aforementioned critic takes when he says that if he has not written the American Novel, then no one else as yet has written it. Born in one of the central States of America; his academic career cut short to begin an actual acquaintance with letters in the composing-room; thrilled by the intellectual and moral problems that gripped the nation under Lincoln's administration; removed by his Venetian consulate to a point where he could contemplate his country's hopes and responsibilities in perspective; returning to occupy an honored position as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and to grow up as a prominent contributor with the proud literary traditions of Harper's Magazine and the *Century*, Mr. Howells was peculiarly fitted and qualified for the eminent place he has taken as the most representative of our later men of letters in the eyes of the world.

With regard to Mr. Howells's latest novel, *The Kentons*, it is significant to note that no book of his has for a long time met with such unqualified and unanimous praise, or with less querulous criticism, on both sides of the Atlantic. While we have read it with greater pleasure than some of his previous novels, and while it recalls in its unwonted use of dramatic incidents his earlier rather than his later fiction, we are loath to give it place higher than that achieved by the masterly works that have preceded it. Rather would it seem that Time is justifying Mr. Howells, and reconciling his later audience to the wise sincerity of his literary ends. The London *Spectator*, reviewing *The Kentons*, very characteristically conveys the present mental attitude toward Mr. Howells. "We own to having passed through a phase," says the reviewer, "in which we were inclined to regard him as unduly preoccupied by the analysis of ineffectual emotion, to the neglect of incident and the apotheosis of the unimportant. But the mood has long since passed, and we gratefully seize the opportunity to proclaim anew our admiration for the many engaging qualities of this delightful author." But more especially is one delighted to observe that this writer singles out for admiration Mr. Howells's "sturdy though unaggressive literary patriotism." It is something, after all, to have stood for an ideal, for a principle which inspires faith in a type of character and a mode of life that are essentially American. The trappings of romance, whether in high life or low life, have had no glamour for him. There is nothing in Mr. Howells's work that is not normal and on a level with the plain of common life. As a man and an artist he has no patience with the novelist, herself a witness to the falsity and morbidity of her doctrine, who postulates that "art fixes the mind, unwholesomely, unscientifically, upon extremes, upon all that which lies outside ordinary experience." Mr. Howells is in good company in showing that art can best serve its ends, to elevate, to uplift, to impart joy, by finding the greatest human interest and significance within the bounds of ordinary experience. In his robust literary patriotism, he exemplifies the true spirit of democracy; he interprets, in the highest sense, the American idea; he represents, what the man of letters should be to his age, the flower of contemporary thought and spiritual vision.

Every life is a work of art shaped by the man who lives it; according to the faculty of the artist will be the quality of his work, and no general rules can supply the place of his own direct perception at every turn. —*Dickinson.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee . . . or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.—*Proverbs.*

Virtue will be a kind of health and beauty and good habit of the soul; and vice will be a disease and deformity and sickness of it.—*Plato.*

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In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

II

Buzzer to the Rescue

WE decided to take our time in exploring our little farm yesterday. I say "our" farm, for while we have rented it only for a year, we are in love with it already, and Ethel has planned to have the old house enlarged as soon as we shall have purchased the place. To be sure, we had explored the barn and the ice-house, the orchard, the garden, and the meadow, while we were boarding next door for a week and getting our furniture settled. Nevertheless, as yesterday was the first day of our actual establishment in the new home, all four of us—Ethel and the children and I—were just as anxious to examine everything anew as if we never had laid eyes on the locality.

"We won't hurry, either," said Ethel, as she poured my coffee. "One can't move out of New York into the real country every day; so we'll spend just as many hours as we feel like in our voyage of discovery."

But before sunset we realized that when man has the hardihood to grapple with Fate he usually is worsted.

Buzzer and Beeby finished their breakfast in haste, and scampered out-doors in search of rabbits and squirrels and other wild animals, while Ethel and I lingered at table, long after we had satisfied keen appetites, listening to the robins in the grass, watching soft green leaves dancing on the tiny window-panes, and now and then smiling contentedly at each other across the white cloth.

For a good many years—long before we were married—I had been in the habit of hastily swallowing a light breakfast, and walking briskly to the nearest Elevated station, there to push my way upon a crowded platform, and ride, sardinelike, for thirty minutes. Then I would disembark at Rector Street with a hundred others, tear across town at a gait but little removed from a dog-trot, settle down to rapid, intense work until 1 P.M., hasten out for a hurried lunch, come back and plunge again into office duties until half after five, and then battle once more for standing-room on a car platform. When the doctor told Ethel I had to leave town and live in the country for a year, he said I was suffering from over-work. Now I can see that he was mistaken. It was over-haste. But this we did not realize that first morning when we lingered after breakfast in the old farm-house. We experienced a delicious freedom, mixed, on my part, I confess, with slight misgivings, vague and undefinable, nevertheless real.

"I feel that it isn't right, somehow, to sit here, lounging around and doing nothing," I said, glancing involuntarily at the mantel-piece, whereupon, in town, we had always kept our most reliable clock.

"Oh, you needn't look there!" Ethel cried. "There's one place on this farm where we are going to stay as long as we choose, regardless of minutes or hours, and that is at table."

"But, my dear," I expostulated, "think of what a waste of time—"

"Not a second wasted," she avowed, emphatically. "It's the best investment you could make, this investment of plenty of time for meals. Up here we have all the time there is—don't you grasp the idea? We can do as we choose, when we choose, and how we choose. Why, you poor boy! You've been working at something ever since you were born."

"Oh, I don't know," I said, with assumed dignity. "Seems to me I had a pretty good time as a youngster. Learned to swim—"

"By working in a swimming-school under a paid instructor," she interrupted.

"Learned to ride and drive—"

"In a riding-school."

"Tried singing and piano—"

"Work, work, work."

"A little dancing—"

"School, teacher, lessons."

"Anyhow," I went on, more warmly, "I played match games of cricket and baseball—"

"Regular hours of training, exercise, practice; same old thing, over and over—work, nothing but work."

"Oh, look here, Ethel," I cried, laughing. "What on earth do you want me to do?"

I never knew what her answer was, for at that moment Buzzer came tearing up the front steps, across the stoop, and into the front door, shouting:

"Cow'n in the yard! Cow'n the yard! Come, chaser out, fother, quick!"

And his little sister Beeby toddled after him, her cheeks crimson, and her eyes wide open with excitement.

"Oh, farver!" she squealed, "old cow twied to eat Beeby's dolly! Twied to eat Bee-by herself—*all up!*"

I started from the table and ran out of the room, seized a walking-stick in the hall without stopping, and dashed down the front steps. Yes, there she was, a meek, lowly creature, calmly eating our lawn, one foot planted in a flower-bed, and another crushing Beeby's dolly into the moist, soft earth. I stopped in the path, and looked at the cow. She raised her head and solemnly regarded me for a moment, and resumed her occupation.

"What 're you going to do?" called Ethel from the stoop, where she was holding Beeby—Buzzer having disappeared.

"Oh, just drive her out," I said, carelessly, glancing at the front gate, which, to my surprise, was closed. Then, to my further surprise, I saw that the big whitewashed gate at the entrance to the lane also was shut. "Wish I knew how in thunder she got in," I added half to myself.

"Maybe she flew over the hedge," said Ethel.

"Guess bad old cow dwopped off of a yapple-tree," Beeby suggested, with a hysterical sob.

"Look out!" Ethel cried, as the cow stepped toward me. "Oh, *do* come in, Arthur! I know it's a wicked, malicious Texas creature—you'll be hurt, I know you will!"

"Now, my dear," I said, soothingly, for a cow is the only thing on earth Ethel fears, "don't be at all alarmed. I'll get rid of her easily. I was just wondering where Buzzer disappeared to."

As if in answer to the query, our eldest came cautiously around the further corner of the house; but I didn't see him then, for the cow stood between us. A moment later, however, there was a mighty sound of splintering wood and two solid thuds; and with a groan of amazement the cow commenced to gyrate and pirouette in the most curious manner, tossing her head, waving her tail, and uttering terrified "moos" at brief intervals. Before we could fairly grasp the situation, there was a third blow, more splinters flew over her back, and I beheld Buzzer belaboring the beast with a piece of fence-rail as long as himself.

"Oh, Arthur! Save him! Save him!" Ethel shouted, and Beeby set up a wail. How I got on the other side of the cow I know not, but I caught Buzzer up in my arms and hastily carried him to his mother.

"Lemme go, fother!" he entreated, tearfully. "I'll get her out in another minnit!"

He wriggled desperately to get free, but I held him tightly, and demanded,

"My son, what were you doing with that fence-rail?"

"Crackin' in her slats," he responded, cheerfully.

"What!" Ethel exclaimed, horrified.

"George Arthur Lathrop," I said, severely, addressing our young hopeful by his full Christian name, "where did you learn such an expression?"

"The boy in the flat over us taught me," said Buzzer, whimpering a little. "Said that wus what Fitz done to the Australian Wonder."

Ethel and I looked at each other, and she nodded meaningly, remarking,

"It's high time we came out to a home of our own."

"Wa-a-ant myme dolly!" wailed Beeby.

"All right, little daughter," I said; "you stay here and I'll chase the cow away."

We turned again toward the scene of the late encounter, but our adversary had fled. I walked to the corner of the house and looked in the orchard.

"She's not there," I remarked.

"I see her!" shouted Buzzer, starting on a run toward his bludgeon. "Out there in the road!"

This time we all looked. The boy was right. The cow was peacefully cropping grass the other side of the gate, once in a while raising her head and glancing suspiciously at us. But the strange thing was that the front gate, and the lane gate as well, were still closed.

"Don't understand it," I said, a good deal puzzled. "Who saw her go out of the yard?"

Nobody answered for a moment. We had all been engrossed in the colloquy with Buzzer.

"P'raps she jumped?" he remarked, suggestively. Then his eyes brightened, and he commenced to dance around on the grass, clapping his hands, and exclaiming:

"Oh, sister! I'm sure she's the cow what jumped over the moon! Now we've found her! Now we've found her! Let's go look for the catanthefiddle!"

"Yep!" Beeby echoed, enthusiastically, "an' for the dogwanawaywifdepoon too!"

She picked up her dolly, all muddy and limp, and they went tripping over the turf toward the rear of the house.

Ethel looked after them, her eyes brimming with mother-love; then sitting down on the step beside me, she murmured:

"Poor, dear little people! Already starting to capture the will-o'-the-wisp."

I finished lighting my pipe, and leaned back against a post, puffing thoughtfully for a moment or two, after which I remarked, philosophically:

"Attainment, my dear, is by no means the consummation of happiness. Suppose George and Dorothy, there, really could lay their hands on the imaginary dog-that-jumped-over-the-moon, and the equally elusive cat-and-the-fiddle, do you suppose they would get as much fun out of life as if these ideals were constantly just a little beyond their grasp?"

And being a woman, Ethel replied,

"But, Arthur, 'fun,' as you call it, should not be the aim of our existence."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that. Fun, joy, happiness—call it what you may—seems to me in its essence the highest of human aims. Let us look at the question academically for a moment, so as to get the whole matter in its proper perspective."

Heavy footsteps sounded in the hallway back of us, and Nora's voice came through the screen-door.

"We have no butther for loonch, mem."

Ethel started up briskly.

"Oh, that's so," she said; "I forgot to order it yesterday. If you're not too tired,

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dear, could you walk down to the store and get some?"

"An' shugar," said Nora, "an' bread an' tay."

"Write it all down on a slip of paper," I urged, and Ethel did so. As I went out of the gate and turned into the road she called,

"Oh, by-the-way, I wish you'd get some shoe-buttons and a bottle of queen olives and some pins."

"Anything else?" I inquired, a little anxiously.

"We need stamps," she replied, tapping her chin with one finger, and puckering her forehead. "And if you could match that gingham for Beeby's new dress, and buy two or three lamp-wicks—"

"Oh, I say, my dear! Let me get things for lunch now. Later on, in the cool of the evening, we can walk down together and you can select the rest."

"Well," she said, undecidedly, and I hurried onward with accelerated speed.

Mr. Carmot's store was three-quarters of a mile distant, and stood at the crossing of two roads, one leading due north through a farming country, the other being a rambling highway, along which houses and churches were strung at irregular intervals for a mile, when the village ended in a cluster of shops and the railway station. Down there, where shining steel ribbons cut their way through the hamlet, were a grist-mill and a post-office. There was another post-office in Carmot's store at our end of the village, whither I walked that first morning, and there of an evening local sages gathered to discuss problems political, sociological, religious, and agricultural. But, dear me! Here we are anticipating too much. I started after tea, butter, sugar, olives, bread, and shoe-buttons. And I returned with coffee, pickles, and sugar. Mr. Carmot didn't deal in olives; thought they were unhealthy; but he had half a barrel of pickles, and considerately loaned me a tin can to carry them in, as otherwise they would have soaked through my pockets. He was all out of butter, too; and the only shoe-buttons he had were fastened on shoes, so I didn't take them. His bread wasn't exactly fresh, he added, the baker from the next town having failed to appear for a fortnight past. So I made the best of it, and bought a package of crackers, and started home sad but hungrier than ever because of the walk in the crisp, racy air.

I wondered what Ethel would say, and I knew the children would be wofully disappointed—they eat a good deal of bread. But when I reached the farm I found Mrs. Goodman chatting with Ethel, and her little granddaughters, Patience and Gladys, playing with Beeby and Buzzer. They had come to see us, laden with warm loaves, a pie, a pat of golden butter fresh and sweet, two tumblers of preserves, a dozen eggs newly laid, and a pitcher brimming with frothy milk. Joy was unalloyed, and peace and plenty reigned.

To be Continued

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—*Sterne.*

I trouble myself less and less about what a book is; the main point is what it brings me, what it suggests to me.—*Goethe.*

Nature is spirit visible; spirit is invisible nature; the absolute ideal is at the same time the absolute real.—*Schelling.*

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.—*Gray.*

Correspondence

FOR A HUDSON CELEBRATION

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In 1609 Hendrik Hudson sailed into New York Bay and up the Hudson River through an unbroken wilderness. Three hundred years from that time, in 1909, would be an appropriate date to celebrate the discovery.

Think what has happened in that three hundred years. About everything of value to the human race except the religion of Christ, the paintings of Raphael, and the English of Shakspere.

I think there has never been an exposition of any size on tide-water. Think of the millions of people in this country who never saw salt-water. Never saw a creek bank full at noon and nearly empty at sunset, or *vice versa*.

At such an exposition a feature should be the use of the tidal power in various ways. Let the United States government co-operate in deepening Gravesend Bay and straightening and deepening Coney Island Creek, and make of these the water features so desirable at such shows.

By 1909 a heavy granite sea-wall, strong enough to stand, should encircle the entire length of Coney Island. Inside of this an esplanade would furnish room for such a Midway as never was thought of before.

Let the wigwams, clothing, mode of life, of the people whom Hudson found here be reproduced as nearly as possible.

No increase in hotel facilties would be needed. Almost every family could or would take from one to a dozen lodgers, who could get meals at the grounds or in many places in the city. No material increase in transportation facilities would be needed beyond those already planned, and perhaps more cars in use. Before 1909 the trolley companies could carry down at night the ashes and street sweepings of the city and turn the meadows into building-lots. Considering the prominence and importance of New York as the entrepôt to the greatest market the Old World has for its products, all the countries of the earth will fall over each other in getting in line to take their part in such an exposition.

I believe this subject would be well worth the thought of some of your staff.

I have no axe to grind in the matter, and am not looking for any position or emolument out of it.

Yours truly,
THOMAS D. MCELHEINE.

THE LANDIS FAMILY

DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES,
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
MIDDLETOWN, *June 21, 1902.*

Editor Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was interested in reading your remarks in HARPER'S WEEKLY on the Landis family of Ohio. Possibly the following facts may add somewhat to your own interest in the matter. I came across them in my studies preparatory to my recently published book on *The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania*. During the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland the Protestants were divided into three branches—Lutherans, Zwinglians (colonists), and the more radical group known as Anabaptists (or Mennonites). The last were especially flourishing in Bern and Zürich, Switzerland, and on account of their refusal to bear arms and take oath, were persecuted by the authorities. In 1614 Hans Landis was sent to the galleys, escaped, and was later beheaded. His son, Felix Landis, was imprisoned for conscience' sake. At the close of the seventeenth century the Anabaptists were forced to leave Switzerland, settled for a time in the Palatinate, and about 1710 came to America, where they founded the first white settlement in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In 1717, three brothers—Benjamin, Felix, and John Landis—settled in the new colony in Lancaster. From these three are descended all the Landises in the United States. The above facts add a touch of romance to the history of the family mentioned by you.

Yours truly,
OSCAR KUHNSZ.

TROPICAL TWILIGHTS

HOLUALOA, KOWA, HAWAII,
June 11, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago there was a statement in HARPER'S WEEKLY to the effect that in the tropics the twilights are but little shorter than in higher latitudes. Our experience is to the contrary. We live on the west side of Hawaii, one hundred and fifty miles from Honolulu, latitude 19° N. Last evening, June 10, the sun set at 6.44; it was dark at 7.16. These observations were made by three different parties. I could not close any communication to HARPER'S without attempting to express something of the pleasure which we obtain from its pages, but particularly from the page on which people and events are handled in a manner so entirely your own, and so delightful to us.

Gratefully yours,
(MRS.) M. F. SCOTT.

A JUDICIAL OPINION

DUBUQUE, IOWA, *June 15, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MY DEAR SIR,—"Comment" has been the source of so great a degree of pleasure, yes, delight, that I feel impelled to tell you so. The feeling naturally came to one that the semi-political style of Curtis could not be safely abandoned, but Comment, under your editorial supervision, has given us all we want of political matter, and immeasurably more of valuable historic, scientific, social, and literary information from as fine a vocabulary as graces any publication in the land. How so much can be written on such diverse subjects passes my comprehension. Over all, and permeating all, is a splendid democracy which has great influence in checking unrepublican manias, to which we are becoming alarmingly prone.

Yours very truly,
FRED O'DONNELL,
Judge of the Nineteenth District Court.

WHY NOT AEROGRAM?

WAYNE, PA., *July 1, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—In the current number of the WEEKLY you call for a word to take the place of the phrase, "A message by wireless telegraph." Why not *Aerogram?* It is short, and is etymologically correct. Scholars will at once see its derivation, and its resemblance to the word *telegram* will make its meaning plain to the great mass of newspaper readers. Should HARPER'S WEEKLY pronounce in favor of the word which I suggest, it will not be long until "a message by wireless telegraph" (isn't that an awkward phrase?) will be spoken of as an aerogram, and our American passion for abbreviation will probably reduce it to "an air." Respectfully, W. A. P.

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The Postponed Coronation

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *June 26.*

Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas. We have had such a sermon on this text as no Englishman, no one now in England, will forget to the last moment of his life.

It was on Monday, June 16, that the first rumor of the King's illness reached the outside public. On the previous Friday he had had an exceptionally busy day, attending all morning to details of the coronation, visiting the Abbey in the afternoon, and holding court in the evening. The following day he went down to a great military camp at Aldershot, and was present at a torch-light tattoo. The weather was abominable, the air being saturated with the cold, clinging dampness that England excels in. It suddenly aggravated the symptoms of which the King had become conscious on the previous day. The Physician-in-Ordinary was immediately telegraphed for, and on his advice the King took no part in the grand army review arranged for Monday, but drove from Aldershot in an open carriage to Windsor Castle. It was given out that he was suffering from a slight attack of lumbago, following on a chill. The public was concerned, but hardly anxious. Only a very few suspected the official announcement of being, what it really was, a blind, and these few held their peace. On all such matters a monarchy is and must be more reserved than a republic. At such a moment especially it was felt to be a duty to say nothing. Even on Thursday, the 19th, when it was officially stated that the King, by medical advice, had cancelled all his engagements and would rest quietly until the opening of coronation week, the public was far from guessing the truth. Skilful play was made of the fact that his Majesty was taking his daily drives as usual. In this, too, some small deceptions had to be practised. The royal brougham would drive up to the castle entrance with drawn blinds; somebody would get in it, and the coachman would make the usual round of the Park. That somebody, in spite of the *Court Circular*, was not always the King, who spent most of his time on a couch. The complete rest seemed for a while to answer. The King was informed that though it was not then a matter of life or death with him, it might at any moment become so. He very pluckily answered, in effect, that he was willing to run almost any risk sooner than postpone the coronation. He forbade the operation to be made unless and until a crisis had arisen to render it imperative. In the case of an ordinary patient the doctors, perhaps, might not have agreed to this. In the case of a King, on the eve of his coronation, they had to. Moreover, the unfavorable symptoms had all but disappeared, and there really was a chance that the strain and bustle of the coming week might be borne without ill effect. So matters remained on Saturday the 21st. Meanwhile rumors of the truth had begun to circulate. They reached the clubs; they reached the newspapers. By the latter they were referred back to the King's private secretary, Sir Francis (now Lord) Knollys. He gave them an emphatic, authoritative denial; and the denial was published. The people still were without an inkling of what was really happening. The decorations were pushed feverishly on; day and night crowds swarmed jubilantly into the streets to admire them. Rehearsals of the ceremony were being held in the Abbey, foreign princes and envoys were constantly arriving; all was being put into final shipshape order. Except for the uncertainty as to the King's health, there was not a cloud on the universal expectancy; and now this uncertainty had at last been officially dispelled. The people naturally were in a mood for pleasant tidings. To clinch the matter, were not the King and court moving on Monday, in semi-state, from Windsor to Buckingham Palace? Coronation week opened faultlessly. After nearly two months of drizzle and cold and leaden skies, there came at last a real touch of June to herald in the week's festivities. Hyde Park never looked lovelier than last Monday morning, when the people in their tens of thousands thronged the route of the King's progress from Paddington Station to the sombre palace that fronts the Mall. It was a perfect day, such as visits this smoke-canopied capital all too infrequently. Overhead an Italian sky, and the wondrous softness and verdure of the Park to act as background to summer dresses, the King and Queen, with glittering outriders and escorts, driving between double lines of their enthusiastic subjects, who cheered with an almost American warmth—the first of the coronation pageants was a distinct success. Little did any one think it was to prove the last. The King looked remarkably well. Even those who knew that things were far from being as well with him as officialdom pretended, felt reassured; while to the masses his hearty appearance seemed a final answer to all disturbing rumors. One thing only was observed, and few guessed its import. The King bowed seldom, appeared even to feel it an effort to raise his hand to his hat. Usually he is punctilious, even for a monarch, in acknowledging salutations, and bows right and left with genial thoroughness. But of the multitudes who turned out to greet him on Monday perhaps not half a dozen gave a second thought to his slight remissness or even noticed it.

Walking about the streets of London that afternoon and evening, you felt as though you had never before realized immensity in number. Every human being that had the strength to walk, every vehicle that could be cajoled into hanging together, every horse that was even suspected of ability to stand between shafts, seemed to have poured into London. To make a mile in twenty minutes through any of the West End streets meant fast and furious driving; to do the distance on foot in half an hour meant a series of breathless scrimmages. Piccadilly at one time was blocked from Hamilton Place to Albemarle Street, which is as though Fifth Avenue were a solid row, eight or nine deep, of carriages, omnibuses, motors, and cabs from Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-ninth Street. Above and all round one stands and decorations were being hurried with the good-will and briskness that extra pay will inspire even in English workmen. A busier, more joyous scene this grimy city never looked on. Innumerable were the splashes of unexpected coloring—here, on the sidewalk a British "Tommy" acting as guide, philosopher and friend to a couple of dusky Cingalese; there, the gold and white, the scarlet or purple, of an Indian prince's body-guard; now, a mixed and brilliant troop of Sikhs, Goorkhas, and Punjabis "doing" London under the guidance of an English officer; everywhere, royal carriages with coachmen and groom in scarlet livery driving Rajahs in light blue silk, or Moorish envoys in snowy white or the resplendent heirs to four-fifths of the thrones of Europe and Asia. So Monday passed, with all London in the streets, gathering eventually around Buckingham Palace to watch the foreign envoys pass in to be received by the King. So, too, Tuesday passed. The whole city seemed to have given itself a holiday, except for those who were still covering the stands in crimson, putting the last garland in its place, adding the last decorative touch here and there. In a few more hours, it seemed, all would be ready. One was already picturing the effect of the great pageant as it would appear from this point or that, was finally about to decide which of all the multitudinous stands to patronize, when—the news came.

The shock was electric, incredible. You saw men transfixed by it, brought up stock-still with a gasp. You saw them rush upon the newsboys and snatch the papers from their hands, flinging down shillings and half-crowns, any coin that came handy, in payment. You saw windows opening and men and women pouring hatless into the street. There was a buzzing of exclamations, a sort of visible shiver of bewilderment. Groups formed at each corner and broke up before they could be called groups. Hansoms pulled up with a jerk at the sight of the placards, the drivers and fares clamoring to know what had happened. The news was shouted to them from the sidewalks, was shouted up to passing omnibuses, up to the fourth floors of houses and hotels. Some few lost all control. A stand contractor came rushing down from his topmost tier and jumped the barricade into the street in a seeming frenzy at the rumor of the losses, maybe ruin, awaiting him. But in general the people were stunned into dizzy silence. The truth was too awful to be grasped at once. You felt, if you watched their faces, you could literally *see*, the phases of emotion through which they passed—the blank incredulity, then a sickening dread that it might, after all, be so, and lastly, a dazed acknowledgment, wrung from the heart and too wholly big for words, that this thing had actually happened. You could see them, as they looked down the lines of masts and festoons and triumphal arches and gay, patriotic emblems, putting to themselves an irrepressible, Why? There was a good deal of human feeling in the question. The blow fell on all alike. Not a person in all these millions but had looked forward to the coronation as marking a red-letter day in his life, had made plans for it, perhaps hoped to profit from it, more likely had made sacrifices to see it; at any rate, felt it to be as much his event as any one else's. An extraordinary silence came over the city. At first one could hardly trace its source. Suddenly one became aware that, as by a given signal, all work on the coronation had stopped dead. The click of hammers which London had grown so used to as hardly to notice, had on an instant ceased. Tools were put away, the workmen shouldered their bags and went home. A more uncanny stillness after such months of clanging bustle there never was.

A too matter-of-fact person might wish to know whether it was the postponement of the coronation or the cause of it that most moved the people. Both, be it replied, had their place in the popular feelings; the King was not for a moment forgotten even in the depths of individual disappointment. But naturally it was at first the private rather than the national aspects of the calamity that engrossed one. Perhaps there never has been, in times of peace, any event that touched so many interests, high or low, or disorganized and dislocated so many plans. There are, first of all, the visitors from overseas who have flocked by hundreds of thousands to London. There are the official representatives of foreign countries, despatched especially for the occasion, to the number, including suites, of some two hundred and fifty. There are half a dozen native princes of India, with nearly three hundred followers between them; there are native representatives from eleven Indian provinces, with their suites; there are the premiers from the great self-governing colonies, and

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their families; there are some 1500 Indian and some 2500 colonial troops. All of these, the latter especially, have travelled prodigious journeys to be present, and have thrown upon officialdom six months and more of strenuous labor. You are to think, too, of the heralds and marshals who for more than a year have worked incessantly on points of precedence and the infinitely complicated details of the ceremonial; of the Admiralty officers, who had to prepare for the great naval review off Spithead; of the officials in the War Office, who, with enormous pains, had at last arranged everything for the reception of nearly 80,000 troops; of the Colonial Office and its multitudinous duties connected with the housing and entertainment of the colonial premiers; of the court officials, who have given themselves up to the care of the Indian Rajahs and the other royal guests; of the London police and the thousand and one contingencies they have had to foresee and provide for; of the Board of Works and its three months' labors on Westminster Abbey. The range of the coronation festivities knew no limit; equally limitless are the effects of their abandonment.

But amid all this immensity of personal loss and personal disappointment, the King has held a front place in the thoughts of his subjects. The news of his illness was in a way the climax to a curious superstition which ever since Queen Victoria's death had somehow taken root in the popular mind. The superstition was to the effect that King Edward would rule but never reign, that the Fates had decreed he should not be crowned. An Indian fakir, it is said, prophesied as much to the King in person when he visited India as Prince of Wales; his Majesty, it is added, has never forgotten the prophecy, has more than once referred to it within the last day or two. However that may be, nobody who has lived in England during the past eighteen months can have helped encountering this superstition. There was, of course, no reason for it, but the feeling existed all the same, and found frequent, if subdued, expression. More even than the seriousness of the operation itself on a man of the King's age and habits and physical condition, this superstition prepared the country to expect the worst. Amid all the fervent hopes and prayers for the King's recovery, there was this irrational, inexplicable, but none the less instinctive foreboding that the issue had already been decided against him. Such things are not to be analyzed; the people may even shake off their presentiment; but for the present it has the upper hand, and colors the mood in which the bulletins are received and read. Needless to add, the catastrophe has given overwhelming proof of the King's popularity—not the half-religious affection Englishmen had come to feel for Queen Victoria, but a very warm and genuine liking. It is difficult to say what it precisely is that makes the populace like or dislike prominent people of whom they really know nothing. Perhaps the essence of King Edward's popularity is his democratic spirit, his unpretentiousness. He reserves ceremony for ceremonial occasions; at other times he is as approachable, within, of course, the recognized limits no Englishman would dream of overstepping, as the most radical of his subjects could desire. The people think of him as a "good fellow," a man of the world, with tact, experience, kindliness, and an instinct for saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. This is the popular view of King Edward. It may or may not be the right one; but the fact that ninety-eight out of every hundred people hold it gives the measure of the anxiety and solicitude with which the progress of his illness is being watched.

Finance

THE cliques have had their way in the security markets. There has been witnessed a repetition in the speculative arena of the scenes with which we have become familiar of late. Prices have advanced in certain stocks, not due to a more active investment demand or to a revival of speculation generally, but to transparent manipulation by pools and a few powerful operators, notably the coterie popularly known as the "Western plungers." The usual devices and processes have been employed to effect the advances in quoted values, the market demonstrating once more its susceptibility to but one sort of manipulation—that on the bull side. The obvious artificiality which has characterized the trading has been regarded as indicative of danger. But it does not, as a matter-of-fact, follow that because the price movements have been the result of the professional operations of a few they are necessarily illogical or unnatural. The market had fallen into a rut. People—that is, the public—were not buying stocks. On the other hand, they were not selling. With conditions too prosperous to admit of a successful bear campaign, there was but one course open to the larger professionals. This they have taken. They have bulled stocks, taking one issue after another, and marking up prices.

Now the object of bull manipulation is obviously to facilitate the selling of a line of stock at a profit. The apathy of the outside public has remained unshaken. Confidence in the stability of the present prosperity, however, is also unshaken, so that if the manipulators and bull cliques have thus far not met with great success in marketing their goods, neither can it be asserted that they will ultimately fail, and that all that they will have for their troubles will be to have marched their quotations up the hill one day, only to march them down again. Under the circumstances, they have found it a rather easy task to make the tape record higher prices. The last chapter of their campaign remains yet to be told.

It is not possible to write of the course of the stock-market of late without assigning to the Western plungers a prominent position as "market factors." Basic conditions, to which, of course, we must go back for the market's tendency, have remained without change of importance. The agricultural situation, in spite of the sensational rise in July corn, has not grown worse. One day the weather is decidedly unfavorable in some section or other, and on the next we hear of a marked improvement. Though there undoubtedly has been much exaggeration of the damage done to the crops, it is not too much to say that the wheat yield of 1902 will fall below the earlier expectations of Wall Street; but the corn crop should "help out" materially. On the other hand, trade reports, and the statistics of the general merchandise traffic published by railroads in nearly every section of the country, show that the tide of prosperity is flowing as strongly as ever. The duration of the present era of national well-being, resulting from the succession of good years in agriculture, industry, and foreign commerce, has been the wonder of observers here and abroad. Croakings are heard to-day, as they were last year and the year before, and we are warned now, as we were then, that we are standing on the brink of a precipice, that the swing of the commercial pendulum must presently be downward, etc. But of this there is no sign so well defined as to be perceived by the people at large or by those financiers whose means of ascertaining the precise condition of business throughout the country, and, indeed, throughout the entire world, are far greater than those at the command of the average man.

The foregoing being established, it is not so easy to see why the recent market operations of the much-berated Western plungers should be regarded as wicked. These men, placed in possession of great fortunes by the consolidation of various industrial concerns, have pre-eminently the courage of their convictions. Their motives in buying the stocks of certain companies may not be the same in every particular as the motives of the men who are devoting their energies to upbuilding those same companies. Also, they may not be so interested in developing a permanent market for certain groups of securities. But, after all, the difference is one of degree. They are gamblers, but it is really the magnitude of their operations that differentiates them from other habitués of the fascinating game. They will furnish, indeed they have already furnished, most interesting material for the chronicler of the most remarkable period of our financial history. In point of strategy and *finesse* they may be found wanting by those who insist upon artistic playing. But men who have grown enormously wealthy overnight are apt to have a certain contempt for delicate touches, all the more pronounced since they have found out how much may be accomplished by sheer brute force of dollars. They are picturesque stock-gamblers, and they are typical of the latest creation—the stock-market millionaire. It must be remembered, also, that they are for the most part men who, before they became brilliantly successful stock-gamblers, had been successful promoters, and before that successful "captains of industry," iron-masters, and general all-round American "hustlers." There is not the slightest design to make this article an apology for their existence, or of their stock-market methods. But there has been a rather widespread disposition to blame the Chicagoans for being active bulls at a time when the more prudent majority prefers to wait for further developments. It is not easy to see how they can hurt the public at large by advancing the prices of a half-dozen stocks which the public at large refuses to buy at the advanced figures.

One characteristic of their operations has been the disregard of precedent. Thus, at this writing they are bulls on both stocks and grain. Prominent though the part they have played in current stock speculation is, it pales into insignificance beside their sensational operations in July corn. They have engineered a corner in it, and advanced the price to the high figures that they predicted. The corner is still "on," and the final word about it cannot be written yet. Judging from the newspaper despatches from Chicago, the managers appear to have the situation well under control. They certainly hold contracts in excess of the amount of corn at this moment available for delivery. An interesting feature, denoting adroitness and at the same time showing how clearly speculative the entire operation is, has been the clique's expedient of selling corn to exporters actually at a loss. By this means the corn is shipped out of the country, and is not available for delivery by the shorts, nor can it be resold to the manipulators at a higher price. It must be admitted that the unfortunate shorts have every reason to feel the liveliest alarm. The ability of the managers of the corner to "squeeze" the man who "sold what wasn't his'n" appears to be limited only by the degree of their greed. But there have been "corners" which have collapsed at the last moment, as, for example, to take the most important of the later ones, the Leiter wheat corner in 1898. The syndicate

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responsible for the July corn corner to-day has abundant resources and great courage. But they may find an insurmountable obstacle to complete success in the same thing that caused the wreck of the Leiter corner—namely, the amount of the "invisible" supply. It is scarcely likely that the syndicate has made as gross a miscalculation of the danger from this source as Mr. Joseph Leiter did, but when all is said and done, no man can tell with any degree of accuracy how much corn will come into the market, attracted by the dizzy prices made in the Board of Trade. The government estimate of March 1 placed the amount of corn in farmers' hands at about one-half of what it was on March 1, 1901. This means some 440,000 bushels. The farmers have been holding back their reserves from the market precisely for a sensational advance, and the opportunity is now before them. But it is also to be borne in mind that while the exports since March 1 last have been extremely light, the grain has been used for feeding farm stock and cattle, especially the latter, the advance in live-stock prices making the feeding of corn to cattle profitable, even though the grain quotations ruled abnormally high. However the corner may result, the incident is another characteristic operation of the "Western plungers."

The stock-market has absolutely ignored the fluctuations of July corn, as indeed it should. It has also failed to take seriously the selling of stocks by London, which has brought us within measurable distance of gold exports. Indeed, sterling exchange rates have reached the level at which it was found profitable to ship gold to Europe a year ago. On the withdrawal of credits from London by the Paris bankers, the latter needing funds for the operations incident to the French government's plan of public debt conversion, London shipped some gold to Paris, and as the Bank of England's ratio of reserve to liability is now down to forty-two per cent., the only way open to the British money-market to offset the outflow of gold from London is to recall some of its credits held in New York. How much gold will leave this centre will depend upon how long it will be before the requirements of the French capital are satisfied.

Opinions of the Press

From the "Mail and Express."

THE publication of the first number of what may well be called the "new" HARPER'S WEEKLY is an event of sufficient importance to call for notice. The paper meets squarely the new needs of the greater nation that has come into existence with the opening of the twentieth century. It served that nation well in the days of the civil war; it found its methods still adequate during the short two months of the war with Spain, but that event ushered in a new era, that of the United States as a world-power, the mightiest factor in international policies, in industry, commerce, and finance. Truth to tell, the editor began to prepare for the transformation of HARPER'S, its adaptation to the wide scope of present-day requirements, many months ago. The outward change of shape, from the somewhat over-large old form to the present far more handy one, is but another step in this progress of evolution. The illustrations are retained; the political cartoon still forms an integral part of each number; belles-lettres are to be honored as generously as ever, but the new value of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be found in its editorial section, which deals crisply, and with authority, with all aspects of our life, political and social and economic. The new HARPER'S WEEKLY fills a place created by our new birth, a place strikingly like that of the great English weeklies, the *Spectator* or the *Speaker*.

From the Philadelphia "Telegraph."

HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 5 is a revelation of clean, excellent, up-to-date journalism, and a good example of how, by being enterprising and open to new ideas, the best journal can, at one bound, surpass itself to an extent which is striking. It is an object-lesson which it is to be sincerely hoped will be followed; but in any case HARPER'S WEEKLY has gotten the start, and a good one at that. The management has avoided the pitfall into which so many fall—that of thinking that a change is of necessity an improvement; but every change made is an evident improvement. To the department entitled "Comment" especial attention has of late been paid, with a result that it is far more widely quoted than any other expression of opinion. And no wonder, for the articles appeal to one's commonsense and not to narrow prejudice. The variety of topics handled is surprising, but no more so than the intelligent, broad, and attractive manner in which the many subjects are dealt with. They are brightened with wit and illumined with good sense; they are not colored with the screaming unreasonableness of narrow-mindedness.

From the Charleston "News and Courier."

The most conspicuous journalistic event of the day is the appearance of the new HARPER'S WEEKLY, which now takes a unique position among the periodicals of the world. With its first issue on July 5 it effectively silences the familiar criticism that "there is no great American weekly." This radical change in size and form of a periodical familiar for many years to American readers is in the line of the virility of its growth during the past few months. To keep pace with the development of American affairs to-day the most progressive and stimulating journalism is a necessity. HARPER'S WEEKLY has been from its inception, in 1857, "a journal of civilization," but a journal of nineteenth-century civilization is not a journal of twentieth-century civilization—and this the new WEEKLY promises to be.

From the Chicago "Record-Herald."

The WEEKLY'S department of "Comment" has scored one of the most striking successes of modern journalism. Though the paragraphs are unsigned, they bear the stamp of ability and authorship, and are known to be the work of a strong staff of well-known writers. One is not surprised to learn that this department has become so important that it will henceforth be enlarged to fill a whole section of the WEEKLY, including "the latest information regarding books, popular science, and finance." At the same time we have the assurance that the illustrations of the WEEKLY, which have never been surpassed in a career of forty-five years, are to be improved to keep pace with the other departments. It is a pleasure to record these signs of a firm re-establishment of this venerable landmark in American periodical literature.

From the New York "Times."

The issue for July 5 bears the imprint of originality as well as a judicious adaptation of existing methods. The "Comment" is a curious feature, which consists of several pages of paragraphs on all sorts of more or less timely topics, set forth without any particular typographic ostentation. Evidently in these columns the heavy masked guns of the periodical's batteries will be situated. More than anything else, it suggests the London *Sphere*, *Outlook*, and the *Spectator*, rolled into one and fashioned according to supposed American needs and desires. One thing is certain, the first number contains a lot of interesting matter attractively displayed, and fixes a worthy and intelligent basis for future development.

From the "Brooklyn Eagle."

In the appearance of HARPER'S WEEKLY of the issue of July 5 there is a change that announces a practical improvement — one that is more in keeping with this matter-of-fact twentieth century than its former presentation. It is a change in size and form as well as in front-page typography, the name on the cover being conspicuous at the top and the chief ornamental feature being a picture of the Bartholdi statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," a local designation amounting to a happy thought. It gives promise of being a journal of twentieth-century civilization.

From the Troy "Times."

The dimensions of the sheet are considerably reduced, but there is quite as much reading-matter as formerly, if not more. The change should be pleasing to all readers, as the new form is much more convenient, and it is promised that the high standard of the last forty-five years will be maintained and even improved. The illustrations will be done by the best artists, and pains will be taken to have them as nearly perfect as twentieth-century mechanical skill will permit.

From the Bridgeport "Standard."

One of the most pronounced hits of modern journalism has been made by the new pages of "Comment" in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Not the least interesting point about these paragraphs is the remarkable extent to which they are copied all over the country—probably more than the contents of any other periodical. The spirit of the paragraphs is wholly patriotic and optimistic, and their general effect brilliant. They set the high-water mark for modern journalistic enterprise.

From the Syracuse "Herald."

HARPER'S WEEKLY for the first week of July is a striking reminder of the change which that excellent publication has been undergoing. It is as unlike the HARPER'S of, say, five years ago as could easily be imagined, but the differences are all in the direction of improvement—improvement in the character, variety, and interest of its contents, in the beauty and finish of its illustrations, and in the reduced dimensions of its pages.

From the Waterbury "American."

HARPER'S WEEKLY, in its new form, is a handsome publication. The editorial section, which forms a sort of supplement, and is separated so that it can be easily removed and read apart, has the old-time heading, "A Journal of Civilization," so that the old-fashioned reader need not feel that he is quite out of touch with it. It is a modern periodical in the fullest sense, with the best of the features of the old retained.

From the Rochester "Democrat."

The forty-four pages are well proportioned, inviting in appearance, laden with good reading and fine pictures, and inclosed in a handsome cover. HARPER'S WEEKLY is now in its forty-sixth volume. It has had a wonderful career of success, and its present literary and art excellence should keep it where it long has been—at the head of all publications of its class.

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FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - Cashier
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FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
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GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
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(FOUNDED 1810)

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
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Financial

United States Mortgage & Trust Company

59 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING.

CAPITAL, $2,000,000. **SURPLUS, $3,000,000.**

STATEMENT OF CONDITION JUNE 30, 1902.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Stocks and Bonds	$6,017,533.35	Capital	$2,000,000.00
Mortgages	9,956,069.85	Surplus	3,000,000.00
Loans, Demand and Time	11,585,347.10	Undivided Profits	341,045.38
Bills Purchased	105,808.65	Deposits	17,675,313.89
Foreign Department	500,000.00	Certified Checks	102,081.99
Accrued Interest Receivable	235,338.53	Mortgage Trust Bonds	9,000,000.00
Cash on Hand and in Bank	3,840,748.54	Accrued Interest Payable	122,404.76
	$32,240,846.02		$32,240,846.02

A Dividend of 7% amounting to $140,000 has been declared and charged out of the profits of the past six months.

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COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY

OF NEW JERSEY

15, 17, 19 and 21 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

Capital and Surplus, - - - - - - $1,000,000

STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1902

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Stocks and Bonds	$702,850.02	Capital	$500,000.00
Mortgages	431,925.00	Surplus	500,000.00
Loans, Demand and Time	3,726,300.00	Undivided Profits	213,349.79
Bills Purchased	179,298.03	Reserve for Taxes	7,000.00
Banking House	710,923.28	Deposits	5,832,701.35
Furniture and Fixtures	7,493.53		
Accrued Interest	22,644.74		
Due from Banks	243,337.98		
Cash on hand and in bank	1,028,278.56		
	$7,053,051.14		$7,053,051.14

COMMENCED BUSINESS ON JANUARY SECOND, NINETEEN HUNDRED

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS OF BEST MODERN CONSTRUCTION AT MOST ACCESSIBLE POINTS TO NEW YORK, BEING ADJACENT TO PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY'S FERRIES. BOXES FROM $5.00 TO $500.00 PER ANNUM.

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38 NASSAU STREET

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Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,000,000

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NEWARK, N. J.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits } 3,492,649.20

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The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER V

THE WORLD RECALCITRANT

BEAUFORT CHANCE was no genius in a drawing-room—that may be accepted on Lady Blixworth's authority. In concluding that he was a fool in the general affairs of life she went beyond her premises and her knowledge. Mrs. Bonfill, out of a larger experience, had considered that he would do more than usually well; he was ingenious, hard working, and conciliatory, of affable address and sufficient tact; Mrs. Bonfill seemed to have placed him with judgment, and Mr. Dickinson (who led the House) was content with his performances. Yet perhaps after all he wa in the finest sense of the term, a fool. He could not see how things would look to other people, if other people came to know them; he hardly perceived when he was sailing very near the wind; the probability of an upset did not occur to him. He saw with his own eyes only; their view was short, and perhaps awry.

Fricker was his friend; he had bestowed favors on Fricker, or at least on Fricker's belongings, for whose debts Fricker assumed liability. If Fricker were minded to repay the obligation, was there any particular harm in that? Beaufort could not see it. If, again, the account being a little more than squared, he in his turn equalized it, leaving Fricker's kindness to set him at a debit again, and again await his balancing, what harm? It seemed only the natural way of things when business and friendship went hand in hand. But, after all, Fricker's business affairs were influenced, indeed most materially affected, by what the Tsar meant to do, and by one or two kindred problems then greatly exercising the world of politics, society, and finance. Beaufort Chance was not only in the House, he was in the Government. Humbly in, it is true, but actually. Still, what then? He was not in the cabinet. Did he know secrets? He knew none; of course he would never have used secrets or divulged them. Things told to him, or picked up by him, were *ex hypothesi*, not secrets, or he would never have come to know them. Fricker had represented all this to him, and after some consideration and hesitation, Fricker's argument had seemed very sound.

Must a man be tempted to argue thus or to accept such arguments? Beaufort scorned the idea; but, lest he should have been in error on this point, it may be said that there was much to tempt him. He was an extravagant man; he sat for an expensive constituency; he knew (his place taught him still better) the value of riches—of real wealth, not of a beggarly competence. He wanted wealth and he wanted Trix Trevalla. He seemed to see how he could work towards the satisfaction of both desires at the same time and along the same lines.

Having this opinion, and a lively wish to ingratiate himself with Trix, he allowed her to share in some of the benefits which his own information and Fricker's manipulation of the markets brought to their partnership. Trix, conscious of money slipping away, very ready to put it back, reckless and ignorant, was only too happy in the opportunity. She seemed also very grateful, and Beaufort was encouraged to persevere. For a little while his kindness to Trix escaped Fricker's notice, but not for long. As soon as Fricker discovered it, his attitude was perfectly clear, and, to himself, no more than reasonable.

"You've every motive for standing well with Mrs. Trevalla, I know, my dear fellow," said he, licking his big cigar and placing his well-groomed hat on Beaufort's table. "But what motive have I? Everybody we let in means one more to share the—the profit—perhaps one might add, to increase the risk. Now why should I let Mrs. Trevalla in? Any more than, for instance, I should let — shall we say —Mrs. Bonfill in?" Fricker did not like Mrs. Bonfill since she had quailed before Viola Blixworth.

"Oh, if you take it like that!" muttered Beaufort, a bit crossly.

"I don't take it any way. I put the case. It would be different if Mrs. Trevalla were a friend of mine or of my family."

Beaufort looked at him, feeling rather uncomfortable.

"Friends do one another good turns; I don't go about doing them to anybody I meet, just for fun," continued Fricker.

Beaufort nodded a slow assent.

"Of course we don't bargain with a lady," smiled Fricker, thoughtfully flicking off his ash. "But, on the other hand, ladies are very quick to understand. Eh, Beaufort? I dare say you could convey—" He stuck the cigar back into his mouth.

This was the conversation that led to the little dinner-party hereinbefore recorded. Fricker had gone to it not doubting that Trix Trevalla understood; Mrs. Fricker did not doubt it either when Trix had been so civil in the drawing-room. Trix herself had thought she ought to be civil, as has been seen; it may, however, be doubted whether Beaufort Chance had made her understand quite how much a matter of business the whole thing was. She did not realize that she, now or about to be a social power, was to do what Lady Blixworth would not and Mrs. Bonfill dared not—was to push the Frickers, to make her cause theirs, to open doors for them, and in return was to be told when to put money in this stock or that, and when to take it out again. She was told when to do these things, and did them. The money rolled in, and she was wonderfully pleased. If it would go on rolling in like this, its rolling out again (as it did) was of no consequence; her one pressing difficulty seemed in a fair way to be removed. Something she did for the Frickers; she got them some minor invitations, and asked them to meet some minor folk, and thought herself very kind.

If what the Tsar meant to do and the kindred problems occupied



He bent and kissed her hand

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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Fricker in one way, they made no less claim on Mervyn's time in another. He was very busy in his office and in the House; he had to help Lord Glentorly to persuade the nation to rely on him. Still he made some opportunities for meeting Trix Trevalla; she was always very ready to meet him when Beaufort Chance and Fricker were not to the fore. He was a man of methodical mind, which he made up slowly. He took things in their order, and gave them their proper proportion of time. He was making his career. It could hardly be doubted that he was also paying attentions, and it was probable that he meant to pay his addresses, to Trix Trevalla. But his progress was leisurely; the disadvantages attaching to her perhaps made him slower, even though in the end he would disregard them. In Trix's eyes he was one or two things worse than leisurely. He was very confident and rather condescending. On this point she did speak to Mrs. Bonfill, expressing some impatience. Mrs. Bonfill was sympathetic as always, but also, as always, wise.

"Well, and if he is, my dear?" Her smile appealed to Trix to admit that everything which she had been objecting to and rebelling against was no more than what any woman of the world would expect and allow for.

Trix's expression was still mutinous. Mrs. Bonfill proceeded with judicial weightiness.

"Now look at Audrey Pollington—you know that big niece of Viola's? Do you suppose that if Mortimer paid her attentions, she'd complain of him for being condescending? She'd just thank her stars, and take what she could get." (These very frank expressions are recorded with an apology.)

"I'm not Audrey Pollington," muttered Trix, using a weak though common argument.

"My dear," remarked Mrs. Bonfill, "most people would say that what Audrey Pollington didn't mind, you needn't." Miss Pollington was granddaughter to a duke (female line), and had a pretty little fortune of her own.

"It's not my idea of making love, that's all," said Trix.

"We live and learn." Mrs. Bonfill implied that Trix had much to learn. "Don't lose your head, child," she added, warningly. "You've made plenty of people envious. Don't give them any chance." She paused before she asked, "Do you see much of Beaufort now?"

"A certain amount." Trix did not wish to be drawn on this point.

"Well, Trix?"

"We keep friends," smiled Trix.

"Yes, that's right. I wouldn't see too much of him, though."

"Till my lord has made up his mind?"

"Silly!" That one word seemed to Mrs. Bonfill sufficient answer. She had, however, more confidence in Trix than the one word implied.

Trix came and kissed her affectionately; she was fond of Mrs. Bonfill and really grateful to her; it is possible, besides, that she had twinges of conscience; her conversations with Mrs. Bonfill were marked by a good deal of reserve. It was all very well to say that the matters reserved did not concern Mrs. Bonfill, but even Trix in her most independent mood could not feel quite convinced of this. She knew—though she tried not to think of it—that she was playing a double game; in one side of it Mrs. Bonfill was with her and she accepted that lady's help; the other side was sedulously hidden. It was not playing fair. Trix might set her teeth sometimes and declare she would do it, unfair though it was; or more often she would banish thought altogether by a plunge into amusement; but the thought and the consciousness were there.

Some of what Mrs. Bonfill did not see, Lady Blixworth did—distantly, of course, and mainly by putting an observed two together with some other observed but superficially unrelated two—a task eminently congenial to her mind. Natural inclination was quickened by family duty. "I wish," Lady Blixworth said, "that Sarah would have undertaken dear Audrey; but since she won't, I must do the best I can for her myself." It was largely with a view to doing the best she could for Audrey that Lady Blixworth kept her eye on Trix Trevalla—a thing of which Trix was quite unconscious. Lady Blixworth's motives command respect, and it must be admitted that Miss Pollington did not render her relative's dutiful assistance superfluous. She was a tall, handsome girl, rather inert, not very ready in conversation. Lady Blixworth, who was never absurd even in praise, pitched on the epithet "statuesque" as peculiarly suitable, and society acquiesced.

Audrey herself was extremely pleased with the epithet,—so delighted, indeed, that her aunt thought it necessary to administer a caution.

"When people praise you or your appearance for a certain quality, Audrey dear," she observed, sweetly, "it generally means that you've got that quality in a marked degree."

"Yes, of course, Aunt Viola," said Audrey, rather surprised but quite understanding.

"And so," pursued Aunt Viola in yet more gentle tones, "it isn't necessary for you to cultivate it consciously." She stroked Audrey's hand with much affection. "Because they tell you you're statuesque, for instance, don't try to go about looking like the Venus of Milo in a pair of stays."

"I'm sure I don't, auntie," cried poor Audrey, blushing piteously. She was conscious of having posed a little bit as Mr. Guise, the eminent sculptor, passed by.

"You aren't hurt with me, darling?" cooed Aunt Viola.

Audrey declared she was not hurt, but she felt bewildered.

With the coming of June, affairs of the heart and affairs of the purse became lamentably and unpoetically confounded in Trix Trevalla's life and thoughts. Mrs. Bonfill was hinting prodigiously about Audrey Pollington; Lady Blixworth was working creditably hard, and danger undoubtedly threatened from that quarter. Trix must exert herself if Mervyn were not to slip through the meshes. On the other hand, the problems were rather acute. Lord Farringham had been decidedly pessimistic in a speech in the House of Lords. Fricker was hinting at a great *coup;* Beaufort Chance was reminding her in a disagreeably pressing fashion of how much he had done for her and how much he still could do. Trix had tried one or two little gambles on her own account and met with serious disaster; current expenses rose rather than fell. In the midst of all her gayety Trix grew a little careworn and irritable; a line or two showed on her face; critics said that Mrs. Trevalla was doing too much, and must be more careful of her looks. Mrs. Bonfill began to be vaguely uncomfortable about her favorite. But still Trix held on her way, her courage commanding more admiration than any other quality she manifested at this time. Indeed she had moments of clear sight about herself, but her shibboleth of "revenge" still sufficed to stiffen if not to comfort her.

Some said that Lord Farringham's pessimistic speech was meant only for home consumption, the object being to induce the country to spend money freely, and also to feel that it was no moment for seeking to change the crown's responsible advisers. Others said that it was intended solely for abroad, either as a warning or, more probably, as an excuse to enable a foreign nation to retire with good grace from an untenable position. A minority considered that the Prime Minister had perhaps said what he thought. On the whole there was considerable uneasiness.

"What does it all mean, Mr. Fricker?" asked Trix, when that gentleman called on her, apparently in very good spirits.

"It means that fools are making things smooth for wise men, as usual," he answered, and looked at her with a keen glance.

"If you will only make them plain to one fool!" she suggested.

"I presume you aren't interested in international politics as such?"

"Not a bit," said Trix, heartily.

"But if there's any little venture going—" He smiled as he tempted her, knowing that she would yield.

"You've been very kind to me," murmured Trix.

"It's a big thing this time—and a good thing. You've heard Beaufort mention the Dramoffsky Concessions, I dare say?"

Trix nodded.

"He'd only mention them casually, of course," Fricker continued, with a passing smile. "Well, if there's trouble, or serious apprehension of it, Dramoffsky Concessions would be blown sky-high—because it's all English capital and labor, and for a long time anyhow the whole thing would be brought to a standstill, and the machinery all go to the deuce, and so on."

Again Trix nodded wisely.

"Whereas, if everything's all right, the Concessions are pretty well all right too. Have you noticed that they've been falling a good deal lately? No, I suppose not. Most papers don't quote them."

"I haven't looked for them. I've had my eye on the Glowing Star." Trix was anxious to give an impression of being business-like in one matter anyhow.

"Oh, that's good for a few hundreds, but don't you worry about it. I'll look after that for you. As I say, if there's serious apprehension, Dramoffskys go down. Well, there will be—more serious than there is now. And after that—"

"War?" asked Trix, in some excitement.

"We imagine not. I'd say we know, only one never really knows anything. No, there will be a revival of confidence. And then Dramoffskys—well, you see what follows. Now it's a little risky—not very—and it's a big thing if it comes off, and what I'm telling you is worth a considerable sum as a marketable commodity. Are you inclined to come in?"

To Trix there could be but one answer. Coming in with Mr. Fricker had always meant coming out better for the process. She thanked him enthusiastically.

"All right. Lodge five thousand at your bankers' as soon as you can, and let me have it."

"Five thousand!" Trix gasped a little. She had not done the thing on such a scale as this before.

"It's always seemed to me waste of time to fish for herrings with a rod and line," observed Fricker; "but just as you like, of course."

"Does Beaufort think well of it?"

"Do you generally find us differing?" Fricker smiled ironically.

"I'll go in," said Trix. "I shall make a lot, sha'n't I?"

"I think so. Hold your tongue, and stay in till I tell you to come out. You can rely on me."

Nothing more passed between them then. Trix was left to consider the plunge that she had made. Could it possibly go wrong? If it did—she reckoned up her position. If it went wrong—if the five thousand or the bulk of it were lost, what was left to her? After payment of all liabilities, she would have about ten thousand pounds. That she had determined to keep intact. On the interest of that—at last the distinction was beginning to thrust itself on her mind with a new and odious sharpness—she would have to live. To live—not to have that flat, or those gowns, or that brougham, or this position; not to have anything that she wanted and loved, but just to live. *Pensions* again! It would come to going back to *pensions.*

No, would it? There was another resource. Trix, rather anxious, a little fretful and uneasy, was sanguine and resolute still. She wrote to Beaufort Chance, telling him what she had done, thanking him, bidding him thank Fricker, expressing the amplest gratitude to both gentlemen. Then she sat down and invited Mervyn to come and see her; he had not been for some

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days, and, busy as he was, Trix thought it was time to see him, and blot out, for a season at least, all idea of Audrey Pollington.

Mervyn obeyed her summons, but not in a very cheerful mood. Trix's efforts to pump him about the problems and the complications were signally unsuccessful. He snubbed her, giving her to understand that he was amazed at being asked such questions. What, then, was Beaufort Chance doing, she asked in her heart. She passed rapidly from the dangerous ground, declaring with a pout that she thought he might have told her some gossip, to equip her for the next dinner party. He responded to her lighter mood with hardly more cordiality. Evidently there was something wrong with him, something which prevented her spell from working on him as it was wont. Trix was dismayed.

At last Mervyn broke out with what he had to say. He looked, she thought, like a husband (not like Vesey Trevalla, but like the abstract conception), and a rather imperious one, as he took his stand on her hearth-rug and frowned down on her.

"You might know—no, you do know—the best people in London," he said, "and yet I hear of your going about with the Frickers! I should think Fricker's a rogue, and I know he's a cad. And the women!" Aristocratic scorn embittered his tongue.

"Who have you heard it from?"

"Lots of people. Among others, Viola Blixworth."

"Oh, Lady Blixworth! Of course you'd hear it from her!"

"It doesn't matter who tells me, if it's true."

That was an annoying line to take. It was easy to show Lady Blixworth's motive, but it was impossible to deny the accuracy of what she said. A hundred safe witnesses would have confounded Trix had she denied.

"What in the world do you do it for?" he asked angrily and impatiently. "What can Fricker do for you? Don't you see how you lower yourself? They'll be saying he's bought you next."

Trix did not start, but a spot of color came on her cheeks; her eyes were hard and wary as they watched Mervyn covertly. He came towards her, and, with a sudden softening of manner, laid his hand on hers.

"Drop them," he urged. "Don't have anything more to do with such a lot."

Trix looked up at him; there were doubt and distress in her eyes. He was affectionate now, but also very firm.

"For my sake, drop them," he said. "You know people can't come where they meet the Frickers."

Trix was never slow of understanding; she saw very well what Mervyn meant. His words might be smooth, his manner might be kind, and, if she wished it at any moment, ready to grow more than kind. With all this he was asking—nay, he was demanding—that she should drop the Frickers. How difficult the path had suddenly grown; how hard it was to work her complicated plan!

"A good many people know them. There's Mr. Chance—" she began timidly.

"Beaufort Chance! Yes, better if he didn't!" His lips, grimly closing again, were a strong condemnation of his colleague.

"They're kind people, really."

"They're entirely beneath you—and beneath your friends."

There was no mistaking the position. Mervyn was delivering an ultimatum. It was little use to say that he had no right because he had made her no offer. He had the power, which, it is to be feared, is generally more the question. And at what a moment the ultimatum came! Must Trix relinquish that golden dream of the Dramoffsky Concessions, and give up those hundreds—welcome if few—from the Glowing Star? Or was she to defy Mervyn and cast in her lot with the Frickers—and with Beaufort Chance?

"Promise me," he said softly, with as near an approach to a lover's entreaty as his grave and condescending manner allowed. "I never thought you'd make any difficulty. Do you really hesitate between doing what pleases me and what pleases Chance or the Frickers?"

Trix would have dearly liked to cry "Yes, yes, yes!" Such a reply would, she considered, have been wholesome for Mortimer Mervyn, and it would have been most gratifying to herself. She dared not give it; it would mean far too much.

"I can't be actually rude," she pleaded. "I must do it gradually. But since you ask me, I will break with them as much and as soon as I can."

"That's all I ask of you," said Mervyn. He bent and kissed her hand with a reassuring air of homage and devotion. But evidently homage and devotion must be paid for. They bore a resemblance to financial assistance in that respect. Trix was becoming disagreeably conscious that people expected to be paid, in one way or another, for most things that they gave. Chance and Fricker wanted payment. Mervyn claimed it too. And to pay both as they asked seemed now impossible.

CHAPTER VI

CHILDREN OF SHADOW

"A POLITICIAN! I'd as soon be a policeman," remarked Miles Childwick, with delicate scorn. "I don't dispute the necessity of either—I never dispute the necessity of things—but it would not occur to me to become either."

"You're not tall enough for a policeman, anyhow," said Elfreda Flood.

"Not if it became necessary to take you

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in charge, I admit" (Elfreda used to be called "queenly" and had played Hippolyta), "but your remark is impertinent in every sense of the term. Politicians and policemen are essentially the same."

Everybody looked at the clock. They were waiting for supper at the Magnifique; it was Tommy Trent's party, and the early comers sat in a group in the luxurious outer room.

"But while policemen," pursued Miles Childwick, sublimely careless of interruption—"while policemen make things endurable by a decent neglect of their duties (or how do we get home at night?), politicians are constantly raising the income tax. I speak with no personal bitterness, since to me it happens to be a small matter, but I observe a laceration of the feelings of my wealthy friends."

"He'd go on all night, whether we listened or not," said Horace Harnack, half in despair, half in admiration. "I suppose it wouldn't do to have a song, Tommy?"

His suggestion met with no attention, for at the moment Tommy sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Here's Peggy at last!"

The big glass doors were swung open and Peggy came in. The five men advanced to meet her; Mrs. John Maturin smiled in a rather pitying way at Elfreda, but Elfreda took this rush quite as a matter of course and looked at the clock again.

"Is Airey here?" asked Peggy.

"Not yet," replied Tommy. "I hope he's coming, though."

"He said something about being afraid he might be kept," said Peggy; then she drew Tommy aside and whispered, "Had to get his coat mended, you know."

Tommy nodded cautiously.

"And she hasn't come either?" Peggy went on.

"No; and whoever she is, I hate her," remarked Arty Kane. "But who is she? We're all here." He waved his arm round the assembly.

"Going to introduce you to society tonight, Arty," his host promised. "Mrs. Trevalla's coming."

"Duchesses I know, and countesses I know," said Childwick; "but who—"

"Oh, nobody expected you to know," interrupted Peggy.

"You're always smart," she assured Mrs. John Maturin.

Mrs. John smiled.

Timidly and with unfamiliar step Airey Newton entered the gorgeous apartment. Relief was dominant on his face when he saw the group of friends, and he made a hasty dart towards them, giving on the way a nervous glance at his shoes, which showed two or three spots of mud—the pavements were wet outside. He hastened to hide himself behind Elfreda Flood, and, thus sheltered, surveyed the scene.

"I was just saying, Airey, that politicians—"

Arty Kane stopped further progress by the hasty suggestion of a glass of sherry, and the two went off together to the side room, where supper was laid, leaving the rest again regarding the clock—except Peggy, who had put a half-crown in her glove, or her purse, or her pocket, and could not find it, and declared that she could not get home unless she did; she created no sympathy and (were such degrees possible) less surprise when at last she distinctly recollected having left it on the piano.

"Whose half-crown on whose piano?" asked Manson Smith with a forensic frown.

When the sherry-bibbers returned with the surreptitious air usual in such cases, the group had undergone a marked change; it was clustered round a very brilliant person in a gown of resplendent blue, with a flash of jewels about her, a hint of perfume, a generally dazzling effect. Miles Childwick came up to Manson Smith.

"This," said Childwick, "we must presume to be Mrs. Trevalla. Let me be introduced, Manson, before my eyes are blinded by the blaze."

"Is she a new flame of Tommy's?" asked Manson, in a whisper.

The question showed great ignorance; but Manson was comparatively an outsider, and Miles Childwick let it pass with a scornful smile.

They went in to supper. Trix was placed between Tommy and Airey Newton; Peggy was at the other end, supported by Child-

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wick and Arty Kane. The rest disposed themselves, if not according to taste, yet with apparent harmony; there was, however, a momentary hesitation about sitting by Mrs. John. "Mrs. John means just one glass more champagne than is good for one," Childwick had once said, and the remark was felt to be just.

Most of the conversation was far less formidable than Miles Childwick's. It was for the most part frank and very keen discussion of a number of things and persons entirely, or almost entirely, unfamiliar to Trix Trevalla. On the other hand, not one of the problems with which she, as a citizen and as a woman, had been so occupied was mentioned, and the people who filled her sky did not seem to have risen above the horizon here. Somebody did mention Russia once, and Horace Harnack expressed a desire to have "a slap" at that great nation; but politics were evidently an alien plant, and soon died out of the conversation. The last play or the last novel, the most recent success on the stage, the newest paradox of criticism, were the topics when gossip was ousted for a few moments from its habitual and evidently welcome sway. People's gossip, however, shows their tastes and habits better than anything else, and in this case Trix was not too dull to learn from it; it reproduced another atmosphere, and told her that there was another world than hers. She turned suddenly to Airey Newton.

"We talk of living in London, but it's a most inadequate description. There must be ten Londons to live in!"

"Quite—without counting the slums."

"We ought to say London A, or London B, or London C. Social districts, like the postal ones; only far more of them. I suppose some people can live in more than one?"

"Yes, a few; and a good many people pay visits."

"Are you bohemian?" she asked, indicating the company with a little movement of her hand.

"Look at them!" he answered. "They are smart and spotless. I'm the only one who looks the part in the least. And, behold, I am frugal, temperate, a hard worker, and a scientific man!"

"There are believed to be bohemians still in Kensington and Chelsea," observed Tommy Trent. "They will think anything you please, but they won't dine out without their husbands."

"It's such a terribly long while since I heard anybody talk nonsense on purpose," Trix said to Airey, with a sigh of enjoyment.

"They do it all the time; and, yes, it's rather refreshing."

"Does Mr. Childwick mind?"

"Mind?" interposed Tommy. "Gracious, no! He's playing the game too; he knows all about it. He won't let on that he does, of course, but he does all the same."

Elfreda Flood addressed Harnack, apparently resuming an interrupted conversation.

"If I wear green I look horrid, and if she wears blue she looks horrid, and if we don't wear either green or blue, the scene looks horrid. I'm sure I don't know what to do."

"It 'll end in your having to wear green," prophesied Harnack.

"I suppose it will," Elfreda moaned disconsolately. "She always gets her way."

"I happen to know he reviewed it," declared Arty Kane, with some warmth, "because he spelt 'dreamed' with a 't.' He always does. And he'd dined with me only two nights before!"

"Where?" asked Manson Smith.

"At my own rooms."

"Then he certainly wrote it. I've dined with you there myself."

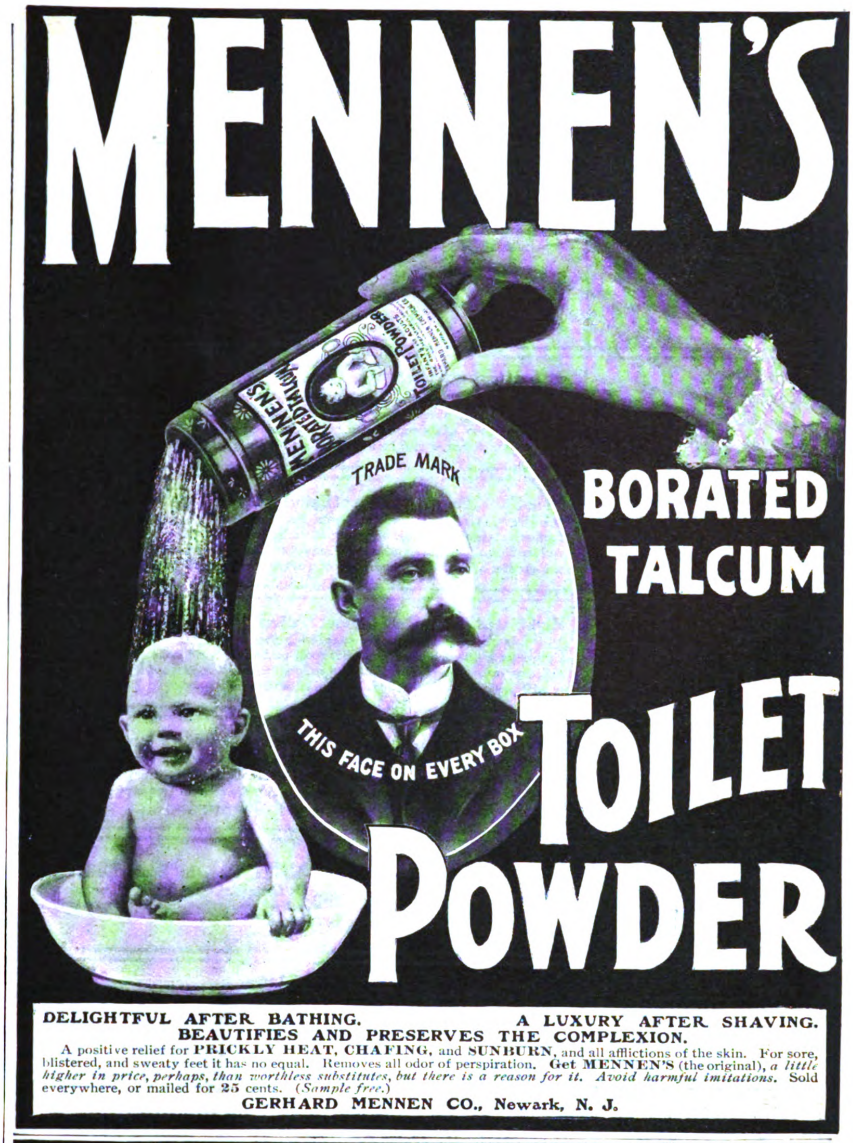
"I don't say," began Childwick once more, "that when Mrs. John puts us in a book, as she does once a year, she fails to do justice to our conversation, but she lamentably neglects and misrepresents her own."

Trix had been momentarily uneasy, but Mrs. John was smiling merrily.

"I miss her pregnant assents, her brief but weighty disagreements, the rich background of silence which she imparts to the entertainment.

Yes, Mrs. John had brains too, and evidently Miles Childwick and the rest knew it.

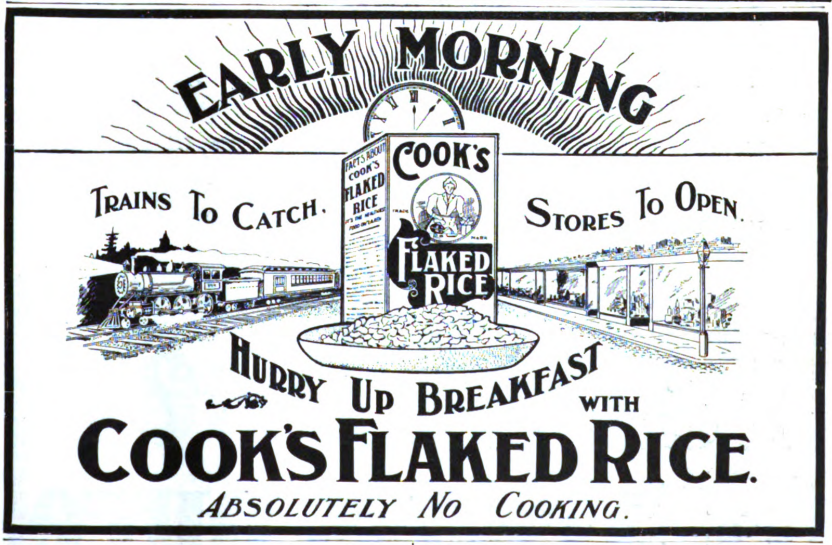
"When Arty wrote a sonnet on Mrs. John," remarked Manson Smith, "he made it only twelve lines long. The outside world jeered.



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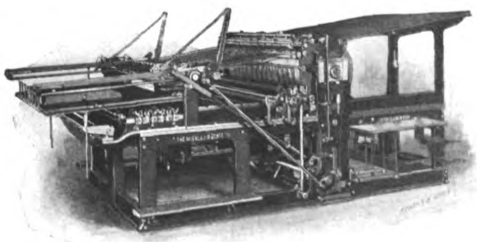
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declaring that such a thing was unusual, if not ignorant. But we of the elect traced the spiritual significance."

"Are you enjoying yourself, Airey?" called Peggy Ryle.

He nodded to her cordially.

"What a comfort!" sighed Peggy. She looked round the table, laughed, and cried "Hurrah!" for no obvious reason.

Trix whispered to Airey, "She nearly makes me cry when she does that."

"You can feel it?" he asked, in a quick, low question, looking at her curiously.

"Oh yes; I don't know why," she answered, glancing again at the girl whose mirth and exultation stirred her to so strange a mood.

Her eyes turned back to Airey Newton, and found a strong attraction in his face, too. The strength and kindness of it, coming home to her with a keener realization, were refined by the ever-present shadow of sorrow or self-discontent. This hint of melancholy persisted even while he took his share in the gayety of the evening; he was cheerful, but he had not the exuberance of most of them; he was far from bubbling over in sheer joyousness like Peggy; he could not achieve even the unruffled and pain-proof placidity of Tommy Trent. Like herself, then—in spite of a superficial remoteness from her, and an obviously nearer kinship with the company in life and circumstances—he was in spirit something of a stranger there. In the end he, like herself, must look on at the fun rather than share in it wholeheartedly. There was a background for her and him, rather dark and sombre; for the rest there seemed to be none; their joy blazed unshadowed.

When the party broke up—it was not at an early hour—Peggy came over to Airey Newton. Trix did not understand the conversation.

"I got your letter, but I'm not coming," she said. "I told you I wouldn't come."

"Oh, I say now, Peggy!" urged Tommy Trent, looking very miserable.

"It's your fault, and you know it," she told him severely.

"Well, everybody else is coming," declared Tommy. Airey said nothing, but nodded assent in a manner half rueful, half triumphant.

"It's shameful," Peggy persisted.

There was a moment's pause. Trix, feeling like an eavesdropper, looked the other way, but she could not avoid hearing.

"But I've had a windfall, Peggy," said Airey Newton. "On my honor, I have."

"Yes, on my honor, he has," urged Tommy earnestly. "A good thumping one, isn't it, Airey?"

"One of my things has been a success, you know."

"Oh, he hits 'em in the eye, sometimes, Peggy."

"Are you two men telling anything like the truth?"

"The absolute truth."

"Well, then, I'll come, but I don't think it makes what Tommy did any better."

"Who cares, if you'll come?" asked Tommy.

Suddenly Airey stepped forward to Trix Trevalla. His manner was full of hesitation—he was, in fact, awkward; but then he was performing a most unusual function. Peggy and Tommy Trent stood watching him, now and then exchanging a word.

"He is going to ask her," whispered Peggy.

"Hanged if he isn't!" Tommy whispered back.

"Then he must have had it!"

"I told you so," replied Tommy, in an extraordinarily triumphant, imperfectly lowered voice.

Yes, Airey Newton was asking Trix to join his dinner party.

"It's—it's not much in my line," he was heard explaining, "but Trent's promised to look after everything for me. It's a small affair, of course, and—and just a small dinner."

"Is it?" whispered Tommy with a wink, but Peggy did not hear this time.

"If you'd come—"

"Of course I will," said Trix. "Write and tell me the day, and I shall be delighted." She did not see why he should hesitate quite so much, but a glance at Peggy and Tommy showed her that something very unusual had happened.

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"It 'll be the first dinner party he's ever given," whispered Peggy excitedly, and she added to Tommy, "Are you going to order it, Tommy?"

"I've asked him to," interposed Airey, still with an odd mixture of pride and apprehension.

Peggy looked at Tommy suspiciously.

"If you don't behave well about it, I shall get up and go away," was her final remark.

Trix's brougham was at the door — she found it necessary now to hire one for night-work, her own horse and man finding enough to do in the daytime—and after a moment's hesitation she offered to drive Airey Newton home, declaring that she would enjoy so much of a digression from her way. He had been looking on rather vaguely while the others were dividing themselves into hansom-cab parties, and she received the impression that he meant, when everybody was paired, to walk off quietly by himself. Peggy overheard her invitation, and said, with a sort of relief,

"That 'll do splendidly, Airey!"

Airey agreed, but it seemed with more embarrassment than pleasure.

But Trix was pleased to prolong, even by so little, the atmosphere and associations of the evening, to be able to talk about it a little more, to question him while she questioned herself also indirectly. She put him through a catechism about the members of the party, delighted to elicit anything that confirmed her notion of their independence, their carelessness, and their comradeship.

"We're not equal to it, you and I," she said with a laugh. "We don't live there; we can only pay a visit, as you said."

He nodded, leaning back against the well-padded cushions with an air of finding unwonted ease. He looked tired and worn.

"Why? We work too hard, I suppose. Yes, I work too, in my way."

"It's not work exactly," he said. "They work too, you know."

"What is it, then?" She bent forward to look at his face, pale in the light of the small carriage lamp.

"It's the Devil," he told her. Their eyes met in a long gaze. Trix smiled appealingly. She had to go back to her difficult life—to Mervyn, to the Chance and Fricker entanglement. She felt alone and afraid.

"The Devil, is it? Have I raised him?" she asked. "Well, you taught me how. If I—if I come to grief, you must help me."

"You don't know in the least the sort of man you're talking to," he declared, almost roughly.

"I know you're a good friend."

"I am not," said Airey Newton.

"I don't take your word for that," she declared, giving him her hand. "I sha'n't believe it without a test," she went on in a lighter tone. "And at any rate I sha'n't fail at your dinner party."

"No, don't fail at my party — my only party." His smile was very bitter, as he relinquished her hand and opened the door of the brougham.

"We're nice people! We have a splendid evening, and we end it up in the depths of woe! At least—you're in them too, aren't you?" she glanced past him up the gloomy passage, and gave a little shudder. "How could you be anything else, living here?" she cried in accents of pity.

"You don't live here, yet you don't seem much better," he retorted. "You are beautiful and beautifully turned out—gorgeous. And your brougham is most comfortable. Yet you don't seem much better."

Trix was put on her defence; she awoke suddenly to the fact that she had been very near to a mood dangerously confidential.

"I've a few worries," she laughed, "but I have my pleasures too."

"And I've my pleasures," said Airey. "And I suppose we both find them in the end the best. Good-night."

Each had put out a hand towards the veil that was between them; to each had come an impulse to pluck it away. But courage failed, and it hung there still. Both went back to their pleasures. In the ears of both Peggy Ryle's whole-hearted laughter, her soft merry "Hurrah!" that no obvious cause called forth, echoed with the mockery of an unattainable delight. You need clear soul-space for a laugh like that.

To be Continued.

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Chimmie Fadden:

Mr. Paul's Dictum on Success

SAY, we Americans has got to get togedder, or dere will be notting doing in dis country except in de gun trade, wit a little liveliness in de bomb business for to keep us from going to sleep. Mr. Paul was talking about it de odder day; and now I'm next to de game so near I could write a piece for de poipers about it, if de poipers would get wise on spelling, and not want a mug to use a bunch of woids he don't no de sense of.

I has me hunch on Americans getting togedder from a family chin-chin on de strike in Paterson.

But wait: Paterson must be a good place for a quiet home life! What? Subway explosions, runaway mobes, bike scorchers, night-stick cops, and slugging hackmen does de best dey knows how to keep de little old island of Manhattan from Rip Van Winkling herself. But dis borough is a golf links by moonlight alongside of Paterson.

Whiskers was reading de poipers every day dat de soldiers was in Paterson, and he gets glummer and glummer cause dey didn't shoot de strikers.

"What is dey soldiers for?" he says. "Dey has guns in deir hands, and de strikers in front of 'em. Did de troopers go to Paterson for to play polo, or for to shoot de head off de nannychists?"

Mr. Paul tought a while, den he says, "It would be agreeable," he says, "for to teach sweetness and light to all strikers by means of machine-guns. In dis age of machinery it seems like flying in de face of opportunity," he says, "to fail to plug morals into man by de aid of smokeless powder and steel-jacketed dum-dum bullets. But, sir," says he, "having invited a guest into your house, and finding him cheating at bridge, or eating pineapple salad wit a spoon, would you, as a host, feel justified in sweetening his black coffee wit Rough on Rats?"

Whiskers looks hard at Mr. Paul, and says, "Young man, eider your woids mean notting, as usual, or dey is politics, as usual."

"Kind sir," says Mr. Paul, "tumb screws and boiling oil could not get me to talk politics. All de people who is so good dey is forced to admit dat nobody else has any goodness, has so often proved to me dat my political views is wicked, I has dissolved and sworn never again to say or tink politics."



In training for future greatness

"Quite proper," says Whiskers. "Den, if it is not politics, you may explain why de Paterson silk weavers is like a guest I has invited to play ping-pong."

"I could state de case a little different, sir," says Mr. Paul, "but let it go at dat. De strikers at Paterson is guests of de United States. We asked all de nations to send all deir people to us what couldn't make a living at home. Dey didn't come very fast. 'Come along,' says we. 'We'll put you to woik making silk—or any old ting—and give you a cinch on de market by not letting de American people buy anyting except de tings you make.'"

"Hold on dere! How's dat?" yells Whiskers. "Dis country is as free as she is glorious. We buys and sells where we like."

"I begs your pardon," says Mr. Paul, looking like Little Miss Fannie when she has swiped a lump of sugar, and is caught wit de goods on her. "We did not exactly say dat we would not let American citizens buy any goods except what de forners come here to make: we said we'd fine everybody, good and plenty, who bought, for instance, silk made by de forners who stopped to home and made it, instead of coming to Paterson to make it. Dat was it—is it? Dis looked like a sure cinch, for fair; so a lot of guinnies hikes over here in de steerage, and makes silk, or some odder ting, here, instead of to home. But de cinch slipped a cog. It didn't ring up on time. De ghost didn't walk. De guinnies begins to rubber, and dey tumbles dat de government was collecting fines, all right, from Americans who didn't buy Paterson silk; but instead of toining over de fines to de woikers, it was give to de employers. Dat's when de guests makes a holler. A good ting was being passed out, but all dey got was de glad eye, wit de merry ha, ha, on de side. Same ting wit de Huns and Scandahoovians who trun de Americans out of de job of mining coal."

"Paul," says Whiskers, "I am ashamed of you. Can you deny you is attacking de sacred principles of protection?"

"Innocent, sir," says Mr. Paul. "You has taught me to love, to reverence," he says, "protection, sir. Witout it we would have to pay half price for goods made by forners in forn countries, instead of double price for de same goods made by de same forners in dis country. For de sake of protection I glory in de privilege of paying two prices for silk made by a guinney in Paterson, instead of one price for de same silk made by de same guinney in Italy. It is a small tax any good American should gladly pay for de pleasure of having de guinney trunning dynamite bombs in Paterson, instead of stopping to home to trun 'em. But I ask you, sir, if it is fair, is it hospital, for to order de Essex Troop to shoot de strikers — our guests — full of painful holes just because our guests is kicking dat de promised pork barrel has been gobbled by de employers? How, in future campaigns, are we to fry de fat out of protected employers if we foist kills off de employees who fetches de fat?"

Whiskers was getting so red and hot you could smell singed whiskers; so Miss Fannie says, "Paul, behave yourself!"

"I am going out for a ride," says Whiskers, when he could speak. "I'll be back for tea, daughter," he says, and chases himself.

"I tink you is too mean, Paul, to plague papa so," says Miss Fannie. "I regret your engagements will keep you from tea."

My, my! Wasn't dat a trun down, for fair? Mr. Paul looks so like six plugged nickles when he chases dat I hikes over to his house after him to see did he want to put on de gloves.

"No, Chames," he says. "One knock-out a day is as much as even I deserve. Fetch me a small bottle, and I'll tell you someting for de benefit of your family."

I pulls de plug from a pint, and when he harks to de fizzing a minute he says, "Your son has a chance to be President, some day, Chames. It is your duty to help dat chance from de jump."

"Sure, sir," I says. "I have him a set of boxing-gloves already; and Duchess will put up de price to have him teached to ride a bucking pony as soon as he's six."

"Dose metods of butting into de White House is passing fancies," he says. "Listen to dis rule based on de unchanging laws of human nature: Watch de boy, and if ever he has a original tought, a glimmer of wit, a sense of fun, a spark of satire, lambaste de hide off him. It will cure him, Chames: probably make him President, and surely keep him from offending de woman he loves."

Is dat philossopy? What!

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William Dean Howells at his Summer Home

See pages 929 and 930

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is spending the summer months in an old-fashioned house at Kittery Point, Maine. The place was once the home of Admiral Craven, and embraces about two acres of ground and a roomy mansion, with wide porches, on to which open French windows from the principal apartments.

Here Mr. Howells continues the literary work which he carries on at other times of the year in his home overlooking Central Park. His study faces the bay, across which the bugle and sunset-gun at the fort indicate the flight of hours. Below the terrace is a little garden planted by the distinguished author himself, and in which he works at odd times, for he loves the odor of the newly turned earth, and takes a pleasant pride in the growth of the salad plants and radishes. The grass flourishes luxuriantly on the place, and is only cropped by the scythe, which lays low wild roses and morning-glories at the same time, and uncovers wild strawberries and blackberries in all their sweetness.

Mr. Howells's summer home is ideal in every respect. Romance and history are all about—the builders of two centuries have reared monuments to their craft in the old houses in the neighborhood. And yet Fashion is enthroned not far away, for the Isles of Shoals, a thin dark line against the sea's horizon, may be seen from Mr. Howells's porch: Portsmouth is but three miles distant; and York Beach and York Harbor are within fifteen minutes' ride of the Howells home.

The house in which Mr. Howells and his family are passing the summer is ample in its old-fashioned comfort. The rooms are large and square; the windows are deep, and with cushioned seats; the ceilings are low enough to be cozy; there are numerous fireplaces, and the furniture is in keeping with the simplicity of the mansion. Mr. Howells writes at a big table, which was in former days used by Admiral Craven as a festal board. It rejoices in twelve legs, of the spindle type, and is a rare piece of honest artisanship. Mr. Howells's morning hours are dévoted to his literary work, and the rest of the day to reading and strolling about the grounds. At the foot of the lawn, which Nature has terraced and fitted with easy paths, break the mimic waves of a little bay, which in turn opens out to the misty Atlantic. Here, at the edge of the water, is a pier and boat-landing, and upon the former are comfortable camp-chairs whereon one may rest and look—through a field-glass if desired—upon the shimmering water and the irregular shore-line. At the left are earth-works—begun when the Spanish-American war spread consternation along the coast, but never finished, because of the war's short duration, and topping them an octagonal block-house, dating back many generations.

The place is enclosed almost entirely by low stone walls, moss-grown, and covered here and there with creeping vines. A weather-beaten picket-fence creeps up the side of the hill at the east, forming a curiously artistic background for the thick cluster of shrubbery.

How He Did It

WHEN David Graham Phillips, author of *Her Serene Highness*, was a very young man he applied for work on a Cincinnati paper.

"What can you do?" said the editor.

"I can try anything," said the young man.

Thinking to rid himself of further importunities for an assignment, the editor said,

"Well, write an article on bread."

It was a trying moment for the ambitious youngster, but he never flinched. All that night he spent in collecting material, and the next day reported to the somewhat surprised editor with a bright and newsy article on "The Bakeries of Cincinnati." He was immediately engaged.

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation of the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11. BOONE STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Freeman Street to Woodruff Street. WENDOVER AVENUE SEWERS, both sides, from the existing sewer in Third Avenue to Fulton Avenue; also, FULTON AVENUE SEWER, between East 170th Street and St. Paul's Place; and between Wendover Avenue and East 175th Street.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11. EAST 182D STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Aqueduct Avenue to Jerome Avenue. LAFONTAINE AVENUE SEWER, between East 180th Street and Quarry Road.

24TH WARD, SECTION 12. EAST 203D STREET SEWER, between Mosholu Parkway South and the Concourse; BRIGGS AVENUE SEWER, between Mosholu Parkway South and East 201st Street; EAST 202D STREET SEWER, between Briggs Avenue and the Concourse; VILLA AVENUE SEWER, between East 200th Street and Van Courtlandt Avenue; also, JEROME AVENUE SEWER, between the street summit situated south of East 199th Street and the street summit situated north of Van Courtlandt Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 19, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 7. 111TH STREET PAVING, from Amsterdam Avenue to Riverside Drive. 113TH STREET PAVING, between St. Nicholas and Lenox Avenues. 134TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND BUILDING RETAINING WALL, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. 136TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard.

19TH WARD, SECTION 5. 41ST STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND PAVING, from First Avenue to the East River.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 19, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF QUEENS:

1ST WARD. VAN ALST AVENUE SEWER, between Flushing and Hoyt Avenues.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 28 to July 12, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTIONS 11 AND 12. EAST 192D STREET (Primrose Street) SEWER, between Grand Avenue and Creston Avenue; JEROME AVENUE SEWER, between East 190th Street (St. James Street) and East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street); PARK VIEW TERRACE SEWER, between East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street) and Morris Avenue; KINGSBRIDGE ROAD SEWER, between Jerome Avenue and Creston Avenue; also, CRESTON AVENUE SEWER, between Kingsbridge Road and East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street).

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 27, 1902.

YOUNG BOSTON GENTLEMAN, Sc.B., living in Dresden, Saxony, having two youths fitting for college, would like two others, 14 and 17 years of age; exceptional opportunity for any one willing to pay a liberal compensation; highest references.

For particulars address P. O. Box 1976, Boston, Mass.

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 30 to July 14, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 10. TIFFANY STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, BUILDING APPROACHES, AND FENCING, from Intervale Avenue to the East River.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 27, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 30 to July 14, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named Avenue in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 9. MERRIAM AVENUE OPENING, from Ogden Avenue to Aqueduct Avenue. Confirmed June 13, 1902; entered June 28, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 28, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 25 to July 9, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named street in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTIONS 9 AND 10. EAST 130TH STREET OPENING, from St. Ann's Avenue to East 131st Street. Confirmed May 22, 1902; entered June 23, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 23, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 21 to July 5, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D WARD, SECTION 10. EAST 156TH STREET SEWER, from Beach Avenue to Prospect Avenue. EAST 168TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND FENCING, from Union Avenue to Prospect Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 20, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH of RICHMOND:

2D WARD. WARD AVENUE REGRADING AND MACADAMIZING, from Cebra Avenue to Occident Avenue; also, OCCIDENT AVENUE REGRADING AND MACADAMIZING, from Ward Avenue to Orient Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11. BROADWAY (now called Crotona Avenue) REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Boston Road to the Southern Boulevard.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.

City of New York, June 24, 1902.

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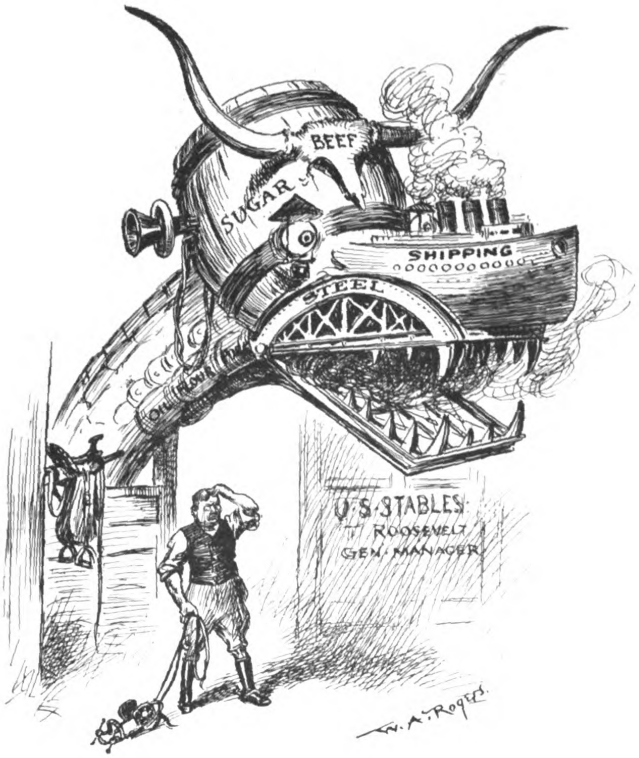
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"I guess we'll have to get a new bridle"

L. Garnier

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By S. R. CROCKETT
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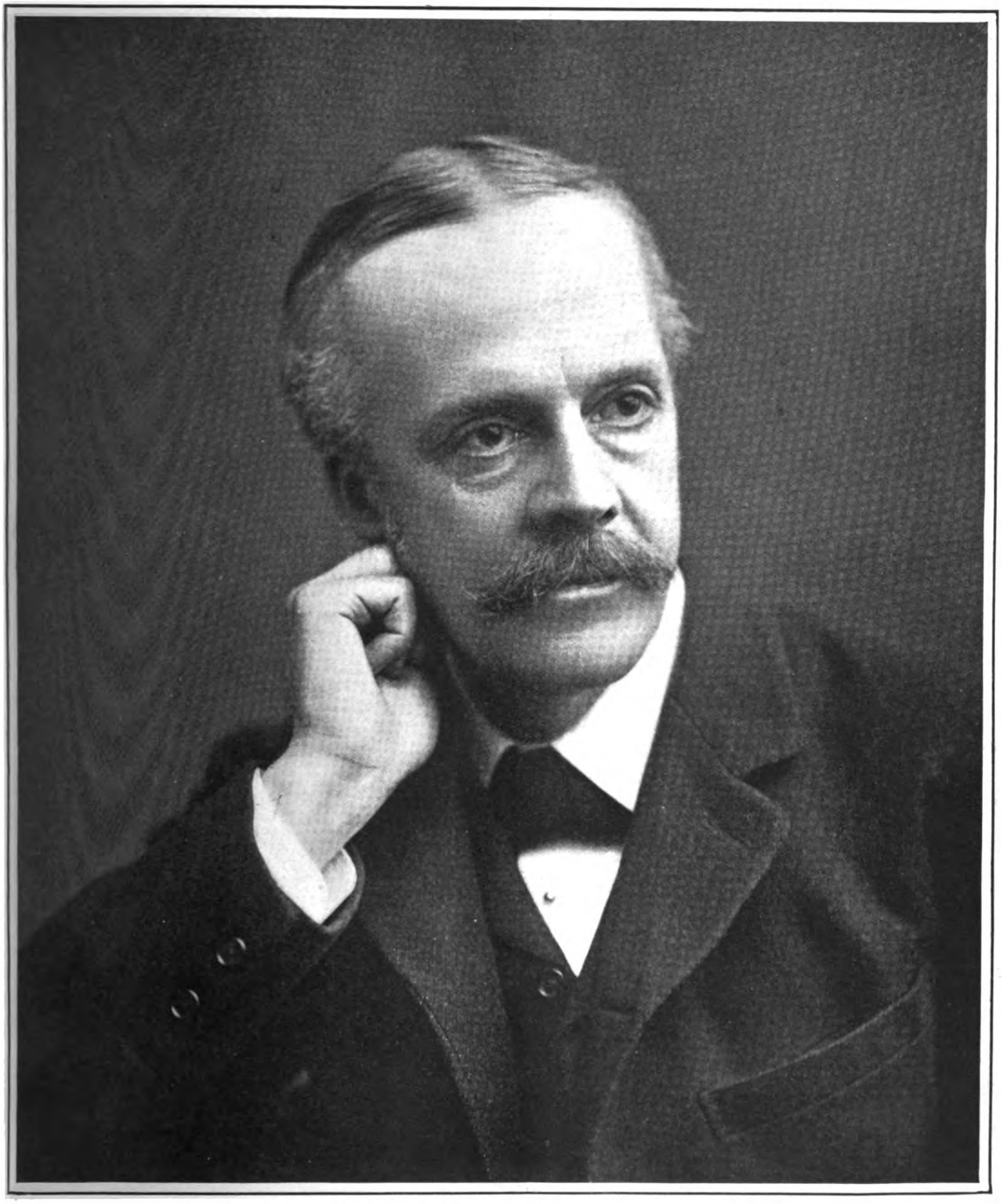
New York to Chicago—In 24 Hours of Luxurious Railway Travel—By New York Central.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, July 26, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2379

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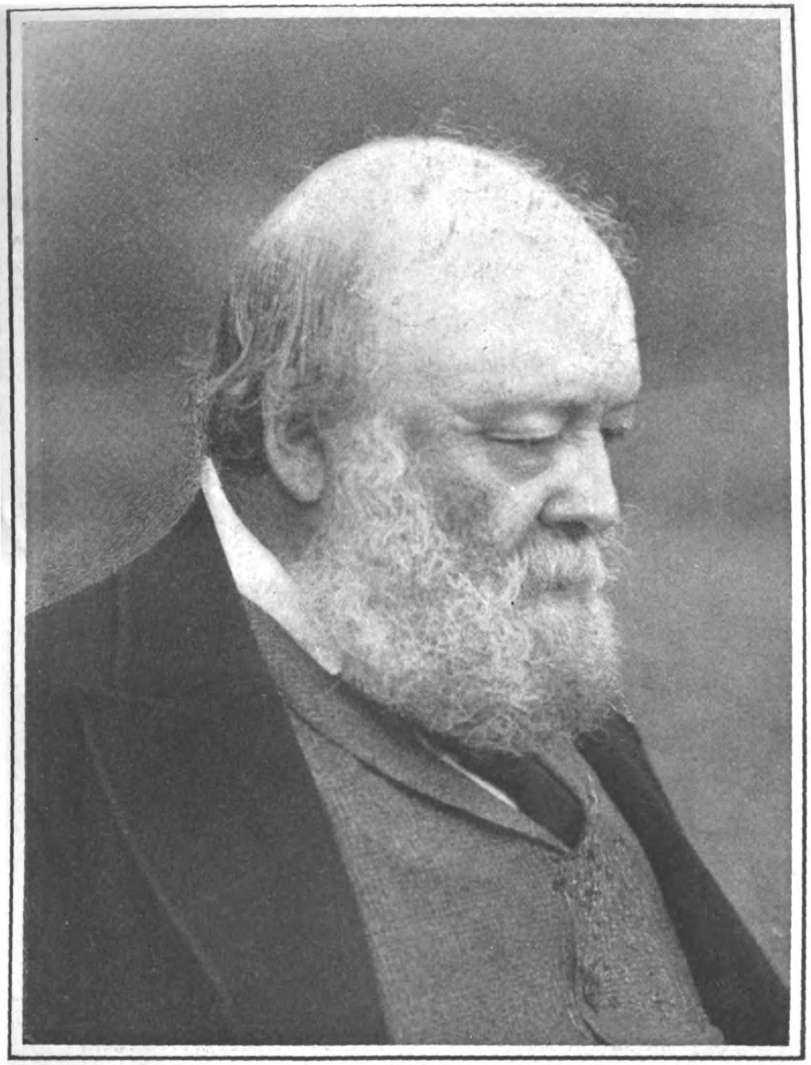
ENGLAND'S NEW PRIME MINISTER

The Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the government forces in the House of Commons, was born in Scotland, July 25, 1848, and has been in politics since he graduated from Cambridge University. Upon Lord Salisbury's resignation on July 14, the King instructed Mr. Balfour to assume the reins of government

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THE LAST OF THE VICTORIAN STATESMEN

The Marquis of Salisbury, who has just resigned the Premiership in England, is seventy-two years old, and has served his country in political life for fifty years. For the last thirteen years he has been Prime Minister



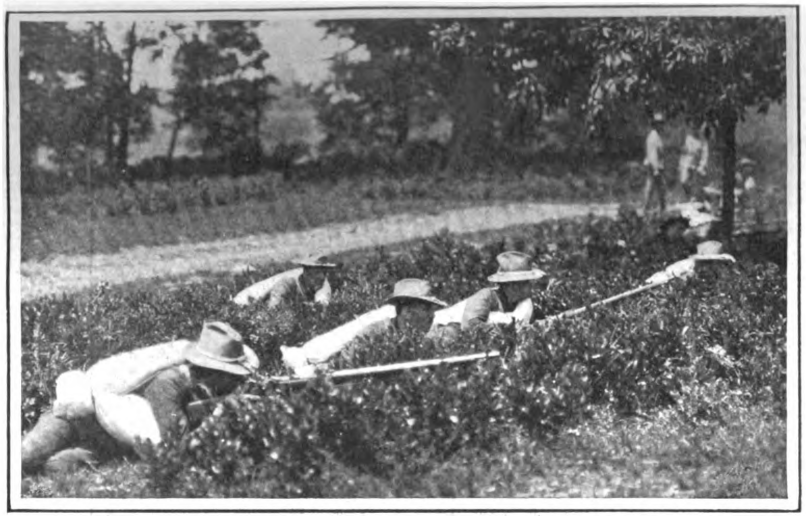
THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

Sir Liang Chen, just appointed to succeed Minister Wu Ting-Fang, is well acquainted with this country, for he was one of the 120 Chinamen sent by the Flowery Kingdom to be educated here

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Reserves awaiting Orders

Showing the practice the men get in taking advantage of any cover that offers



Defending a Hill from Attack

The troops in open order have taken advantage of the cover furnished by the bushes



A Charge to Capture a Hill-top

The attacking line advances on the run, watching the summit, and ready to fire



A Battery in Action

The artillery has as practical experience in the field as the other branches of the service

The Spanish war established the fact that our National Guard camp outings had not, in the past, been used to the best advantage. The new plan is to avoid, so far as possible, parades and shows in camp, and to substitute in their place absolute campaigns in the field

THE AMATEUR SOLDIER IN THE FIELD

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Andreas Steinhuber



Giralamo Maria Gotti



Jose Calasanz de Llevaneras Vives y Tuto



Serafino Vannutelli



Governor Taft



Mariano Rampolla del Pindaro

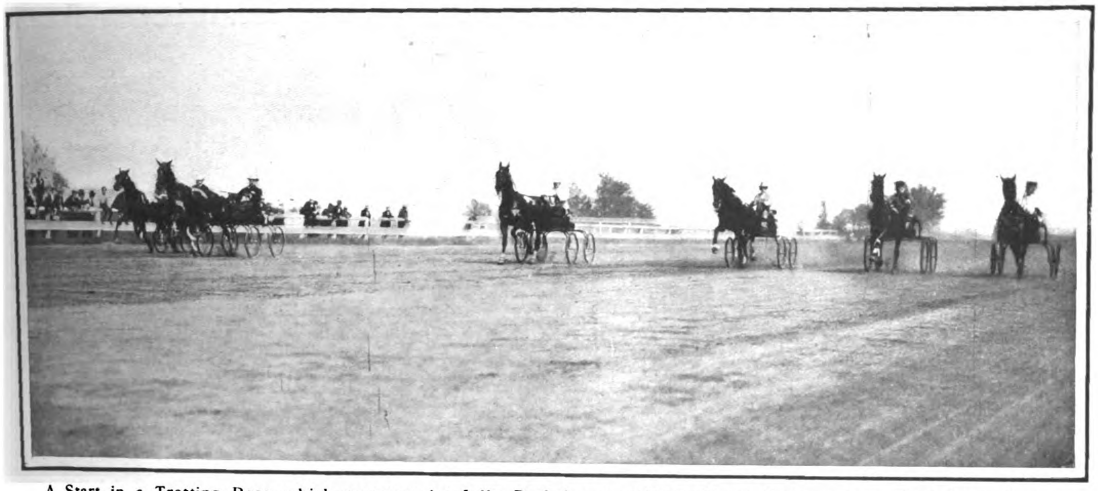


Governor Taft returning from the Vatican

THE UNITED STATES AND THE POPE IN THE PHILIPPINES

Portraits of the Committee of Cardinals, and of Judge Taft, Governor of the Philippines, who have been conferring regarding the settlement of the church land controversy in our Eastern possessions

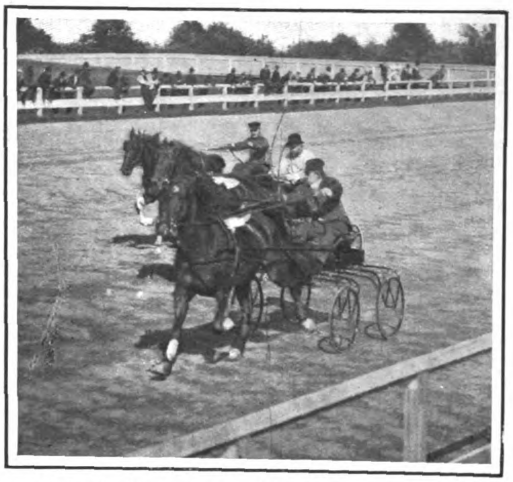
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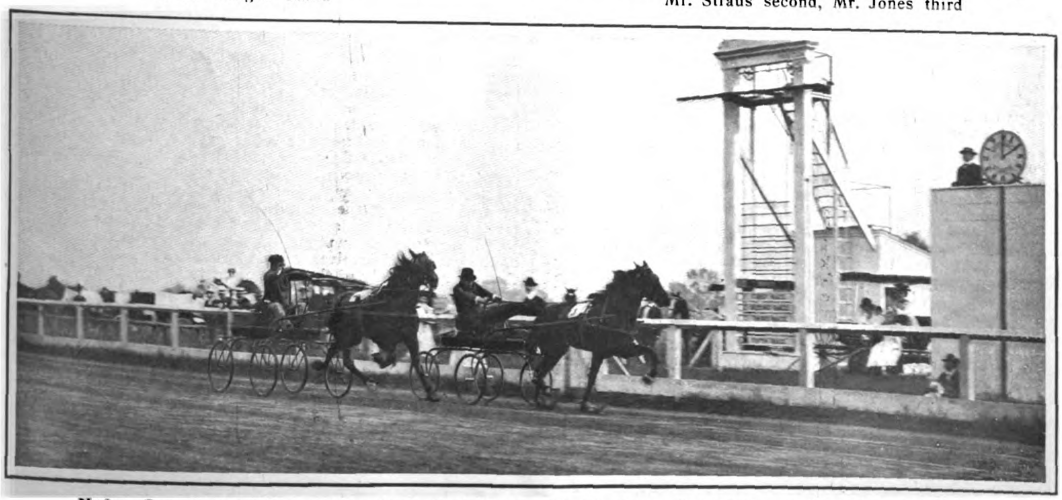
A Start in a Trotting Race, which was won by Jolly Bachelor, a perfectly Green Horse, and in which he made one Heat in 2.13 1-4, one of the fastest Heats ever Trotted by a Green Horse



Awarding the Ribbons—the only Prizes Allowed—at the Judges' Stand



A Lively Three-cornered Tilt—Mr. Billings inside, Mr. Straus second, Mr. Jones third



Nathan Straus with Alves beating C. G. K. Billings with Franker. The Heat was Trotted in 2.11 1-4

THE MATINEE CLUB

Some of the distinguished New-Yorkers who are fond of driving their own fast horses have formed a Matinee Club, and about once a fortnight meet at the Empire track, where they have interesting brushes, driving always their own horses, charging no entrance fees, having no betting, and no prizes but blue ribbons

Photographs by Pictorial News Company

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The Roof Garden: Its Function and its Shortcomings

THE flowers that bloom in the spring have vanished from the scene; the hot-houses are closed; the rose-gardens are taking on an aspect of over-maturity, and the mind of man—of summer man in a great city—is interesting itself in those exotic things that unfold their loveliness upon the Gardens of the Roof. What the city dweller would do with himself in the hot evenings of July and August if it were not for these enterprises it is difficult to surmise. It comforts him hugely to know that they are there, even if he does not betake himself from the overheated pave into the higher regions where educated geese and other talented living beings disport themselves in divulgence of their accomplishments. We do not wish to accord to the roof gardens too high a praise, for in some respects they are not all in practice what they are in theory. Nevertheless, it is our confident belief that to the grass-widower, whose family is located at some far-distant point in the hills, or travelling abroad, or revelling in the enjoyment of ocean breezes, the roof garden is a boon; a sort of asylum whither, the day of business care over, he may hie himself and woo forgetfulness of his lonely lot. There is much to be found thereon that is worthy of his contemplation, and while it is unquestionably true that he will agree with the sentiments of the chocolate-colored vocalist who sings

"Home ain't nothin' like this,"

he will none the less depart thence happier than he would have been had he idled away the evening hours without diversion of any



Absorbed contemplation of the constellations

kind, a prey to loneliness at home, or to numerous high-balls at the club, if so be he yields to the seductions of the latter.

One having so high an opinion of the value of the roof garden as a refuge for the oppressed, then, may be pardoned if he ventures a word of remonstrance to those who seem to be deviating from the strict path of virtue in the management thereof. For the sake of those who are temporarily absent, any quality of the roof garden which makes them mistrust its uplifting and benevolent influences should be promptly eliminated, so that a father writing to a son, or a husband sending his daily missive to his absent spouse, may without hesitation admit the fact that he has spent his evening atop of the sky-line in an absorbed contemplation of the constellations that there do most effulgently congregate. Fortunately, nowadays, to such a high degree of perfection has the roof garden been developed that there is little to cavil at in the many productions that day in and day out are brought forth in bewildering array at these temples of amusement. Yet, now and then some of the old-time vulgarity, which was once the paramount feature of the music-hall entertainment, the forerunner in this country of the roof-garden show, crops out. The appeal to the abnormal mind, already wellnigh beyond the reach of a new sensation, is still overmuch in evidence, and many an excellent series of vaudeville numbers, demonstrating the possession in certain individuals of really marvellous talent in this direction or that, is seriously marred by the interjection of the unseemly thing that elicits as many blushes as laughs, and arouses in the breast of the onlooker no healthy emotion whatsoever. We do not propose to specify the instances of this kind of offending that have come to our notice. They are as much, or as little, in evidence in one place as in another. It suffices to say that the unnecessary profanity of certain comedians on one side of Broadway is as unpleasant to listen to as the ungraceful and clownish whirling-twirling of certain imported dancers on the other side of Seventh Avenue are disagreeable to look upon. In these days we have got beyond the point where the funny man of a play has to swear to make us laugh, or where a quartet of heavy-footed ladies need to turn somersaults and perform the so-called "split" to elicit our admiration. The vaudeville audience has improved, and the vaudeville show can very well afford to keep pace with it. It is much to be able to say that the stage-work of the roof garden is in the main clean and wholesome. Five years ago the reverse was true, and our managers are to be commended for so ordering their enterprises that it is a tolerably safe thing nowadays for persons of refinement to seek the diversions they present without first having their sensibilities insured against damage. Nevertheless, something yet remains to be done, and the Messrs. Sire with their "Cherry Blossom Grove," and Mr. Hammerstein with his "Paradise Gardens," have still a noxious weed or two to pull out by the roots, and a parasite of humor to be cut away from the tree, that but for it might put forth only good fruit.



The popular prestidigitateur

Of the attractions presented this year, so far, the level of excellence has been high, quite on a par, indeed, with that of the best work of the London houses, where long ago vaudeville reached its supreme development. We are yet, however, without a well-conceived ballet, such as has ever been a feature of the Empire and Alhambra entertainments. It is well enough to spend an evening contemplating the attainments of an Educated Goose, and watching the sensational acts of a Bicycle King; there is still a fascination in the coon song well sung; and the prestidigitateur and the xylophone man are losing none of their popularity; but a vaudeville show without a *pièce de résistance* is like a dinner that is all olives and salted almonds. We get a lot to munch upon and nothing to eat, and our own sensation when we depart from a sweet dream of variety in the upper regions to come down to the dread realities of life on the street level is oftener one of satiation than of satisfaction. It is true that an effort has been made by Mr. Hammerstein and the Messrs. Sire to give us this *pièce de résistance*, but the one gives us too little and the other too much. Mr. Hammerstein's stage will have to be vastly improved and enlarged before he can adequately meet the wishes of the man who has in the recesses of his memory certain of the ballets with which the Empire of London shone resplendent; while the Messrs. Sire's idea that "The Chaperons" fills the long-felt want is one of the amazing fallacies of the hour. Graceful dancing, gorgeous but artistic color schemes, handsome costumes, fetching music, and such perfection as to grouping as we find at the Casino in the choruses of "The Chinese Honeymoon" are what, in our judgment, the public want strongly enough to make them pay. "The Chinese Honeymoon" struck dumb, and performed merely as a series of pictures, would measure up to the standard; but "The Chaperons," empty of musical charm, raucous with horse-play, a nightmare of color, lacking even the barbaric quality of a formless color sense, and slipshod to the 'nth power as to its pictorical attraction, is its very antipodes. Equal to our British cousins in the minor turns of vaudeville, we are still far behind them in giving real substance to our variety performances, and for no reason at all. To plead that we have no writers of ballets would be foolish in the face of the number of our composers of merit; and to say that they would not be willing to devote their talents to such an enterprise would be an injustice to craftsmen who must know that the greatest masters of music have delighted in the composition of ballet music.

As matters stand in vaudeville we are trembling on the verge of real success. The suggestions we have ventured to make in the preceding paragraphs represent merely the steps which we think the promoters of this form of entertainment should take to measure up to the best that has been. It is as much for the profit of the manager as for the delectation of the grass-widower that we make them, although neither will suffer greatly if the advances proposed are not made this season. There is an abundance of interesting things to be seen on the roofs even now, with the Midgets just over from Germany, the Cat and Dog Circus—a well-ordered turn which reflects the greatest credit upon the cats and the dogs for their clever work, and a deal of it upon Professor Coleman, to whom they owe their proficiency—as well as with the audiences of the gardens themselves, than which there is no more attractive theme for the study of the philosopher to be found anywhere.



A well-ordered "turn"

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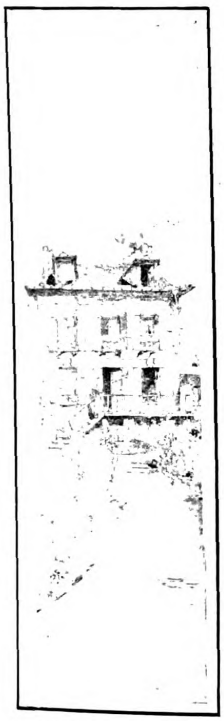
Alexandre Dumas during his Voyage in Spain
From the engraving by Sartain



Portrait of Dumas by Delpech (1850)



Engraving of Dumas in 1842 by Chemar



The House at Villers-Cotterets, Aisne France, where, on July 24, 1802, Dumas was Born



A Drawing of Dumas made in 1828 by Deveria



The House at Puys, near Dieppe, where, on December 5, 1870, Dumas Died



Etching of Dumas by Pernel, 1845



Engraving of Dumas by Geoffroy (About 1865)



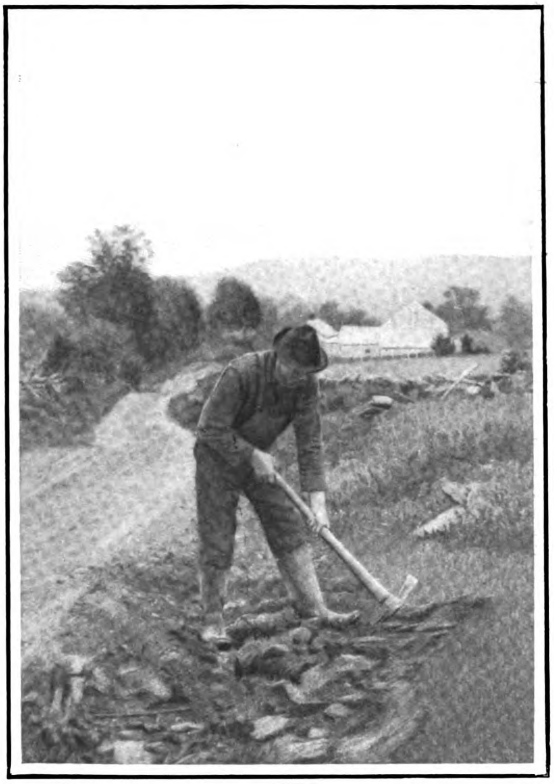
Etching of Dumas in 1829

THE DUMAS CENTENARY

On July 24, one hundred years ago, the great romancer, the creator of d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, was born, and this year France is honoring his memory

See page 990

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Working out his Taxes



Trout-fishing



After the Day's Work



Advising the Boys

THE PEOPLE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Photographs by Clifton Johnson

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

LORD SALISBURY'S resignation comes at last as an event long expected, though often denied. Thus the last great man of the Victorian age passes out of the ranks—a man whose name will stand in history beside that of Peel and Palmerston and Gladstone and Beaconsfield, the contemporary of Tennyson and Browning, Huxley and Darwin and Tyndall. Following the swan-song of Herbert Spencer, the retirement of Lord Salisbury marks the closing of an age which many believe will stand out as the greatest age of England's history. Lord Salisbury, as a great feudal noble, a man whose family has been pre-eminent since the Tudor times, the days of the founding of the English Church and the English imperial power, the Oriental Empire, and England's great colonies in the Old and New worlds, was in his own person a symbol and an embodiment of that feudal and oligarchical England which loomed so large in the history of the world. As a statesman he represented the old-world belief in the divine right of kings, whose interest, rather than that of their subjects, it was the business of a minister to consult. His diplomatic methods were those of the Elizabethan age; and he would have been well fitted to cope with men like Henry of Navarre or Philip the Second, or the great figures of the Middle Ages. A part only of Lord Salisbury's mantle can be said to have descended upon his nephew, Arthur J. Balfour. Mr. Balfour has the same fine individual manner and high personal distinction, the same perfect skill and polish in debate, the same classical and European culture; but Mr. Balfour is essentially modern. He recognizes, though perhaps very unwillingly, that the sceptre has passed from kings to nations; that no longer the aristocracies, but rather the great commercial organizations, dominate and direct the policy of state. And while Lord Salisbury is an old-fashioned Churchman, of the Tudor and early Jacobean type, his nephew is a free-thinker, essentially modern and critical, by no means bound to the tradition of ecclesiastical authority. Mr. Balfour is a much slighter man, a lighter weight, morally as well as physically; and something of dignity, of solemnity even, passes away from the councils of the empire with the passing of the venerable Premier. Signs are not wanting that this is but the prelude to a greater passing.

Mr. Balfour's succession to the Premiership deals Mr. Chamberlain the severest blow that he has ever suffered during his political life, and is one of the signs that his star is already suffering decline, and hastening towards eclipse. When Lord Salisbury's resignation was discussed this spring we expressed the conviction that Mr. Chamberlain would not be his successor, because, even if Mr. Balfour's claim as leader of the House of Commons were set aside, Mr. Chamberlain's early record as an extreme Radical, an almost avowed Republican, would stand against him not only with the King and court, but also with the whole of the more conservative element in the great aristocratic families, who resented Mr. Chamberlain's overshadowing Lord Salisbury as a definite menace to their order. Since then came the peace of the Boers, which has been a very severe blow to Mr. Chamberlain's fame; his countrymen see clearly how little they have gained, and what a heavy price they have paid for an almost illusory conquest. When we remember that at the next general election Mr. Chamberlain will be nearly seventy years old, we can see that his chances of attaining the greatest political distinction his country can offer are approaching the vanishing-point.

Mr. Arthur Lynch, the ousted Irish member of Parliament, and "Colonel" by Boer courtesy, must be conscious of a grim irony in the notorious and uncomfortable situation which a turn in the wheel has wrought in his fortunes since he wrote of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in a volume of contemporary character studies entitled *Human Documents*. In the light of subsequent events it is interesting to recall Mr. Lynch's views and prognostications concerning the new Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary, which he formed six years ago. Of Mr. Balfour he said: "In the summing-up of history, after the fuming and the fret and the passions of temporary politics have passed away, and matters have been reduced to a truer perspective, Mr. Balfour will be remembered not for his politics at all, but for a few choice writings, a few genial and airy fancies, the glimpse at the terrible philosophies of the constitutionally timorous man, and the delicate tastes that have made him the Dilettante of Culture." And of Mr. Chamberlain, he had this to say: "Carlyle summed up Wordsworth by saying that he led a 'respectable life.' We may say that of Mr. Chamberlain, but withal he is not an interesting man. Our sketch is gray and dull. But that is not inappropriate. How will he figure in history? Validly, he will not figure at all. Who would care to remember Mr. Chamberlain when he has lapsed out of the public arena? His friends must build their main hopes of his enduring fame upon a monument. What form should it take? Perhaps that epigram reported of him from his school-days, 'I'm Chamberlain, who are you?' And the passer-by will repeat the inquiry." Since then Mr. Lynch, the critic, has become the criticised, and the powers he despised have risen to the seats of the mighty, from which judgment has been hurled upon his own offending head. Thus are we reminded again that it is wise to suspend judgment on the living, and that, as Addison said, death alone crowns a man's reputation.

King Edward's present sentiment about his coronation seems to be that it is a good thing to have over. The announcement is now made that it will take place about the middle of August, and will be a much simpler and briefer ceremony than was at first intended, the company present being limited to the ambassadors resident in London and to members of the King's household, and relatives from abroad. The procession, it is now said, will be a short one—from Buckingham Palace to Westminster and back—and the proceedings will be confined to a single day. This seems a sensible plan, and all observers will hope that it may be carried out. If there were

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no better reason for wanting to see the King duly crowned, a sufficient basis for that desire would be afforded by the wish to see the croakings of astrologers, soothsayers, prophets, and stock-market bears brought to naught. The superstitious have had a long innings over King Edward and his crowning. Things have gone their way long enough. The world shares the King's wish that there should be a coronation. A modest one—a mere business coronation in a business suit—will do, though if there could be just enough of a pageant to warrant the London illustrated papers in publishing their coronation numbers it would be a merciful concession. The world wants to see those withheld issues of the British picture-papers, and no doubt the considerate King will do what he can to justify their publication.

The question of the friars in the Philippines turns out to be much more complicated and difficult than was at first supposed. It is a very remarkable coincidence that the two greatest republics in the world, the United States and France, are at the present moment facing an identical difficulty with regard to the religious orders. We saw that in France these religious orders were immensely wealthy; exactly how wealthy we were unwilling to guess at, as their refusal to render an account of their possessions for purposes of taxation is one of the causes that have brought them into collision with the French government. In the Philippines, it is exactly the same story: in Manila alone the friars of the four orders—Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, and Carmelites—own property to the extent of 6,000,000 dollars Mexican; while the estates of the Catholic Church are estimated at only about half that amount. Governor Taft's hope that a way would be found to compel the withdrawal of the friars seems likely to meet with disappointment. This hope he embodied in the recent note to the Vatican, in a stipulation that after the government had bought up the lands and house property of the friars, the latter should withdraw from the islands within two years. A small number may remain for a certain time, to supervise the schools and universities, but these also must go within a stated time, and they may not be replaced by friars of Spanish birth. This was what Governor Taft desired the Vatican to accede to; but it is now seen that the right of the friars to remain in the Philippine Islands is guaranteed by the treaty of Paris, in which the United States expressly agreed that Spanish subjects—natives of the peninsula—might remain in the Philippines, retaining all their rights and property, and also the right to carry on "their industries, commerce, and professions." A hope is expressed that the friars themselves, recognizing that they cannot be restored to their parishes against the will of the native Catholics, will withdraw of their own accord. This seems to us decidedly sanguine; as also does the expectation that the Vatican will insist on their withdrawal. As far as we can see, the friars owe obedience only to the heads of their orders, whose policy by no means always coincides with the policy of the Vatican.

The whole country, however, will agree that the administration is right in insisting upon the withdrawal of the friars from the islands. Not only is it contrary to the very nature of this government to recognize, even partially, or by inference, church institutions and religious orders; but we can never expect to win the friendship and confidence of the Filipinos so long as the friars retain their holdings of land, teach in the universities, and exercise their calling under the protection of the American flag in the presence of the people who hate them with a hatred that seems to have justice for its basis. It was against the rule of the friars, which had been permitted and supported by Spain, that the Filipinos rebelled. There are many reasons why they do not like us who have succeeded Spain, and the best way to show those who are suspicious of our good intentions, that we come bearing blessings in our train, is to take over the lands of the friars, paying a just price for them, and rid the islands of their presence, which, whether the feeling against them be just or unjust, is pernicious. If we should permit the friars to remain, we might as well dismiss the thought of making friends with the hostile Filipinos.

The substitution of American schoolmasters for the Spanish friars, already largely made, has stirred up a lively controversy. An influential Catholic paper has given publicity to complaints that the new schoolmasters are converting their charges from Catholicism to Protestant forms of belief, and has reproached the administration for connivance in this proselyting. These charges have been completely disproved by the acting Governor of the Philippines, Vice-Governor Wright, who has cabled that the only possible basis of the charges is that three or four of the new schoolmasters have, at some past time, been preachers for various Protestant denominations in the United States. On the other hand, there are two American Catholic teachers in the normal school, and five in the Manila city schools. Native teachers in the city, in number one hundred and forty, are all Catholics. Several of the private secretaries of government officials are also Catholics, and, finally, the law allows religious teaching in school buildings by priests or preachers, three days a week, out of school hours, so that a special concession has thus been made to pupils of the Catholic confession, while there are nearly four thousand native Catholic teachers in the islands.

President Schurman of Cornell University deserves the greatest possible honor for taking a hopeful view not only of our country's constructive work in the Philippine Islands, where he thinks we are going to build up a free Asiatic people who will equal the Japanese in intellect, scholarship, and material and industrial civilization, but for holding the same hopeful view of American things in general, and infusing his university with it. It may be that the truth about our national character and prospects lies half-way between the estimates of those who can never see any good in things as they are and as they are tending, and the views of such breezy and resolute optimists as President Schurman; but the number of college presidents and professors who cannot conscientiously take any other than a gloomy view is so great, and their influence on their students is so peculiarly blighting, that the whole country has reason to rejoice in the presence of an abounding and very logical sort of an optimist at the head of one great university. In an address the other day, on "Education in the Philippines," President Schurman said: "We glory in our applied mechanics, which are destined to develop the physical resources of the islands, but far more glorious is our political philosophy, which is full of hope and promise for the Philippine nation, and for every people and race on the globe." The American people believe so firmly, first, that they possess an excellent thing in their political, social, and economic system, and, second, that they are doing a good thing for the Philippines in going there and setting up their system, that they will be glad to have this assurance from a man like Dr. Schurman. He knows a great deal about the Philippines, and is, moreover, the sort of man who, from hearty sympathy, can understand a national experiment of this kind.

The meaning of the promised reduction of the military force in the Philippines to 18,000 men may be better appreciated, perhaps, when it is stated in terms of education. To support an American army on a peace footing costs something over a thousand dollars per man. Warlike operations, of course, cost more. Every regiment of a thousand men, therefore, is equivalent in expense to a university like Columbia. Nine thousand men on garrison duty in the Philippines, making no allowance for campaigns, use up as much money as all the colleges and universities in New England and the Middle States combined, including Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, and Johns Hopkins. When the promised reduction is made we shall have brought home 52,000 men from our Philippine army in a little over two years. That means a saving two and a half times as great as the cost of maintaining all the universities and colleges in the United States, and one-third as great as the combined salaries of all the public-school teachers in the country. Even those who are most convinced of the necessity of our presence in the Philippines will be glad to see this shrinkage in the bill. We are not a military people, and we think that we are particularly partial to education. It may surprise some of us to know that we spent last year in round numbers six times as much for the army, four times as much for the navy, and seven times as much for pensions as for higher education, and that the aggregate of our expenditure for these three military objects was about twice

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our total outlay on education of every kind, from the kindergarten to the university.

The New England Anti-Imperialist League announces that it intends to "contribute, as its means may afford," to the election of candidates for Congress who will favor giving the natives of the Philippine Islands an immediate opportunity for self-government. It announces that a conference with the National Democratic party officials has confirmed the league's officials in the opinion that Democratic candidates for Congress this year will favor substantially the same policy with respect to the Philippines which the league holds; therefore the voters who oppose retention of the Philippines are requested now to furnish financial aid to the league in perfecting the alliance with the Democratic party. Thus early is notice served on the Republican party managers that there will be more or less knifing of the Congressional ticket by opponents of expansion at the coming elections. It is conceivable that in certain close districts the balance of power might be held by this irreconcilable minority.

The public reprimand and compulsory retirement of General Jacob H. Smith is a fitting culmination of an odious page in American history. The emphatic disavowal by the responsible heads of the army of General Smith's un-American and uncivilized orders is most welcome to all who have any solicitude whatsoever for the good name of the American people, and, while it would have pleased many had it come at an earlier period, it has in all probability been set forth as promptly as the interests of justice permitted. This act of the administration coupled with General Chaffee's drastic review of the proceedings and conclusions of the Waller court will have a salutary influence in many quarters. As to the persistent cavillers who see in the action of the President and Secretary of War only another shrewd move in the game of politics, it is a sufficient answer to them that if this be the fact it is mighty good politics and of a kind for which American citizens everywhere regardless of party should be willing to stand.

Of General Bragg, our recently appointed consul to Cuba, if reported statements are true, it appears to be the sad fact that he either is not a diplomat, or is lacking in that particular kind of good sense which is an essential qualification of a man who would occupy a consular position. To express himself as in any way doubtful of the ability of the Cubans successfully to govern themselves, or to make slighting comment upon the quality of Cuban society, is an infraction of the laws of taste and expediency, at this time, of so grave a nature as to warrant his immediate recall. It is true that General Bragg is not in Cuba as a minister of state, but his object should be to promote the friendliest commercial relations between the new republic and our own. To do this it is quite necessary that he should make himself *persona grata* in the community to which he is accredited, and if there is a worse way to do this than that of slurring the manners and sneering at the political pretensions of his new neighbors we do not know what that method is. Relations between Cuba and ourselves are badly enough strained as matters stand, thanks to the odious misbehavior of Congress, without our being burdened further with the necessity of apologizing for the silly utterances of officious officials, and we would suggest to the President the propriety of cabling his recently appointed consul to Havana to return at once, and seek out an environment more suited to his tastes and less destructive of his reputation for common-sense. The Cubans are a sensitive people, it is true, but they would have to be pachyderms not to resent the reported utterances of General Bragg.

Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, after many rumors of recall have been set on foot only to be contradicted by the Chinese minister's remaining in this country, is at last to go home. He is to be succeeded by Sir Liang Chen-Tung, who is now secretary of the Chinese embassy to the coronation of King Edward. The new minister was educated in this country, and is a graduate of Yale University. However much of American institutions he may have acquired at Yale, it will be difficult for him to be more truly sympathetic with the American spirit than is Mr. Wu. It was significant of the place which the latter has won for himself that a newspaper reporter who called upon him for a conversation on the subject of his recall asked him if he intended to remain in America—so much of an American institution has Mr. Wu become. Certainly no foreign minister in our day and generation has had such wide acquaintance among our people, or won for himself such a hearty liking from all classes and conditions of men. He has told us truths, sometimes unpleasant, in so friendly a spirit, and with such delicious humor, that we have liked him all the better for them. By dint of perseverance in the use of our language, usually so difficult to an alien tongue, he is now one of our popular after-dinner orators. He was very much distressed by the anti-Chinese bills of the last session of Congress, especially by that which was passed by the House of Representatives. So bitter was his mood that he forgot himself and indulged not only in angry speeches, but in actual quarrels with the Mayor of San Francisco and with some newspaper reporters. Strange to say, this did not destroy his usefulness to his country, and he was able, by his arguments and his clever appeals to Senators, to modify the provisions of the bill, and to mould the new law so that it is now little more than an extension of the old. It will be many a year before any foreign country will be represented by a more efficient minister than Mr. Wu has been to China, during the trouble with the "Boxers," the invasion of the empire by Europe and America, and during the pendency of our Chinese Exclusion bill. Moreover, he will leave behind him, especially in Washington, a large number of sincerely attached personal friends.

An example of the self-sacrificing devotion of the modern soldier to duty was brought forth at West Point a week or more ago when Captain Greble of the artillery sustained serious injuries from the misbehavior of a fractious horse. One of the leaders of the gun team having shown a balky inclination at a rather dangerous point of the highway, Captain Greble, who, as instructor in artillery tactics, was in charge of a class of cadets, ordered the cadet who was riding the horse to dismount, and himself assumed the position of peril. He had no sooner done so than the horse jumped to one side and over an embankment fifteen feet deep, dragging rider, horses, and gun-carriage with him in his fall. The gun falling upon Captain Greble broke both of his legs and caused internal injuries. The newspapers the next day in giving an account of the episode dismissed Captain Greble's services to the army with the statement that "he had served in the Philippines," and said nothing at all of the officer's act of consideration for his pupil's safety by himself assuming the risk to life and limb. As to the latter omission, not much need be said, since Captain Greble did only his duty in the premises, and as such a man as he would always do it, promptly and to the full, but to sum up the past service of such a soldier with the brief statement that "he had served in the Philippines" is great injustice to a gallant officer. Captain Greble's service for four years has been in Cuba, not in the Philippines, and as the responsible head of one of the most difficult departments in the government of intervention, the Department of Charities and Correction. It was he who formulated the wise system of relief under which an already pauperized community was lifted out of the slough of pauperism and enabled to do for itself. It was he who framed the laws for the charity system of the whole island, later made a part of Cuban law by General Wood; it was he who suggested and put through plans for the care of the sick and destitute; it was he who was the instrument through which a fine efficiency was given to the hospital service of Cuba, and under whose supervision the horrible lot of the insane poor of Cuba was made tolerable and decent. It may be that in his own country the achievement of this modest soldier is unknown to the bulk of his fellow-men; more's the pity; but there are thousands of people in Cuba—men, women, and children—who owe their life, comfort, and present happiness to his efforts, who will learn with deep and sincere sorrow of the trouble that has come upon him.

The new Secretary of the Navy has created veritable consternation among the commissioned officers of the service by his determination to make service on shipboard a qualification of promotion from one grade to another. This is somewhat of a novelty, and one that is relished by those who have had, in their careers, to sit placidly by and see favorites enjoy

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protracted periods of shore duty without regard to the need of them on shipboard. The attitude of the administration was disclosed in the case of a pay-officer who had been able for a long time to evade orders to sea, and who now finds himself without the prominent influence upon which he relied, and in the possession of which he felt secure. He came up for examination without a day's sea service to his credit in the grade from which he was about to be promoted, and the President ruled that before he was advanced he must serve a tour of duty at sea, with the prospect that some of his juniors might be promoted over his head. The examining board had recommended him for advancement, despite the paucity of his sea service, and it seemed to occur to no one that his deficiency in that respect was worth thinking about. The effect of the President's ruling has been to increase the desire to go to sea, amounting in the case of the old-time favorites to actual frenzy. The result is a wholesome one, although it will not discourage some officers from exercising influences in their behalf, provided it is of the superior quality which will reach the authorities in their present state of mind. The situation may lead to the enactment of a law at the next session of Congress requiring naval officers to serve stipulated periods at sea in each grade, and making it impossible for the Navy Department to exercise leniency toward any officer. There will be very few excuses if the penalty for no service at sea is the stoppage of promotion.

An esteemed contemporary out West, jumping to the conclusion that, because he was allowed to make a windy oration on the Fourth of July, Mr. Bourke Cockran is to become a potent factor in Tammany Hall, felicitates the Democratic party upon "the return of intellect and character to the councils of the organization." We are not participants in the secrets of Tammany purposes, but we venture the prediction that our contemporary's anticipation will not be realized. That Tammany needs an injection of both intellect and character does not permit of question, but that even the Hon. Tim Sullivan, the real boss at present, cynically daring though he be, will so far disregard his reputed sagacity as to attempt to supply those qualities in the person of Mr. Bourke Cockran passes comprehension. Our opinion of Mr. Croker as a political leader is well known. No influence has been so baneful or so hurtful to the Democratic party as his since the days of Tweed, but nobody who knows him has ever denied his possession of certain traits of personal loyalty that are not only admirable in themselves, but also formed the basis of his extraordinary political power. His notions of public morality are crude and false, but in a personal way he is to Mr. Cockran as an angel of light. In point of intellect, moreover, strange as it may seem to some of our readers, he is immeasurably superior. Mr. Cockran is not an able man; he simply has the gift of gab, as indicated in his Fourth-of-July harangue. And his character, or lack of it, has come under the electric light very distinctly of late in litigation, which developed the fact, on his own testimony, that he got for himself and associates more than $300,000 for causing a suit to be brought to prevent a combination of business interests, and then causing it to be withdrawn. The truth came out in a suit of one of Mr. Cockran's associates, who felt that he had not received his share of the swag. It is safe to say that, whatever may have been his shortcomings in other directions, Mr. Croker never engaged in this kind of "business," so peculiar to Wall Street that one of our very richest millionaires was cartooned in the daily papers the other day as "holding up" his partners in a similar combination, and excused solely because he is an octogenarian. Character can come into the local Democratic party only from those who have it to give, such, for example, as Mr. Alexander E. Orr, Mr. Ashbel P. Fitch, and, despite his one not irremediable mistake, Mr. Edward M. Shepard. As for the sleek and prosperous Mr. Cockran, now so well understood in the community, there is no possibility that he will be drawn even by Tammany from the society of fatuous people who invite monkeys to dinner.

The sudden and calamitous destruction of the beautiful Campanile in the Piazza San Marco at Venice fills with dismay the hearts of those Americans who have come to believe that they are part proprietors in all the monuments of art and history that are to be found in other lands. Somehow or other, possibly because he is a great traveller and parts with much wealth annually to the custodians of these monumental treasures of the Old World, the American feels that he owns an interest in them, and when one of the most famous of them all crumbles in a night and crashes down into the dust of destruction he feels that some one should account to him for a relaxation of that vigilance by which alone may the things that have been handed down to us from the ages be kept safe from harm. When a whole city block of brownstone houses slips from its moorings and slides down into the excavation for a subway in his own land, the American citizen does not say, or even think, much about it. The disaster strikes him as one of the inevitable rubs of the game of progressive life. But when one of the pictured and storied features of a scene that has been the world's heritage from a lost ancestry in art comes crashing down about his head, he wants to know why it has so happened, and he goes still further and inquires solicitously, as if of right, into the security of other landmarks without which the world would be so poor. If the Campanile is allowed to fall into such disrepair as involves its destruction, what guarantee can Italy give to the world that the Doge's Palace is not similarly in danger; that the Church of San Marco, with its exquisite mosaics and beautiful Oriental lines, is safe; that at the venerable St. Peter's all is well; and that the dream-like filigree of the Milan Cathedral may not suddenly vanish into nothingness. like the filmy, lacy thing of beauty it seems to be? What of Westminster Abbey? What of the Tower of Pisa? What of all the other possessions of the earth that are elevating and beautiful? It would seem as if this disaster to the Venetian tower should hold a lesson of very grave import for all those communities that have come into the guardianship of the things beautiful of other days. They are merely trustees for these things, and they should hold themselves to a strict accountability even to the world that cannot punish them for their dereliction of the proper performance of that trust.

The colleges and universities of the United States this year graduated between four and five thousand young women. At about the same time that this was being done, the fact was being officially published at Washington that while between 1890 and 1900 the men students in colleges and universities had increased 60 per cent., the women students had increased 148 per cent. In embodying these facts in a recent address before the National Educational Association at Minneapolis, the president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs did not deny that women are becoming the educated sex. She did deny, however, that women, in becoming the educated sex, lose the quality known as the "eternal feminine." The tyranny of phrases was never better illustrated, by-the-way, than it is by the trouble that has been had over this term as the result of a dim sort of prevalent notion that the eternal feminine is different from the merely feminine—from the plain, every-day, unemphasized feminine. Evidently Goethe wished, in "Faust," to lay much stress on the beautiful leadership of the feminine half of the race, and he did it gloriously in the apotheosis of Margaret, with the mystical chorus chanting the *Ewigweibliche*. But it will be a very palpable, a delightful unmystical *Weibliche* which will beckon us on to the fields of culture when woman, by reason of her greater freedom from bread-winning, gold-hunting cares, has completely established her position as the educated half of the American nation. That there will be nothing particularly dangerous or distressing to men in this leadership is pretty well indicated by the circumstance that, among the every-day Americans of the present time—what we might call our conservative middle-class if we permitted ourselves the use of such an expression—the women have long been a little above their husbands, fathers, and brothers in education and refinement, and are by common consent and to the general advantage conceded a superior position in these respects.

The Andover-Princeton cribbing episode continues to be discussed, especially in the New England newspapers. The Andover School, through its acting principal, Mr. Stearns, protests warmly against the behavior of the Princeton examiner in admitting to his examination all students who offered, whether recommended or not, and in omitting to take reasonable precautions against cheating. Mr. Stearns says he warned the Princeton professor twice that the examination

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was not being properly conducted, but without effect. It seems not fair to Andover to admit to an examination boys whom the school authorities will not recommend; to conduct an examination so carelessly as to give full opportunity to cheat, and then to hold the Andover School responsible. Andover seems to have been used neither with courtesy nor justice in this matter. But Mr. Stearns says:

"The academy will go to the full extent in punishing those who have been guilty of this rank dishonesty. Cribbing has always been severely dealt with by us, and the present case demands the severest treatment. A most rigid investigation will be made, and those who are found guilty will not be allowed to return to the school."

Granted that the present case demands the severest treatment, it seems a question both who should give the treatment and who should receive it. Princeton, through its agent, seems to have ignored both Andover's recommendation as to who should be examined, and Andover's advice as to how the examination should be conducted. It would seem, then, as though part of the treatment should be sustained by Princeton. And inasmuch as Andover disclaims all responsibility for the examination, it would seem as if it was quit of obligation to punish the victims.

It has come out, though, that cheating at examinations has been very common at Andover. Mr. A. W. Ryder, of Cambridge, who has within ten years been both a student and an instructor at Andover, says in a letter to the Boston *Herald* that one trouble is that the examination-rooms at the Andover Academy are not big enough, and the students have to sit too close together. As things go now, he says, cheating in written examinations is hard to detect, while "cheating in oral recitation and in the preparation of written work outside the class-room is carried to astonishing lengths." It is within the knowledge of the present writer that a boy who went to Andover a few years since was accused with others of cheating. All denied it, but this boy's denial sat ill on his mind, for he *had* cheated. So he owned up, and was suspended, but his comrades, equally guilty, kept quiet and went on. Another case of Andover discipline is recalled. Late one afternoon a boy got a telegram saying his mother was dead, and calling him home. Another boy, finding him in distress, went to Boston with him, saw him started for home, and then went to Cambridge and spent the night with his brother, returning to school the next day. This latter boy was held to have broken the rules of the school in going to Boston without leave, and was dismissed. Andover is said to need dormitories. Mr. Ryder intimates that it needs more examination-rooms. It ought to have them. It ought to have a larger endowment if it needs that, as it doubtless does. But what it needs most seems to be the right sort of principal. Such a school offers a first-rate man a great chance to do work of first-rate importance. It should be able to offer a generous salary to its principal, and the means at his command should be sufficient for the work. The school is a fine, old school. It has always been a good school for good boys, though probably it is not the best of schools for boys whose characters are unformed and who need intimate personal training. It is looking now for a principal to take the place of the late Dr. Bancroft. Its present trials, which are not really so damaging as they seem, will doubtless stir its trustees to vigorous efforts to find the man whom the school needs. It needs the whole of a first-rate man; a man who knows not only the Latin grammar, but the world; and who knows boys and the inwardness of them; and who knows that rules don't count in emergencies, and that boys who love truth are good to keep in a school.

Some years ago the celebration of the Fourth of July was followed by so many deaths of children from lockjaw produced by toy pistols that the public rose against the toy pistol, and pretty much abolished it. It seems worth considering whether the times are not now ripe for a gentle insurrection against the cannon cracker. What is the national record of destruction by cannon crackers this year does not yet appear, but judging from local reports it must be appalling. The Pittsburg papers this year reported fifty Fourth-of-July accidents in the local district which they cover, out of which twenty were serious mutilations caused by cannon crackers. In two cases hands were blown off, in one case an eye was blown out, in seven cases hands were burned or shattered, in eight cases fingers were blown off. These maimings and lacerations are a pretty heavy price to pay for Fourth-of-July sport. The Boston papers reported 200 Fourth-of-July accidents, which would doubtless yield a considerable proportion of cannon-cracker mutilations. It looks as though the cannon cracker were costing more than it is worth as a conservator of patriotism. The Fourth-of-July fire-cracker habit is too firmly fixed upon the youth of this land to be readily disturbed, but it would seem as if the size and intensity of fire-crackers offered for sale might be regulated with profit to the general public, and without injurious limitation of the privileges of Young America. There ought at least to be a relation between the size of the cracker and the size of the boy. It is a relation that should be established by parents; but, judging from the Pittsburg statistics quoted above, parents are not up to their work in this particular.

Louisiana is waiting for scientists to explain the cause of her salt-water plague. The facts are important and obvious. The water of the streams between the mouth of the Mississippi and the Sabine River has always heretofore been fresh, but this season salt water from the Gulf has set high up in those streams, rendering them unfit to use for the irrigating of the rice-beds that border them, driving the fresh-water fish far up stream, to die in myriads, destroying crabs and shrimps by the millions. Great is the resulting distress and vociferous the expression of it. The dead fish imperil the health of the districts they border. The rice-growers lament crops scalded with salt water, and then languishing for lack of the fresh water the streams have usually supplied. Canners and packers of crabs and shrimps have had to shut down. On the other hand, there never was such fishing. Salt-water fish, usually caught far off-shore, now throng in and are captured alongshore. And the water-hyacinths that of late years have made so much trouble by choking up streams and bayous have been killed, and that is an important service. But why has the salt water set in so? Is it a consequence of recent volcanic activities, or of last year's drought, or what? Is the bottom of the Gulf rising? Louisiana wants to know.

The Newport hostess who had her pet monkey figure as guest of honor at a dinner party not long ago is to be credited with the invention of a new idea for the diversion of society. Already it has taken root, for the papers report that another well-known lady has just had the pleasure of entertaining a stuffed coon at her hospitable board, and there are rumors of "hen" luncheons and "stag" dinners galore. But, joking aside, it seems possible that the idea is capable of quite indefinite expansion, and in the future we may expect to see social items somewhat as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Plunk Shekels gave a dinner party Thursday evening, the guests including Brer Fox and the Mock Turtle. At the suggestion of Mr. Fox a practical joke was played upon the Mock Turtle, the entire company uniting to put him in the soup-tureen. During the subsequent hilarity, Brer Fox got away with the spoons. Next week Mrs. Shekels gives a yellow luncheon in honor of the White Rabbit and the Human Boar (new)." "Mr. and Mrs. Martingale entertained at dinner Tuesday, Whiteface, the well-known off wheeler of their coaching four. The animal behaved with great equine dignity, and managed his gold-plateful of baled hay with admirable dexterity. Much amusement was excited among the other guests at the inimitable drollery with which Mr. Whiteface occasionally grinned through a horse-collar." "Mr. Maudlin Jags is frequently observed these warm evenings dining at the Called Off in company with a pet mongoose. As is well known, Mr. Jags subsists almost exclusively on rum punches, and the mongoose is on hand to look after the snakes. N. B. —This isn't a *real* mongoose." "*Jungly Wallah, Upper India:* Mrs. Smithkin Capers, a well-known society lady of this place, accepted an invitation Monday night to dine with a man-eating tiger. Up to Thursday, the lady had not returned, and the betting is now ten to one on the tiger."

Three "gentlemen" and a "lady," under the guidance of a notorious Bowery character, were out slumming, and happening to be present in a questionable resort at the moment when it was pulled by the police, the "lady" was placed by the latter in the same category with the "other ladies"

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who were "sure enough of their position" to be "natural." The young woman from uptown found herself in a very unpleasant position, and was, in fact, required to go to the police station and give an account of herself before she was permitted to continue the delights of the evening. It was the general impression that she and her escorts considered herself hardly used, but for ourselves she appears to have been very fortunate. She might have been required to go to the station-house in the patrol-wagon with her fallen sisters, who were found where they were, possibly, because they had nowhere else to go, instead of, as was she, from choice. She might even have been required, with absolute fairness, to await the decision of the justice the next morning—a decision based upon the testimony of credible witnesses that her presence in the dive the night before was for no dishonorable purpose. Altogether she was the beneficiary of a great leniency on the part of her captors, and should congratulate herself that she got so easily out of so nasty a mess. But what of these young men and young women of "position" who deliberately seek out the dens of the slums for their amusement? Are there not in all conscience enough diversions of a decent character ready to the hand of these long-pocketed idlers that they must plunge into the mire and misery of the slums in search of a new sensation? Are there no men of brains and of character in their own set that they find it necessary to consort with a peculiarly blaque type of the Bowery tough? Are there no functions of their own for their participation that they have to seek out a dance-hall known to be the resort of prostitutes and thieves for the pleasures of the dance? Surely even if we lacked the evidence of the monkey dinner to prove the degenerate condition of this so-called upper class, we should find it here, and if a suggestion of a quarantine against the contagion of the ideas of these people is impossible, we may, at any rate, hope that the next time a lot of people of rank are found among a lot of rank people by the police there will be no respecting of "persons," but a drastic enforcement of the laws against suspicious characters. Perhaps in this way the purposeless slumming party may at last be given the quietus it so richly deserves.

Beyond the sacred realms of society there are occasionally outcroppings of equally reprehensible departures from that which is fit, and we regret to say that sometimes these things occur in the churches of the community. Only last week announcement was made that at a certain Baptist church in New York city the service would be enlivened by the whistling by a young woman of certain anthems and other musical numbers. The advertised event took place, and the next day it was stated that the collection was the largest ever known in that church. The incident brings up a rather interesting question, and that is as to how far it is proper to combine divine service with vaudeville, or if it is proper to do so at all. We cannot believe that the pastor of the church in question had any idea that the whistling of his hymns was going to add to the dignity and impressiveness of the ceremony of worship. Nothing but the sensational quality of the move could have appealed to his mind, and it is fair to assume therefore that the reverend gentleman approves of vaudeville in the sanctuary. This being so, how far may it be carried? If whistling is desired in the church, why not the xylophone solo? If the xylophone solo, why not the hymn set to ragtime, and rendered by leaders in the art of coon songs? If these, why not the choral numbers by chorus girls in chorus costumes, persuading the soul as well through the eye as through the ear? We ask these questions in all reverence, with no desire to cast ridicule upon the sacredness of divine service, but, on the contrary, because we think the whistling feature of the service Sunday before last is a distinct departure from propriety and that decency and order without which worship becomes merely sensational *divertissement.*

The girl who once remarked that her face was her fortune apparently reckoned without the courts of the State of New York. A young woman of unusual comeliness of feature has recently been defeated in a lawsuit instituted by her to prevent a patent medicine, or tinned food, concern from using her portrait as an advertisement of its goods. If allowed to stand, this decision, it seems to us, will involve a distinct invasion of the private citizen's right to his or her privacy. The features of a public man, or of a woman who deserts the paths of pleasantness and peace ordained for the sex in search of public attention, belong more or less to the public. These people give themselves to the public, and whatever reasonable use the public chooses to make of their physical or intellectual advantages it is entitled to. But when a young man or a young woman prefers to remain among the inconspicuous, the man to pursue some commercial or professional still-hunt, the woman to retain that modesty which is her chiefest charm, then there can surely be no law that is constitutionally valid which permits the intrusion by a third party upon that privacy; and in such cases where the law of courtesy once invoked does not prevail, the strong arm of the statute should be made potent to protect the sufferer. If the learned judge who has handed down the decision of which complaint is made is correct in his conclusions, the hour is ripe for the legislator to step in and remedy by sufficient enactment an intolerable situation.

Since the first of July the thickly wooded bluffs along "The North Shore," the fashionable suburban district of Chicago, have been dotted by the white tents of a new army of invasion. This army occupies half a dozen different camps, each of which looks out over Lake Michigan, and is cooled by the breezes which blow across thirty or forty miles of clear, cold water. Camp Good Will, located in the woods just north of Evanston, is the largest encampment of the army, which is recruited from the tenements of Chicago. Under its canvas roofs more than a hundred tired mothers and their little children live for a week at a time, giving way each Monday to a new company from the crowded and stifling tenements of misnamed Liberty Street and similar sections of the great West and Northwest sides. As nearly as possible each family has a little tent to itself, all the campers coming together for their meals in the big dining-tent. There is a bathing beach and boats, and in the evening stereopticon pictures and music. Camp Good Will is supported by the churches of Evanston, the largest suburb of Chicago, each of them making itself responsible for the support and conduct of the camp for a week at a time. It will be open during the heated term, and before its tents are struck this fall several regiments of women and children will have their week in the woods and by the water. Several of the more distinctively summer suburbs co-operate in the support of some of the other camps which are located further north along the lake. Highland Park residents, for instance, will have charge for one week, followed the next by the people of Glencoe. For the benefit of the much larger percentage of tenement dwellers, to whom the opportunity of even a week in the country will not come, the Northwestern University Settlement has established a pasteurizing plant, and is now selling pasteurized milk at five stations, in different parts of the city, at six cents a quart. Its hope is to educate the people to a point where they will demand pure milk, and at the same time to demonstrate that such milk can be furnished at a reasonable price, while producing a fair profit to the milkman. Already negotiations are under way with a large dairy company which proposes to take up the work on a purely business basis.

The formation in different American cities of what are known as "matinée" driving clubs has done much to encourage the breeding of fine road-horses, and given the American trotter a boom that has gone far to reinstate him on the pedestal from which, for a brief time at least, the automobile had deposed him. In this connection New York, the leading city of the United States, has been behind, as she also has in some other matters. Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Boston, and other cities have long enjoyed matinée racing, but it was not until this spring that the New York Driving Club, as the association that conducts the matinée races is called, was formed. For the benefit of those who are not expert horsemen it may be explained that matinée racing is about as near purely amateur sport as anything that exists. Weekly or fortnightly meetings are held, the races being participated in solely by club members. The horses must be driven by members, professional drivers being barred. There are no money or other valuable prizes, the sole trophies being blue ribbons for the winner. No admission fee is charged, and even the programmes are distributed free. But the lack of a valuable consideration does not prevent the horses being driven to their limit, and desperately contested heats are frequent.

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The Situation in the Republican Party

WHEN, a few days ago, Senator Burton followed the generic example of Lord Salisbury and committed a "blazing indiscretion," there was a disposition on the part of the party organs to deny the truth of the Kansan's confession. Senator Burton said, in effect, what HARPER'S WEEKLY has persisted in asserting, that a Cuban reciprocity bill might have been passed by the Senate if the professed supporters of the President's policy had been genuinely in earnest. He said, and that he spoke truly is within the knowledge of the President and of every Republican Senator, that if the majority had been sincere and insistent, enough votes could have been obtained from the eighteen or nineteen beet-sugar Senators to pass the Spooner bill. Indeed, it is more than likely that a very much better and more generous measure of relief could have been secured if the thirty-five Senators who stood for, but not by, the administration had been strenuous. Senator Burton says that if the thirty-five had insisted in caucus on making the Spooner bill a party measure, they might have carried out their purpose without the serious contention on the floor of the Senate which the party managers seemed to fear.

It is well for the country that it should know the precise state of affairs at Washington, the precise attitude towards the President maintained by the party organization as it is represented in Congress. Senator Burton has unwittingly rendered a valuable public service. He believed that he was simply betraying the weakness of the President's case when he announced that Mr. Roosevelt's "friends" were not wholly true to him. He seems to have been of the impression that all would be well with him and his if he could convince the country that the Senators who were counted as supporters of the administration were merely good-naturedly keeping up the appearance of sustaining what in the bottom of their hearts they knew to be youthful folly. It is characteristic of the usual imperceptions of such men as Mr. Burton that he made his confession at the very moment when the country was announcing itself in favor of the President's policy. Republican State conventions and Republican newspapers were uttering friendly words concerning Mr. Roosevelt and minatory words concerning the Senate's nonaction on the Cuban bill when Mr. Burton committed his indiscretion.

The truth about the majority of the Republican Senators who permitted themselves to be silenced by the aggressive beet-sugar minority is complex. That majority was composed of the sincere friends of the President, like Mr. Lodge; of those who believe that we owe a duty to Cuba which can only be performed by a grant of commercial or tariff concessions, like Mr. Platt of Connecticut; of those who think that, on the whole, party harmony based on agreement with the President would be healthier and sounder than party harmony based on a surrender to the beet-sugar interests, like Mr. Hanna and Mr. Spooner; and, finally, those who preferred to follow Mr. Hanna rather than Mr. Burrows and Mr. Elkins. The last two classes were not particularly desirous to grant justice to Cuba. On the contrary, some of them, like Mr. Spooner himself, were more than half inclined towards the beet-sugar industry on the political merits of the question, while others were very much more interested in the success of the minority than in that of the side with which they were training for the moment.

Another important fact is that a majority of the Republican Senators are not disinclined to thwart the President and to defeat his policies. They are far from being satisfied with his attitude towards their powerful body. He has tried to induce them to be amiable; he has curtailed their power over appointments only so much as, in his opinion, is absolutely essential to the good of the public service; but, notwithstanding, they are dissatisfied. In their own language, they are quite willing that "the President should be taught a needed lesson." The Cuban reciprocity policy was peculiarly his own, and therefore its temporary failure might at least bring him to their view of looking at patronage and other public questions. Consequently they were quite willing to give it such perfunctory support that the minority could kill it. They would thus gratify their feeling without assuming any of the responsibility for the defeat or postponement of the policy.

As we have said, it is best that the country should know the truth of the situation within the Republican party. The country is evidently more than satisfied with the President, and is in agreement with his Cuban policy; but this lukewarm, really unfriendly, attitude of the Senate towards him is likely to affect other policies and to defeat other intentions of the President, policies to which the country will assent, and intentions which it will approve. The question is whether the party is to be dominated by the Senators who are not in agreement with it, or led by the President, who thoroughly represents its best and its controlling sentiments. This is the central and most important question which presents itself from the situation which is revealed to us by Mr. Burton's "blazing indiscretion." The question is, not whether the Republican party is to be a Roosevelt or an anti-Roosevelt party, but whether or not it is to be the party it wishes to be, to mean the thing it wishes to stand for; or is it to yield to sullen and selfish Senators who are bent, by direction or indirection, upon thwarting the man whom it has made its leader, and whom it desires to continue to be leader? In view of what the Senators have done, as revealed by Mr. Burton, we may safely say that if there were an opposition, as some day there is sure to be, Republican ascendency would have been imperilled by the surrender of the majority on the Cuban reciprocity bill, a surrender that would closely resemble treachery, were it not that, when the half-hearted Senators were defeating the President, they were hardly conscious of the hostility of their attitude both to the party and to the larger interests of the country. The trouble is likely to disappear before the time arrives for the next meeting of Congress, largely because of the full enlightenment which the country will get as to the real situation by means of the discussion which is following the Burton confession.

Doctors of Achievement

IT has been said with much reason that inspection of the list of honorary academic degrees conferred upon Americans by our universities and colleges last month cannot fail to impress one with the incongruity of some of the titles conferred.

Take the degree of Master of Arts, for instance. The recipients were a successful law-school librarian, the inventor of a telephone transmitter, an ex-United States Comptroller of the Treasury, a dramatist, two principals of celebrated preparatory schools, a railway president, two philanthropists, a poet, an electrical expert, a professor of architecture, and a United States army officer with a noble record in combating disease in Cuba. Now obviously some of these men received recognition for service very remotely, if at all, connected with those branches of learning which in days gone by have been associated with the title of Master of Arts.

The same must be said if the list of Doctors of Laws is studied. In the first place, there are those who received it because they had recently been elected governors of States, a political happening in no wise related to knowledge of law. Next there are those who received it because they had been elected presidents of colleges, and in some sections a college president who is not an LL.D. is deemed defective until suitably doctored. Of diplomats, legislators, and judges given the title there were not a few, and no one will dispute the fitness of the degree in most of these cases. But what shall be said of the propriety of making a youthful professor of theology, a State superintendent of schools, a surgeon, a principal of a preparatory school, a mining expert, a publisher of books, a professor of Sanscrit, and a philanthropist to be Doctors of Laws? Of course as the custom is in this country there is nothing to be said against the choice of these particular men for this honorable degree. They deserve it as much as any of their numerous predecessors of like callings who have received it in years gone by.

But has not the time come for the degree-conferring authorities of the country to not only be more careful in their bestowal of degrees—which is their disposition now, we are convinced, as comparison of the records of the last five years with those of former years will show — but also to devise a new degree for men who have achieved prominence in political, professional, business, and philanthropic walks of life? The King of England has recently created a new order, an Order of Merit, which, if subsequent appointees are as worthy as those first nominated, will be one in which Britons will covet membership.

It has been suggested that an excellent title for Americans who do conspicuous deeds not fitly honored by the ancient academic degrees now in vogue would be Doctors of Achievement.

Each year the interchange of honors between American universities and European visitors, and English universities and resident or visiting Americans, becomes a more rigidly fixed habit. Oxford this year honored Ambassador Choate, and Cambridge our special ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid; while Columbia University rightly honored Professor Alfred Croiset, of the University of Paris, and Mr. Michael Sadler, the eminent English educator.

The degree of Doctor of Letters is one that should be carefully guarded from such misuse as has come to the degrees of Doctor of Laws and Master of Arts. Of the eight men receiving that degree this year only two are known generally in this country as men of letters, and they are not conspicuous. If Missouri University instead of making Mark Twain a Doctor of Laws had made him a Doctor of Letters, the discrimination shown would have been more commendable. Principals of schools and writers of textbooks are men of letters only by a very wide interpretation of the words.

Tragedy is that duel between circumstances and the man in which circumstances are victorious.—*William Watson.*

A fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in a year. —*Arab proverb.*

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General Wood's Future

We hope there is nothing in the story that the President has decided to appoint General Wood to be the head of the commission to build the isthmian canal. There could be but one of two reasons for such an appointment: either pre-eminent fitness or personal "vindication." Nobody can successfully urge the former in view of Admiral Walker's perfect familiarity with the situation, and his proven capacity for the executive work; and the second motive would be insufficient and unworthy. General Wood needs no vindication of the familiar political type. He had a great task to perform and performed it admirably, receiving in return a curious mixture of over-praise and petty censure, but along with it surely very marked official recognition and personal advancement. Mr. Roosevelt's loyalty to his friend, adverted to so strenuously at Cambridge, does not call for more. Neither is it incumbent upon him to embarrass his administration and party by making so important an appointment for a reason so inadequate.

Despite all that General Wood has done, to the honor of himself and the credit of his country, the fact cannot be ignored that he made at least one very grave error in Cuba. That it was advisable and perhaps necessary to pay General Gomez a considerable sum of money in order to enlist his cooperation we are prepared to admit, although the use of a trust fund for such a purpose smacks rather of Spanish than of American customs; but the employment of a portion, however small, of those funds by an administrative officer for the purpose of influencing the Congress of the United States was wholly unwarranted and cannot be justified. Regarding the object to be accomplished in this particular instance, General Wood was in the right, and Congress, to its everlasting shame, in the wrong; but that is an incident beside the mark. It is the precedent, involving a vital principle, that is important. If the temporary rulers of our outlying territories are to have the right to use the funds of those territories, without let or hinderance, and in any way they may see fit, to influence public opinion and, through it, legislation in Washington, who can foresee the outcome? General Wood maintains that he was doing no more than his duty by Cuba. But how about his duty to the United States? And if he had the right, and it was entirely proper to spend a few thousands in this way, why might not Governor Taft, or some other, consider it *his* duty by the Filipinos to make a secret contribution of many times a few thousands of Filipino money to the campaign fund of the political party whose success, at the next election, say, he should consider most advantageous to *his* charges? Not that we anticipate such things being done, but we insist that there should exist no such possibility as the approval of General Wood's act would surely create.

If Congress has not the moral courage to perform its duty, that is the business of Congress itself and of the people, not of a colonial administrator; and if the people cannot be trusted to see that right is done eventually, if not by their representatives in Congress, by themselves at the polls, then the sooner we go out of business as a republic the better.

We speak thus frankly not because the doing so is agreeable, but because of a settled conviction that these things should be considered—and considered by the President. Most assuredly a man should be loyal to his friend, but the first duty of a Chief Magistrate is to his country, and we do not hesitate to express the opinion that if this appointment be made, as it would have to be, if at all, without regard to the superior qualifications of another and perhaps many others, not only will a most grievous political error have been committed, but a grave wrong will have been done to General Wood, who would suffer the full boomerang consequences of such a "vindication," and who deserves a better fate.

Anticipative History

Few readers of periodical literature are aware how much of the record is necessarily prophetic in character. Facts of a certain date can be treated in their freshness only by the daily press; the slowly arriving weekly, and the yet tardier monthly, must seek to seize them in their bloom by an adroit forecast, which may sometimes be foiled by the failure of the event. Things appointed to happen may not happen, and then the instinct which divines them, the presentiment which portrays them, and the critical skill which predicts their quality, are worse than wasted. If occurrences do not occur, the exercise of the gifts so essential to journalism in its higher functioning becomes even ridiculous.

This must have happened in many obscurer instances, when the coronation of the English King, with all its incidents, was unavoidably postponed from the 26th of June to a time now no longer so indefinite as at first dreaded, but the general sympathy may well be concentrated on the case of the "A Peer's Daughter," who too confidently wrote of the facts as if they had taken place, in the timeliness exacted of her by the July number of *The Lady's Realm*. "The coronation," her account, reads, "was a wonderful sight, for those inside the Abbey at all events. The magnificent display of jewels and orders, the richness of color of the mass of beautiful crimson robes of the peers and peeresses, the glitter of the hundreds of coronets, and the kaleidoscope of brilliant tints worn by many other spectators, formed a never-to-be forgotten picture."

This boldly impressionistic vision of a scene never realized is, indeed, one of those careful generalizations in which there was no possible danger for the seeress, and which could have been accepted as strikingly like almost any coronation. It will do for the 9th of August as well as it would have done for the 26th of June, and the publishers of *The Ladies' Realm* will have merely to print a new edition of their July number. It is in specifically criticising the operatic performance of the same night that the daughter of a peer gives herself away without hope of retrieval, for in such cases "the gods themselves cannot resume their gifts," much less the daughters of peers. "The gala night at the opera," she says, "was a disappointment. . . . Seldom have we had a worse chorus. . . . The unrivalled Jean has not the power he had once; and if Melba is as delicious as ever, she is no better. As for Caruso, he is a distinct disappointment."

Here it is the personal equation that makes the trouble. The chorus may ask, "Why call us worse when we had not so much as a chance to show that we were bad?" The unrivalled Jean may complain that it is pretty rough to be accused of waning power in song when he did not sing, and the delicious Melba may insist that in her silence she was more delicious than ever. "As for Caruso," we do not see why he has not a right to make the peer's daughter prove in a court of law, under penalty of damages, why he distinctly disappointed people who did not hear him. The affair is different from that of the coronation in the Abbey, with its magnificent displays of jewels and its masses of beautiful crimson robes, though the success of the one was not more purely imaginary than the failure of the other.

We are far from mocking at the calamity of a sister-journalist, if the peer's daughter will let us make so bold as to call her such; and in noting it we are chiefly anxious to inquire whether there is not some art which may save our common calling from consequences so melancholy. One's first thought is of electricity, whether there may not be some help in its still unfathomed mysteries which could avail us, but in our pressing necessity we wish to ask why the higher journalism should not be allowed to guard itself from accidents like these by an understanding with the reader that in all cases of *force majeure* the periodical does not hold itself responsible. In bills of lading it is provided that the sailing of ships takes place "wind and weather permitting," and contemporaneous history, which is in so great measure anticipative, should by some such simple yet explicit convention be expected to verify itself only in favorable conditions. If the events recorded take place, so much the better for them; if they do not, then none the worse for the record. If, for instance, there had been a coronation on the 26th of June, as announced, it would certainly have been such as the peer's daughter described, and if there had been an operatic performance the same night we have no doubt the performers would have been susceptible of the precise censure she passed upon them.

As things have actually fallen out, our concern for her is much more than for a distinguished poet who seems involved in a like embarrassment; not merely because she is the nameless daughter of an unknown peer, with few to pity and none to champion, but because from their nature poets are not held to such strict accountability as peers' daughters in their vaticinations and he needs our sympathy less. Though Mr. William Watson says in hailing the prince on his defaulting coronation—

"High on the noon and summit of the year
Thou art anointed King"—

and still speaking to the poor man wavering between life and death in his sick-room, declares—

"Now the loud land flames with imperial gear,
. . . . . .
Now the long glories prance and triumph by;
And now the pomps have passed, and we depart
Each to the peace or strife of his own heart:
And now the day whose bosom was so high
Sinks billowing down: and twilight sorceries change
Into remote and strange
What is most known and nigh:
And changelessly the river sends his sigh
Down leagues of hope and fear, and pride and shame"—

he is as distinctly forecasting the affair as the peer's daughter. As a matter of fact, nothing of it all happened in either case. But the poet is justified by his poetry, which is as true as his history is false, and in the thrill of his noble phrase one does not care whether the event is real or imaginary. That is his advantage over a peer's daughter, who can only write of things that have not been like a lady reporter. It does not seem to us a fair advantage, if advantages are ever fair. Why should poetry be pardoned and even praised for inventions which bring reporting nothing but blame and scorn? Until poets and peers' daughters stand equal in the same level of print, we cannot feel that in "the best of all possible worlds" things are ordered as well as they might be.

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The Future George V. of England

THE princes of the English blood royal have never been allowed to saunter through life as mere do-nothings. Custom and monarchical dignity, of course, severely limit the number of things to which the heir-apparent and his younger brothers may apply themselves. Practically two professions only are open to them—the army and the navy. But with at least one of these callings the future king is expected to ally himself. Bismarck once sneered at King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, as being the only heir to a European throne whom one would never by any chance expect to encounter on a battle-field. It is true that English etiquette and opinion do not exact from a royal prince any very serious application to his profession; nor, however keen and capable he might be, would the nation countenance his employment in times of war. The Duke of Connaught was vehemently desirous of serving against the Boers, but for "reasons of state," which the people thoroughly endorsed, was not allowed to do so. Those "reasons of state" are not likely to be held less imperative in the future, and one may with some confidence surmise that for members of the English royal family the days of active service are over. Their part in either branch of the national system of defence must necessarily be passive and ornamental, though not on that account idle or useless. If we may apply to them the scorching epigram in which an American officer proposed the toast of a regiment that did *not* volunteer for the civil war—"Warlike in peace, peaceful in war"—one has also to admit that a prince who is thrust into the strict democracy of the services is getting an invaluable education in orderliness, self-restraint, and the prompt discharge of duty. Permeated as England is with flunkyism, there are yet two departments where royalty is stripped of its trappings, and these are the navy and the great public schools. In the army it is less so, because the army in England has always been the play-ground of the privileged and dominated by social influences. But in the fleet or at Eton or Harrow a princeling has to make his own mark. There are few such arrant democrats as English school-boys, and from the navy favoritism has been exorcised to make way for efficiency. The English schools have their faults. They do not teach. On the other hand, they do almost everything else. They are splendid nurseries of a governing race. They succeed where the French and German schools mostly fail. They lay the foundations of a sturdy and chivalrous character; they accustom boys to the habits of obedience and command, to meet responsibility gladly, to love manly games, and to pay court to certain rough-and-ready ideas of honesty and justice. As a corrective to the atmosphere of subservience and flattery which is only too ready to surround an English prince, nothing could be more wholesome than direct contact with the Stalky & Co.'s of the middle classes. Such contact the heirs apparent and presumptive to the English crown have almost invariably undergone. One cannot doubt it broadens them, just as it must have broadened Lord Salisbury to have spent several arduous, straitened years in the service of weekly journalism. Even at Oxford and Cambridge they will be spared the full onrush of sycophancy. The English undergraduate is rarely a snob. Princely pretensions, princely "side," will nowhere meet with speedier discouragement than at his hands. This again is an exhilarating discipline for a royal fledgling. There are, of course, points in which such an education as the German Kaiser, for instance, received, or as his eldest son is now receiving, far excels anything that is open to a future King of England. But on the whole, English princes are most satisfactorily encouraged to merge themselves in the national life, and to spend their early years as much as may be in the free and open competitions of boyhood. The "cloistered-recluse" system, on which the young King of Spain has been trained, has never found favor at Windsor or Marlborough House. To bring the princes of the royal house in touch with the actualities of life and with the daily course of their subjects' interests has always been the ideal of English rulers.

And if the great public schools of the country have proved one fine instrument to this end, another and yet more efficient is the navy. For younger sons, especially, who, as Mr. Gladstone used to say, are in a position "of greater freedom and less responsibility," and whose chances of reaching the throne may reasonably be discounted, the navy has more frequently than not been the chosen profession. The heir-apparent and the heir-presumptive are so hedged round by the prospect of their future duties that serious application along one special line of study is impossible. They are taught to know a little of everything; they flit from the army to the navy, from the schools to the 'varsities—gathering ears of corn from all harvests. In time they are enveloped in state functions, the demands of society, the still more insistent demands of charitable and philanthropic institutions. Their life splits itself up into infinite prescribed categories, from which escape is not even to be thought of. But younger sons, who at most will be but brothers of the reigning sovereigns, may to some extent follow their own inclinations. A wider latitude is allowed them. If the army or navy has a real attraction for them, they may throw themselves into it like any ordinary man, and make it the pivot of their whole life. And perhaps, if by some sudden chance they succeed to the throne, it will not be found that they make any the worse rulers for having spent their youth and early manhood in the steady pursuit of one profession. Bracing, continuous work of body and mind in the exercise of a calling to which one is passionately attached is probably as good an apprenticeship to the craft of kingship as any that could be designed. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of the present Prince of Wales, who has been known more than once to congratulate himself on having been born a younger son, and so free to follow his natural tastes. King Edward VII. has always regretted that in his youth he was never enrolled as a naval cadet. He was determined, if his sons showed any liking for the sea, to place them on board the *Britannia*, the famous training-ship of generations of British seamen. Like William IV., the "Sailor King," he held that "there is no place in the world for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war." He believed in a "cockpit education." His sons, Prince George especially, were only too anxious to fall in with their father's ideas. The two brothers spent their childhood for the most part at Sandringham and Marlborough House, though whenever possible the Prince and Princess of Wales, as they then were, took them about with them. The vicar of Sandringham was an ex-naval chaplain, and a favorite with the boys. Charles Kingsley, who had a passion for the sea, was another and most welcome friend and companion of their early years. Prince George feasted on their tales of adventure. He was, if even a thousandth part of the evidence of those who knew him at that time be accepted, a singularly spirited and prankish youngster. The tale has often been told of how, when ordered under the table by Queen Victoria for misbehavior at dinner, he quietly undressed himself, presenting on his return to the upper world a spectacle of unrelieved naturalness such as courts do not often see. He and his elder brother were brought up pretty much as all English children in substantial circumstances are reared. The rod was not spared. They saw a great many people, but not more than most children whose parents maintain a great country house. Perhaps the thoroughness with which modern languages were rubbed into them was the only point of departure from the established curriculum and mode of life of the ordinary well-to-do family. The two princes were placed on board the *Britannia* together. Albert Victor was fourteen years old, and George a few days over twelve. Their path was not strewn with roses. With whatever astonishment, they had to swallow the fact that in the eyes of their companions a cadet, prince or no prince, was primarily a cadet and liable to be treated as such. No indulgences were allowed them except a separate cabin. They rose at the same hour, messed at the same table and off the same rations, had as few or as many holidays as their companions. Prince George took to the life readily and easily. The two years he spent on board ship confirmed his liking for a sailor's life.

In 1879 the two princes joined the *Bacchante* as naval cadets. She sailed from Spithead late in September, touched at Gibraltar on her way to the West Indies, visited all the chief islands of the group, and was back again at Portsmouth early in the following May. The incidents of the voyage and of the longer one that was to follow have been read by thousands in the *Cruise of H. M. S. Bacchante*, a book published in 1886, and compiled from the letters and journals of the two princes. There is nothing in the volume that calls for comment. Any two boys of average intelligence and observation might have written it. There is fun in it, and abandon, and a portentous solemnity, and an inclination to rewrite guide-books and to quote poetry at the sunset and the stars—but when were these characteristics absent from boyish compositions? An ultra-favorable critic might perhaps discover a something unusual in the way they write of history, a certain vivid power of description and realization, and at times a sense of the continuity of events which a prince might be supposed to acquire earlier than an ordinary youth. As on the *Britannia*, so on the *Bacchante*, the princes were treated exactly like their gunroom messmates, taking their turn in all weathers by day or night at watch-keeping, and going aloft at sail drill, or boat duty. On shore in the British West Indies they naturally came in for some official and popular notice, but on board ship they relapsed instantly into their proper status as cadets, until, on January 8, 1880, they were created midshipmen. The *Bacchante* spent a few weeks in dock after her arrival in May, and then in July put to sea again with the princes on board to take part in the annual summer manœuvres. In September of the same year she sailed once more on a cruise which was meant to take the princes right round the world. The original plans had afterwards to be modified, but South America, South Africa, Australia, Japan, and China were actually visited. The reason for the change is of historical interest. While off the Falkland Islands, on January 24, 1881, the admiral of the squadron to which the *Bacchante*

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was attached was ordered to the Cape with all despatch. There was to be a naval demonstration, the why and wherefore of which nobody knew. They learned when Table Mountain was sighted. The Boers had risen in revolt, and there was war in the land. The princes landed at Cape Town on February 21. A few days later they noted the arrival of General Buller and his departure for the front. The following evening brought the news of Majuba, and Colley's death. The princes stayed in South Africa till peace was declared on March 26. Three days later they saw General Roberts arrive, only to learn that it was all over. So at least it seemed at the time. But exactly twenty years after Prince George was again in South Africa, the Boers and the British were again at war, General Buller and Lord Roberts were again at Cape Town, and the whole wretched business was being fought out once more.

A catalogue of places is hardly a sketch of a man's character. Still, it is worth noting that before he was twenty years old Prince George had seen more of the outside of the world than most men see in a lifetime. One has to suppose a quite preternatural dulness to think that his three years' tour, taken at the most impressionable age, left him quite as it found him. He had visited nearly the whole empire, and realized, whenever he stepped ashore, what it meant to be a prince of the nation that had the ordering of so vast a heritage. Land ceremonies were little to his taste, not because he had to play second fiddle to his brother, but because he had learned to find his chief happiness at sea. He received on board the *Bacchante* a thorough grounding in seamanship, and few parts of his journal on the cruise are more interesting than those in which he describes some purely technical incident of his training. They are written briskly, and with evident relish. It was plain that he was cut out to be a sailor, and no one was surprised when it was announced that he intended making the navy his profession. When the *Bacchante* was paid off the two brothers spent six months in Switzerland, and then parted, Albert Victor to take up the thread of the various duties devolving on the elder son of the heir-apparent, George to sea service on the North American and West Indian station as midshipman on board the *Canada*. Wiser than most royal beginners, wiser than his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, who at forty-six found himself all too soon on the shelf, the young Prince determined to take only such promotion as he might honestly earn. His real naval career began as a cadet on the *Britannia* in 1877, and lasted on till January, 1892, when the death of the Duke of Clarence forced him to relinquish the command of the second-class cruiser *Melampus*. They were fifteen years of steady work, with each step fairly won. Nothing that came within the scope of his duties was shirked. A Turkish Pasha who boarded the vessel off Salonica to pay his respects to the son of the heir to the British throne found him covered with smuts and dust, superintending a coaling party—than which there is no more dastardly work by land or sea. He braved all the usual examinations, and survived them, taking on one occasion four firsts out of a possible five. In 1889 he commissioned a torpedo-boat for the annual manœuvres which were held off the Irish coast, and greatly distinguished himself by bringing off a sister vessel which had damaged her screw and was being driven onto a lee shore by a stiff wind. There was no question of the skill and judgment with which he handled his boat. In 1890 he was given charge of the gunboat *Thrush*, and after thirteen months was promoted to be commander. He had barely commissioned the *Melampus* when his brother's death cut short his naval career. Since then he has only once seen service—in 1898, when for three months he commanded the *Crescent*. Just before he set out on his colonial tour in 1901 he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral, but though his interest in all naval matters is still as keen as ever, his life as a working sailor is now necessarily over. But he never speaks with such confidence and point as when he is appealing for funds on behalf of the innumerable charitable societies connected with the service; and whenever a naval question comes up, his influence makes itself felt, indirectly but strongly, and always in the direction of efficiency.

All navy officers who have served with and above the Prince of Wales agree, and without the slightest affectation, in praising him both as a superior and a subordinate officer. Character and disposition show in their true colors on board ship, and after making all allowances for the note of exaggeration Englishmen rarely escape in talking of princes, there remains a consensus of opinion that this particular Prince is not only a really capable sailor, but a kindly, unaffected, good-hearted gentleman. Intellectually, he is a typical Guelph; he has not inherited his father's quick-moving mind. His speeches, at present, at all events, are rather terrible performances to read or listen to. It may be that he has not yet found his platform-legs; but one suspects, not without reason, that the fault lies higher up, and that the Prince has not the native stock of originality, without which no man should mount a platform. The Prince, to do him justice, has no desire to mount platforms; he would far rather be on a quarter-deck. But he cannot escape the penalties of his position. Hardly a week goes by without his being obliged to deliver a public speech on some subject of which he probably knows nothing, of which, at any rate, he cannot possibly know more than the alphabet. A clever man would get used to such ordeals, would even learn how to emerge from them triumphantly. But fifteen years at sea are not a good preparation for this kind of work, and the Prince gets no further than a few amiable commonplaces, awkwardly expressed. Very possibly the English public would prefer not to have it otherwise. A brilliant Prince would strike a great many Englishmen as improper. And, after all, the possession of a comfortable, unexciting intellect saves the Prince of Wales from a great many dangers, among others from the danger of being misunderstood. His face, it is generally agreed, is the image of his mind. Stupid would be an exaggerated as well as unkindly adjective to apply to it, but in the heavy eyes and their wonderful power of warding off expression one detects the insignia of sound British stolidity.

It is very difficult to say what precisely is the public attitude towards the Prince. The difficulty lies in the negativeness both of the attitude and of the man himself. No one of whom so many British naval officers think so well can be called characterless, but the Prince has remarkably few salient features. It is perhaps too early for the people to have formed any definite view of him. Years ago he was spoken of with an enthusiastic touch of romance as "our sailor Prince." The imagination conjured up a sort of royal Lord Charles Beresford, a breezy, picturesque, slapdash figure. But when, on the death of the Duke of Clarence, the Prince came out of the obscurity of his cabin and moved into full public view, it was felt that here, at any rate, was no naval Harry Hotspur. Humdrum respectability seemed rather to be the note of the newly created Duke of York. There were some who remembered his father's early years, and thanked Heaven for the son's respectability; there were others, perhaps the majority, who wished he were not quite so humdrum. His marriage to Princess May in 1893 was acquiesced in by the country as something which circumstances had made inevitable. It was an event that chilled rather than aroused enthusiasm. For some time little was heard of the Duke and Duchess. They lived as quietly as people of their rank are allowed to live, varying their time between York House, in St. James's Palace, and York Cottage, at Sandringham. This latter is a charming country house within a few minutes' walk of the Hall, originally intended as a bachelor retreat for Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and their guests. "Little and good," was the Duchess of Teck's description of it. It has grown considerably within the last eight years, to keep pace with the Prince's family. Their four children are already a familiar sight to the London crowds. The Norfolk estate, however, is where they and their father find their greatest pleasure. The Prince is a keen sportsman, and, like most sailors ashore, has a turn for farming, which he diligently cultivates. Already he is getting known as a breeder. Shooting and fishing are his chief recreations, and in both he is above the average. He has shot turkey-buzzards in Buenos Ayres, wild-duck and teal at Tokyo, quail and kangaroo in Australia, pheasant and snipe in China, elk, sambur deer, and buffalo in Ceylon, and once so far forgot himself in the Middle Kingdom as to let fly at a fox. He keeps a better seat than most sailors, but not good enough to warrant him in following the hounds. Horse-racing appears never to have interested him. He is a fair hand at billiards, plays golf, and in his younger days was a promising boxer. Cricket, racing, and football, however — the three great sports of the country—he has never gone in for. His more intimate hobbies are stamp-collecting, mechanical toys, and posters. It is not an inspiring list, but it reflects the man accurately enough.

The life he is condemned to lead as Prince of Wales, the eternal fuss and ceremony, meetings, charities, and so on, must make the Prince sigh at times for the old free life on board ship. During his colonial tour in 1901 his companions remarked the intensity of his pleasure at being at sea again. He took part in all the games that Jack Tar has improvised, and when the *Ophir* crossed the line he submitted with the heartiest goodwill to be ducked with the rest. The colonial tour was his first introduction on a grand scale. Up till then he had necessarily been a secondary figure. The people heard of him as visiting Ireland and Wales, but the news roused comparatively little interest. Now, of course, he is at the centre of the stage, and the English people are trying to come to some sort of estimate of the man who is to rule over them. One thing at least is agreed upon. There is no scandal attaching to the Prince's private life. In none of his actions does he give any opening for criticism; in none, too, does he inspire any great enthusiasm. An uninteresting man? One hears that comment passed, and, on the whole, it is not, perhaps, without some share of truth. As the supreme head of affairs he would, one imagines, be everything that is decorous, solemn, and a trifle dull. At the same time he would be free from embarrassing ties, he has no "set," and he would in all things make a most "manageable" ruler. His sea training has taught him to do his duty, however distasteful; and a prince or a king who has learned that lesson is never likely to go far wrong.

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In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

III

Meditators, Turkles, and Hired Men

THE fact was suddenly borne in upon us that we needed a man, a sort of combination farmer-coachman-gardener—a versatile factotum able to plant a fence-post and repair a clock; willing to screen the coal and grow sweet-peas; experienced in oiling floors and cultivating potatoes. In short, a general-utility man, to whom we could turn, and upon whom we could lean, in time of trouble. Ethel discovered this fact when I returned from a walk to Carmot's store, a mile distant, over a road principally composed of hills, with deep valleys and gullies scattered in between for the purpose of emphasizing the steep ascents.

"Dear me!" Ethel exclaimed, as I reached the house, mopping a very red face. "We'll never be able to get along here without a horse, and that means a man to take care of him."

"What's the matter with me taking care of him?" I inquired, a little stiffly. If Ethel had said "another man" I wouldn't have questioned her.

"Oh, you could, probably, after some experience," she replied. "But what would you do at dead of night if you heard our horse stamping around the barn in a fit of blind colic or staggers or something?"

"That's so," I assented, meekly. "Besides, it isn't always fun to clean a horse and feed him and water him at regular hours. I might forget, and be away from home."

We discussed the matter at intervals all day long, and were still debating it in the evening when James Pagent, the fine young farmer who lives just beyond us, came over to call. The children were abed, and Ethel and I were sitting on the front steps when he arrived.

"Waitin' for the moon to climb up over Bear Ridge?" he inquired, after greetings had been exchanged.

"That's what we're here for," Ethel responded, gayly. "Do sit down with us, Mr. Pagent; or, better still, Mr. Lathrop will get you a chair—"

"Why, certainly," I exclaimed, starting toward the door, but our neighbor stopped me with a gesture.

"No, not for a minnit," he said; "I'll camp alongside on the step here. Just finished milking," he added, "and thought I'd come over and see how you're getting on. Pretty near settled?"

"Oh yes; we feel as if we had been here for years, although we only moved out from the city ten days ago," Ethel replied.

"Ever lived on a farm before?"

"No," I said, "and that's the best part of it—the novelty, I mean."

"Guess your children 'll like it, anyhow," he said, reassuringly.

"So will we!" Ethel exclaimed.

"Well, maybe; I hope so. Expect to raise much of anything? The reason I ask," he added, hastily, "is because if you're going to keep a man it's time you were looking around for one. They generally get new jobs along about the first of April, and ten days from now they'll be pretty scarce."

"We ought to have a horse," I said, a little soberly. "It's more than a mile to the station."

"And a cow," said Ethel. And two wee voices from the window above cried:

"An' a woolly lamb—"

"An' a baby camel—"

"Children," said Ethel, peremptorily, "go right back to bed!"

There was a faint sound of scampering feet, and quiet reigned again. Mr. Pagent laughed—a hearty, wholesome, joyous laugh, good to hear.

"That boy of yours, Mr. Lathrop," he said, "came over to the barn to-day and asked if any bears lived up in the woods there, and your little girl said she was afraid her dolly'd be carried off by a tiger some night. She saw a litter of setter pups sleeping in the sun, and I promised her one."

"That's awfully kind," said Ethel.

"Oh, it's nothing. I'll be saved the trouble of drowning one pup more. Well," he continued, rising preparatory to departure, "if you're going to put in hay for your horse, and lay in wood for next winter, and have any vegetables to spare down at the store, you probably 'll need a man—unless you want to do a lot of work yourself—"

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop doesn't," Ethel interrupted. "He came up here to rest, and do as he chooses from day to day."

"I shall doubtless fool around the place in a strictly amateur fashion," I added, noncommittally. "But I see that we must have a man. In fact, we have already talked it over. Do you know of any one?"

Mr. Pagent shook his head.

"Not just now," he replied. "But you might inquire at the lower post-office and around the depot."

I went down to the village early next morning, and sauntered around the railway station, where half a dozen men—young, middle-aged, and elderly—were lounging, some leaning against the walls, others seated on baggage-trucks, still others standing in the sun, chatting at intervals or silently regarding the scenery. Here was a promising outlook; surely some of these able-bodied citizens must be disengaged. I approached the ticket agent and questioned him. But like James Pagent he shook his head.

"Don't believe any one of 'em wants work," he said, dubiously. "Might ask 'em, though," he suggested.

"Are they all engaged?" I asked.

"Oh no," said the agent. "At least, four or five of 'em ain't. But they're meditatin'."

"Meditating!" I exclaimed.

The agent nodded his head solemnly.

"Yes, I judge they be. Hey there, Tom!" he called. "Workin' now?"

A heavy-set man nodding on a baggage-truck slowly swung his head around until he faced us, and replied, laconically:

"No."

"Want a job?" the agent continued.

"I'm meditatin'," he answered.

"Thought so," the agent said to me in lower tones. Then he raised his voice. "Any o' the rest of you people want a job?"

There was a general shaking of heads.

"They're all meditatin'," the agent remarked, dispassionately, and I followed him back into the station. For several minutes I leaned on the shelf outside the ticket-office, and through a window studied the meditators, but such observation became monotonous. Now and then a meditator would say something, briefly, and those whom he addressed would nod in assent, or silently disagree. One or two made an effort to light pipes, but as a gentle breeze was blowing, the effort was given up. Finally the agent left his little desk and came toward me.

"Find 'em interestin'?" he asked.

"Yes, in a way," I replied, warily, for I had often heard how easily country people could be offended. "Do they belong to any particular religious society?"

"No," said the agent. "There's a few Methodists and one or two Friends, with a sprinklin' of 'Piscopals an' Presb'terians. What made ye think so?"

"I was trying to figure out their habit of meditating, that's all; thought maybe the idea of reflection at stated seasons might be due to a sort of religious belief."

The agent suppressed a chuckle as best he could, and asked:

"Say, honest, now, what do them fellers remind you of?"

"To be perfectly frank," I replied, "they make me think of a lot of turtles sunning themselves on a log."

The agent slapped his thigh appreciatively, exclaiming:

"That's what they be! You've struck it hard, Mister Lathrop! They're simply turkles, nothin' but turkles, by jing!"

"And are they loafing around because they're too lazy to work?" I demanded.

"Partly that, but reely because they don't *have* to work. Some of their wives takes washin' in, one of 'em's a dressmaker, another of the wimmen raises a good many eggs an' broilers, so these here turkles sort of lays off meditatin' for a few weeks every now and then. When their families need a little extra money for a barr'l of flour, or a dress, or some such, the men goes to work again and earns it."

"Why, they're improvident as so many Indians!" I cried, indignantly.

"Well," said the agent, non-committally, "there's several an' various ways to look at it. One thing sure, they have enough to eat and decent Sunday clothes, and all of 'em put together don't worry half as much as either you or me, I guess."

"But their children," I went on, warmly; "and think of old age coming on!"

"Yes, that's so. But them turkles as has an old father or mother shares a home with 'em, an' I don't know as their children 'll be any worse off for having to take care of themselves. There ain't one of 'em, or me, either, as had anything left us by our parents but a home to start on, and they'll leave the homes to their children, you see. 'T any rate," he concluded, "they're happy, and 'ain't got nothin' much to fret 'em."

I took one more look at the turkles. They did seem contented. One or two were peacefully dozing; another yawned luxuriously, and the rest got ready to yawn. Then I started homeward. As I left the little station the agent called after me:

"In case I hear of anybody that wants a job I'll let you know."

"I wish you would," I replied, fervently.

The days passed by and no hired man appeared. James Pagent had almost finished his ploughing, and he and his two farm-hands were in the fields from early morning until sunset getting ready to plant corn and potatoes. After sunset they milked, trimmed currant and berry bushes, inspected nests of caterpillars in the apple-trees, spaded a kitchen-garden for Mr. Pagent's wife, greased wagon wheels, ground axes and scythes down to a fine edge, mended harness, and did a score of other things. I suppose they ate supper sometime and somewhere, but of this I am in doubt. However, they lived, and did not grow appreciably thinner; but in this respect I differed from them. I knew our fields ought to be ploughed and harrowed, that weeds were sprouting in a most malicious manner, that we would never get anything off the place unless matters took a sudden turn, and I decided to seize the bull by the horns. So, bright and early one morning, I went to New York with a list of seeds in my pocket. I would do the work myself, rather than let it go longer, and following Mr. Pagent's advice, I sought a shop far down town where farmers made their purchases.

"There's another store near by," he had said to me, "which is a great deal bigger and brighter and more stylish. People with nice little suburban lots go there to buy seeds for half a dozen ears of corn and three tomato-plants. But you go to where I tell you, and they'll treat you right."

As I entered the store I met a tall, brawny

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young fellow in shirt sleeves, who had a brisk, businesslike air about him which was very attractive. He spoke with a slight twang, and I recognized at once a "down-Easter," resident in New York but a short time. While he was tying up my smaller purchases I asked him if he knew of any good man who would like a steady job in the country.

"Yes, sir," he replied, with decision, giving the string an extra hard twist. "I want it."

"You!" I exclaimed. "Why, I'm sure you'd never be contented there—we live on a little farm a mile from the village and nearly two from the railroad."

"Try me and see," he responded, looking me in the eyes. "I've only been here six months, and I'm so darned sick of the noise and botheration of this pesky town, an' bein' on the jump here and there and everywhere, and gettin' sassed at by a lot of fool customers that ain't fit to black the boots of a self-respecting, free-born American—well, sir, I'm goin' to quit just 's soon as I can find a job."

"Do you know anything about farming?" I inquired.

"Been brought up on one all my life, in New Hampshire. The manager of this store come from our town a good many years ago, and he went back there visitin' last summer, and give me a chance—but I've had all I wanter."

"What's your name?"

"Jason Stafford."

"What wages do you want?"

"First-class wages for a first-class man—I ain't no Polander. Twenty dollars a month and found."

"Can you give any references?"

"Come over and see the manager," said Jason, stepping from back of the counter. "He knowed my folks thirty years ago, and he's knowed about me ever since I was born."

The manager was a good deal surprised, but said he would let Jason go at once if he wanted to leave, that he would not ask him to stay if he were dissatisfied. He also told me, privately, several things greatly to the young man's credit, and shook hands with him when parting.

"If you ever get hard up, Jason," he concluded, as we walked out of his office, "come back to me, and I'll help you get a job. I know just how you feel, my boy. When I came to New York, right after the civil war, and got a start in life, things weren't what they are now. European class distinctions and the inseparable toadyism hadn't crept in then—a man was a man, and he had the same chance here of getting along and preserving his independence as young men have now in some of the Western cities."

Jason thanked him again, very civilly, I thought, and we went out together.

"You say you've got some errands to do, Mr. Lathrop," he remarked, as we reached the street, "so I'll go up to my boarding-house and bring my trunk to the depot. What time does the train go?"

"Five o'clock," I said.

"I'll be there," he responded, starting for the nearest Elevated station. It never occurred to me to wonder whether he would fail to be on hand, and consequently I was not at all surprised to find him in the waiting-room when I arrived there. But I went home with a heart much lighter than it was when I started for the city that morning.

To be Continued.

From the Chicago "Tribune."

The change is certainly for the better, and the WEEKLY should appeal to a wider class of readers than it ever had before.

Alexandre Dumas

THERE is a Roundabout Paper on A Lazy Idle Boy, whom the author overtook more than once on the river walk at Chur, whose lazy hands held "a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which, I dare say, so charmed and ravished him that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him. . . . . What was it that so fascinated the young student as he stood by the river shore? . . . What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek Grammar? No; it was a novel. . . . It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If, cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes."

It is a hundred years since gallant old Alexandre was born; and nearly sixty years since *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Cristo* were written, but grave and laborious persons can still read those romances joyously thirteen hours a day or more when sick abed or otherwise warranted in such self-indulgence. As for the lazy boys, they read them just as greedily as ever. It is one of the standing compensations for being born into this world of perplexing conditions that for each newcomer D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, and Monte Cristo are waiting, unimpaired, and claimed for the guardsmen that they were just as good as new. It has never been especially improving companions, but the world has been the happier for knowing them, and was never a bit the worse for their acquaintance, and certainly it does well to cleave to them and count their remarkable inventor among the immortals.

There has not been before or since an immortal of quite the same quality as the elder Dumas. A big man, with a vast capacity for turning food and drink into energy, the son of a general of the empire renowned for prodigious feats of physical strength and of an African mother of one of the North-African tribes, he got by birth an imagination of extraordinary vigor, geared to a physique abundantly able to sustain it. A story-teller has need of stories to tell and of vigor to put into the telling of them. Dumas had both in superlative measure. While he had wherewith to fill his stomach, the activities of his brain never flagged. In his prime he could work enormously — think, plot, plan adventures for his heroes, and put all into written pages as it came hot from his mind; an enviable man, fit to make sigh the halting scribes who bite their pen-handles and wait for fresh blood to feed their brains and make their reluctant ideas put on their garb of language. "Brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre," Thackeray called him. He was all that. That he should have been an absolutely conscientious writer was too much to expect. He was a child always, and an incorrigible bohemian, squandering freely the riches of his imagination as he freely squandered the money that his books brought in. The story of his own life is almost as much out of the common as the stories he wrote. It came out that when his own powers of invention failed to provide due means for his astonishing hospitalities and benefactions, he bought manuscripts from workmen of inferior talent, worked them into his own tales, and sold them as his own. The discovery made some scandal, but even now it is debated whether it is not as fair in literature as in other callings for the master-hand to profit as far as possible from hired labor. Great painters have done the like, and as for the playwrights, from Shakspere down they have been used to get their material where they could find it, and fashion it according to the needs of their case.

Dumas's first success was a play. He was born in Villers-Cotterets, Aisne, France, on July 24, 1802, and went to Paris twenty years later to seek his fortune. He began to find it in 1828, when his play, "Henry III.," was produced, and proved very successful. Some literary critics hold that his best work is in his plays, some of which have held their place and are still produced in European theatres. *The Three Musketeers*, of which there are thirty volumes, came along in 1844 and 1845, followed close in the latter year by the twelve volumes of *Count of Monte Cristo*. The Count's fortune, which seemed so prodigious thirty years ago, has dwindled by comparison with American fortunes of our day. As a capitalist, Monte Cristo is small potatoes when measured up beside Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie, but his adventures are more stirring than any of theirs that have been written.

While Alexandre Dumas was at the very height of his powers and popularity, *La Dame aux Camélias*, appearing in 1848, warned the world that another Dumas, of another kind, was ripening. Alexandre Dumas, better known as Dumas *fils*, was born July 28, 1824, the son of his father's youth. *The Lady of the Camellias*, the most famous of his stories, and afterwards the most familiar of his plays, is a young man's story, and its author will always be associated by most readers with the spring-time of life. But he lived his three-score years and ten well out, and died (in 1895) a member of the French Academy, the author of divers competent stories, and many profitable plays, and one of the best known of the French men of letters of his time. It is proper that he should be included in the tale of his father's triumphs, but he never gave the world a Monte Cristo, nor a D'Artagnan, and though he was possibly a better literary artist than his sire, he was less robust, and the world of readers feels less in his debt, and is hardly likely to concern itself with his centenary.

Dumas, the father, died at Puys, near Dieppe, December 5, 1870, leaving behind him many books, some of which are not so good as others, and a memory likely to be cherished by young people of all ages for many generations to come.

Where Love finds the soul, he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an after-thought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.—*Landor.*

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—*Shakspere.*

The young man who resolves to conquer his love is only half in earnest, or has already half conquered it.

When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes.

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.—*St. John.*

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Books and Authors

It is generally conceded that the short story as a form of art has reached its highest perfection in America, and that in this form of literature American women-writers have excelled. We are reminded of this forcibly after laying down a new volume of stories by Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan. *Tales of Destiny* is the third collection that has come from her pen, and a comparison with her previous volumes shows how certain is her grasp of a situation and how firm and secure her art of telling a story. It is difficult to praise one of these tales more than another, for Miss Jordan has done some careful sifting; she never sinks to mediocrity, either of design or impulse. Her experience as an editor she very evidently turns on herself, as well as others. If we were asked to choose one story in this latest collection that we liked best of all, it would be "In the Case of Dora Risser." It is the other side of a story that might have embellished the columns of a Sunday newspaper, but just where the reporter halts, the artist steps within the veil. As a touch of nature, it is one of the most perfect things we have seen—all but the moral corollary, which we adjure the author to eliminate in her second edition. The last tale, called "A Collaboration," came as a surprise. The idea seems wasted on a short story; it would have made the success of a novel. We take it as a good omen, an augur that in her next book Miss Jordan may give us her first novel. That she has the making of a novelist in her we do not doubt, but we want her to prove it.

Although it will be two years this autumn since *Richard-Yea-and-Nay* was published, Mr. Maurice Hewlett has no new novel on the stocks. Instead, he has been devoting his time to the preparation of a work on Tuscany that will be a companion volume to Mr. Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*. It will be remembered that one of Mr. Hewlett's earliest books, before fame came to him with *The Forest Lovers*, was a rarely beautiful work called *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, which showed the warm appeal that Italian romance and legend had thus early made to the poet novelist. Mr. Hewlett has been spending the last few months in Tuscany in gathering fresh impressions and material for the work which may appear next winter. There he was interviewed a short time ago by Mr. Walter Hale, the artist, and his wife, Louise Closser Hale, who together contributed the text and illustrations of the interesting article, "Marion Crawford's Rome," to the June *Bookman*, and who will follow this in a later number with a similar paper on "Maurice Hewlett's Country."

It is now nearly two years since Mr. Barrie's latest book, *Tommy and Grizel*, finished its serial course and was published simultaneously in book form. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hewlett, by-the-way, are great friends, and each is a stanch admirer of the other's art, as might be expected. Mr. Barrie's numerous readers will be glad to learn that he has completed a new book, part of which will appear in *Scribner's Magazine* before being published in book form this autumn. It is called *The Little White Bird*, and is a reversion to his earlier manner, although the scene is laid in Kensington Gardens, and not in Thrums. His "Quality Street," in which Maude Adams has appeared with great success in this country, will probably be produced in London next season, but it will not be presented by Miss Adams. Mr. and Mrs. Barrie have quite recently moved from their house in Kensington, redolent with memories of Praed and Thackeray, to occupy Leinster House in Bayswater, formerly the residence of the Duke of Leinster.

It was to be expected that a reaction would set in eventually against the ascendency of the Scot, and naturally so from a source not far from Bow Bells. The ancient feud between England and Scotland has never quite disappeared, and there is always to be felt in the British metropolis an undercurrent of resentment at the blatant ubiquity of the northern invader. When the announcement first met the eye that an English writer was at work on a book to be called *The Unspeakable Scot*, it was regarded rather as a humorous sally by a writer who has gained some reputation as a humorist than as a serious indictment. Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, the author, is an able journalist and editor, well known in London literary circles; but to his other attributes we should now be inclined to add that of intrepid nerve. He must needs be a brave man who would undertake to demonstrate that the vogue of the Scot in England and America is the outcome of Saxon indifference and not Scottish capacity; that it is on the wane, and that it was achieved by the practice of the very cheapest virtues. He will prove, so he declares, that in politics, art, letters, journalism, and other departments of activity the Scot has never accomplished anything that really matters. Mr. Crosland proclaims himself a missionary to the Scottish race, with an honest desire to hold the mirror up to Scotland and to enable her, for once, to see herself as others see her. We trust Mr. Crosland has reckoned with the argumentative combativeness of the Scot; things will be lively, we can promise him that. There is a hot time ahead for him; already one may hear the grinding and sharpening of dirks and broadswords, and the preliminary skirl of the bagpipes. It was an Englishman who once made an astounding assertion, and in reply to the question for proof said: "My dear fellow, I am prepared to prove anything!" That seems to be Mr. Crosland's case. And it was a Scotsman who said that he was always open to conviction, but he'd like to see the man who could convince him!

Strangely enough, the first blow of the reactionary movement has actually come from a Scot. If one were to believe that *The House with the Green Shutters* represented Scottish life and character fairly, it would shatter one's faith in the ideals glorified by Barrie and Ian Maclaren, and built on Scottish tradition. It is a disclosure of human nature in a little Ayrshire village on its mean and ugly side that we can vouch for, but the picture is no darker than that which might be painted of any village anywhere, if the writer have but an eye for the sordid side, and, as in this case, be moved by malice aforethought to wreak revenge for an embittered childhood and youth. It is only one phase, and a very meagre phase, of Scottish life; and we must not forget that it is easier to rail at the ill than to fight for the good. The novel of revolt is the work usually of the beginner, the amateur in life, and the material comes readily to hand. True genius is constructive and sees life as a whole; it balances good and evil, and even when the end is tragic it is uplifting, it is inspiring, and breathes the mighty hopes which make us men. "Somehow," as Meredith has said, "the light of every soul burns upward."

Mr. George Douglas Brown, the author of *The House with the Green Shutters*, is a Scotsman by birth, and an Oxonian by education. He now lives in England, not far from London. He has three more novels in mind, but it is doubtful if he will return to Scottish soil for his material. The historic past appeals more warmly and insistently to his imagination than the present, and for Scotland he does not seem to have much literary affection. His next novel will deal with the Cromwellian period. Mr. Brown thinks he has laid hold of material that has not yet been utilized, and he has his own conception of Oliver Cromwell's character.

Few books have, for a long time past, furnished so much point for allusion and illustration in the public prints and in public addresses—even the House of Commons has heard it alluded to—as Mr. H. G. Wells's *Anticipations*. That it is an unusually thoughtful work, and highly instructive in its criticism of present civilization, as well as in its startling forecasts of future civilization, none can deny who has read the book. The latest use made of its imaginary dip into the future has been, strangely enough, to point a moral, and adorn an argument in favor of a return to Cowper's simple faith in the Anglo-Saxon race, and his ideals for the English people. In an address to the Cowper Society at St. Albans, Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere* and the *Tatler*, and a fervent disciple of Cowper, delivered himself thus:

"It is only by a return to Cowper's ideals that the future of the English race on healthy and invigorating lines is assured. . . . Mr. Wells has done his best to read the future, and it is, I venture to think, an ugly world that is to be upon us—a world of material progress and of restless energy that is the very opposite of that world of which Cowper sang the praises. Let us hope that as Rousseau's reactionary fervor prevailed with so much advantage, Cowper's reactionary fervor may prevail here in England during the time that is coming. . . . Every great poet is wiser than he knows, and in reading 'The Task,' as I have done quite lately, I find in Cowper the truly lovable reactionary that is wanted today, and will be more wanted by-and-by when we have reached the painful period of development foreshadowed by Mr. Wells, that age of eternal town and city, of co-operative cookery, of sky-scrapers, of much else that is of dubious value."

This is very interesting, but it is easy to be seen that Mr. Shorter is something of a sentimentalist who finds it a hard saying to be told that we live in an industrial age and that the millennium is very far off. Then, too, Mr. Shorter's recent advocacy of street noises and cries, and his lament at their passing, really makes us doubt the wisdom, if not the sanity, of his plea. We do want to be comfortable.

Do you want to tell the real thing from the spurious in literature? A new critic has just arisen in England who announces that after a long search he has, at last, discovered a sure touchstone. It is unerring, unfailing; so Mr. Arthur Machen asserts in his *Hieroglyphics*, a critical examination of literary standards and reputations. "In the sphere of literature," observes the author of *An Onlooker's Note-Book*, "cocksureness has no place." But he is sadly mistaken. With the buoyant glibness and bigotry of youth, Mr. Machen descends upon the field of literature with his threshing-machine, and separates the wheat from the chaff with rigorous glee. However fine a work may be in nine respects out of ten, if it have not at its roots the quality of "ecstasy," Mr. Machen will have none of it as literature. Now, ecstasy is a quality that is undoubtedly inherent in genius; in fact, Mr. Machen is not the first to discover this truth. It is when he applies his criterion to one great author after another that he betrays his prejudices, and

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shows his ignoble fallibility. *Pickwick* he boldly describes as a sort of cockney Odyssey, but Thackeray is nothing better than a man with a kodak, a showman, with a gift of amusing, entertaining "patter." George Eliot—"poor, dreary, draggle-tailed George Eliot"!—is ungraciously found wanting. Thomas Hardy is saved by *Two on a Tower*, and George Meredith damned by *The Tragic Comedians*. Can it be that Mr. Machen fails to respond to the ecstasy of *Richard Feverel* and *Rhoda Fleming*? There are passages and chapters in these two books afire with the fine frenzy of ecstasy that it would be difficult to match in English fiction. As for Thackeray, if ecstasy of the subtlest kind does not lie at the roots of *Vanity Fair*, then we don't know what ecstasy is. In short, Mr. Machen has failed, just where so many theorists fail, in the application of his theorem.

One of the most gratifying literary successes of the year has been *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. It is pleasant to remember that months ago when this little book made its appearance we hailed it from out the obscurity in which it then hung in the forest of last autumn's leaves as a distinctive contribution to American fiction. What we said then, we repeat now: Miss Hegan is, in her own inimitable way, the Mrs. Wiggin of the South, and we know of nothing so entirely novel and refreshing since *The Birds' Christmas Carol*. In connection with this notice, it is also pleasant to know that it was the means of bringing about an exchange of autograph copies between Miss Hegan and Mrs. Wiggin. Not the least pleasing trait about Mrs. Wiggin throughout her successful literary career has been her unfailing generosity toward new writers, especially of her own sex, and this is the more noteworthy when one recalls the jealousy and envy which the profession of letters is too often prone to engender among its followers. Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan lives in Louisville, Kentucky, where she is a well-known leader in social and literary circles.

Finance

THE July report of the Department of Agriculture furnished the necessary assurance that no check to the amazing prosperity of the country need be apprehended. The statistics and estimates made public were all that could be expected, and the course of the securities markets reflected the relief felt not only among the "stock gamblers" of Wall Street, but among all classes, including, presumably, even those who are wont to refer scathingly to the selfsame "stock gamblers." At all times the crop situation is of paramount importance to a nation. We are still pre-eminently an agricultural country, notwithstanding our marvellous growth as an industrial and manufacturing world-factor. No man can study the statistics of our foreign trade and fail to be impressed by the relative proportion of our exports of agricultural products and of manufactures. But while anxiety over crops is always justifiable, it was felt to a greater extent than usual this year. For several months past, Wall Street has looked on agricultural conditions as carrying the key to the general situation. Prosperity in our industries seemed assured, and security values held their own in the face of bear attacks and adverse events of minor importance. But good crops were felt, as far back as January, to be indispensable to a further appreciation in the stock-market.

The failure of last year's corn crop was a tremendous blow. It meant the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars which should have come out of the ground, but did not. It did not, indeed, check the onward progress of the country in a material way, because we were blessed with a huge wheat crop which partially offset the great damage done to corn, and because the general movement of merchandise and manufactures kept on, the great prosperity of the previous four years giving the movement a momentum not to be checked suddenly. But it was universally recognized, especially in high banking circles, that another crop failure would prove too great an obstacle to be overcome. It did not mean that the country would immediately find itself in the throes of a violent and widespread panic, but that the upward swing of the pendulum might be taken to have ceased, and that the beginning of a period of dwindling activity would confront the securities markets. Speculation in stocks would naturally be governed by the knowledge of this. The conditions existing in the international money-markets, developed as they have been since the United States became a world-power, placed our bankers in a delicate position. Financial syndicates borrowed great sums in Europe to carry through various "deals" and schemes. They did so because it was easier to borrow the money abroad than at home. But this money would have to be repaid, and it became a question of the utmost importance whether America would pay back what it owed Europe in corn or in gold. It does not require expert financial knowledge to realize the effect of a second corn-crop failure. The syndicates, in the event of the latter, would find themselves confronted by an unsettled money-market, and particularly by unsettled confidence on the part of the general public. This would mean an end to all hopes of disposing profitably of the huge loads of securities carried by the syndicates. Plans of vast importance would have to be abandoned definitely, or, at any rate, postponed, and serious disturbances in the stock-market could scarcely have been avoided.

Now, the weather is beyond the control of Wall Street. No combination of human sagacity or of wealth can provide against the caprices of Nature in the agricultural districts. The great powers of the world of finance in all probability contented themselves with hoping for the best, and with studying ways of extricating themselves out of their difficulties in case the harvests should fall below normal figures. It is easy, therefore, to see why market prophets, when asked for a forecast of the course of stock prices, acquired the habit of sapiently wagging their heads and answering, "It depends upon how the crops turn out."

The government crop report tended to allay the fears of those who had paid overmuch attention to the crop "scares," or more recently to the sensational fluctuations in the price of July corn. In round figures it shows that, barring belated disaster, the total wheat yield this year will run about 100,000,000 bushels behind that of 1901, which was a "record-breaker," while the corn crop will exceed that of last year by 1,000,000,000 bushels! In other words, we may expect to get $500,000,000 more for our corn, and possibly $75,000,000 less for our wheat. Moreover, the outlook for other crops, such as oats, is also most promising, while ordinarily good harvests are assured in other agricultural products. Since July 1, the date of the Department of Agriculture's monthly report, conditions have not been altogether favorable, but while the final figures of the corn yield may fall below the estimates given in the government report, we have passed the danger point. There is still an abundance of time for damage to be done, but in all human probability we should have a huge corn crop, and a wheat crop second only to those of the banner years, 1901 and 1898.

The crop conditions shown by the government experts proved a stimulating influence on stock-speculation. The markets became more active, and on the increasing volume of business there was some "nibbling" by outsiders. That there was any rush to buy stocks must be denied, though for such demand as there was, the pools were duly thankful. The sharpest advances were naturally scored by the stocks of the roads which should benefit the most from the good crops. However, the flagrant manipulation by cliques, which has given to the market its "artificial" character for so many weeks, was again present, and tended to cast some doubts on the wisdom of making new ventures on the long side of the account at the moment. To be sure, bull markets never start of their own accord. Prices must be pushed upward, in the initial stages, by means of the much-condemned but very necessary "manipulation." The trouble with the manipulation now current in the stock-market has been that it has been conducted by cliques and operators who do not command general confidence. The great interests of the financial world have not moved. Moreover, the condition of the money-market has not been exactly reassuring. We narrowly escaped gold exports, contrary to the expectations of the experts, but New York has been losing money to the interior at a rate which has proven disquieting to the more conservative speculators. To some extent the speculation in July corn was responsible, but for the most part the money has gone to various sections of the West to be used for local purposes. This demand for funds comes at a much earlier time than usual, and it may be asked if the West needs money now, what will it need when the crops begin to be moved, two months hence?

The announcement has been "officially" made that the corner in July corn is ended, the shorts having taken their medicine and paid the doctor's bill. The news was given out after corn had "broken" something like twenty-five cents a bushel from the high price made the previous week. The engineers of the corner stated for publication that they "got the men they were after," and we must take their own word for it.

It was a remarkable affidavit that President Schwab, of the United States Corporation, made in answer to the complaint filed in the suit brought recently against the company to restrain the conversion of $200,000,000 of preferred stock into bonds, as approved by the majority of the stockholders at their special meeting. Mr. Schwab states that, without taking into consideration the value of the good-will and established businesses of the various plants and properties, nor of the very valuable patents, trade-marks, and processes owned or controlled, the assets of the company in the shape of iron and Bessemer ore mines, plants, mills, equipment, real estate, coal and coke fields, railroads, docks, ships, rolling stock, blast-furnaces, natural gas fields, limestone properties, and cash and cash assets, the actual value of the company's properties amounts to $1,400,291,000. He adds that for the past three months the company has been earning net at the rate of $150,766,000 a year, and that he believes the net earnings during the second year of its existence, or up to April 1, 1903, will probably exceed $140,000,000, or more than ten per cent. on a capitalization exceeding the total public debt of the United States. These figures are not easily grasped. They will, however, dispel any doubts as to the solidity and extent of the prosperity which exists in this country at the present moment.

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Financial

The Corn Exchange Bank

WILLIAM AND BEAVER STS., NEW YORK

WILLIAM A. NASH, - - - - - - President
THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

BRANCHES

ASTOR PLACE BRANCH,
Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
135 Fulton Avenue (Borough of Queens).
BROADWAY BRANCH,
Broadway and Spring Street.
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
Norfolk and Grand Streets.
ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
393 West 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
7 East 42d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
151 West 125th Street.
HUDSON RIVER BRANCH,
72d Street and Columbus Avenue.
MECHANICS & TRADERS BANK OF BROOKLYN,
Franklin and Greenpoint Aves. (Borough of Brooklyn).
QUEENS COUNTY BRANCH,
Borden Ave. and Front St. (Borough of Queens).
UNIVERSITY BRANCH,
299 Broadway.
UNION SQUARE BANK,
8 Union Square.

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM A. NASH, President.
DAVID BINGHAM, Grain.
THOMAS T. BARR, President of Nassau National Bank, Brooklyn.
M. B. FIELDING, Cotton.
HOWLAND DAVIS, Blake Bros. & Co.—Bankers.
CLARENCE H. KELSEY, President of Title Guarantee & Trust Co.
LEONARD J. BUSBY, Holt & Co.—Grain.
JOHN M. BOWERS, Bowers & Sands—Attorneys.
WM. RHINELANDER STEWART, Real Estate.
WILLIAM H. NICHOLS, President of General Chemical Co.
ALFRED C. BARNES, Vice-President of American Book Co.
ANTHONY N. BRADY, Capitalist.
WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, Vice-President of National Bank of North America.
R. R. CABLE, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Co.
WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR., President of Long Island Railroad Co.
WALTER E. FREW, Vice-President.
JAMES McGOVERN, Jas. McGovern & Co.—Bankers.

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
DANIEL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
BOWDOIN E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, - - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, - - - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
JOHN SINCLAIR, - - - - - John Sinclair & Co.
WILLIAM B. BOULTON, - - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
EDGAR L. MARSTON, - - - - - - - Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - - - President.

Financial

United States Mortgage & Trust Company

59 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING.

CAPITAL, $2,000,000. SURPLUS, $3,000,000.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION JUNE 30, 1902.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Stocks and Bonds	$6,017,533.35	Capital	$2,000,000.00
Mortgages	9,956,069.85	Surplus	3,000,000.00
Loans, Demand and Time	11,585,347.10	Undivided Profits	341,045.38
Bills Purchased	105,808.65	Deposits	17,675,313.89
Foreign Department	500,000.00	Certified Checks	102,081.99
Accrued Interest Receivable	235,338.53	Mortgage Trust Bonds	9,000,000.00
Cash on Hand and in Bank	3,840,748.54	Accrued Interest Payable	122,404.76
	$32,240,846.02		$32,240,846.02

A Dividend of 7% amounting to $140,000 has been declared and charged out of the profits of the past six months.

DIRECTORS:

SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,	GEORGE W. YOUNG, President.		ROBERT OLYPHANT,
WM. H. BALDWIN, JR.,	CHARLES D. DICKEY,	GUSTAV E. KISSEL,	CHARLES M. PRATT,
FREDERICK O. BARTON,	WILLIAM P. DIXON,	LUTHER KOUNTZE,	MORTIMER L. SCHIFF,
C. LEDYARD BLAIR,	ROBERT A. GRANNISS,	WILLIAM B. LEEDS,	JAMES TIMPSON,
DUMONT CLARKE,	G. G. HAVEN, JR.,	CHARLTON T. LEWIS,	EBEN B. THOMAS,
C. C. CUYLER,	CHARLES R. HENDERSON,	RICHARD A. McCURDY,	CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET

Capital - - = = = $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,000,000

OFFICERS

LEVI P. MORTON, President
THOMAS F. RYAN, Vice-President
JAMES K. CORBIÈRE, 2d Vice-Pres.
H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary
CHARLES A. CONANT, Treasurer
H. B. BERRY, Trust Officer
EUGENE E. VARET, Asst. Secretary
G. L. WILMERDING, Asst. Secretary

DIRECTORS

JOHN JACOB ASTOR,	G. G. HAVEN,	JOSEPH LAROCQUE,	SAMUEL REA,
GEORGE F. BAKER,	JOSEPH C. HENDRIX,	D. O. MILLS,	ELIHU ROOT,
EDWARD J. BERWIND,	ABRAM S. HEWITT,	LEVI P. MORTON,	THOMAS F. RYAN,
FREDERIC CROMWELL,	JAMES N. JARVIE,	RICHARD A. McCURDY,	JACOB H. SCHIFF,
JAMES B. DUKE,	WALTER S. JOHNSTON,	W. G. OAKMAN,	JOHN SLOANE,
HENRY M. FLAGLER,	A. D. JUILLIARD,	GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY,	WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

LEVI P. MORTON, G. G. HAVEN, GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY,
THOMAS F. RYAN, JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, JACOB H. SCHIFF,
EDWARD J. BERWIND, JAMES N. JARVIE, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

The **RIGHT** *of* **WAY**

By GILBERT PARKER

Illustrated $1.50

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Financial

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Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa, Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made. International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

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BANKERS
16 AND 18 EXCHANGE PLACE
NEW YORK
(Members New York Stock Exchange)

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30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

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CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKSELLS"

Official Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 28 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF QUEENS:
1ST WARD. VAN ALST AVENUE SEWER, between Flushing and Hoyt Avenues.
EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, June 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 28 to July 12, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:
24TH WARD, SECTIONS 11 AND 12. EAST 192D STREET (Primrose Street) SEWER, between Grand Avenue and Creston Avenue; JEROME AVENUE SEWER, between East 190th Street (St. James Street) and East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street); PARK VIEW TERRACE SEWER, between East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street) and Morris Avenue; KINGSBRIDGE ROAD SEWER, between Jerome Avenue and Creston Avenue; also, CRESTON AVENUE SEWER, between Kingsbridge Road and East 196th Street (Donnybrook Street).
EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, June 27, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 30 to July 14, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:
23D WARD, SECTION 10. TIFFANY STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, BUILDING APPROACHES, AND FENCING, from Intervale Avenue to the East River.
EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, June 27, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 30 to July 14, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named Avenue in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:
23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 9. MERRIAM AVENUE OPENING, from Ogden Avenue to Aqueduct Avenue. Confirmed June 13, 1902; entered June 28, 1902.
EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, June 28, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH of RICHMOND:
2D WARD. WARD AVENUE REGRADING AND MACADAMIZING, from Cebra Avenue to Occident Avenue; also, OCCIDENT AVENUE REGRADING AND MACADAMIZING, from Ward Avenue to Orient Avenue.
EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, June 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT in THE CITY RECORD of June 26 to July 10, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears of assessment for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:
23D AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11. BROADWAY (now called Crotona Avenue) REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Boston Road to the Southern Boulevard.
EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, June 24, 1902.

August Fiction Number

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

THE August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is always given up largely to fiction. This year it contains nine complete short stories. Artistically the number is one of the most beautiful ever published. The cover is in white, blue, and gold, and an unusual number of paintings are reproduced.

NOTABLE among the short stories is Edith Wharton's powerful and dramatic story, "The Reckoning," with pictures by Henry Hutt. Mary E. Wilkins contributes a strong love story, "Eglantina," for which A. I. Keller has made illustrations. The leading story in the number is by a new English writer, Netta Syrett. It is called "A Revelation in Arcadia," and it is accompanied by four full-page pictures in color from paintings by George Gibbs. Richard Le Gallienne has written for this number another incomparably dainty story of Perdita and her husband, which he calls "Perdita's Lovers"; it is accompanied by many exquisite pictures in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green, who draws exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. A charming little Japanese story, in monologue form, is "Cherry Blossoms," by van Tassel Sutphen. It is accompanied by many dainty drawings in pen-and-ink by William Hurd Lawrence. The humorous stories of the number are: "The Fox's Understudy," a rattling good tale by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, with pictures by Florence Scovel Shinn, and "A Disguised Providence," by E. S. Martin, with drawings by W. L. Jacobs. There is also a delightfully amusing story, "The Economy of Jane Stebbins," by a new writer. Roy Rolfe Gilson, whose stories in the MAGAZINE have already attracted much attention, contributes another of his tenderly human sketches, "Little Sister." It is illustrated in color by Alice Barber Stephens.

THE serious articles of the number are peculiarly interesting and readable. Maurice Maeterlinck writes of "The Wrath of the Bee," a paper much in the vein of his delightful book on the bee. Dr. Hallock discusses the question of "Who Peopled America." André Castaigne writes of the romantic trip made by "France's Touring Craftsmen," and his article is illustrated with many of his own drawings reproduced in tint. The scientific article of the number is a valuable and fully illustrated paper on Professor Becquerel's discoveries in radio-activity. Dr. Kenyon, of the British Museum, tells how the classics have come down to us from the first MSS.

THE serial feature of the number is another strong instalment of Mrs. Humphry Ward's great novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter."

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The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER VII

A DANGEROUS GAME

THERE were whispers about Beaufort Chance, and nods and winks such as a man in his position had better have given no occasion for; men told one another things in confidence at the club; they were quite sure of them, but at the same time very anxious not to be vouched as authority. For there seemed no proof. The list of shareholders of the Dramoffsky Concessions did not display his name; it did display, as owners of blocks of shares, now larger, now smaller, a number of names unknown to fame, social or financial: even Fricker's interest was modest according to the list, and Beaufort Chance's seemed absolutely nothing. Yet still the whispers grew.

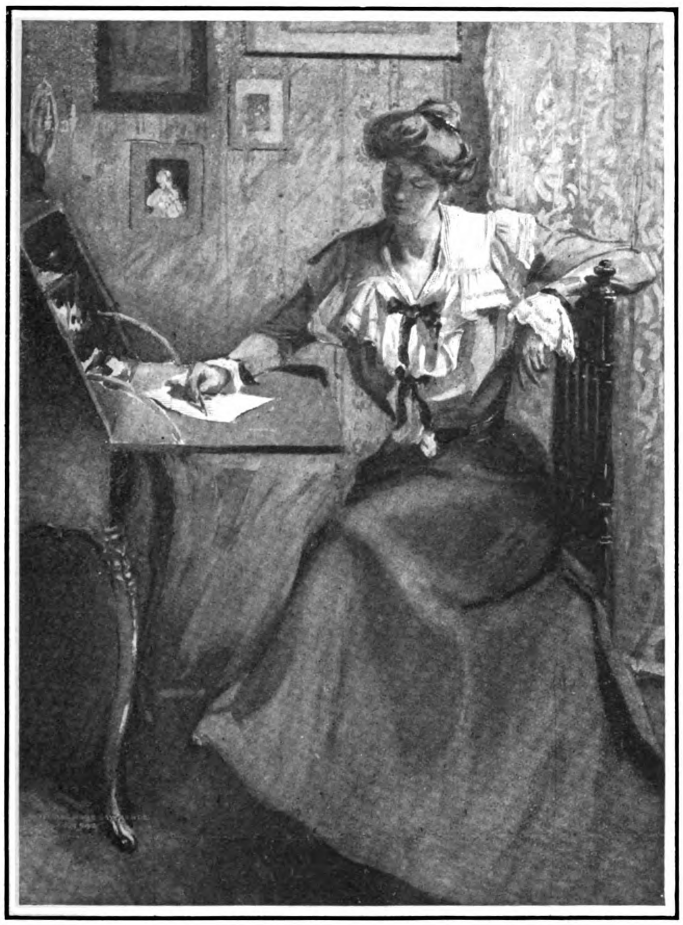
Beaufort knew it by the subtle sense that will tell men who depend on what people say of them what people are saying. He divined it with a politician's sensitiveness to opinion. He saw a touch of embarrassment where he was accustomed to meet frankness; he discerned constraint in quarters where everything had been cordiality. He perceived the riskiness of the game he played. He urged Fricker to secrecy and to speed; they must not be seen together so much, and the matter must be put through quickly; these were his two requirements. He was in something of a terror; his manner grew nervous and his face careworn. He knew that he could look for little mercy if he were discovered; he had outraged the code. But he held on his way. His own money was in the venture; if it were lost he was crippled in the race on which he had entered. Trix Trevalla's money was in it too; he wanted Trix Trevalla and he wanted her rich.

Fricker was not inclined to hurry himself, and he played with the plea for secrecy in a way that showed a consciousness of power over his associate. He had been in one or two scandals, and to be in another would have interfered with his plans — or at least with Mrs. Fricker's. Yet there is much difference between a man who does not want any more scandals and him who, for the sake of a great prize risking one, would be ruined if his venture miscarried.

But there was hurry in Fricker's family, though not in Fricker. The season was half gone; little progress had been made; effect from Trix Trevalla's patronage or favor was conspicuously lacking. Mrs. Fricker did not hesitate to impute double-dealing to Trix, to declare that she meant to give nothing and to take all she could. Fricker had a soul somewhat above these small matters, but he observed honor with his wife—for his oath's sake and a quiet life's. Moreover, be the affair what it would, suggest to him that he was being "bested" in it, and he became dangerous.

A word is necessary about the position of Dramoffskys. They had collapsed badly on Lord Farringham's pessimistic speech. Presently they began to revive on the strength of "inside buying"; yet their rise was slow and languid, the Stock Exchange was distrustful, the public would not come in. There was a nice little profit ("Not a scoop at present," observed Fricker) for those who had bought at the lowest figure, but more rumors would stop the rise and might send quotations tumbling again. It was all-important to know, or to be informed by somebody who did, just how long to hold on, just when to come out.

Trix was praying for speed and secrecy as urgently as Beaufort Chance himself; for secrecy from Mrs. Bonfill, from Mervyn, from all her eminent friends; for speed that the enterprise might be prosperously accomplished, the money made, and she be free again. No more ventures for her, if once she were free, she declared. If once she were—free! There she would pause and insist with herself that she had given Beaufort Chance no reason to expect more than the friendship which was all that he had openly claimed, nor the Frickers any right to look for greater countenance or aid than her own acquaintance and hospitality insured them.



A very kindly note to Mr. Fricker

At this point Mr. Liffey made entry on the scene with an article in the *Sentinel*. Mr. Liffey had a terribly keen nose for misdeeds of all sorts and for secrets most inconvenient if disclosed. He was entirely merciless and inexhaustibly good-natured. He never abused anybody; he dealt with facts, leaving each person to judge those facts by his own moral standard, or said so; but he had every idea of making the *Sentinel* a paying property. He came out now with an article whose heading seemed to harm nobody — since people with certain names must by now be hardened to having their patronymics employed in a representative capacity. "Who are Brown, Jones, and Robinson?" was the title of the article in the *Sentinel*. As the reader proceeded — and there were many readers—he found no more about these names, and gathered that Mr. Liffey employed them (with a touch of contempt, maybe) to indicate those gentlemen who, themselves unknown to fame, figured so largely in the share list of the Dramoffskys. With a persistence worthy of some better end than that of making fellow-creatures uncomfortable, or of protecting a public that can hardly be said to deserve it, Mr. Liffey tracked these unoffending gentlemen to the honorable, though modest, suburban homes in which they dwelt, had the want of delicacy to disclose their avocations and the amount of their salaries, touched jestingly on the probable claims of their large families (he had their children by name!), and ended by observing, with an innocent surprise, that their holdings in Dramoffskys showed them to possess either resources of which his staff had not been able to inform him, or, on the other hand, a commercial enterprise which deserved higher remuneration than they appeared to be enjoying.

Within an hour of the appearance of this article Beaufort Chance entered Fricker's study in great perturbation. He found that gentleman calm and composed.

"How much does Liffey know?" asked Chance, almost trembling.

Fricker shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't much matter."

"If he knows that I'm in it, that I've—"

"He won't know you're in it, unless one of the fellows gives

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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us away. Clarkson knows about you, and Tyrrwhitt—none of the rest. I think I can keep them quiet. And we'll get out now. It's not as good as I hoped, but it's pretty good, and it's time to go." He looked up at Chance and licked his cigar. "Now's the moment to settle matters with the widow," he went on. "You go and tell her what I want and what you want. I don't trust her, and I want to see; and, Beaufort, don't tell her about Dramoffskys till you find out what she means. If she's playing square, all right. If not,"—he smiled pensively,—"she may find out for herself the best time for selling Dramoffskys—and Glowing Stars too."

Beaufort Chance scowled as he poured himself out a whiskey-and-soda. But he was Fricker's man and he must obey. He went out, the spectre of Mr. Liffey seeming to walk with him and to tap him on the shoulder in a genial way.

At eleven o'clock Beaufort Chance arrived at Trix Trevalla's and sent up his name. Mrs. Trevalla sent down to say that she would be glad to see him at lunch. He returned that his business was important and would not bear delay. In ten minutes he found himself in her presence. She wore a loose morning-gown, her hair was carefully dressed, she looked very pretty; there was an air of excitement about her; fear and triumph seemed to struggle for ascendency in her manner. She laid a letter down on the table by her as he entered.

"What's the hurry about?" she asked, with a languor that was not very plausible. "Dramoff-kys?"

"Dramoffskys are all right," said he, deliberately, as he sat down opposite her. "But I want a talk with you, Trix."

"Did we settle that you were to call me Trix?"

"I think of you as that."

"Well, but that's much less compromising—and just as complimentary."

"Business! business!" he smiled, giving her appearance an approving glance. "Fricker and I have been having a talk. We're not satisfied with you, partner."

"Am I not most amiable to Mr. Fricker, and Mrs., and Miss?" Trix's face had clouded at the first mention of Fricker.

"You women are generally hopeless in business, but I expected better things from you. Now let's come to the point. What have you done for the Frickers?"

Reluctantly brought to the point, Trix recounted with all possible amplitude what she considered she had done. Her hand was often on the letter as she spoke. At the end, with a quick glance at Beaufort, she said:

"And really that's all I can do. They're too impossible, you know."

He rose and stood on the hearth-rug.

"That's all you can do?" he asked in a level smooth voice.

"Yes. Oh, a few more big squashes, perhaps. But it's nonsense talking of the Glentorlys or of any of Mrs. Bonfill's really nice evenings."

"It's not nonsense. You could do it if you liked. You know Mrs. Bonfill, anyhow, would do it to please you; and I believe the Glentorlys would too."

"Well, then, I don't like," said Trix Trevalla.

He frowned heavily and seemed as if he were going to break out violently. But he waited a moment and then spoke calmly again. The truth is that Fricker's interests were nothing to him. They might go, provided he could show that he had done his best for them; but doing his best must not involve sacrificing his own chances.

"So much for Fricker! I must say you've a cool way with you, Trix."

"The way you speak annoys me very much sometimes," remarked Trix, reflectively.

"Why do you suppose he interested himself in your affairs?"

"I've done what I could." Her lips shut obstinately. "If I try to do more I sha'n't help the Frickers and I shall hurt myself."

"That's candid, at all events." He smiled a moment. "Don't be in a hurry to say it to Fricker, though."

"It 'll be best to let the truth dawn on him gradually," smiled Trix. "Is that all you wanted to say? Because I'm not dressed, and I promised to be at the Glentorlys' at half past twelve."

"No, it's not all I've got to say."

"Oh, well, be quick, then."

Her indifference was overdone, and Beaufort saw it. A suspicion came into his mind. "So much for Fricker!" he had said. Did she dare to think of meting out the same cavalier treatment to him?

"I wish you'd attend to me and let that letter alone," he said in a sudden spasm of irritation.

"As soon as you begin, I'll attend," retorted Trix; "but you're not saying anything. You're only saying you're going to say something." Her manner was annoying; perhaps she would have welcomed the diversion of a little quarrel.

But Beaufort was not to be turned aside; he was bent on business. Fricker, it seemed, was disposed of. He remained. But before he could formulate a beginning to this subject, Trix broke in.

"I want to get out of these speculations as soon as I can," she said. "I don't mind about not making any more money, as long as I don't lose any. I'm tired of—of the suspense, and—and so on. And, oh, I won't have anything more to do with the Frickers!"

He looked at her in quick distrust.

"Your views have undergone a considerable change," he remarked. "You don't want to speculate! You don't mind about not making any more money!"

Trix looked down and would not meet his eyes.

"Going to live on what you've got?" he asked mockingly. "Or is it a case of cutting down expenses and retiring to the country?"

"I don't want to discuss my affairs. I've told you what I wish."

He took a turn across the room and came back. His voice was still calm, but the effort was obvious.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Trix.

"That's not true."

"Nothing that concerns you, I mean."

"Am I to be treated like Fricker? Do you want to have nothing more to do with me?"

"Nonsense! I want us to be friends, of course."

"You seem to think you can use men just as you please. As long as they're useful you'll be pleasant—you'll promise anything—"

"I never promised anything."

"Oh, women don't promise only in words. You'll promise anything, hold out any hopes, let anything be understood! No promises, no! You don't like actual lying, perhaps, but you'll lie all the while in your actions and your looks."

Trix was certainly no more than partly responsible for any trouble in which Mr. Chance's dealings might land him; but we cannot attend to our own faults in the very hour of preaching to others. Chance seemed to himself a most ill-used man; he had no doubt that but for Trix Trevalla he would have followed an undeviatingly straight path in public and private morality.

"Well, what have you got to say?" he demanded roughly, almost brutally.

"I've nothing to say while you speak like that."

"Didn't you lead me to suppose you liked me?"

"I did like you."

"Stuff! You know what I mean. When I helped you—when I introduced Fricker to you—was that only friendship? You knew better. And at that time I was good enough for you. I'm not good enough for you now. So I'm kicked out with Fricker! It's a precious dangerous game you play, Trix."

"Don't call me Trix."

"I might call you worse than that, and not do you any wrong. You'll find you can't go on in this fashion," he added. "I don't know what your plan is now, though perhaps I can guess. You mean to start afresh, eh? Not always so easy." His look and voice were full of a candid contempt; he spoke to her as a criminal might to his confederate who had "rounded on" him in consideration of favors from the police.

He did not strike her; but in the end, suddenly and with a coarse laugh, he stooped down and wrenched the letter from her hand, not caring if he hurt her. She gave a little cry, but sat there without a movement save to chafe her wrenched fingers softly against the palm of the other hand. Beaufort Chance read the letter; it was very short: "I knew you would do what I wish. Expect me to-morrow.—M."

Trix wanted to feel horrified at his conduct—at his brutality, its license, its absolute ignoring of all the canons of decent conduct. Look at him, as he stood there reading her letter, jeering at it in a rancorous scorn and a derision charged with hatred! She could not concentrate her indignation on her own wrong. Suddenly she saw his too—his and Fricker's. She was outraged; but the outrage persisted in having a flavor of deserved punishment. It was brutal; was it unjust? On that question she stuck fast as she looked up and saw him reading her letter. The next instant he tore it across and flung it into the grate behind him.

"You'll do as he wishes!" he sneered. "He knows you will! Yes, he knows you're for sale, I suppose, just as I know it, and as Fricker knows it. He can bid higher, eh? Well, I hope he'll get delivery of the goods he buys. We haven't."

He buttoned his frock-coat and looked round for his hat.

"Well, I've got a lot to do. I must go," he said, with a curious unconscious return to the ordinary tone and manner of society. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Chance," said Trix, stretching out her hand towards the bell.

"I'll let myself out," he interposed, hastily.

Trix rose slowly to her feet; she was rather pale and had some trouble to keep her lips from twitching. Speak she could not; her brain would do nothing but repeat his words; it would not denounce him for them, nor impugn their truth; it would only repeat them. Whether they were just or not was a question that seemed to fall into the background; it was enough that anybody should be able to use them, and find her without a reply.

Suddenly another thing occurred to her. What about Dramoffskys? What about her precious money? There she was, in the hands of these men whom she had flouted and enraged, so ignorant that she could do nothing for herself, absolutely at their mercy. What would they do? Would they wash their hands of her?

"Well, if they do—and I suppose they will—I must sell everything directly, even if I lose by it," she thought. "That's the only thing, and I sha'n't be quite ruined, I hope."

Alas, how we misjudge our fellow-creatures! This trite reflection, always useful as a corrective either to cynicism or to enthusiasm, was to recur to Trix before the close of the day and to add one more to its already long list of emotions. Wash their hands of her? Concern themselves no more with her? That was not, it seemed, Mr. Fricker's intention anyhow. The evening post brought her a letter from him; she opened it with shrinking, fearing fresh denunciations, feeling herself little able to bear any

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more flagellation. Yet she opened it on the spot: she was unavoidably anxious about Dramoffskys.

Threats! Flagellation! Nothing of the sort. Fricker wrote in the friendliest mood; he was almost playful:

"My dear Mrs. Trevalla,—I understand from our friend Beaufort Chance that he had an interview with you to-day. I have nothing to do with what concerns you and him only, and no desire to meddle. But as regards myself, I fear that his friendly zeal may have given you rather a mistaken impression. I am grateful for your kindness, which is, I know, limited only by your ability to serve me, and I shall think it a privilege to look after your interests as long as you leave them in my charge. I gather from Chance that you are anxious to sell your Dramoffskys at the first favorable moment. I will bear this in mind. Let me, however, take the liberty of advising you to think twice before you part with your Glowing Stars. I hear good reports, and even a moderate rise would give you a very nice little profit on the small sum which you intrusted to me for investment in G. S.'s.

Very faithfully yours,
Sydney Fricker."

There was nothing wherewith to meet this letter save a fit of remorse, a very kindly note to Mr. Fricker, and a regret that it was really impossible to do much for the Frickers. These emotions and actions duly occurred, and Trix Trevalla went to bed in

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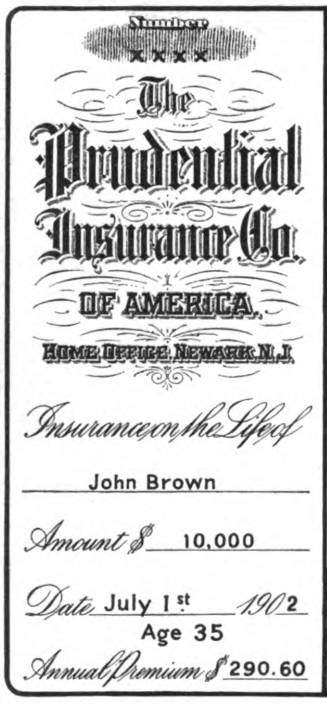
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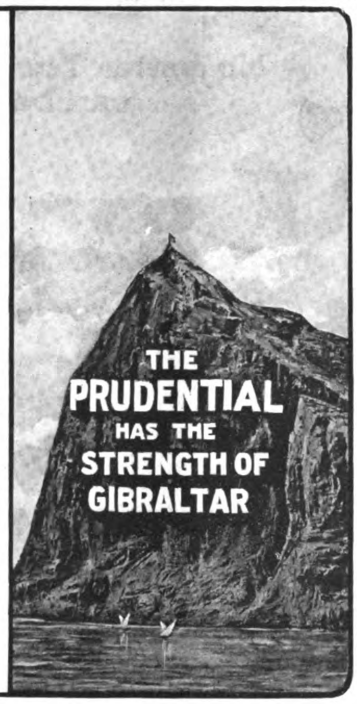
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a more tolerable frame of mind than had at one time seemed probable.

CHAPTER VIII

USURPERS ON THE THRONE

AIREY NEWTON was dressing for dinner, for that party of his which Tommy Trent had brought about, and which was causing endless excitement in the small circle. He arrayed himself slowly and ruefully, choosing with care his least frayed shirt, glancing ever and again at a parcel of five-pound notes which lay on the table in front of him. There were more notes than the dinner would demand, however lavish in his orders Tommy might have been; Airey had determined to run no risks. He was trying hard to persuade himself that he was going to have a pleasant evening, and to enjoy dispensing to his friends a sumptuous hospitality. The task was a difficult one. He could not help thinking that those notes were not made to perish; they were created in order that they might live and breed; he hated to fritter them away. Yet he hated himself for hating it.

The dinner was a splendid affair. Airey had left all the ordering to Tommy Trent, and Tommy had been imperial. There were flowers without stint on the table; there were bouquets and button-holes; there was a gorgeously emblazoned bill of fare; there were blocks of ice specially carved in fantastic forms; there were hand-painted cards with the names of the guests curiously wrought thereon.

Trix came in splendor. She was very radiant, feeling sure that her troubles were at an end, and her sins forgiven in the popular and practical sense that she would suffer no more inconvenience from them. Had not Beaufort Chance raved his worst? and was not Fricker—well, at heart a gentleman? asked she, with a smile. There was more. Triumph was impending; nay, it was won; it waited only to be declared.

Peggy was late; this was nothing unusual, but the delay seemed long to Tommy Trent, who awaited with apprehension her attitude towards the lavishness of the banquet. Would she walk out again? He glanced at Airey. Airey appeared commendably easy in his mind, and was talking to Trix Trevalla with reassuring animation.

"Here she comes!" cried Horace Harnack.

Peggy had a new frock. And it was black—plain black, quite unrelieved. Now she never wore black, not because it was unbecoming, but just for a fad. A new black frock must surely portend something. Peggy's manner enforced that impression. She did indeed give one scandalized cry of "Airey!" when she saw the preparations, but evidently her mind was seriously preoccupied; she said she had been detained by business.

"Frock hadn't come home, I suppose?" suggested Miles Childwick witheringly.

"It hadn't," Peggy admitted, "but I had most important letters to write too." She paused, and then added, "I don't suppose I ought to be here at all, but I had to come to Airey's party. My uncle in Berlin is dead."

"I'm sorry your uncle's dead," said Tommy to her, gravely.

"Oh, so am I! He was always disagreeable, but he was kind too. I'm really sorry. Oh, but Tommy—"

The effort was thoroughly well meant, but sorrow had not much of a chance. Peggy's sincerity was altogether too strong and natural. She was overwhelmed by the extraordinary effect of the uncle's death.

"He's left me twenty thousand marks," she gasped out at last. "Don't tell anybody—not yet."

"Well done him," said Tommy Trent. "I knew he was a good sort—from those checks, you know!"

"A thousand pounds!" mused Peggy Ryle. She looked down at her garment. "So I got a frock for him, you see," she explained.

"Look here," said Tommy. "You've got to give me that money, you know."

Peggy turned astonished and outraged eyes on him.

"I'll invest it for you, and get you forty or fifty pounds a year for it — regular — quarterly."

"I'm going to spend it," Peggy announced,

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sively. "There are a thousand things ...nt to do with it. It is good of uncle!"
"No, no! You give it to me. You must ...n to value money."
"You say that when you've made poor ...w give us this dinner!" she cried tri...hantly.
With a wry smile Tommy Trent gave up ...argument; he had no answer to that. ...he was a little vexed. He was a normal ...about money; his two greatest friends—...y and Airey Newton—were at the ex...me in different directions. What did that ...ify? Well, after all, something. The at...ude people hold towards money is, in ...way and another, a curiously far-reach...thing, both in its expression of them and ...s effect on others. Just as there was ...ws an awkwardness between Tommy and ...y Newton because Airey would not spend ...much as he ought, there was now a hint ...ension, of disapproval on one side and of ...fance on the other, because Peggy meant ...spend all that she had. There is no safety ...n in having nothing; the problems you ...ape for yourself you raise for your ...nds.

A lull in the cheerful and lively conver...tion came with the arrival of coffee. Per...s they were exhausted. At any rate, ...n Miles Childwick began to talk they ...not stop him at once as their custom ..., but let him go on for a little while. ...e was a thin-faced man with a rather sharp ...se, prematurely bald, and bowed about the ...lders. Trix Trevalla watched him with ...e interest.

"If there were such a thing as being poor ...unsuccessful," he remarked, with some...ing that was almost a wink in his eye (Trix took it to deprecate interruption), "it would probably be very unpleasant. Of ...rse, however, it does not exist. The im...ression to the contrary is an instance of ...at I will call the Fallacy of Broad Views. ...e are always taking broad views of our ...ighbors' lives; then we call them names. ...appily we very seldom need to take them ...f our own." He paused, looked round the ...ent table, and observed gravely, "This is ...ry unusual."

Only a laugh from Peggy, who would ...ve laughed at anything, broke the still...ss. He resumed:

"You call a man poor, meaning thereby ...at he has little money by the year. Ladies ...d gentlemen, we do not feel in years, we ...e not hungry *per annum*. You call him ...successful because a number of years ...ave him much where he was in most things. ...t may well be a triumph!" He paused ...d asked, "Shall I proceed?"

"If you have another and quite different ...ea," said Arty Kane.

"Well, then, that Homogeneity of For...une is undesirable among friends."

"Trite and obvious," said Manson Smith. "It excludes the opportunity of lending ...ers."

"I shall talk no more," said Childwick. "If we all spoke plain English originality ...uld become impossible."

The end of the evening came earlier than ...ual. Peggy was going to a party or two. ...he had her hansom waiting to convey her. ...t had, it appeared, been waiting all through ...inner. With her departure the rest melt...d away. Trix Trevalla, again reluctant to ...o, at last found herself alone with Airey ...Newton, Tommy having gone out to look ...for her carriage. The waiter brought the ...ill and laid it down beside Airey.

"Is it good luck or bad luck for Peggy?" ...she asked, reflectively.

"For Peggy it is good luck; she has in...stincts that save her. But she'll be very ...poor again." He came back to that idea ...persistently.

"She'll marry somebody and be rich." A ...sudden thought came and made her ask ...Airey, "Would you marry for money?"

He thought long, taking no notice of the ...bill beside him. "No," he said at last; "I ...shouldn't care about money I hadn't ...made."

"A funny reason for the orthodox con...clusion!" she laughed. "What does it mat...ter who made it, as long as you have it?"

Airey shook his head in an obstinate way. Tommy Trent, just entering the doorway, saw him lay down three or four notes; he did not look at the bills. The waiter with

(Continued on page 1001.)

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Cleanliness is not important, for the users never see it brewed.

Any water will do. No air is too impure for the cooling.

No filtering, no sterilizing; almost no ageing, for ageing ties up money.

What is the use of expense and care when there is no reputation to defend?—

When few people who drink it know even the name of the maker.

PURE BEER

calls for the best materials—the best that money can buy.

The brewery must be as clean as your kitchen; the utensils as clean.

The cooling must be done in filtered air, in a plate glass room.

The product must be aged for months, until thoroughly fermented, else it causes biliousness.

The beer must be filtered, then sterilized in the bottle.

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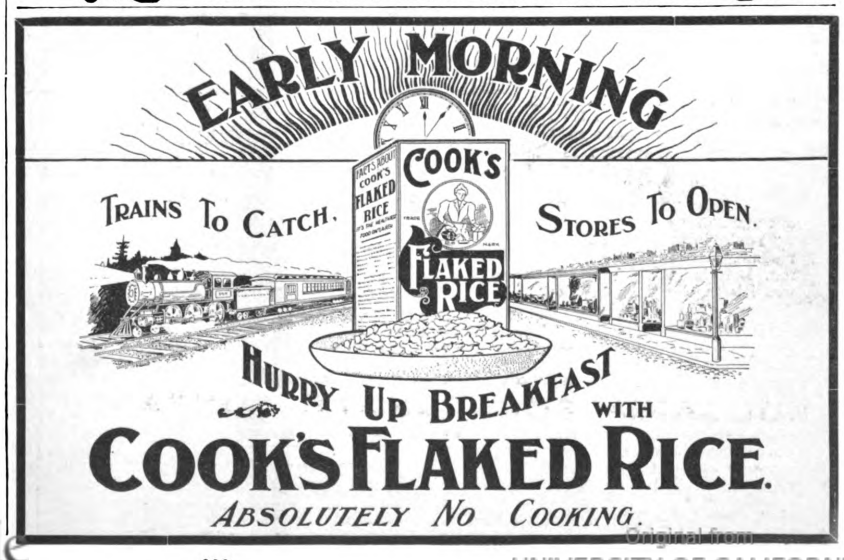
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Chimmie Fadden:

Of Society Press-Agents

"DE poipers is putting de cry on de Newport set dat had a monkey to dinner," says Mr. Paul. "I am sorry to see dis. De kind of people who invites lap dogs to lunch, and monkeys to dinner, is to be encouraged," he says, "in deir efforts for self-improvement."

"It's de most disgusting ting I ever heard of," says Whiskers. "It keeps decent people from Newport. It's dis press-agented, brass-band set dat made me let our cottage dere dis summer."

"Sir," says Mr. Paul, "you do dese people injustice. Your tone denotes contempt. De philosophy wit which you gets de strangle holt on most subjects has give you de shake, I fear."

"I agree wit Mr. Van Courtlandt," says Widdy. "One makes no excuses for downright wickedness, but one may understand it. Dat's more dan can be said of downright idiocy. If I could, I would blush for 'em."

"Calm yourself, madam," says Mr. Paul. "We presoives our good healt and looks, only if we presoives our temper. Let us," he says, "consider dese tings wit good temper, and dereby increase our beauty and our toist. Folks who enjoy de company of a monkey, or a poodle, at table, enjoys still more having everybody on eart talking about it. How does dey bring dis to pass? Why, as Mr. Van Courtlandt was saying, by de press-agent. Notting in dis day of distress gives such refreshment to my jaded spirits as de woik of de press-agent. For a time de teeatrical press-agent was a pure joy, but he has been overwoiked: his writing shows a lack of sprightliness, like a mobile-autor, who spins out two large hysterical novels witout going back to de station to have his batteries recharged. De teeatre press-agent had to depend upon his imagination for his stories, while de society press-agent has all his stories furnished by facts; he has only to tell de trut and beat his teeatrical brodder to a standstill. How is dis so? you ask. Dead easy. Actors are really a practical, harmless lot of folk, who employ press-agents in de way of business, not for deir own amusement. Dey live commonplace lives, seldom doing a ting wort a piece in de poipers. But society folk, of de dog and monkey lunch breed, is more kinds of a qualified fool dan a bookkeeper could figure out. Dey enjoys being fools; but dey most enjoys being press-agented as such."

"I don't see," says Widdy, "dat you is making out much of a case for 'em."

"You're impatient, me dear madam. Dis is de silly season. Dere is little going on in de woild, of serious interest; if dere was it's too hot to read about it. In such season, in past years, de capable, hard-woiking editor has invented subjects for us to be silly about: de White Horse and Red-haired Goil, Why is a Hen, How to Kill Cooks, Americanisms in Chaucer, and such like. Now, de editor's invention is no longer called upon. Why? Ah, we come to it: de society press-agent has come. He is toined loose in de wide and roomy columns of de press, and what was a wilderness becomes a garden of choice flowers of fact; what was de dull season is made a continuous vaudeville. Life could not be endured dese days if de sting of boredom was not took away by de story of a cat christening, a poodle small-and-early, or a monkey on de right hand of a society darling at dinner. All tings has deir uses in dis woild; dough some of 'em makes us long for de next. Caligula made his horse a Consul and had him to dinner."

"Yes," says Miss Fannie, "and as a monkey is to a horse, so is dese people you is talking about to Caligula."

"And," says Whiskers, "if I remembers history, de people killed Caligula."

"You is hopeful," says Widdy.

"Dere must be one ting in favor of having a truly monkey next to you at dinner," says Miss Fannie; "one would not have to listen to his stories, as one must to men monkeys."

"I regrets exceeding," says Mr. Paul, "dat me best efforts fail to make you treat dis subject witout harshness or contempt. Aside from de harmless merriment deir press-agents give us, dese folks, no doubt, benefits by de society of deir new guests at dinner. When dey has invaded de animal kingdom a little furder, and added to deir dinner invitation lists an ass and a hog, we shall see such improvement in deir wit and manners as shall make de judicious rejoice."



Affinities

"Folks who enjoy de company of a monkey at table enjoys still more having everybody on eart' talking about it"

Say, did you ever hear such a game of talk as dose. Dat whole puppy lunch game I tink is to de bad—on de bum, for fair—but when I was telling Duchess about it she says it was all to de good. "Good for what?" says I.

Listen: she tells me someting. She says dat if folks wit notting to do for a living, and boodle in rolls dat has no end to 'em, don't do fool tings, like dose puppy and monkey tricks, dey does tings dat is woise. She says dat in de forn country what she comes from dere was a push in power once what got deir own gang in office; and de gang fixed up de taxes so dat de poor paid for de boodlers' high rolling, and dey was de highest rollers dat ever struck de pike. If dose boodlers—what Duchess calls de nobles—had only dined monkeys dere would been no kick coming to de poor.

"Did dey make de kick?" says I.

"Did dey!" says Duchess. "Dey made a kick what was de hardest ever. Dey kicked de heads off de nobles. It was done by a machine called de guillitine. Dere would been no use for such a machine," says Duchess, "if de nobles had only gone in for cat teas, and poodle lunches."

Den she couldn't tell me no more in English. When she gets on dat subject she gets seeing red; and when she sees red she can talk only French. So I asks Mr. Paul about it.

"De kicking machine Hortense was telling you of," says Mr. Paul, "was prescribed by a Doctor Guillitine. It was a rest cure. De doctor took de cure himself. It is said by some, who never took it, to be good for de ills of de body politic, but dose dat has took de cure never gave it no testymonials. Dey has remained strangely silent on de subject. Political doctors has seldom prescribed it for dose suffering from de poodle lunch habit. Dat's a pity, too, for Doctor Guillitine's cure removes de seat of de disease of dose afflicted wit de monkey dinner mania. One dose, and de unsound part tumbles into a basket."

If Mr. Paul wasn't giving me a jolly, dat Doc Guillitine should hang out his shingle in dis country. If he don't—de monk to de centre of de table!

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LEGHORN, ITALY

(Continued from page 999.)

a smile gave him back one, saying, "*Pardon, monsieur!*" and pointing to the amount of the account. Tommy stood where he was, looking on still.

"Well, I must go," said Trix, rising. "You've given us a great deal of pleasure; I hope you've enjoyed it yourself!"

The waiter brought back the bill and the change. Airey scooped up the change carelessly and gave back a sovereign. Tommy could not see the coin, but he saw the waiter's low and cordial bow. He was smiling broadly as he came up to Airey.

"Business done, old fellow? We must see Mrs. Trevalla into her carriage."

"Good-by to you both," said Trix. "Such an evening!" Her eyes were bright; she seemed rather moved. There was in Tommy's opinion nothing to account for any emotion, but Airey Newton was watching her with a puzzled air.

"And I shall remember that there's no such thing as being poor or unsuccessful," she laughed. "We must thank Mr. Childwick for that."

"There's nothing of that sort for you," anyhow, Mrs. Trevalla," said Tommy. He offered his arm, but withdrew it again, smiling. "I forgot the host's privileges," he said.

He followed them down stairs, and saw Airey put Trix in her carriage.

"Good-by," she called wistfully, as she was driven away.

"Shall we stroll?" asked Tommy. The night was fine this time.

They walked along in silence for some little way. Then Airey said:

"Thank you, Tommy."

"It was no trouble," said Tommy generously, "and you did it really well."

It was no use. Airey had struggled with the secret; he had determined not to tell anybody—not to think of it or to take account of it even within himself. But it would out.

"It's all right. I happened to get a little payment to-day—one that I'd quite given up hope of ever seeing."

"How lucky, old chap!" Tommy was content to say.

It was evident that progress would be gradual. Airey was comforting himself with the idea that he had given his dinner without encroaching on his hoard.

Yet something had been done—more than Tommy knew of, more than he could fairly have taken credit for. When Airey reached Danes Inn he found it solitary, and he found it mean. His safe and his red book were not able to comfort him. No thought of change came to him; he was far from that. He did not even challenge his mode of life or quarrel with the motive that inspired it. The usurper was still on the throne in his heart, even as Trix's usurper sat still enthroned in hers. Airey got no farther than to be sorry that the motive and the mode of life necessitated certain things and excluded others. He was not so deeply affected but that he put these repinings from him with a strong hand. Yet they recurred obstinately, and pictures long foreign to him rose before his eyes. He had a vision of a great joy bought at an enormous price, purchased with a pang that he at once declared would be unendurable. But the vision was there, and seemed bright.

"What a comforting thing impossibility is sometimes!" His reflections took that form as he smoked his last pipe. If all things were possible, what struggles there would be! He could never be called upon to choose between the vision and the pang. That would be spared him by the blessing of impossibility.

Rare as the act was, it could hardly be the giving of a dinner which had roused these new and strange thoughts in him. The vision borrowed form and color from the commonest mother of visions—a woman's face.

Two or three days later Peggy Ryle brought him seven hundred pounds—because he had a safe. He said the money would be all right, and, when she had gone, stowed it away in the appointed receptacle.

"I keep my own there," he had explained, with an ironical smile, and had watched Peggy's carefully grave nod with an inward groan.

To be Continued.

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Automobiling

THE result of the Paris-Vienna race was unexpected to those who have followed the course of motor-car construction. That the speed should have been of so high an average—in some cases over sixty miles an hour for a considerable period—was not so surprising, but that the winner of the race, M. Rénault, in a motor-car of his own make, developing but thirty horse-power, should overcome motors of more than double that power, was unlooked for. In the fact that the winning machine was much heavier in proportion than its competitors lay the secret of its success. The heavier-powered cars were refined and cut away to such an extent that their tremendous power was rendered useless, as at highest speed it was impossible to hold them steady on the road, a most essential element in a long-distance race. This departure from former methods of construction is to be deplored, as tending toward the output of different species of freak racers.

The touring-car, not the racer, is fortunately to be the standard type. To be torn through the air at such speed as to preclude breathing except in gasps, with feet numbed by vibration, eyes strained from watching the road leap beneath the car, is hardly conducive to an enjoyable outing or to the peace of the public mind. The President of the Automobile Club, an experienced motorist who has covered several thousand miles of road in this country and in France, has set the good example of eschewing red or blue devils, and pays less attention to the delights of the stop-watch than to a comfortable journey. His car has recently been fitted with a clever device to keep off the dust; it is like a buggy-top, with a slant toward the rear. When the car is in rapid motion the air rushes down over the top, and effectually dispels the dust which follows.



M. Renault, Winner of the Paris-Vienna Race, entering the Controle at Innsbruck through two long Lines of Waiting Spectators

As a result of a meeting which the board of governors of the Automobile Club held last week, a circular was drawn up to send to members, suggesting methods by which horses could be accustomed to automobiles. It is in part:

A few owners of automobiles are inconsiderate and drive their vehicles recklessly on the public roads. A small number of owners and operators of automobiles are unskilful, and they do not appreciate the care and skill necessary in driving a self-propelled vehicle until they have met with or caused an accident. These two classes of people have done much to injure the sport and the industry of automobiling. We are glad to see that but few members of this club have been guilty of recklessness, of want of consideration for the rights of others on the highways, or of want of skill.

It is far better to take a little trouble than to cause an accident which, outside of damage to property, may produce pain, suffering, and even loss of life. Horses that are used in or about large cities, and in towns where there are trolley roads, are but little frightened by automobiles. When, however, a horse unaccustomed to automobiles meets one in a quiet country road he is frequently frightened; he shies, sending the wagon into the ditch, or he turns around short and upsets the wagon. To accustom horses to automobiles in the country, some of the members of the club have with considerable success undertaken the training of horses in the communities where they reside. We desire to call this matter to your attention, and to ask every member of the club who can, either himself or his mechanic (if he employs one), to devote an hour every morning to the training of horses in his vicinity during the next few weeks, and to report on September 1, to the secretary, the number of horses he has succeeded in training, and the effect his work has had on the community where he resides.

The following method of training horses has proven very successful by several members of the club: Select a place, preferably a small square in your town where the road is wide, or a mile of wide road where there are no ditches, if possible. Have the horse or horses to be trained driven five or six miles sharply before the lesson begins. A well-fed animal just taken from the stable is apt to feel so good that he will cut up on the least provocation.

The horse to be trained if possible should be harnessed alongside of a horse that is accustomed to automobiles. If this cannot be done he should be driven. It has not been found satisfactory to lead or ride a horse in breaking him in to an automobile. Under these circumstances he is too free and too little subject to control.

First Lesson.—Send the automobile around this square or along the road at about six miles an hour. Have the horse which is to be trained follow the automobile at a distance of about ten feet. He will do this without protest. Let him follow the automobile for about fifteen minutes. Then have the horse pass the automobile, leaving it on the off side or right hand. The horse will probably shy a little away from the vehicle. Do not attempt, if the road will permit, to hold him up to the automobile or to whip him on the near side, but let him shy. As soon as he has passed the automobile he will probably break into a run. Do not check him too suddenly, but speak to him, and he will soon come down to a slow trot. Then have the automobile speed up and pass the horse, leaving him on the off side or right hand. Repeat these operations five or six times for another fifteen minutes. The horse will have become so accustomed to the automobile that he will no longer shy and no longer try to run in passing it. A horse is really a very nervous animal, and his lessons should not be too long; thirty minutes is enough for the first day.

Second Lesson.—The first morning's proceedings should be repeated for, say, ten minutes. Then the automobile should be stopped at the side of the road and the horse should be turned around so as to face it. The engine of the automobile, if it is a gas-engine, should be slowly rotated. The horse will shy a little. He should repeatedly pass the automobile while stopped in this manner for, say, ten minutes. Then the automobile should be set in motion slowly, and he should pass it for ten minutes more, after which he should be sent to the stable. It will be found that he has gained considerable confidence, and that he will shy but little. The occupant of the automobile should call out to the horse when he is passing, in a loud voice, "Whoa, boy."

Third Lesson.—The third morning he should be taken out and made to repeat or review all that he has learned on the first and second mornings, which should occupy fifteen minutes. It will be found that he will probably not shy at all, and the automobile may be speeded up, and he may be passed, when facing it, at a considerable speed. The horn should be blown gently at first, and later on vigorously. The occupant of the automobile should call out to the horse when passing, in a loud voice, "Whoa, boy!"

Apropos of the horse and the automobile there was an interesting meeting held at Centre Island, Oyster Bay, Long Island, the other night. Mr. C. W. Wetmore gave a dinner to about forty residents of Oyster Bay, Centre Island, and Glen Cove, many of them owners of motor-cars, for the purpose of discussing measures to prevent the dangerous use of automobiles. It was found that the men present were all in favor of automobiles, and that none pretended to desire to check their growth as means of transportation, but the unanimous opinion was strongly against any chauffeurs who run into the villages along the north shore at high rates of speed, and who never take the slightest interest or show the slightest politeness to the owners of property there who happen to meet them on the roads. It is interesting to note that the Automobile Association deplores the presence of these boorish persons as much as do the residents of villages on Long Island and elsewhere. It does not seem to be the rate of speed which causes trouble, for on some roads fifty miles an hour causes no disturbances, whereas on others six miles an hour is dangerous. The point that needs correction is the personal equation of the individual—the natural good-breeding which leads one to treat another man on the highway with courtesy. If a driver of a horse raises his hand, it is but common courtesy for the chauffeur to stop where he is. Yet there are many who never even slow up. In other words, no one objects to automobiles; every one objects to a boor, whether he is in an automobile, a drawing-room, or any other spot where the gregarious animal, man, gathers.

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Life on a Green Mountain Top

See Pages 976 and 977

WHATEVER road you travel in the remote New England town of Norton you are in the woods. Occasionally you come on a little farm in a stony clearing, but the diminutive fields are soon passed, and then the interminable forest closes in again. A narrow-gauge railroad touches the eastern border of the town, yet it does not affect the town life perceptibly, for it winds through a deep valley a thousand feet below the level of the scattered homes, and the highway that climbs up from the valley is a zigzag of the steepest sort, which the mountain folk themselves avoid when they can. This road gullies badly in rains, and now and then portions of the bank on one side or the other slide down into the wheel tracks, bringing with them a clump of trees and bushes that have to be cut away before the road is passable. If you go westerly over the range, on whose top lies the town, you find another railroad and the large manufacturing village of Milldale, but it is a long distance thither, and the descent from the uplands is almost as violently steep as that on the east.

Norton township contains no village. It has not even a store. The post-office is in a farm-house, and there are three mails a week. The butcher, the baker, and the grocer make no rounds, and most of the trading is done at Milldale; yet the hard journey to the valley is undertaken so seldom that whoever drives down is pretty sure to be intrusted with many errands by the neighbors. The town-hall at Norton is in the heart of the woods, hemmed in on every side, and there is no other building in sight. A mile farther on is the church, on the borders of a considerable open that forms the domain of a lone farm-house just over a ridge out of sight.

Norton's wealth, such as it is, depends almost entirely on forest craft: and the chief factor in determining the worth of a farm is the character of its woodland. Spruce is the most valuable timber, with fir—or "balsam," as it is called—pine, and hemlock following after. There is plenty of beech and maple, but the price hard wood brings hardly repays the expense of getting it out. As for cord-wood, large towns are too far distant to allow its profitable marketing. Of the crops that can be grown, potatoes seem best adapted to the mountain soil, but the ground is rough and inclined to bogginess. Worst of all, it is full of stones, and though vast quantities are carted off and dumped out of the way or made into stone walls, the plough every year brings up more.

In accord with the mountain's most flourishing industry, saw-mills occur at intervals on every vigorous stream—weather-worn, unpainted structures, with a great penstock bringing water from the dam above, and round about them a chaos of logs, piles of boards, slabs, saw-dust, and rubbish.

While I was in Norton a portable saw-mill was set up far back from the highway in the woods, and one dull morning I paid it a visit. The mist enveloped the uplands, and made the forest vistas soft and mysterious. It was the 1st of June, and in the wet ravines were ladies'-slippers coming into bloom, and there were enough jack-in-the-pulpits along the forest path I followed to supply all the vernal congregations for miles around.

Here and there on the Norton hill-tops could be found grass-grown mounds and excavations, accompanied perhaps by the wreck of an old stone chimney, showing where once had been a home; yet enough houses have been built to replace those that have gone. The town has not decreased in population, as have most rural towns in New England. It was settled late—barely a hundred years ago—and it has never passed the pioneer stage. It is still a backwoods town, and continues, as in the past, largely dependent on its forest industries. When the woodlands are exhausted, as it seems probable they will be soon, grazing and dairying may in some form be found profitable; but it is not unlikely that a considerable fraction of the inhabitants will seek some more favored section.



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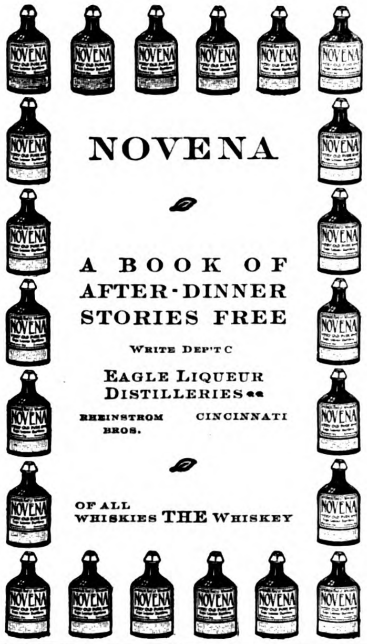
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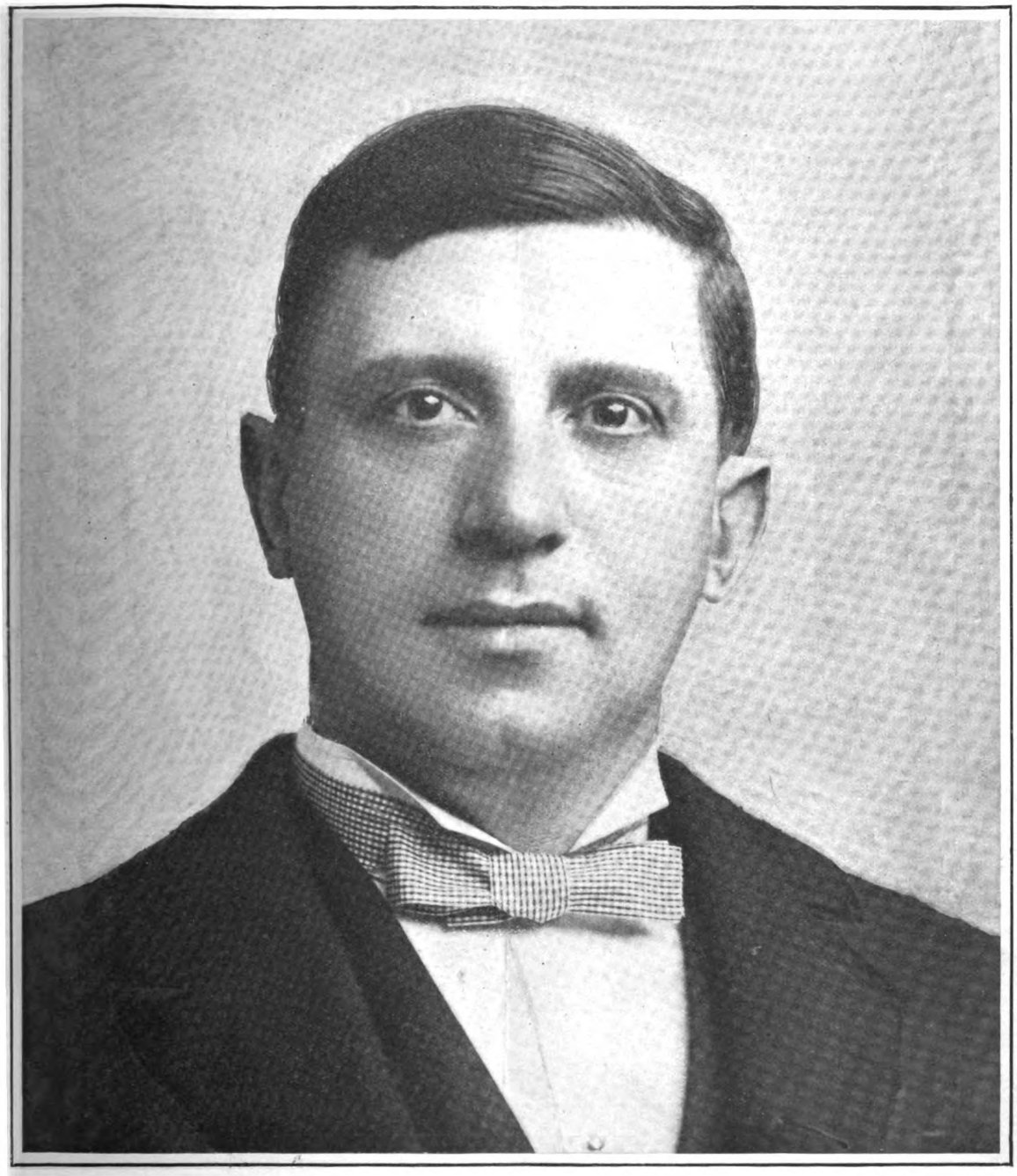
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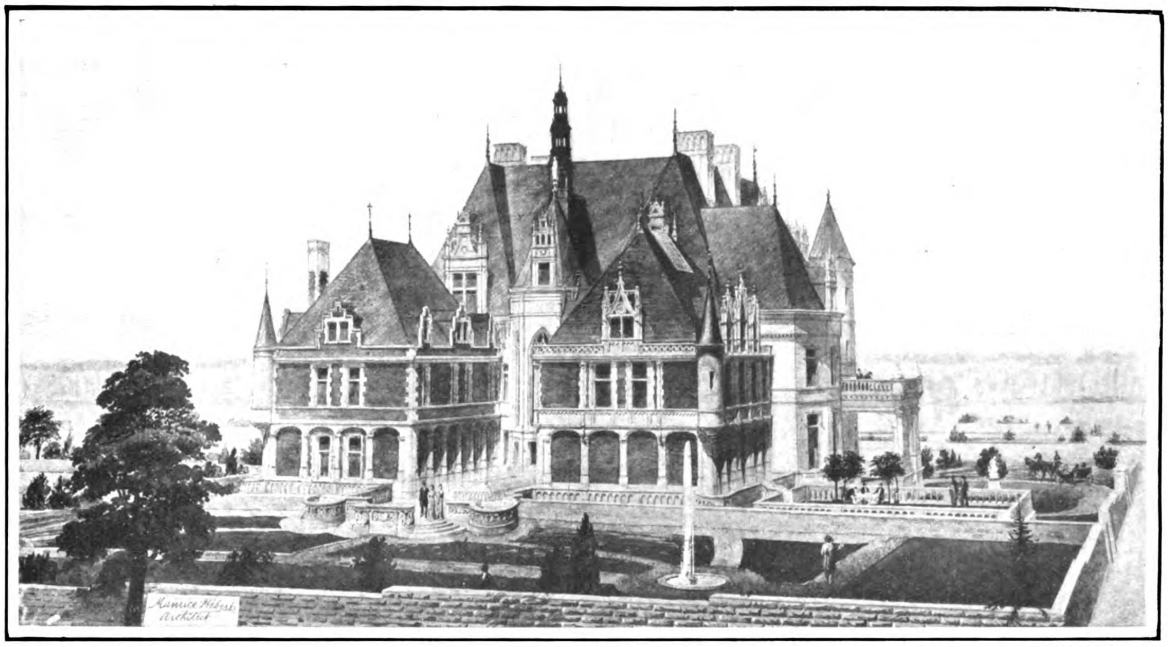
AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

Men under forty-seven who are proving their capacity to assume the vast personal responsibilities to Greater America gradually being relinquished by the great leaders of to-day

1.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB, *AET. 41*

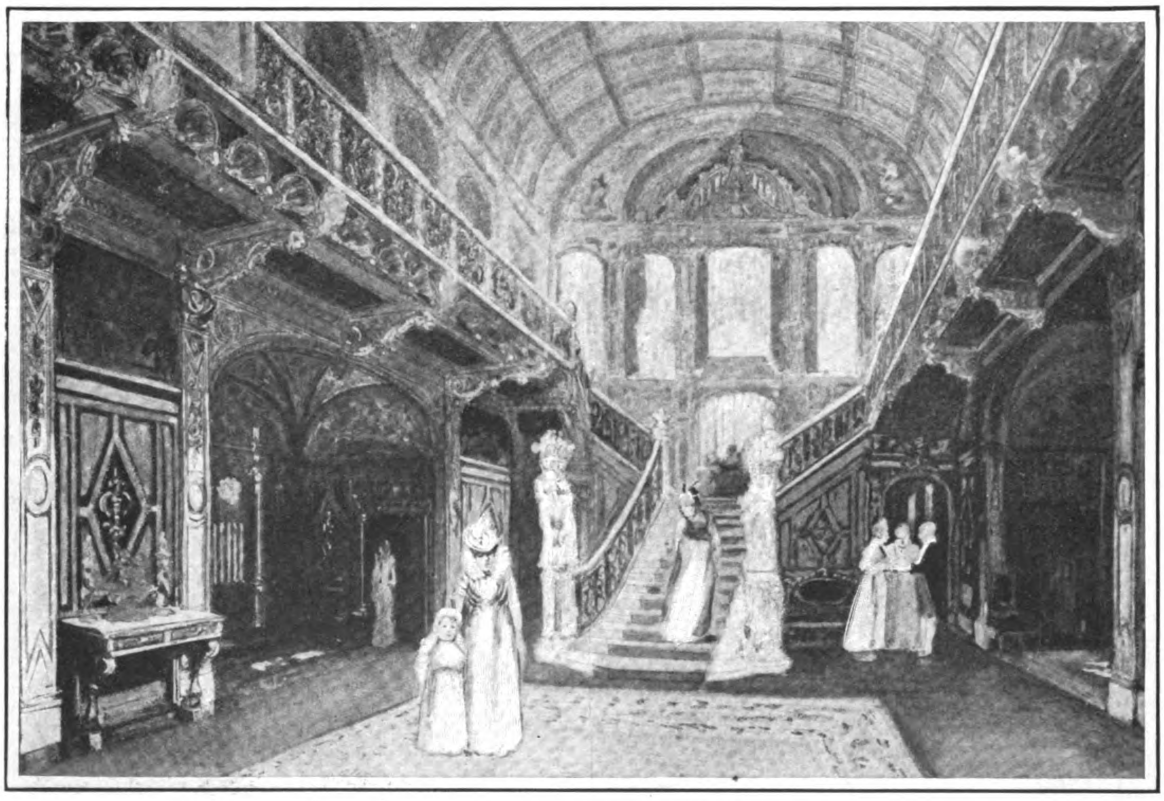
See page 1021, Editorial Section. Next week—Arthur Brisbane

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Exterior View of the Mansion

West End Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street facades of Charles M. Schwab's $3,000,000 mansion, which he is building on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson River. This is the rear of the house, and shows a large court surrounded by two small wings designed after the Chateau of Blois, and a Gothic chapel and music-room which flank the rear of the main building in the centre of the court. This chapel is surmounted by an observation tower 116 feet high, with belfry for a set of chimes



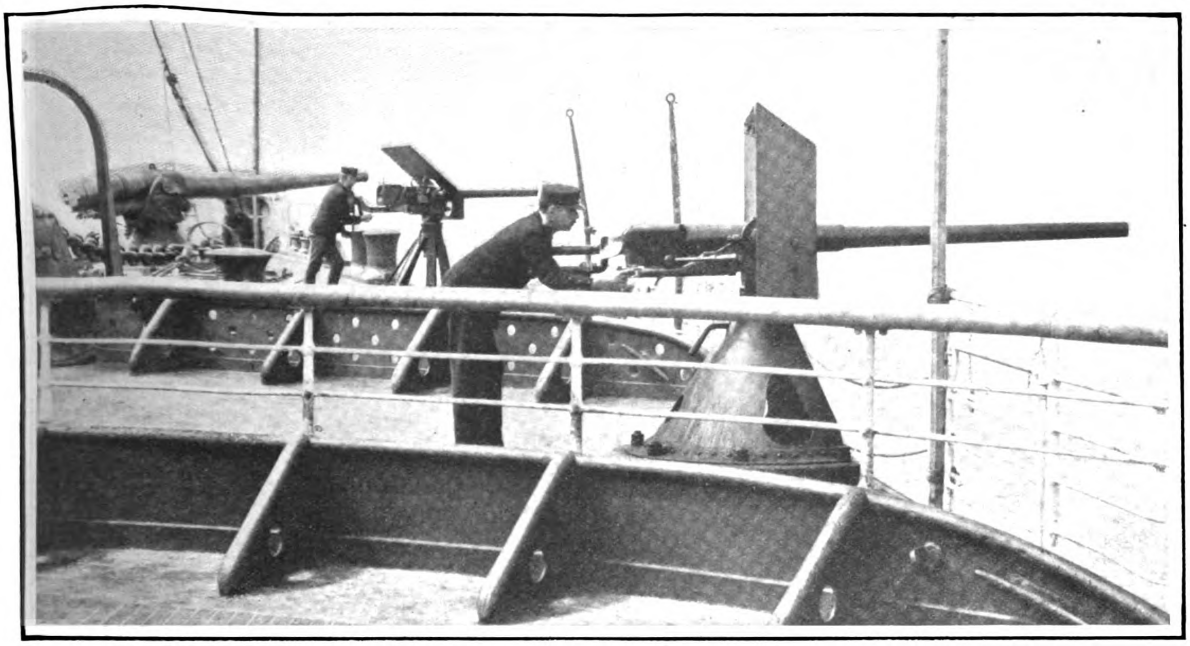
The Stairway and Main Hall

One of the most striking features in the Schwab mansion will be the grand stairway and main hall. They will be in Francis I. style of architecture, the keynote being taken from the Chateau de Blois. The main hallway is two and one-half stories high, and is surrounded by a gallery and arcade leading to all the principal rooms of the second floor. At the head of the first landing of the grand stairway are the chapel and music-room

CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S NEW MANSION IN NEW YORK CITY

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Method of Aiming and Firing Rapid-fire Guns

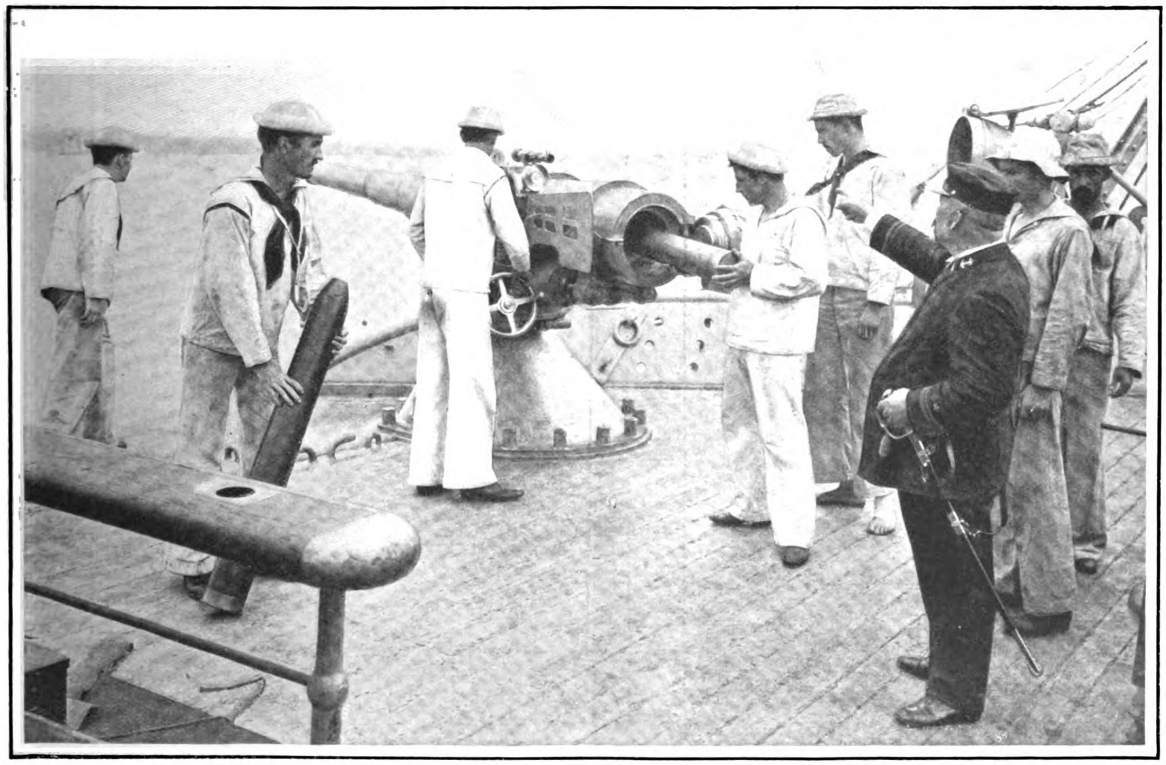
The Man behind the Gun in our Navy

THE remarkable records achieved in gunnery practice during the spring manœuvres of the North Atlantic Squadron give new evidence that "the man behind the gun" is, after all, the dominant factor in sea warfare. The marksmanship displayed by the men on all the ships was excellent, but the *Kearsarge* outstripped the others with her 8-inch and 13-inch guns, for seven hits were made out of eleven shots with the latter weapons.

The *Kearsarge* carries four 8-inch and four 13-inch guns, superimposed in two turrets. This makes it necessary to train the four guns in each turret as one. Steaming at half speed past a target distant about 1800 yards, a score of 100 per cent. was made by the forward turret, the result showing that 2700 pounds of steel can be trained to strike the enemy in one spot.

The efficiency of this marksmanship has been gained by constant practice, the total yearly allowance for the *Kearsarge*, for instance, being 1780 rounds of the regular projectiles. Besides this there are constant drills with sub-calibre ammunition.

The superiority of the marksmanship of the United States navy was evidenced in the Spanish-American war, but the gallantry and skill of the seamen of the republic go back beyond the civil war, where both sides achieved brilliant records, to the days of the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*.

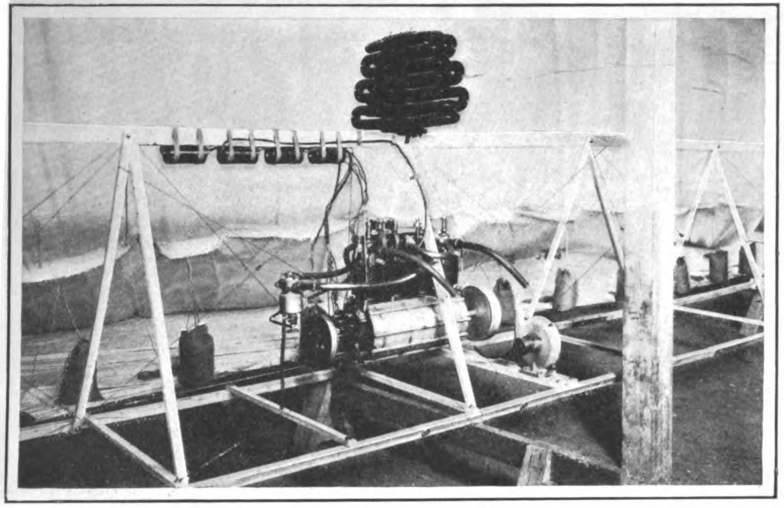


Drilling a Crew at Loading and Firing a Six-inch Gun

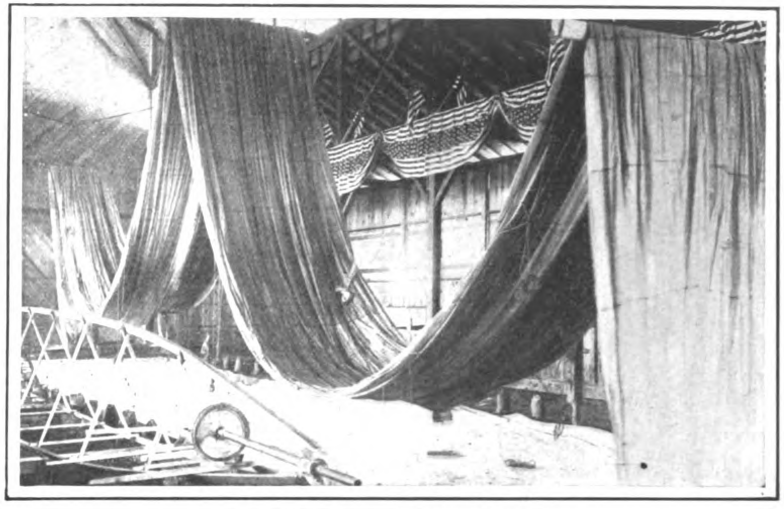
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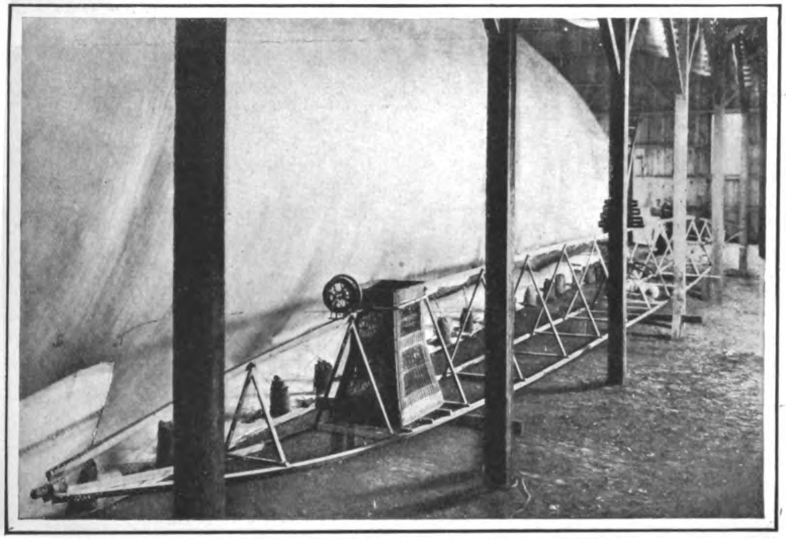
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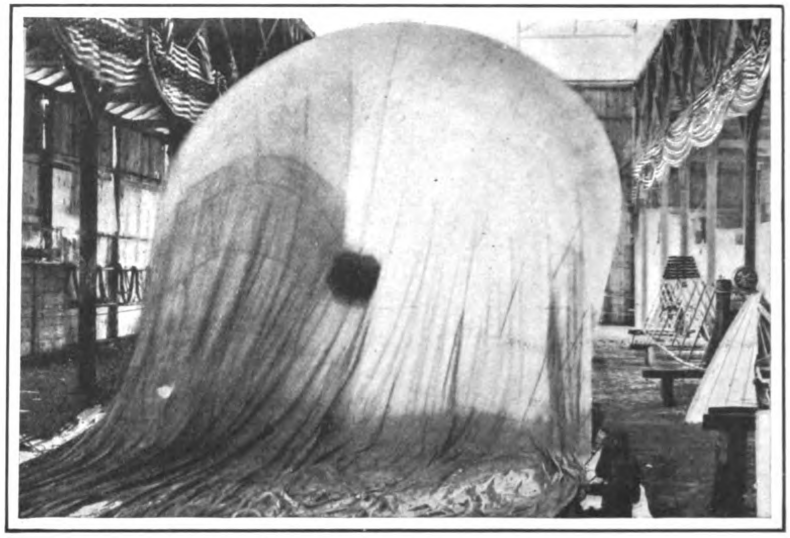
The Frame-work with the Gasolene Motor



The Silk Covering before Inflating



Where M. Dumont Stands and Controls the Balloon

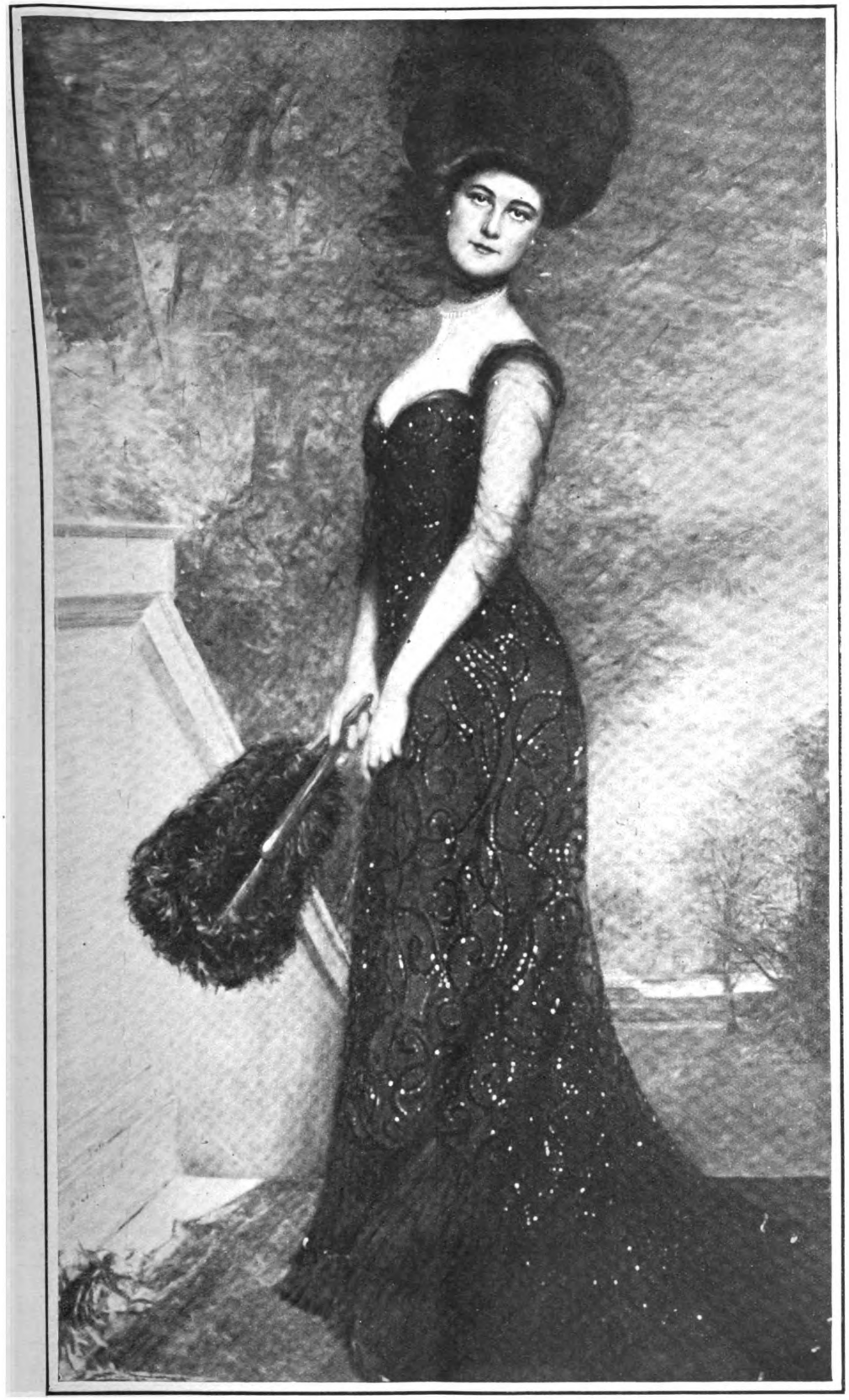


The Balloon during the Process of Inflation

M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON AT BRIGHTON BEACH

Sufficient funds have been subscribed, as prizes, to induce M. Santos-Dumont to make adequate trials in the American atmosphere of the air-ship in which he encircled the Eiffel Tower. The balloon is now at Brighton Beach, ready for operation

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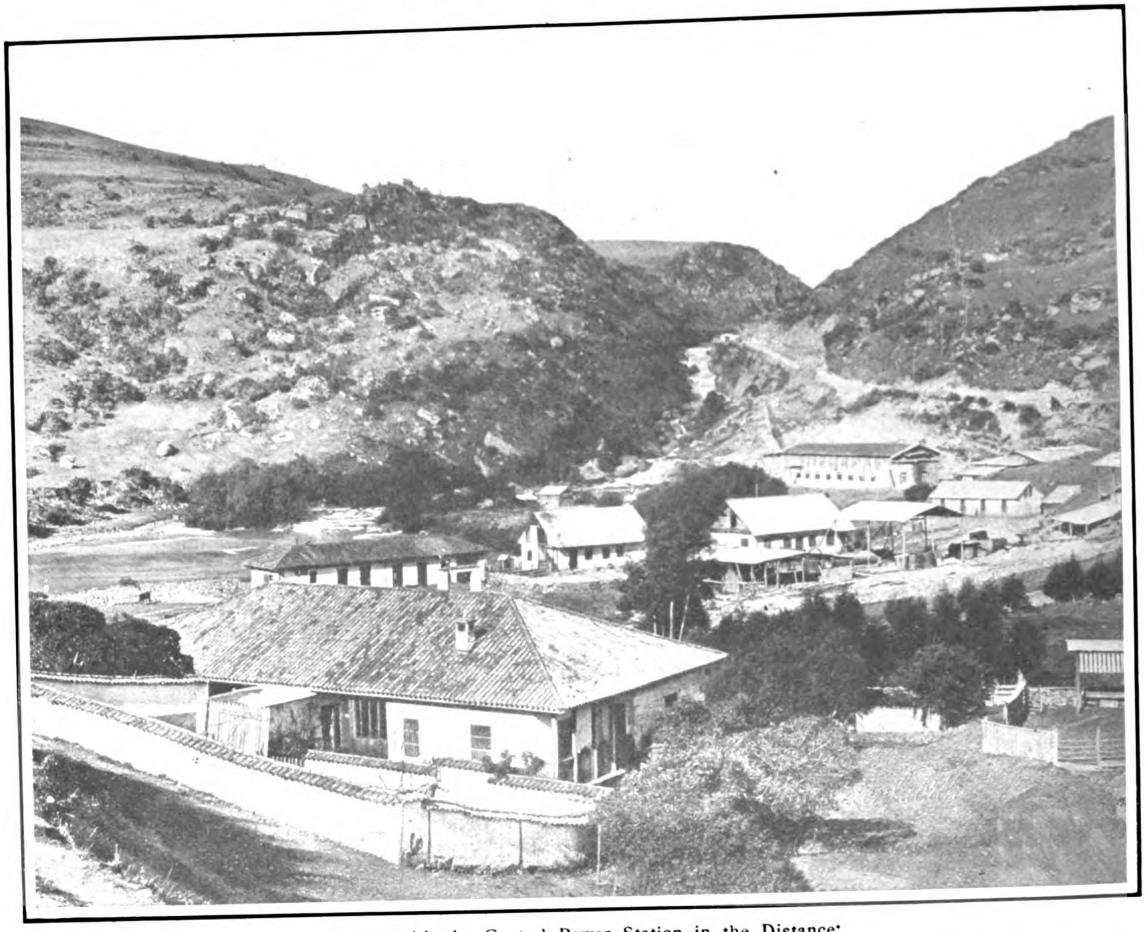


MRS. PETER D. MARTIN

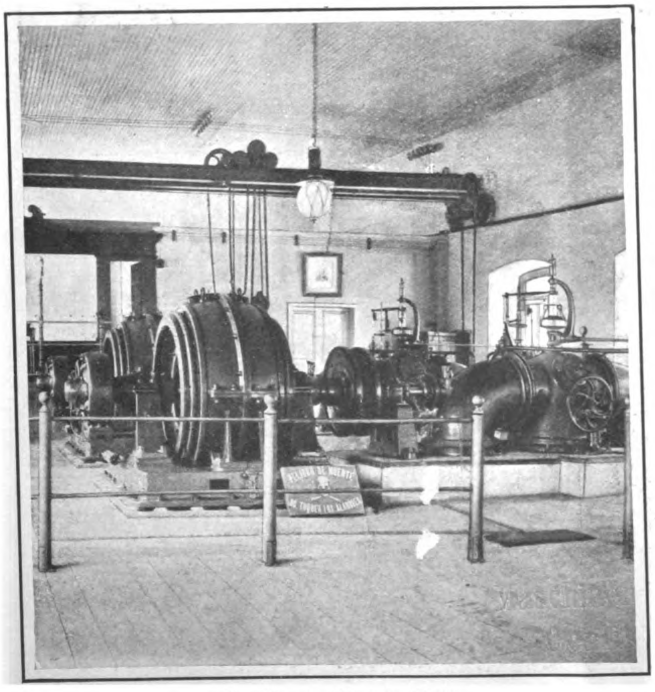
Formerly Miss Lily Oelrichs, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs, of New York and Newport. The wedding took place July 24

From the painting by Adolf Muller Uri

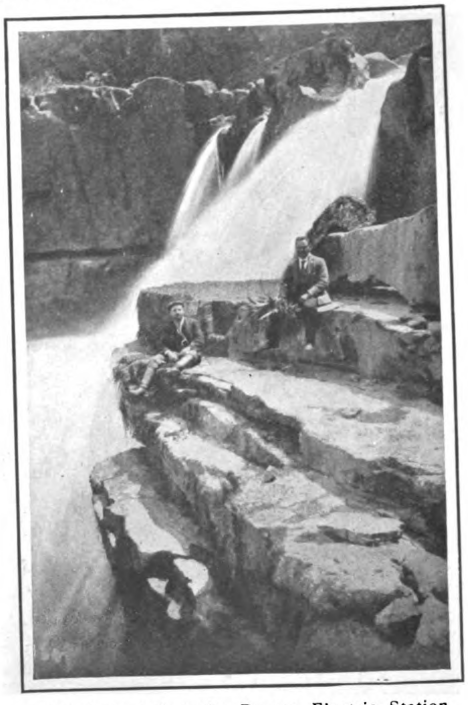
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Bogota, with the Central Power Station in the Distance



The Bogota Electric Plant



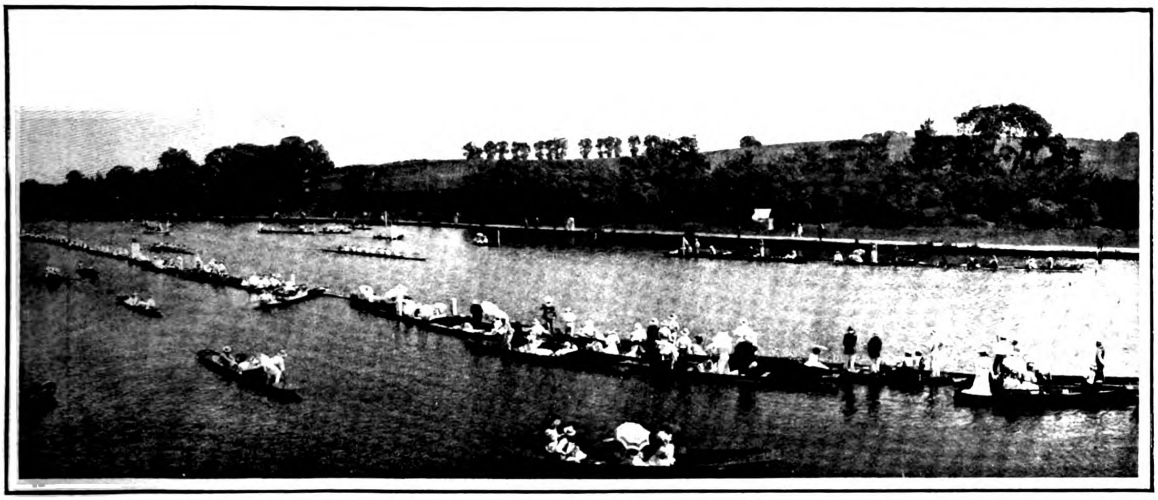
The Falls below the Bogota Electric Station

THE HIGHEST ELECTRIC STATION IN THE WORLD

The city of Bogota, Colombia, is lighted by electricity from a plant situated 8300 feet above sea-level. Power is procured from one of the neighboring mountain streams, and extraordinary obstacles had to be overcome in the installation of the plant

See page 1045

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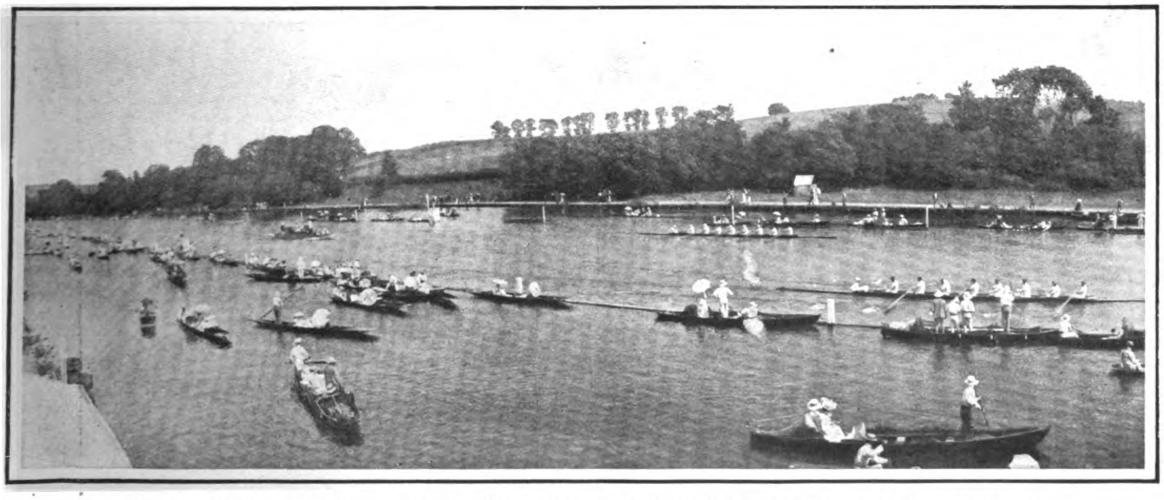
Canadians vs. the Third Trinity of Cambridge at Henley-on-Thames



A Few of the Spectators in their Punts



One of the House-boats that Lined both Banks



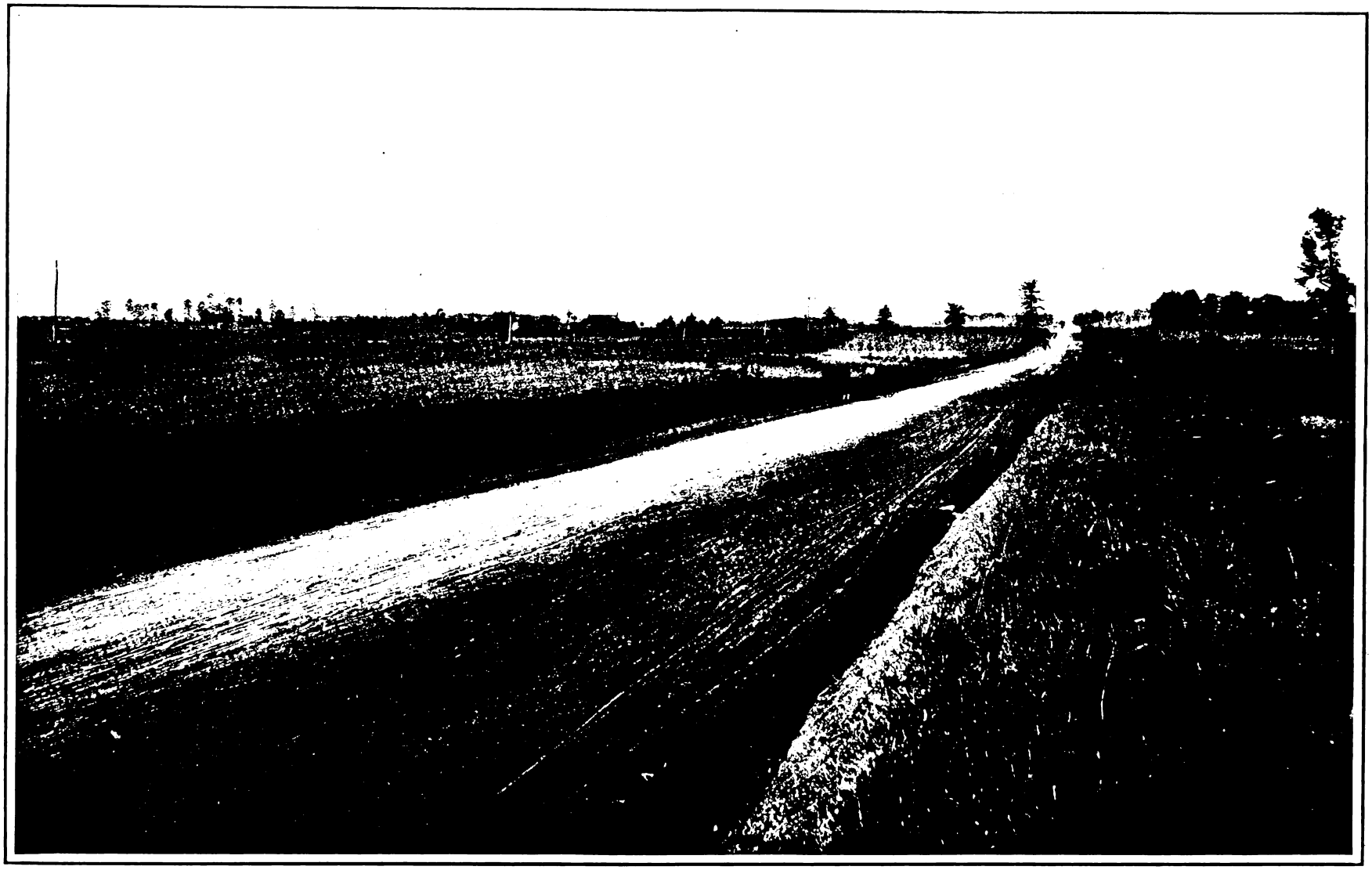
Eton vs. University College, Oxford. Finals for the Ladies' Challenge Plate at Henley-on-Thames

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF REGATTA WEEK AT HENLEY

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Typical Example of the New Roads, showing the Macadamized Portion in the Centre, and the natural Clay Roadbed of the Southern Country on Either Side

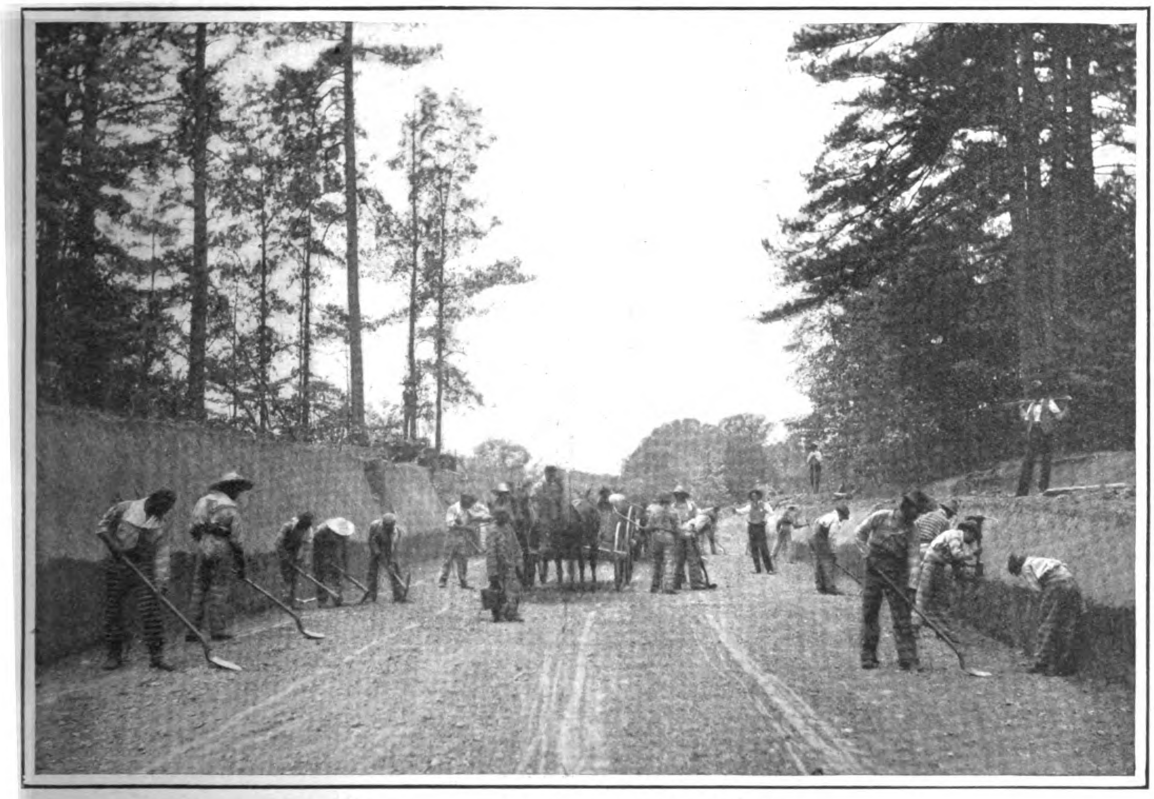
THE NEW ROADS OF THE NEW SOUTH

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Cotton and Lumber to Market

No one who has not known the roads of the South can imagine what this movement towards macadamizing the Southern turnpikes means to commerce



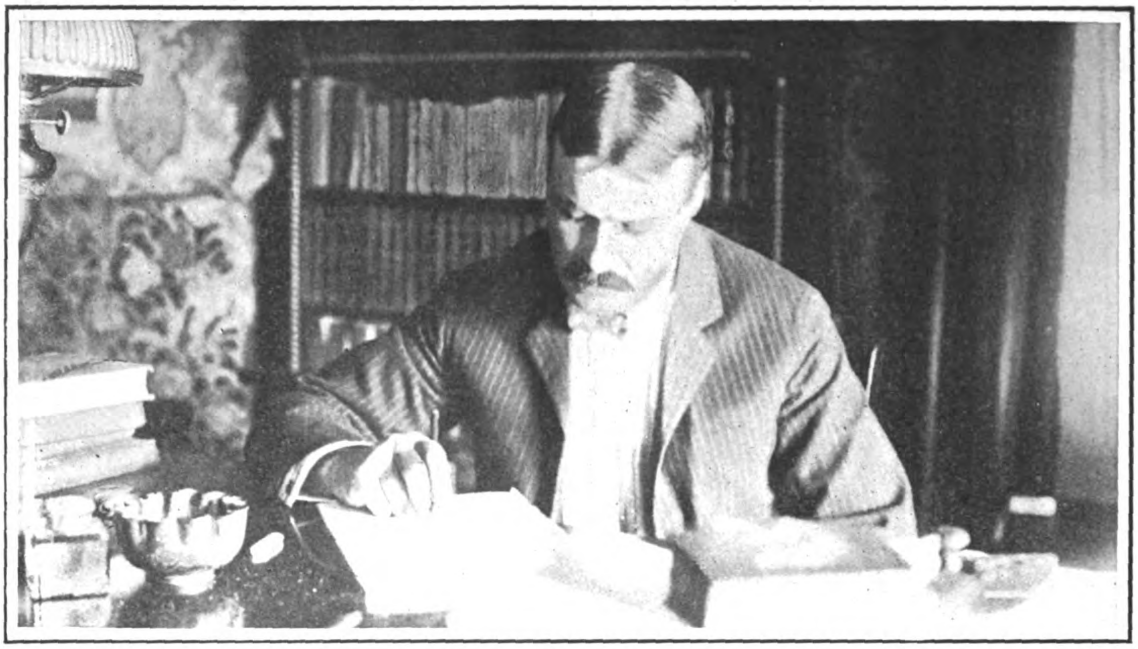
The Process of making over the Old Roads

Convict labor is being used to lay out new macadamized roads in North Carolina. Depressions are filled in, rising ground is cut away, and the bed itself is laid according to the most modern methods

THE NEW ROADS OF THE NEW SOUTH

See Page 1030

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Mr. Chambers at Work in his Study



In the Conservatory, with his two famous Game Dogs King Pin and Playboy



On the Veranda at Broadalbin



Mr. Chambers and his son Bobby, with Playboy, on the Lawn at Broadalbin

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS AT HOME

The distinguished author lives most of the year at Broadalbin, New York, which is near the scenes of his "Cardigan" and his new novel, "The Maid-at-Arms"

Photographs by Roderic C. Penfield

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending August 2, 1902

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COMMENT

ONE month ago, with the inauguration of this Editorial Section of HARPER'S WEEKLY, there appeared, in this place, the following:

"We anticipate that, within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines, America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce, and Christianity; and believing, as we do believe, that, by virtue of the intelligence, industry, and conscience of her people, she is the nation best fitted to hold that commanding position, it becomes the chief mission of this journal to hasten the day and to help to perfect the equipment of those upon whom the responsibility must fall for the successful performance of their duty to progress and civilization."

In line with this expression of belief and in furtherance of the purpose therein contained, we begin to-day the publication of portraits of young Americans who have already proven by their works that they are to be of the leaders in the near and pregnant future. The facial expressions indicative of individual characteristics and personal peculiarities of many of those whose portraits will appear are wholly unfamiliar to the public, and we think it important that they should not be. A more intimate knowledge of these young men we shall not now attempt to convey—nothing more than a preliminary introduction, affording a speaking acquaintance, so to speak.

Even this, however, appears to us not only desirable, but, as we have said, important, because there is a seeming hiatus in the life periods of those charged with the direction of American affairs. Practically all of our great men to-day are divisible into two classes: those who have reached the three-score-and-ten mile-stone or are within sighting distance of it, and those who have not yet reached the age of forty-seven. It is a curious fact that between forty-seven and sixty there are few of consequence. Of the advanced class—the class still at the head, recalling at random from all realms of human endeavor — we find Mr. Cleveland, Secretary Hay, ex-Governor Morton, Senators Hoar, Proctor, Allison, Gorman, and Hanna; ex-Senator Edmunds, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Gage, Mr. Mills, Mr. Jesup, Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Carter, Mr. Choate, James J. and David B. Hill, Mr. Wanamaker, Mr. Sage, Mr. Ogden, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Presidents Eliot and Cassatt, Mark Twain, Mr. Howells, Lew. Wallace, T. B. Aldrich, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter, Lyman Abbott, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Then comes the other picture of the under-forty-seven class, and we find Presidents Roosevelt, Wilson, Hadley, and Butler; Governor Taft, Senator Beveridge, General Wood, Mr. Gould, Mr. Schwab, Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. H. Baldwin, Jr., Charles Scribner, William Barclay Parsons, James H. Hyde, Arthur Brisbane, H. H. Vreeland, F. J. Sprague, Nicola Tesla, Clyde Fitch, John W. Alexander, George Grey Barnard, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, and so on, also *ad infinitum*.

Class No. 1—and a fine class it has been, full of personal achievement and national glory—is about to pass into history, and is now, in fact, one by one, and day by day, withdrawing from activity; the day of class No. 2 is at hand. Who are they and what of them? Will they prove capable sons of no less worthy sires or drones and incapables? Anyhow, let us take a look at some of them. We begin with Mr. Schwab—a speaking likeness it is, too—because for the moment, as the head of the greatest corporation in the world, he is the most conspicuous example.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, in a lecture at the University of Chicago on July 14, discussed the origin and expediency of the Monroe doctrine. Not Monroe, he said, but John Quincy Adams was its father; but Professor Hart seems to think little of it, whatever its parentage, for the papers quote him as declaring, "It is useless to attempt to police all of the American continent, and we will only get involved in costly wars if we attempt it." Neither of Professor Hart's contentions will be conceded without dispute. John Quincy Adams's part in putting the Monroe doctrine into the verbal form in which it appeared in Monroe's message is well known. Monroe did not invent the Monroe doctrine, though it bears his name, but there is excellent authority for holding that Adams did not invent it either, but that its evolution covered all of twenty years and perhaps more. Mr. C. R. Miller, in a recent article in the New York *Times*, disputes the conclusion of Mr. Worthington Ford, who agrees with Mr. Hart in this matter, and finds that in the mind of Jefferson, for one, the principle of the Monroe doctrine had taken root as early as 1801, and found its full expression in letters written by Jefferson in 1820, and again (to Monroe) in 1823. But whoever contributed most to the doctrine, we know that it exists, and is still in working order. Mr. Hart's apparent opinion that it will not be maintained as part of the policy of the country is indeed the opinion of a good and able man, but it is an opinion that is much more popular in Germany. "Get us into costly wars"? Possibly it may, but it isn't dead.

The American people were treated lately to what must have been to most of them a very puzzling exhibition, in certain stately correspondence between Secretary Root and Judge Taft on one side and Cardinal Rampolla on the other. On the day when the newspapers, in their own untrammelled way, were trying to get at the core of the matter, and were presenting the information that the negotiations at Rome in the matter of the Philippine friars had failed, owing to the refusal of the commission of cardinals to assent to Judge Taft's proposal, and also were reporting—inaccurately, it appears—that the Pope was highly displeased at the way the cardinals had managed the affair, the people were reading the formal correspondence itself, and noting that it was pervaded with a warm and grateful glow of satisfaction over what was assumed to be a happy agreement all around. Our people are not sufficiently accustomed to the ways and manners of the fine art of diplomacy to understand how the republic and the Vatican could have been felicitating each other on the favorable result of their negotiations at the very moment when these negotiations had fallen into an *impasse*. In fact, we have

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generally followed a more flat-footed and sincere fashion in our international relations, and have thereby won a reputation for practising what some devotees of the other school in Europe have been pleased to call "shirt-sleeved diplomacy." The recent proceedings have proved that we do not, at least, attempt to enter the sacred precincts of the Vatican in our shirt sleeves. They also prove that we cannot yet put on diplomatic garments that have the sweetly uncertain silken rustle of the canonical robes.

A very curious fact has developed in France. It concerns the President of the republic and his relations with the Vatican, and faintly suggests a wonder whether any such complications could arise if the United States should enter into any more intimate diplomatic relations with the head of the Roman Church than are involved in Governor Taft's negotiations about the Philippine friars. It seems that President Loubet of France is a canon of St. John Lateran. He has received this nominal monkish honor automatically, because it has been awarded as a matter of course for centuries to all heads of the French state. The stall in the chapter-house at San Giovanni in Laterano assigned to President Loubet bears the inscription "Dux Francorum"—not "rex" nor "imperator." Now, as the congregation of the canons of St. John is not one of the orders authorized to remain in France by the new law concerning religious associations, its members will have to be expelled; and the question has arisen whether President Loubet will have to go with the rest! His membership cannot be denied; but presumably his plea that he is "not working at it" will be accepted. Nothing quite of this kind could happen to the "Dux Americorum" in the unlikely event of his entering into regular diplomatic relations with Rome, since we do not expel any canons or friars from the United States. But it is conceivable that the formal honors and compliments which a benignant pontiff might offer would be one of the chief sources of embarrassment about the relation. The American democracy could never understand—and could hardly be blamed for not understanding.

Two important steps in the Panama Canal matter have just been taken. The Secretary of State has inserted in the draft of the treaty now under consideration by the Colombian authorities a provision for the lease to the United States of the islands of Flamenco, Perico, and Noas, in the bay of Panama. These islands are to be fortified and provisioned, as the base for war-vessels guarding the Pacific end of the canal. At the Caribbean end of the canal, Almirante Bay has been fixed upon as the most advantageous point for fortification; and, with the consent of the Colombian authorities, this country will either lease or purchase a strip of land sufficiently large to form a naval base. The United States government has further sought the consent of the Costa-Rican authorities to the formation of a coaling-station on the Gulf of Dulce on the Pacific, some twelve or fifteen hours' sail from the Panama end of the canal. The second step is the reference of these proposals by the Colombian minister, Señor Concha, to his government, as he feels that the points involved are too important to be decided by him.

A member of the staff of the Paris *Figaro* has had an interesting conversation with M. Charles de Lesseps, son of the famous creator of the Suez Canal and projector of the Panama Canal. M. Charles de Lesseps, it will be remembered, spent a year in prison after the trials in connection with the Panama panic and scandal. For the last nine years he has lived in rural retirement in France, enjoying the respect of his neighbors and indulging his hobby for collecting antiquities. In the course of the conversation, M. de Lesseps said: "I consider that the Americans are resolute enough to accomplish this gigantic task, and as they are making a new beginning, the canal will be one not of locks, but of water-level, the grand solution which we were obliged to abandon. If we had been able to obtain 600,000,000 francs more, the canal would have been completed in three or four years. Allowing three more years for the water-level scheme, the Americans ought to make the canal thoroughly navigable in six years." M. de Lesseps affirmed that the French public had been completely misled with respect to the figures relating to his father's unfortunate venture. They were told repeatedly that out of 900,000,000 francs only 400,000,000 had been paid to the contractors, and that the remaining 500,000,000 francs had been recklessly wasted or embezzled. The truth was that colossal sums had been spent in labor and construction under exceptionally unhealthy conditions, and without any chance of immediate returns. The concession of the Colombian government to the society whose president was General Türr, the issue of stock, fiscal dues, and the purchase of whole tracts of land, necessarily swallowed up funds. The task in its primary stages was prodigious. With regard to the causes of the collapse, M. de Lesseps said: "You ask me whether a cloud of pessimism fell over the enterprise, or whether certain personages helped to bring about the disaster for their own ends and purposes. The real cause was one of those inexplicable panics which occur at intervals in every country. In looking back, I consider that the starting-point was the publication all over the world of the news that my father was dead." Questioned as to how he viewed the idea of the canal being taken up and completed by America, M. de Lesseps said that he looked with satisfaction upon the revival of his father's splendid dream.

As we anticipated, the Acre concession has already begun to cause international trouble. Though the presiding genius of the Acre territory is an Englishman, the financial resources to develop this section of Bolivian forest and plain came almost wholly from the United States; and several of the shareholders have been able to bring considerable pressure to bear on the Department of State, with the result that Secretary Hay has actively interested himself in the Bolivian project. Brazil, as we saw, objects strenuously to the concession, and threatens to close the Amazon affluents to the fleet of the new semi-independent state. Secretary Hay has now addressed a formal inquiry to the Brazilian government as to the cause and extent of its opposition, and it is evident that the matter must rapidly come to a head. Appearances at present suggest that the Department of State will try to induce Brazil to give way; but to do this will require either considerable inducements or a considerable squeeze.

Mr. Bryan is out on a Harmony Hunt, but not quite in the way that a real party leader would be supposed to do it. He is not trying to snare Harmony, or to capture the Dove of Peace for the adornment of his own political aviary, but, on the contrary, he is after it with a gun loaded to the muzzle, with the promise to shoot it on sight. It is an interesting spectacle, and according to what we might term the political game-laws, is likely to work injury to the gunner rather than to the bird. The backers of Mr. Bryan meanwhile, three gentlemen of note—ex-Senator Pettigrew of Dakota, Professor Garrett Droppers, of Japan, and a dark horse named Shibley, from somewhere else—have laid the foundations of a new party, which will be used in case Mr. Bryan fails to bag the game he seeks. What the new party will be called we are not informed, but it is said to be an exceptionally well-constructed affair, and was put together at the Platt Machine Shop at Coney Island, though not under the supervision of the superintendent of the works there operating. The long experience of Senator Pettigrew as a minority and an anti-everything fits him peculiarly well for the work he has taken in hand, and Professor Droppers — Garrett Droppers — is a political economist of the progressive type; a sort of Columbus of economists, who will in all probability keep pace with the new party's requirements in the discovery of new fundamental principles, so that the organization is not likely to be found lacking in issues. What Mr. Shibley's work is to be is not yet clear, but we assume that since Mr. Pettigrew is to manage the party, and Professor Droppers is to supply it with economic theories for use as issues, Mr. Shibley is to finance the project until it is in such shape as to be ready for Mr. Bryan's use. We wish the new party luck. It is the most exclusive political organization that has yet appeared in the history of our country, and we trust it will not be vulgarized by ceasing to be so.

For some reason, not yet explained, Mr. David B. Hill selected, or pretended to select, ex-Secretary-of-War Daniel S. Lamont as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, at the coming fall election. It is well known to Colonel Lamont's friends that he is out of politics for good and all.

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Not only was he driven into retirement by the rise of Bryan and Bryanism, but he is interested in business and corporate affairs of great magnitude, the demands of which are exacting, while it would be greatly against the corporate interests if one of their most prominent officers should actively concern himself, as a leader and candidate, in the fortunes of any political party. Mr. Lamont will not be the Democratic candidate, and Mr. Hill is evidently doubtful as to the advisability of risking himself as a candidate. The truth is that what Governor Odell says of the Republican situation is even truer of the Democratic. Each side had better be careful of its nominations. Mr. Platt is confident, to quote his own words, that New York is a sure Republican State, and that the party can win with a "yellow dog" for a candidate. Governor Odell knows the State and the situation better, and it would indeed be a sad misfortune to the whole country if any party could carry the State of New York with the ease which Senator Platt suggests. So far as the Democrats are concerned, they must, if they expect to make a showing at the poll, nominate a man of such transcendent ability and character that he will appeal to the imaginations of the voters who are already pleased with the solid sense of the businesslike administration of Governor Odell.

Governor Odell is an example of what a sense of responsibility will do for an honest and capable man. It is unnecessary at this time to discuss the Governor's antecedents. He was a machine politician and a spoilsman, let us admit. The moment he became Governor, however, he was the chief magistrate of all the people of the Empire State. It is true that when he has had appointments to make, he has taken his party and its welfare into consideration, but he has conducted the public business for the welfare of the State, and he has given us an excellent administration. He has lowered the tax rate, which is the most popular thing that any executive officer can do; he has increased the basis of taxation; he has introduced business methods into the administration of public institutions; he has managed the Legislature with consummate skill, procuring what legislation he has desired, and defeating that which he has thought inimical to the best interests of the State; he has shown himself so independent, especially in his refusal to consent to the enactment of a State constabulary law, that he is now the unquestioned head of his party in the State; and, so far as the public knows, no scandal has touched his administration. His renomination is inevitable. The only question there ever was of it was as to his own willingness to run again. He has now consented, and he will be the first Republican Governor of the State to be renominated in a generation—as Mr. Roosevelt would have been had he not been nominated for Vice-President on the national ticket.

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generally followed a more flat-footed and sincere fashion in our international relations, and have thereby won a reputation for practising what some devotees of the other school in Europe have been pleased to call "shirt-sleeved diplomacy." The recent proceedings have proved that we do not, at least, attempt to enter the sacred precincts of the Vatican in our shirt sleeves. They also prove that we cannot yet put on diplomatic garments that have the sweetly uncertain silken rustle of the canonical robes.

A very curious fact has developed in France. It concerns the President of the republic and his relations with the Vatican, and faintly suggests a wonder whether any such complications could arise if the United States should enter into any more intimate diplomatic relations with the head of the Roman Church than are involved in Governor Taft's negotiations about the Philippine friars. It seems that President Loubet of France is a canon of St. John Lateran. He has received this nominal monkish honor automatically, because it has been awarded as a matter of course for centuries to all heads of the French state. The stall in the chapter-house at San Giovanni in Laterano assigned to President Loubet bears the inscription "Dux Francorum"—not "rex" nor "imperator." Now, as the congregation of the canons of St. John is not one of the orders authorized to remain in France by the new law concerning religious associations, its members will have to be expelled; and the question has arisen whether President Loubet will have to go with the rest! His membership cannot be denied; but presumably his plea that he is "not working at it" will be accepted. Nothing quite of this kind could happen to the "Dux Americorum" in the unlikely event of his entering into regular diplomatic relations with Rome, since we do not expel any canons or friars from the United States. But it is conceivable that the formal honors and compliments which a benignant pontiff might offer would be one of the chief sources of embarrassment about the relation. The American democracy could never understand—and could hardly be blamed for not understanding.

Two important steps in the Panama Canal matter have just been taken. The Secretary of State has inserted in the draft of the treaty now under consideration by the Colombian authorities a provision for the lease to the United States of the islands of Flamenco, Perico, and Noas, in the bay of Panama. These islands are to be fortified and provisioned, as the base for war-vessels guarding the Pacific end of the canal. At the Caribbean end of the canal, Almirante Bay has been fixed upon as the most advantageous point for fortification; and, with the consent of the Colombian authorities, this country will either lease or purchase a strip of land sufficiently large to form a naval base. The United States government has further sought the consent of the Costa-Rican authorities to the formation of a coaling-station on the Gulf of Dulce on the Pacific, some twelve or fifteen hours' sail from the Panama end of the canal. The second step is the reference of these proposals by the Colombian minister, Señor Concha, to his government, as he feels that the points involved are too important to be decided by him.

A member of the staff of the Paris *Figaro* has had an interesting conversation with M. Charles de Lesseps, son of the famous creator of the Suez Canal and projector of the Panama Canal. M. Charles de Lesseps, it will be remembered, spent a year in prison after the trials in connection with the Panama panic and scandal. For the last nine years he has lived in rural retirement in France, enjoying the respect of his neighbors and indulging his hobby for collecting antiquities. In the course of the conversation, M. de Lesseps said: "I consider that the Americans are resolute enough to accomplish this gigantic task, and as they are making a new beginning, the canal will be one not of locks, but of water-level, the grand solution which we were obliged to abandon. If we had been able to obtain 600,000,000 francs more, the canal would have been completed in three or four years. Allowing three more years for the water-level scheme, the Americans ought to make the canal thoroughly navigable in six years." M. de Lesseps affirmed that the French public had been completely misled with respect to the figures relating to his father's unfortunate venture. They were told repeatedly that out of 900,000,000 francs only 400,000,000 had been paid to the contractors, and that the remaining 500,000,000 francs had been recklessly wasted or embezzled. The truth was that colossal sums had been spent in labor and construction under exceptionally unhealthy conditions, and without any chance of immediate returns. The concession of the Colombian government to the society whose president was General Türr, the issue of stock, fiscal dues, and the purchase of whole tracts of land, necessarily swallowed up funds. The task in its primary stages was prodigious. With regard to the causes of the collapse, M. de Lesseps said: "You ask me whether a cloud of pessimism fell over the enterprise, or whether certain personages helped to bring about the disaster for their own ends and purposes. The real cause was one of those inexplicable panics which occur at intervals in every country. In looking back, I consider that the starting-point was the publication all over the world of the news that my father was dead." Questioned as to how he viewed the idea of the canal being taken up and completed by America, M. de Lesseps said that he looked with satisfaction upon the revival of his father's splendid dream.

As we anticipated, the Acre concession has already begun to cause international trouble. Though the presiding genius of the Acre territory is an Englishman, the financial resources to develop this section of Bolivian forest and plain came almost wholly from the United States; and several of the shareholders have been able to bring considerable pressure to bear on the Department of State, with the result that Secretary Hay has actively interested himself in the Bolivian project. Brazil, as we saw, objects strenuously to the concession, and threatens to close the Amazon affluents to the fleet of the new semi-independent state. Secretary Hay has now addressed a formal inquiry to the Brazilian government as to the cause and extent of its opposition, and it is evident that the matter must rapidly come to a head. Appearances at present suggest that the Department of State will try to induce Brazil to give way; but to do this will require either considerable inducements or a considerable squeeze.

Mr. Bryan is out on a Harmony Hunt, but not quite in the way that a real party leader would be supposed to do it. He is not trying to snare Harmony, or to capture the Dove of Peace for the adornment of his own political aviary, but, on the contrary, he is after it with a gun loaded to the muzzle, with the promise to shoot it on sight. It is an interesting spectacle, and according to what we might term the political game-laws, is likely to work injury to the gunner rather than to the bird. The backers of Mr. Bryan meanwhile, three gentlemen of note—ex-Senator Pettigrew of Dakota, Professor Garrett Droppers, of Japan, and a dark horse named Shibley, from somewhere else—have laid the foundations of a new party, which will be used in case Mr. Bryan fails to bag the game he seeks. What the new party will be called we are not informed, but it is said to be an exceptionally well-constructed affair, and was put together at the Platt Machine Shop at Coney Island, though not under the supervision of the superintendent of the works there operating. The long experience of Senator Pettigrew as a minority and an anti-everything fits him peculiarly well for the work he has taken in hand, and Professor Droppers — Garrett Droppers — is a political economist of the progressive type; a sort of Columbus of economists, who will in all probability keep pace with the new party's requirements in the discovery of new fundamental principles, so that the organization is not likely to be found lacking in issues. What Mr. Shibley's work is to be is not yet clear, but we assume that since Mr. Pettigrew is to manage the party, and Professor Droppers is to supply it with economic theories for use as issues, Mr. Shibley is to finance the project until it is in such shape as to be ready for Mr. Bryan's use. We wish the new party luck. It is the most exclusive political organization that has yet appeared in the history of our country, and we trust it will not be vulgarized by ceasing to be so.

For some reason, not yet explained, Mr. David B. Hill selected, or pretended to select, ex-Secretary-of-War Daniel S. Lamont as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, at the coming fall election. It is well known to Colonel Lamont's friends that he is out of politics for good and all.

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So much for the outside of the thing; the inside may be more interesting. The Twenty-fifth is a black regiment—one of the successors, crystallized into a permanent corps, of the band of proscribed freedmen, threatened with death wherever they might be caught, whom young Shaw led to grim burial in the trenches at Fort Wagner. No longer proscribed, the command of these black soldiers, as a regiment and in their companies, is now sought by white officers of old race, and even by young West-Pointers appointed from the South. Colonel Burt, in bidding the soldiers farewell, was able to say, "For ten years I have had the proud privilege of boasting, 'I am colonel of one of the best regiments in the United States army,'" and to repeat the assurance of the Inspector-General that "the Twenty-fifth was the best regiment he had seen in the Philippines." Naturally the colonel recalled the gallant charge which the Twenty-fifth made, and which he led, at El Caney; and he went on to mention equally brave actions of his men that none of us have ever heard of, because they are in Philippine jungles—fights at places with such names as Iba, Arayat, Zambales, of which we hear as curiously as we might of desperate but unnamed Scythian combats in the oblivion of an unknown past. "By your untiring efforts night and day, marching and fighting in and out of the rainy season," said the old colonel, "one province in Luzon was absolutely cleared up of ladrones and insurrectos." The moistness which these black men had about their eyes when their old colonel's letter was read to them we may well have too, as we think of their faithful service afar off there, fighting forgotten in the jungle for a flag which has not always represented the spirit of kindness to their race.

The United States army is to have a new uniform and the White House is being "done over" all in one year. The American officer is to be picturesque and resplendent in gold lace, and the fact that he is in society is to be recognized in the lining of his lapels. These are to be red, blue, or yellow, according as he is attached to the artillery or infantry or cavalry. When he mingles in the gay throng, he will turn back these lapels, and his splendor will be enhanced. The adoption of a soldierly and handsome dress for the army is admirable in many ways. We have outgrown the crude period when independence and indifference to beauty are coexistent and inseparable. The regular of to-day in his street-car conductor's cap, or in his awkward and uncomfortable helmet, with what appears to be a life-preserver, but which is really a cartridge-belt, about his waist, is not an attractive object even to the comparatively uncultivated. We can do better than that, and the War Department is wise in doing it, for a good soldier likes a good uniform, and if we are to have an army we might as well see to it that it is clothed to our delight and not to our shamefaced amusement. We have been mingling with the world lately, and we are comparing ourselves with other people, much to our self-satisfaction. We are big and rich and powerful, and there is no reason why we should not look as well as any of our neighbors. We are outgrowing that obnoxious provincial affection of plainness—in other words, ugliness—which Mr. Lecky and other critics have charged against us. This new spirit is also manifested in the ease with which Congress was induced to appropriate nearly $500,000 to "do over" the White House, and to make it what it ought to be, to make its interior as beautiful and simple as is its fine exterior. It is a hopeful sign when a strong giant begins to long for gracefulness and graciousness; it is a sign not only of an increase of self-respect, but of self-recognition, of a true appreciation of the place which he has won in the world, and of his respect for good company.

The American soldier on field duty, whether in the tropics or in the United States, will henceforth be a man in khaki. This does not mean that the soldiers will wear the cloth which is the only khaki known to the civilian eye in the United States. There is khaki of wool as well as of cotton, and the American soldier will wear wool khaki in the winter. It will have a "slightly greenish tinge," the effect of which on the eye can only be determined by experience. It certainly sounds rather forbidding in the announcement. The military world has been very slow in catching up with the ideas regarding soldiers' fighting dress which were promulgated by that altogether remarkable and prophetic man Bishop Berkeley, as long ago as 1746. In that year, over his signature of "Eubulus," Berkeley wrote a letter in the Dublin *Journal*, in which he said: "The body of a man is an engine. Its force should be managed to produce its full effect where it is most wanted; and ought not, therefore, to be dissipated on useless ornaments. Sleeves, facings, capes, flaps, tall caps, double breasts, laces, frogs, cockades, plaited shirts, shoulder-knots, belts, and buttons more than enough are so many drawbacks or obstacles to a soldier's exerting his strength in the proper way, in marching, fighting, and pursuing." He advocated the adoption of the sailor's dress for the soldier, "unless any other can be contrived more succinct." In spite of his excellent advice, British soldiers went to Lexington and Waterloo in bear-skin hats and cross-belts, and American soldiers to Mexico in murderous tall hats of leather, and with stocks around their necks. It took the Spanish-American war to produce the "succinctness" of blue sailorlike shirts, worn without blouses. Yet the masters of armies raised by voluntary enlistment have to see to it that the garrison uniform is not made so succinct that the youth of military leanings will never yearn to wear it.

The Alaskan boundary contest, say the prophets of gloom, is the little rift in the lute which will put the Anglo-Saxon concert out of tune. They might say, with better reason and sounder insight, that it is destined to form a new bond of goodwill between the United States and Russia. Within the last few days Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared this famous dispute a standing menace to the peace of the United States and Great Britain, and, he might have added, to the good feeling between Great Britain and the Dominion. This declaration shows how hotly and passionately his government is prepared to press for a solution of the question favorable to the claims of Canada. The United States Senate, on the other hand, has very decided views about the matter, and holds that Canada's claims to tide-water are preposterous. And here Russia comes in. This country holds Alaska, of course, on Russian title-deeds, and Russia is the best witness as to any point in the title which is disputed or obscure. Now Russia decidedly inclines to the view of the United States, and has, indeed, recently gone so far as to express the hope that this country will hold on to every foot of Alaskan soil which we received from her—a hope which has been met with vigorous assurances from our side. Russia has several reasons for her attitude. It is not merely that the Bear feels dyspeptic every time the Lion gobbles something—and *vice versa*—the matter is deeper than that. The truth is that, in many things, Russia's moral influence in Alaska is dominant. She has a bishop of the Orthodox Church, whose chief duty is to supervise the flocks of converts among the Aleutian Islands and on the coast. She has schools in a dozen out-of-the-way corners, and churches in a score. More than this, Russia is steadily gaining a foothold on our Pacific coast, in Washington, Oregon, and California, and Seattle is becoming the landing-place for a considerable and growing volume of Siberian trade. All these things draw closer the bonds between the two great Pacific powers, and are destined to draw them closer still. It is said that the President and the Secretary of State favor arbitration of the Alaskan dispute. Would it not be an admirable idea to request the Czar to act as arbiter, seeing that he has evidently very sound ideas on the subject under contention?

Mr. Chamberlain's accident happened at a peculiarly unfortunate moment. Not only was he compelled to absent himself from the first meetings of the new Balfour cabinet, but his doctors have now advised him to leave London for a yachting cruise, so that the Colonial Conferences must be interrupted just when it seemed likely that they would have some positive result. Certain elements of conflict are becoming apparent, which imperatively demand Mr. Chamberlain's presence, at the very time he is forced to go away. It seems that he might be able to form a Pan-Britannic Zollverein, on the basis of the bread-tax and other measures of protection presently to follow; but it is evident that he cannot favor both this country and Canada, and he is very unwilling to take any action hostile to either. Preferential corn duties in favor of Manitoba would open the way for similar favors to Australian meat and New Zealand fruits, and this would mean a closed door, or at least a tariff wall, in England against some of the most important exports of the United States.

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There is already an agitation in London and other large English cities against the American Beef Trust, and the Australians will not fail to use this as a lever to press their own claims. The vast advances in irrigation have added enormous areas to the cattle-raising districts in Australia, and that country cannot nearly absorb its supplies of beef and mutton. These have for several years found their way to London, and it would only need the stimulus of a slight preferential duty to greatly augment the amounts brought to English markets. So with apples raised in New Zealand. This is the rock ahead in Mr. Chamberlain's path. A part of his policy is an attitude of extreme friendliness towards the United States, yet he cannot favor Canada, Australia, and New Zealand without dealing a blow at American exports. He has already been accused by patriotic Canadians of selling their interests to the United States, and the Alaskan boundary dispute will put his skill and adroitness to a very severe test. It is curious that the Green-Gaynor extradition case seems likely to add fuel to the flames, as a strong body of opinion in both Quebec and Ottawa is bent on making this case the subject of a demonstration against the United States. The Colonial Secretary's path is not likely to prove a smooth one.

It is proposed that the Rhodes scholarships shall be awarded for the first time next year, and the trustees of Mr. Rhodes's will have applied, through Ambassador Choate and Secretary Hay, for such information and suggestions from the chief officials having control of education in the American States and Territories as shall help them to make regulations for the selection and examination of candidates. Secretary Hay has sent a copy of the letter of the trustees to the Governors of the States and Territories, and to presidents of colleges and universities, and the replies of these gentlemen will presently be transmitted, through Mr. Choate, to the trustees. These replies ought to include some interesting reading, and it is to be hoped that the American public may have sight of them. The Governors, in most cases, will probably refer the trustees' request to their State officers of education, but, at all events, from every State and Territory will come some sort of official answer to the trustees' request, and a lot more answers will come from the presidents of colleges and universities, making a mass of correspondence which will at least place the trustees in touch with the American educators. From among these educators the trustees will doubtless be able to select, if they choose, a number of representative men, who will meet, and discuss and submit some definite plan for the nomination of the candidates. Such a plan, it would seem, might provide that each State, through some designated committee, officer, or individual, should name its own candidates. Or applications might be received in gross, and candidates for examination selected from the applicants. The great extent of territory from which the scholars will come complicates the task of selecting them, but in that the experience of some of our larger universities which hold entrance examinations in distant parts of the country may be helpful, and possibly some system of co-operation may be devised by which the examination machinery of Harvard or Yale may be used to test the fitness of these candidates for Oxford. The fit candidates in abundant number will be forth-coming, and that somehow a selection will be made there can be no doubt.

The speech of Mr. James Bryce, M. P., at Oxford University, recently delivered, in which he discussed "The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind," bids fair to be as much discussed as any recent utterance, for it has its far-reaching implications for the British in Africa, and for us as we face the abiding negro problem in this country and the newer problems which have come with the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Mr. Bryce's intellectual and moral qualities are so superior and have so commended him to Britons and Americans that anything he may say on any subject is deemed worthy of consideration. He has as lofty ethical ideals as any living Englishman. He has the temper and method of the trained historian. He has travelled far and near, and studied social phenomena with results flattering to his own fame and illuminating to humanity. The resident of the northern half of the United States will not find in Mr. Bryce's conclusions anything calculated to buttress up those views which the North held theoretically for a decade or two after the civil war. Nor will Senator Hoar and other men of his generation (or their sons) especially identified with the idealistic mode of dealing with the negro during reconstruction period, and now identified with the idealistic, doctrinaire method of dealing with the Filipinos, find any support in Mr. Bryce's argument. Mr. Bryce, for instance, recognizes as a fact, and, on the whole, a wholesome fact, the innate race repulsion of the Caucasian for the negro. He condemns miscegenation. He says that there are cases in which the exclusion of the backward race from contact with the higher race is justified in the interests of humanity at large by the consideration that to admit it would involve more loss to the higher race than gain to the lower race. "The future of mankind demands that some races should be maintained at the highest level of efficiency," he said. "Legally, the backward race should receive all such private civil rights as it can use for its own benefit. But, politically, the backward race may be really unfit to exercise political power."

To an American citizen, having the negro in mind, it is inevitable that such an opinion should at once be read in the light of our *post bellum* legislation incorporated in and based on the war amendments, and so does Mr. Bryce. What is his verdict? That the negroes were not fit for suffrage when it was given to them, and that dispassionate Americans studying the facts now admit that the granting of suffrage to them was a mistake. Of course this is what the Southern white man has always said, and what the Northern press and politicians are reluctantly admitting. And yet with the sad record of unwise haste in conferring manhood suffrage upon the negro of the South and upon the Hawaiians in Hawaii, which our country already has in its dealing with this ticklish problem of controlling unlike races by democratic forms of government, there have been men of repute as scholars and statesmen in this country during the past four years who would have had us repeat the method and score another blunder. Some day it will be seen by the dispassionate historian of the future, as he comes to write of the beginnings of a new epoch of American history, that one of the greatest qualities displayed by the American people and their responsible officials during the period of legislation following the Spanish-American war was the lesson derived from experience in the South with the negro. In Porto Rico an Executive and a Council, deriving their place not from the voters, but from without, stand between the representative body and the possible excesses of the latter. Had the Southern States had a similar bulwark during the reconstruction period how different the history of those commonwealths would have been. In the Philippines, by the advice of the civil commission, democratic government is to be a growth, not a deposit; training in suffrage is to begin in the lower forms of political structure.

The gibe of a Vienna paper that "without his check-book Mr. Morgan would never have been the Emperor's guest" stirs the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to observe: "Perhaps not, but Mr. Morgan made his position in the world, while the Emperor merely inherited his." This retort in turn excites the Hartford *Times* to some biographical reflections. Mr. Morgan was born in Hartford, and Hartford remembers all about his origin. The *Times* points out that he is by no means a "self-made man," but was the son of a father who, fifty years ago, was "as eminent a business man in Boston and London as his son is to-day in New York and London." The *Times* considers that Mr. Junius Morgan, by means of his prestige as the successor of George Peabody in London, and his own intellectual distinction, was able to give his son "advantages which no other American business man was able to transmit to his children." As between Mr. J. P. Morgan and the German Emperor, it considers that the Emperor had the harder struggle in early life to demonstrate his personal abilities and get his dues. Dwelling upon the accomplishments of Mr. Morgan's father and of the social standing of his grandfather, the *Times* declares that "by no possibility can such a position as that occupied by J. P. Morgan be built up in a single lifetime." It thinks it will do no harm for the young men of America to understand that "Mr. Morgan's success represents not only his own great ability, but the high character and large achievements of at least three generations of men." Taking it by and large, and comparing it with Europe, this seems a new country, but its family stocks

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are by no means destitute of roots that have struck down deep in our own soil. A marvellous industrial development has enriched and given prominence to so many men who are properly enough classified as "self-made" that we are apt to forget in how many cases the individual prosperity that we see is based on foundations laid deep by generations past.

A striking example of the strength of inherited tendencies appears in the case of the late Charles Eliot, the landscape architect, whose biography, edited by his father, President Eliot of Harvard, has lately been published. He was born in 1859, but suffered in youth from such infirmity of health that it was only by careful nursing of his strength that he was able to graduate with his class from Harvard College. He had lived very much out-of-doors and loved nature, and leaving college without definite choice of a profession, presently determined to study landscape architecture. He studied two years or more with Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, spent a year in Europe, and began practice in Boston in 1886. In 1893 he became a partner of Mr. Olmsted. Knowing the New England country very thoroughly, both inland and on the coast, he became deeply impressed with the importance of securing park reservations while land was still cheap enough to make it feasible. Into this work especially he threw himself with ardor, and by writings, addresses, and personal testimony so influenced public opinion that he is held to have been the "animating spirit" of the movement which resulted in the acquisition and improvement of more than 9000 acres of park lands near Boston. The example of that work has had effect in all parts of the country, and when Mr. Eliot died in 1897 his advice was being sought by many cities, and his reputation as a conservator of public breathing-spaces had spread throughout the country. He had by inheritance the instinct for public service, and his triumph over discouraging bodily infirmities, and attainment of a position of striking and novel influence and usefulness, afford a lesson that is exceptionally worthy of attention. Charles Eliot in a college theme once defined success as "the attainment of a sufficient competency combined with the largest amount of usefulness to one's fellow-men." We are almost all acutely alive to the advantages of the competency, but not all sufficiently appreciative of the importance of combining its attainment with some form of useful service. Yet in the long-run the men who stickle for usefulness not only get the most out of life, but win their full share of the money.

Mr. Booth Tarkington, if elected to the Indiana Legislature, will, it is said, lose no time in offering a bill providing for an annual literary prize contest, the State to name the judges and award the prizes, amounting to five hundred dollars a year. The full text of the proposed bill was printed in a recent Sunday issue of a Chicago daily, together with paragraphs of comment obtained in interviews with General Lew. Wallace, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, Charles Major, G. B. McCutcheon, and others. George Ade, whose answer to the statement that many bright people came from Indiana, that "the brighter they are the sooner they came," has gone the rounds of the press, opined, characteristically, that if any State were to undertake the encouragement of literary production within its borders, that State should be some other than Indiana, where every third man, woman, and child is an author in some stage —embryonic, active, or retired. Mr. Ade suggested Massachusetts as a better State for Mr. Tarkington's bill. General Wallace has little confidence that the Legislature would take the action proposed, and thinks that if it did, judgment by jury would breed even more heart-burnings than judgment by editors and publishers breeds now. Lastly, he thinks "Indiana literature would be out of place appended to the tail of a legislature. Better leave it entirely to its own independent effort." So think George Barr McCutcheon, author of *Graustark,* and Charles Major, who says, "The State can hold no inducement to literary effort stronger than literature itself offers." Mr. Riley and Mrs. Catherwood favor Mr. Tarkington's plan, believing it would tend to bring literature in America under such government recognition as is given the profession of letters in other countries.

The matter resolves itself into two questions: Does a prize offer breed literary aspirations where none existed? And if it does, are either the aspirations or their results worth anything? Mr. Tarkington's bill provides for the distribution of $500 annually, divided into five prizes. The prizes would, of course, be in no sense purchase-money, but mere awards of honor, leaving the prize-winning literature still in the author's ownership. Still, the provision is for award on manuscripts submitted, anonymously, for competitive purposes. In these days when a multitude of publishers are holding out money inducements of the first order for all creditable literary work, an author with a good, saleable manuscript is little likely to "tie it up" in a State competition on the chance of winning a paltry hundred dollars and the doubtful glory of a "blue ribbon" bestowed by a State legislature. In which case the awards would be simply to "the best submitted," not to the best literature produced in the State; and with none of the star producers "in the running," the honor of winning would be reduced to the minimum. In Europe, where sometimes thousands of dollars are offered for one piece of work (as in the case of the princely prize now awaiting the writer of the best life of St. Francis of Assisi), the competitive impetus to literary production may well engage a different order of talent, but the fact remains that great literature is seldom if ever written that way. Government recognition of literature in money and honors is another matter. It hasn't always been wisely discriminating, as every student of literary history knows, but perhaps, on the whole, it does less harm than good. Mr. Tarkington's effort to introduce it into this country is based, however, on too picayune a scale, and begins at the wrong end. Let us pension our Tennysons, if we have any, and if they need pension, but let us not hope to breed any by the offer of a hundred dollars.

That is an altogether edifying discussion that is going on between Mr. David Belasco, of New York, and M. Jean Richepin, of Paris. One of these gentlemen wrote a play of a sensational and immoral character, which, for some reason that has not yet been made clear, he called "Du Barry." It is the kind of play that may best be described as a Dramatic Gold Brick. It was absolutely worthless as a historical study, but was accepted by an over-easy or under-educated public as the real thing, and enjoyed an amazing run at a New York theatre. Now the alleged authors are quarrelling over the questionable honor of its authorship. So far as we have been able to follow the controversy, we are inclined to back up the pretensions of the American claimant, despite the confessions of M. Richepin. M. Richepin knows his Paris pretty well, and we deem it doubtful, if he knew what he was about, if he would be willing, in his own country, to stand sponsor for this particular "Du Barry," which would appeal neither to the art nor the historical sense of the Parisian. The Belasco "Du Barry," we venture to think, would be laughed off the Parisian stage, and its author would be done for as a dramatist worthy of future consideration, and M. Richepin is too old a hand to put his head into any such noose as that. We must assume, then, that in claiming the authorship of the Belasco play he has confused this with some other of his own creation, and when giving his testimony before the commission at Paris was unaware of his error. Even this testimony of M. Richepin is against the probability of his own contentions, for he swears that upon one occasion, when he first mentioned Du Barry to Mr. Belasco, the latter asked, "Who is Du Barry?" It seems to us that, taking this question and the play together, Mr. Belasco must be found guilty of having written the drama, for surely no one who had ever heard of Madame du Barry could have perpetrated any such lamentable perversion as that over which the two gentlemen are quarrelling. That one naïve question of the American playwright is circumstantial evidence, corroborated by the play itself, that the American did the deed. We are sorry for it, for in some respects we admire Mr. Belasco, and had hoped that willy-nilly in this particular offence he would prove an alibi.

It seems to cost a great deal to live nowadays. Most persons notice it, especially persons who are hard put to it to find the money to pay their bills. The statisticians report that commodities in general use cost, on an average, about ten per cent. more than they did a year ago. The rise in the price of meat contributes a good deal to this advance, though breadstuffs have been high too. Articles of luxury like good clothes and country houses have grown dearer in proportion than most

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articles of necessity, because the huge influx of money that the country has sustained has made a brisk market for luxuries. Rents are higher; houses cost more, servants get higher wages; board is higher at summer hotels. Another thing that counts for a great deal is that in prosperous times like these the incomes of very many people are increased and their expenditures are proportionately amplified. They spend more money, live more luxuriously, and raise the standard of living. The living expenses of any given family are very much affected by the expenses of other families of their acquaintance, and the scale of living of "other families" seems just now to have become inconveniently liberal. There is nothing that we are readier to share than our economies. It is easier to economize when it is the fashion. Just now prodigality is so conspicuously prevalent that it has become more or less epidemic.

We print on another page a picture of Mr. Schwab's new two-and-a-half-million-dollar house on his million-dollar lot on the Riverside Drive. The lot, where the New York Orphan Asylum stood for many years, is a fine lot. The Hudson River flows up and down in front of it, and when Mr. Schwab has built his house he can stand on his front stoop and see more that is inspiring than Mr. Carnegie can see from his front window on Fifth Avenue. And he can have his boat off shore, which is an advantage. He can even have a garden in his front yard, which is a luxury in New York, and of course his house will be beautiful and adorn the neighborhood in which it stands, and we shall all enjoy looking at it as we pass by. There are none too many great show-houses, with grounds about them, in New York, and nothing should be said to discourage Mr. Schwab from adding to their number. He is young, energetic, and rich; the labor of building will be a pleasure to him; the care of a great establishment will sit easily on a trained administrator, whose business in life is to plan and direct the work of others, and get things done. A four-million-dollar city house may strike the average observer as a burdensome possession, oppressive to maintain, and likely to be embarrassing to heirs, but if Mr. Schwab can stand it, we can. So far as the public is concerned, there is nothing to object to in the building of such edifices. One reads of them with less concern than of the growing practice of our very rich men of buying great tracts of land in the country. New York is crowded, but building-lots one hundred and fifty feet wide can still be spared to all the men who can afford to live on them, whereas the acquisition by individuals of hundred-thousand-acre tracts in the Adirondacks and elsewhere makes the average citizen fear that the time is coming when his children's children may be cramped for play-room. Palaces embellish a city. The more fine ones there are in New York, the better. It is only a few years since there were scarcely half a dozen private houses in the town that were worth looking twice at. The sameness of the brownstone rows was matter of general derisive comment. But lately there has been a wonderful improvement, and interesting houses, great and small, are to be seen in all the more desirable residence streets. We grudge space in New York, not to palaces, but to stables. There is no longer room on Manhattan Island for many horses.

Even though Lieutenant Peary never reaches the pole, he can make a good claim to the glory of being the greatest recipient of out-door relief of his time. The fifth annual Peary relief expedition sailed from New York on July 14. This year's relief goes by the venerable *Windward*, which will pick up Mrs. Peary and her daughter at Sydney, Cape Breton. They hope to find Lieutenant Peary at Cape Sabine about August 1, and the intention is to bring him home. His five years' leave of absence expires November 1, and Mrs. Peary says her husband has agreed not to make another incursion into the frozen north. His present expedition began July 4, 1898. He is forty-six years old now, and is therefore approaching a time of life when most men find it profitable to live where they can sleep in real beds and get real meals at regular hours. The present Peary expedition, which began, as said, in 1898, has been sustained by the Peary Arctic Club, of which Mr. Morris K. Jesup is president, and whose founders and contributing members include Messrs. Frederick E. Hyde, Henry W. Cannon, H. L. Bridgeman, James J. Hill, E. C. Benedict, and others. Lieutenant Peary was remarkably well equipped, with stores, dogs, and experience, for his dash for the pole this summer, and if luck has favored him he will have a story to tell that will be worth hearing.

"Corners" are less common now than they were a few hundred years ago, when they were called, in earlier and more stately phrase, forestallings of the market, and were agitated and legislated against as trusts are now. They were more common in Europe, and much more easy, in the sixteenth century than now, because there was much less to forestall; because means of communication were much less numerous and easy, and because vastly less money was required to obtain control of a product. Lately there was some worry in England for fear that unscrupulous Americans would corner the cotton-market. But a competent statistical and financial authority over there made an estimate as to how much cash it would take to obtain control of the cotton now in the world, and found that eighty million dollars would be needed. As no man or combination of men can yet lay down eighty millions of dollars in cash, the notion that some one might pocket and run off with the world's cotton-supply was dismissed. It does not follow because a man is a millionaire, or even a multi-millionaire, that he can lay down a million dollars, "bright and yellow, hard and cold," at any given moment; and it seems to be as easy for Wall Street magnates to be hard up for cash, on their scale, as any of the rest of us. Mr. Gates and his syndicate, during the recent very successful bull movement in corn contracted for for July delivery in Chicago, not only did not at any time produce any scarcity of the actual usable, eatable, grindable corn of commerce, but early in July they actually forced an unusual amount of it into the channels of consumption in the East, at a figure below the speculative price. They also caused a great deal of very brisk corn-shelling in the Western country. It seems that modern forestalling, while it may pinch certain speculators gravely and greatly enrich others, may actually conduce to plentiful accumulations in the people's meal-tubs. It is very much as if the Chicago speculators had found a way to buy and sell an abstraction, the disembodied soul, of the corn and wheat, while the real bodily grain flows on in the currents of trade like water in the sea.

The often prophesied but still unexpected event has happened in golf, and the national championship has been won from the tried and true veteran player by one who is hardly more than a boy. The drift has been in this direction for some years, but few of the students of the game have believed that, in view of all the requirements of a championship contest, involving skill, nerve, and physical endurance, the coveted title would pass from the well-seasoned player of mature years into the hands of the comparatively callow. Brilliant golf has been quite the vogue among the youngsters of the leading clubs, and in the ordinary contests of the day—the sprinting contests, we might call them—the boys have shown themselves foemen worthy of the champion's mid-iron, and it has been no uncommon thing to see some of the most coveted trophies pass, if not exactly into the nursery, at least into the next thing to it—the boy's own store-house of treasures, whence the playthings of childhood are not as yet wholly banished. There is, of course, a reason for this. The youngster, with his supple bones and untoughened fibre and relaxable muscles, has a readier adaptiveness to form than the hardened player who has taken up the game after his formative period, physically, is behind him. But what he has gained hitherto in this adaptiveness to the technique of golf, the youngster has not until recently supplemented with those qualities of nervous reserve and staying power which are prime necessities of a contest lasting nearly a week. If Mr. James's victory, which was well and even brilliantly earned, means that our youth are at last beginning to show the results of the healthy, wholesome, and vigorous out-door life which has been in process of cultivation in this country in the past decade, it is to be doubly welcomed, and even those who regret that the champion of the past few years, who was always ready for and equal to the task of defending his title, has at last sustained defeat, will find keen satisfaction in seeing it won by a mere beginner. Mr. James's victory is in many ways a popular one, and he finds everywhere those who wish him well, and who hope that in the coming twelve months he will prove equal to the arduous task of maintaining his position.

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How About the Democrats?

THE Democratic party has met with so many vicissitudes in its long and, in the main, honorable history that its extinction is to be neither anticipated nor desired; the real question is whether the present national political situation is such as to make possible its resuscitation in time for hopeful participation in the campaign of 1904. Until recently the prospect has seemed no more favorable than at a similar period prior to the re-election of Mr. McKinley, but there can be no doubt that views have been changing of late, coincident with signs of returning sanity to the benighted Bourbons who have done their best to ruin the party.

This change has come about, as such changes always do, through the faults, errors, and dissensions of their opponents. We wish sincerely that we could attribute it, in some degree, to merit, but the hopeless incapacity even for successful pettifogging for an opportunist party demonstrated by the Democratic Representatives in Congress renders this impossible. Whatever advantage now exists comes from without. That a tangible opportunity has developed, however, is beyond doubt.

What, then, are the signs?

1. The abandonment of fatuous adherence to the silver heresy, indicated in all of the recent conventions, even to Texas, and along with it, as a logical and necessary sequence, the repudiation of Bryan as the guiding spirit and sole legatee of the party. This internal revolution is not yet complete, but enough has happened to prove that it soon will be, and is, indeed, now accepted by the principal members of the clique which took possession of the organization in 1896 and has since surrounded the fallen idol.

2. A hungering for public place and pap. After all is said and done, no true American politician likes to be of the "outs" forever. Family bitterness may induce him to forego the delights of glory and flesh-pots for a time, but six years is about the limit of human endurance, and at the expiration of that period, as at present, a spirit of forgiveness begins to pervade the atmosphere. Here the signs of political spring-time are most abundant. Mr. Jones becomes tractable, Mr. Hill bestrides the donkey, deep murmurs of prospective solemn responsibilities echo furtively from the sacred precincts of Princeton, and Mr. Croker goes away back and sits down; because, forsooth, why dispute the cutting of the cake while there is no cake to cut? Thus reason triumphs over rancor, and thirsty harmony reigns supreme.

3. A moral issue. Herein lies the real danger to Republican supremacy and the real hope of the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland was elected twice because the people believed, not that he was more competent than Mr. Blaine or more trustworthy than Mr. Harrison, but that his cause was just. "Tariff reform" was an effective battle-cry then; is there not every reason to anticipate that, in view of the continuing arrogance and unreasonableness of certain protected interests, it may seem quite as necessary and be made quite as effective two years hence? So, at least, the conduct of Republican Representatives from the West would indicate. Ahead of this familiar and twice-successful Democratic issue will naturally come—

Freedom for the Filipinos.

Justice for Cuba.

These, too, are moral issues, and very strong ones. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt is the most strenuous advocate of fair business treatment of the Cubans, but the Republican Congress is not, and obviously cannot be made to be. Equally true it is that he who pleads most eloquently and convincingly the cause of the Filipinos is Senator Hoar, the noblest Roman of them all; but he stands virtually alone so far as Congress is concerned, and the day of self-government in the archipelago seems hazily remote, even when the President speaks. Sound, in addition to these, the more specifically domestic notes—

Tariff for revenue only *of the government, not of the trusts.*

Abolition of duties protecting trusts.

Regulation of combinations.

Eliminating financial heresies, insane attacks upon property, and all other humbugs, and there remains the basis of a platform which, ably and persistently expounded, would surely make Mr. Hanna sit up and might induce Mr. Roosevelt to sit down.

But the real point is, as we have said: Have the Democratic leaders, such as they are, if such there be, sense enough to avail themselves of the opportunity hurled at their heads by the clique of Republican incorrigibles in the Senate? We doubt it.

The President and the People

IT is announced that this summer the President is to have as much of a vacation as it is possible for a President to enjoy. This opportunity for recreation is happily afforded by the work of repairing and changing the interior of the White House. It would really be worth while to turn the Executive family out of its official residence every summer if so happy a consequence were always to follow.

There is a fly in this as in other amber, however, and even at Oyster Bay, even when the crowd is turned off from the highway leading to Sagamore that its time may be consumed in the little bank building in the village, the President is not going to have all the play that he is entitled to. The fact is that he has a good many arrears of thinking to make up, and this is mainly due to the insistence of his fellow-countrymen in wasting his time when he is in Washington, and therefore within the grasp of their amiable patriotism.

Here is a man—we speak now of the genial President—a good two-thirds of whose time is devoted to people who have petty favors to ask or who want to shake the official hand. We should be incorrect if we were to say that promiscuous hand-shaking is wholly a vice, just as wrong as if we should say that promiscuous office-seeking is of no value to the republic. Personal contact with a smiling and apparently friendly Chief Magistrate wins the affection of the multitude, and popular affection is a very valuable asset for the Chief Executive, as Mr. Walter Bagehot pointed out in his discussion of the importance of the throne in the English political system. At the same time, too much can be sacrificed to the acquisition of this asset, and too much is sacrificed by our Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt is called upon to devote very much the larger part of his time to the profit and pleasure, even the vanity, of individuals, at the cost of his own comfort, his own dignity, and the public interests. Fortunately, he insists on maintaining his health; other Presidents have not, and have suffered. From ten o'clock in the morning until luncheon the public pours over the President with outstretched hands; after luncheon to exercise time special interviews are given and the mail is signed; after dinner there are other interviews. The President is a quick thinker, but there are some public questions that are the better solved by thorough thinking.

Now the President will necessarily devote some of this summer play spell to some of the close thinking, the opportunity for which has been denied him by the people who have encroached upon him all winter, many of whom were moved by the patriotism and friendliness which are gratified by the touch of the President's hand. If there should be a little more moderation in this intercourse between the President and his visitors, it would be much better for the public business. Moreover, there should be more restraint in it, more guardedness, more aloofness on the President's part, less of that physical mauling which is too often witnessed in the White House reception-room; there would be no less affection felt for the President, no less of the fine loyalty to his office and its incumbent, and a larger degree of respect, or reverence, or awe,—call it what you will,—of that sentiment, at all events, which glorifies and ennobles the affection, and makes of it the sort which ought to be felt and manifested for the head of the nation.

The Government and the Friars

THE negotiations touching the friars and their lands have been suspended, and they will be renewed at Manila. The bitter critics of our government, mainly resident and operating on this side of the Atlantic, and under what they must regard as the baleful shadow of the American flag, have so sedulously misrepresented the part played by Secretary Root and Governor Taft in the negotiations with the Vatican that it is well to make a plain, straightforward statement of the truth in the premises.

This government, then, has neither taken a high-handed course in dealing with the Pope and the cardinals, nor have its demands been hostile to its obligations as set forth in the Treaty of Paris. By the eighth article of that treaty this government promises that the relinquishment by Spain of public property "cannot in any respect impair the property or rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastical or civic bodies," etc.

Recognizing fully the rights of the friars to peaceful possession of their properties, this government also recognized the fact, testified to by nearly all writers on the Philippines, including Dean C. Worcester and John Foreman, himself a Catholic, that the friars were the main cause of the hostility of the natives to the rule of Spain, because they were oppressors and plunderers. Set up as teachers, they were themselves ignorant. Sent to the archipelago to expound Christianity and to inculcate morality, they were licentious, dishonest, and had amassed wealth by cheating the people of their flocks. The effort to rid the islands of these pests was not directed against the Catholic Church, for Catholics approve it. It was an effort to expel unworthy sons of the Church, betrayers of their trust, and to replace them with an instructed and pious clergy, also Catholic. Nor was it intended that they should be driven out and their property confiscated. This government offered to buy the property of the friars and to compensate them generously for it. There was no attempt made to bully Rome; but the aid of the Pope was sought in order that the task of prevailing on the friars to move out might be facilitated.

As we have said, both Catholics and Protestants are interested in securing the object which Governor Taft sought in Rome. The friars themselves, who are waiting in Manila, know that if they return to their rural parishes they will probably be murdered, so hostile to them are the natives. Cardinal Rampolla, speaking for the Pope, is courteously sympathetic with Secretary Root and Governor Taft, and both the Pope

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and he have expressed not only their satisfaction, but their pleasure at the latter's tone. In truth, Governor Taft seems to have followed out the traditional American diplomacy in its notable characteristics of frankness and directness. If the negotiations have partially failed, and are to be transferred from Rome to Manila, it is not because the Vatican does not recognize the necessity of the withdrawal of the friars. It is because Rome desires to yield gradually, and to provide for a retreat which shall be slow enough to permit of the immediate replacement of every friar quitting the islands with another, no doubt better, teacher of Catholic doctrine.

The representative of the Vatican at Manila is to consider with Governor Taft the four points insisted upon by Secretary Root. These points are, in brief, requirements that the church authorities shall furnish to the Philippine government lists of the properties which they are willing to sell, with a statement showing their title to the lands; that they shall furnish items of their claims for damages to ecclesiastical property; that they shall give a list of church properties belonging to the crown of Spain at the time of the cession of the islands to the United States; and also a list of charitable and educational trusts which it is claimed should be performed by the church, instead of the state.

Cardinal Rampolla desires a tribunal to determine the value of the friars' lands, and an agreement that the change shall be gradual, as we have already pointed out. He definitely recognizes the necessity of the withdrawal of the friars, and agrees that they ought not to return to their parishes, because their presence there "would provoke trouble." In fact, as we remarked last week, if the friars do not go, this government might as well abandon the effort to win the friendship and secure the loyalty of the Filipinos. But because we insist that they shall go, it does not follow that we are intending forcibly to expel them, or to rob them of their lands, or to bully the Church of Rome, as has been suggested, nor does Rome itself take that mean view of us.

A Little Mistake

We need not believe quite all that we read in the special despatches from Chicago in order to perceive a literary tumult in the summer school of the university there, which may be only a revolt, and which may be a revolution. Something very exciting is apparent to the casual glance; whether it is very important, carefuler scrutiny must decide; but no one can now deny that it is interesting.

So far as we are able to conjecture the proportions of an outbreak which at this distance looks rather shapeless, it has gathered form mainly in an assault upon the poetry of Longfellow. It will not do to take any summer school very seriously; a summer school seems to represent in the higher education that intellectual moment which is loosely known in journalism as the silly season; it is university extension carried to the extrême of a diaphanous thinness, a gossamer tenuity in the fields of thought; and it might not be worth while to notice the recent uprising against Longfellow at all if it had not been headed by a winter professor many months before the rage of the dog-star threatened. It is true that this winter professor has since appeared in the strictly summer act of praising to his hearers the book of a young Montana girl who has made a bold, a very bold, strike for notoriety on the lines of Marie Bashkirtseff's confessions, and won. In what we may call a shirt-waist laxness of cerebration, the winter professor assures his summer school that this poor child's hysteric twaddle is "the soul of a woman laid bare," in a book which "few will have the courage to read, or the wit to understand." So we need not count the winter professor, at least till he puts on a high turn-down collar and a fall-weight coat; and the dimensions of the Longfellow rebellion seem reduced to the personality of Mr. Hamlin Garland.

It is a generous personality, and its dimensions are by no means given in his reported saying that the poetry of Longfellow may be left to women. Perhaps Mr. Garland never said just that, or did not think when he said it. But supposing that he said it and thought it, we find nothing in it to censure either Longfellow or women; and what we find in it to censure Mr. Garland, we will leave him to divine and to deal with himself in a soberer hour. In another critic, a critic of narrower mind and meaner make, such a saying could proceed only from a profound ignorance of the documents, or from an entire want of that "wit to understand" which the winter professor requires in the readers of the Montana Bashkirtseff. If the saying means anything, it means that the poetry of Longfellow is so despicable as to be fit only for the vapidity of women as they once were, and not as they now are, when they form the vast majority of Mr. Garland's readers. But does Mr. Garland really mean such an insult to the memory of the poet who wrote *The Book of Sonnets*, and the sonnets which interleave the cantos of his matchless version of Dante; who wrote *Hiawatha*, and *Evangeline*, and *The Golden Legend*, and *Miles Standish*, and all those precious and perfect lyrics, thrilling from the *Voices of the Night* to the last exquisite murmurs that die on the shores of *Ultima-Thule*? If Mr. Garland had taken the volume of Longfellow's verse, and read from it in proof of his censure, his hearers, nine-tenths of them, might well have risen and cried: "Yes, leave such poetry to us! Its possession honors us, heart and head; and if we are only fit for it, we are glad and proud. You could not praise us more, or do us finer homage. If to be clear, and pure, and sweet, if to be high, and gentle, and serene, is not to be fit for the company of men, then let us have this divine outcast of yours, and we will welcome him and worship him forever."

If Mr. Garland had been greeted with some such answer as this, we can imagine him first astonished, and then perplexed, and then persuaded and abashed. We can imagine him closing the book, and bowing his head, and magnanimously owning himself rash and wrong in a censure unworthy of his generous nature and his honest art.

Later.—Since the foregoing observations were made, Mr. Garland has denied that he used the language or thought the thoughts ascribed to him; but our observations would have been so just if he had done so that we cannot bring ourselves to sacrifice them to the fact. We congratulate him upon it, and while assuring him that we were haunted throughout by a misgiving that he had been misreported, we let our observations stand; for they are true of Longfellow's poetry if not Mr. Garland's criticism, and they seem so applicable in a general sense to the insurgent spirit of the summer school at Chicago that we feel it would be wrong to suppress them. The fact in the case restores Mr. Garland's criticism to the level of his fiction, which is such as little of our fiction has reached.

A Constitutional Monarch

Apropos, significantly apropos, of the King's illness, some of the English speculative philosophers have expressed surprise that royal blood has so infrequently produced royal geniuses. Assuming a healthy royal body, robust with trained royal muscles, nourished by the richest kind of royal blood, why never a brilliant royal imagination, or a vigorous, direct, superior sort of practical royal intelligence? And the speculators go on, considering always the constitutional royalty of democratic England, to wonder why the male scions of the English family have never risen in mental and spiritual force and idealism above the English squirearchy, which stays at home, fattens cattle, breeds horses, supports and bullies the parson, deals fairly and justly in the magistracy, goes to White's in London for a few weeks every year, where it answers in a body to the magic name "Sir John."

The reason is not far to seek. The constitutional monarch and the squire who does not enter the House of Commons are born to the same hard fate. If we may so far forget modern conditions and modern realities as to speak of the kingdom and empire as his Majesty's property, we may say that the average English king, like the average English squire, has nothing in the world to do but to pass through life as agreeably as possible, living within his income if possible, but leaving the management of his estate to his "man of business," the premier of the moment. He may be virtuous if it so please him; he may be vicious, or at least not averse to the dissipations which society expects—nay, demands—of him. It is true that he may exercise some influence on the politics of the time, following the noble example of Victoria, or fulfilling the fine promise of the Prince Consort; but such service on the part of the constitutional monarch is gratuitous, and the example of busy George III. must always be a warning against the cultivation of the notion on the part of a Prince of Wales that when he comes to the throne he will have real duties to perform.

It is because his education is not to prepare him to fill a place in the world of activity and of performance that the English prince, speaking of the generic and not of a particular prince, never attains to the intellectual heights on which are to be found the men who seem to have been educated as he was. But his education is, indeed, only seeming. He takes a little shy at seafaring (the present Prince of Wales having had a little more than his princely share of naval life); he takes another little shy at the army; he goes up to Oxford and dines; he reads a little law in the Temple and dines again. His royal mind, being merely human, is no more improved by smatterings than would be the common mind of the middle classes. He is not preparing for any rôle in life. He is not to be dependent on learning or mental discipline. He is not like the son of the people, who must make his way in the world; nor like the son of a duke, who can only maintain the family tradition by political achievement; nor like an absolute monarch, who must rule, and rule well, if he is to accomplish anything; above all, must avoid follies, if he is also to avoid revolution and dethronement.

Therefore it is not essential that the son of a constitutional monarch know anything, for he will have no use for his knowledge. Nor is it essential to his safety and his retention of the throne that he resist temptation to vice and folly, for he is mainly a social ornament, and the nation will not turn him out of his place for unworthiness, because its comfort and well-being are not dependent on his worthiness.

Walter Bagehot wrote some sentences on this subject which are so extremely interesting and so pertinent that we venture to quote them at length.

"A constitutional prince," he wrote, "is the man who is most tempted to pleasure, and the least forced to business. A despot

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must feel that he is the pivot of the state. The stress of his kingdom is upon him. As he is, so are his affairs. He may be seduced into pleasure; he may neglect all else; but the risk is evident. He will hurt himself; he may cause a revolution. . . . But a constitutional king need fear nothing. He may neglect his duties, but he will not be injured. His place will be as fixed, his income as permanent, his opportunities of selfish enjoyment as full as ever. Why should he work? . . . .

"The only fit material for a constitutional king is a prince who begins early to reign—who in his youth is superior to pleasure—who in his youth is willing to labor—who has by nature a genius for discretion. Such kings are among God's greatest gifts, but they are also among His rarest."

Why do our Detectives Fail?

In one of the stories of Voltaire certain persons who have been in the hands of barbarians in the lawless countries, and have escaped with their lives after dreadful hardships, ultimately come to a place where there is a gibbet; and upon this machine hanged in chains they recognize all that is left of a man; whereat they fall upon their knees and thank Heaven that they have at last found a sign of civilization. It is a grim and sardonic way of presenting the otherwise simple fact that the civilized countries have all organized some system for making things unpleasant for murderers, thieves, and other rogues. With the growth of criminal practices goes everywhere the growth of some corrective machinery, and a great and most essential part of this is the system of a detective police.

From time immemorial the conflict between these forces has made a large part of the social history, and has been the staple of fiction. There is not a better story anywhere in the world than that of the Egyptian thieves in Herodotus. In all countries, however, the conflict ultimately reaches a stage of definite relation—some sort of a balance—as to superiority or inferiority, in virtue of which it happens that either the thieves reign, and the detectives are helpless unless they can make terms with the thieves; or the police are supreme, and roguery is dangerous and unprofitable, and only has sporadic demonstrations. In France, in England, in Germany—in nearly all the old countries—there is generally a well-established balance in favor of the police. With us this balance seems to oscillate when it is not clearly in favor of murderers and thieves. In the criminal history of several capitals of Europe for a period of ten years you will not find so many absolutely untraced murders as you will find in the history of this single city for the same period.

What does this discrepancy signify—what is the cause of it? Many ancient problems, social and others, tried for centuries in the Old World, and then tried in the different conditions of the New World, have shown, as has been often noted, a wonderful tendency to variation in results on this side the sea. Take the jury system, for instance, as seen in England and seen here. It is a splendid machinery for conviction in a country where twelve ordinary men will sit quietly in court for a certain number of hours, and at the end of that time decide all questions just as some authority tells them they must; it fails where every one of these men has his own opinion. In fact, any wide variation in the constitution of the social unit, any departure from ancient systems of education or development which makes the individual man a totally different creature, must produce different results in every case where the nature and quality of the individual man are important factors in the problem. Can it be this that has changed for us the favorable balance between the police and the enemies of life, peace, and prosperity?

Some Old World romances chronicle the adventures of clever rogues, but in contemporary Europe it is rare to find a very clever or very daring rogue; and if one appears, he is soon driven out and comes to us. Thus the police on the other side have on their hands mostly rogues whose schemes are as transparent as glass; while the government in state and cities gives a good deal of thought to the efficient working and development of a detective system, distinguishing, rewarding, and cultivating the clever man. Thus from both starting-points things work in the right direction.

With us it is the contrary; all tendencies cultivate the rogue; all equally deteriorate the detective service. Rogues of unparalleled daring, acuteness, and dexterity—and what is more remarkable, sound reasoning—seem to prevail in the criminal port of our world—perhaps because the rewards of successful crime are very great, and because the general tendency of development in men and women is toward keener intellectual perceptions. Do we anywhere cultivate the detective system from the right point of view? Imagine a superintendent taking off the street twenty ordinary policemen and making them "detectives" by a stroke of the pen. With a detective force recruited in that way is it strange that "natural selection" should seem to be in favor of the rogues?

New Roads of the New South

The recent awakening in the Southern States is almost exclusively associated with the development of cotton manufacturing, but in fact the springing up of cotton-mills is only one phase of an activity that has manifested itself along many lines.

One of the most important, but least conspicuous, movements in the new South is that being made in behalf of good country roads. There is perhaps no better test of the life of a civilization than that to be found in the extent and character of its public highways. The degree of perfection of country roads corresponds closely to the degree of civilization where the roads are situated. Any past civilization could be fairly well estimated if we had only the remains of its public roads to judge from. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans constructed roads of which substantial fragments remain to this day. Even the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans constructed systems of paved roads which yet excite the admiration of explorers. Some of these roads were constructed of heavy flag of freestone, and covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made as hard as granite.

But where are the roads of the old South? Scarcely a remnant of them is to be found. The best roads of the *ante bellum* days were known as turnpikes or plank-roads. They were built of planks, about twenty feet wide, the planks being laid flat across the road, and fastened at the ends to sleepers or stringers. These roads followed the routes of the old stage-lines. For a very short while the turnpike was a satisfactory and indeed a beautiful road, but rain and sunshine soon caused the planks to curl and twist, and finally to rot. Like the institution of slavery, the old turnpike had no enduring foundation, and was destined to speedy disappearance. Had the Southern people constituted a good system of public roads prior to 1860 it is quite probable that the civil war would not have happened. The freer communication and greater enlightenment resulting from goods roads would have made the North and South more homogeneous, and would have averted the disagreements respecting secession and slavery.

About fifteen years ago there was a general revival of interest in the building of country roads, and now many communities in the South have systems of roads of which they justly feel proud. Even North Carolina, long known as the Rip Van Winkle of the Southern States, has at last awakened, and is giving lessons to the outside world in the construction of good roads. It is no exaggeration to say that the roads of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, are the best to be found in the entire South.

The county of Mecklenburg is near the South Carolina line, and is pierced by that division of the Southern Railroad which extends from Washington to Atlanta. The county-seat is Charlotte, a progressive city of thirty thousand inhabitants. Within a radius of one hundred miles of this city there are three hundred cotton factories, comprising more than half of the spindles and looms operated in the South.

In 1890 the authorities of the county conceived the idea of utilizing the convicts for the improvement of the public roads. Instead of locking up offenders in the county jail or sending them to the penitentiary, it was decided to employ them at home in improving the highways. A law was passed authorizing the use of convicts for this purpose. The convicts were organized into a squad or camp, placed under the control of a competent supervisor and engineer, and the work of grading, straightening, and macadamizing the roads was begun. A short experience demonstrated that the convict laborers cost the county only twenty-five cents per day per head, including food, lodging, clothing, and overseeing. The outfit for the road-work, consisting of a steam-roller, crusher, bins, portable engine, road-machine, and a screen for assorting the rocks, cost about $5000. At present the county has in operation two road outfits, and employs about sixty convicts with each outfit. The total expenditure in constructing each mile of macadamized road is from $1600 to $2500, not including bridges. In summer the convicts live in tents along the road, and in winter they live in barracks. The rock used for the roads is bought from the farmers, who haul and deposit it at the convict camp.

These roads have been in process of construction for twelve years at the rate of about ten miles per year. At present there are more than one hundred miles of macadamized roads in the county. The roads radiate in all directions from the centre of Charlotte, and extend ten or fifteen miles to the county limits. The character of the roads may be readily seen from the illustrations on pages 1016 and 1017. The roads of this county have become so famous that delegations from many other States have come here to inspect them.

Many good-road organizations exist in the South. Professor J. A. Holmes, of the University of North Carolina, has travelled in many States giving illustrated lectures on road-construction, and organizing good-road clubs. His campaign has borne much fruit, and the South can now boast of some of the best and most picturesque roads in the whole world. The recent invasion of summer and winter tourists into the mountains of the South has given a great impetus to the improvement of mountain roads. In the mountains of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina there are many stretches of road, varying from ten to fifty miles in length, so perfectly engineered that one may drive over them at a trot every foot of the way. Many of these roads are owned and kept up by private corporations.

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On Reading a Newspaper in Ten Minutes

THE other evening when the Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts came into my study he saw the morning paper lying unopened on the settle by the fireplace.

"Haven't you read this yet?" he said.

"No, not to-day."

"Where are you, anyway? Why not?"

I said I hadn't felt up to it yet—didn't feel profound enough—something to that effect.

The P. G. S. of M. thinks a newspaper should be read in ten minutes. He looked over at me with a sort of slow, pitying Boston-Public-Library expression he has sometimes.

I behaved as well as I could—took no notice for a minute.

"The fact is, I have changed," I said, "about papers and some things. I have times of thinking. I'm improved considerably," I added, recklessly.

Still the same pained Boston-Public-Library expression—only turned on a little harder.

"Seems to me," I said, "when a man can't feel superior to other people in this world, he might at least be allowed the privilege of feeling superior to himself once in a while—spells of it."

He intimated that the trouble with me was that I wanted both. I admitted that I had cravings for both. I said I thought I'd be a little easier to get along with if they were more satisfied.

He intimated that I was easier to get along with than I ought to be, or than I seemed to think I was. He did not put it in so many words. The P. G. S. of M. never says anything that can be got hold of and answered. Finally I determined to answer him whether he had said anything or not.

"Well," I said, "I may feel superior to other people sometimes. I may even feel superior to myself, but I haven't got to the point where I feel superior to a newspaper—to a whole world at once. I don't try to read it in ten minutes. I don't try to make a whole day of a whole world a foot-note to my oatmeal mush. I don't treat the whole human race, trooping past my breakfast, as a parenthesis in my own mind. I don't try to read a great, serious, boundless thing like a daily newspaper, unfolded out of starlight, gleaner of a thousand sunsets around a world, and talk at the same time. I don't say 'there's nothing in it'—interrupt a planet to chew my food—throw a planet on the floor, and look for my hat. . . . Nations lunging through space to say good-morning to me, continents flashed around my thoughts, seas for the boundaries of my day's delight . . . . the great God shining over all! And may He preserve me from ever reading a newspaper in ten minutes!

"I have spent as much time as any one, I think, in my day, first and last, in feeling superior to newspapers. I can remember when I used to enjoy it very much—the feeling, I mean. I have spent whole half-days at it—going up and down columns, thinking they were not good enough for me.

"Now when I take up a morning newspaper, half-dread, half-delight, I take it up softly. My whole being trembles in the balance before it. The whole procession of my soul, shabby, loveless, provincial, tawdry, is passed in review before it. It is the grand stand of the world. The vast and awful roll-call of things I ought to be—the things I ought to love—in the great world voice sweeps over me. It reaches its way through all my thoughts—through the minutes of my days. 'Where is thy soul? Oh, where is thy soul?' the morning paper up and down its columns calls to me. There are days that I ache with the echo of it. There are days when I dare not read it until the night. Then the voice that is in it grows gentle with the darkness—it may be—and is stilled with sleep.

"I am not saying it does not take a very intelligent man to read a newspaper in ten minutes—squeeze a planet at breakfast and drop it. I think it does. But I am inclined to think that the intelligent man who reads a newspaper in ten minutes is exactly the same kind of intelligent man who could spend a week reading it if he wanted to, and not waste a minute of it. And he might want to. He simply reads a newspaper as he likes. He is not confined to one way. He does not read it in ten minutes because he has a mere ten-minute mind, but because he merely has the ten minutes. Rapid reading and slow reading are both based, with such a man, on appreciation of the paper—and not upon a narrow, literary, Boston-Public-Library feeling of being superior to it.

"The value of reading-matter, like other matter, depends on what a man does with it. All that one needs, in order not to waste time in general reading, is a large, complete set of principles to stow things away in. Nothing really needs to be wasted. If one knows where everything belongs in one's mind—or tries to, if one takes the trouble to put it there—reading a newspaper is one of the most colossal, tremendous, and boundless acts that can be performed by any one in the whole course of a human life.

"If there's any place where a man needs to have all his wits about him, to put things into—if there's any place where the next three inches can demand as much of a man as a newspaper—where is it? The moment he opens it he lays his soul open, exposes himself to all sides of the world in a second, and to several thousand years of the world at once.

"A book is a comparatively safe, unintelligent place for a mind to be in. There are at least four walls to it—a few scantlings over one, protecting one from all space. A man has at least some remotest idea of where he is, of what may drop on him, in a book. It may tax his capacity of stowing things away some. But he always has notice—almost always. It sees that he has time and room. It has more conveniences for fixing things. The author is always there—a kind of valet to anybody, to help people along pleasantly, to anticipate their wants. It's what an author is for. One expects it.

"But it is different in a morning paper—rolled out of dreams and sleep into it—empty, helpless before a day, all the telegraph-machines of the world thumping all the night, clicked into one's thoughts before one thinks. No man really has room in him to read a morning paper. No man's soul is athletic or swift enough. . . . Nations in a sentence. . . . Thousands of years in a minute, philosophies, religions, legislatures, paleozoias, church socials side by side, stars and gossip, fools, heroes, comets—infinity on parade—and over the precipice of the next paragraph, headlong—the Lord knows what!

"Reading a morning paper is one of the supreme acts of presence of mind in a human life."

We have compelled every land, every sea, to open a path for our valor, and we have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity.—*Thucydides.*

A state is an association of similar persons for the attainment of the best life possible.—*Aristotle.*

Books and Authors

A SHORT time ago Sir George Douglas, Bart., read a paper on Thomas Hardy, at the Whitefriars Club, London, in which he prophesied that the present age would be known at the end of the century as the age of Hardy. He compared Hardy to Shakspere, classifying him among the great impersonal writers. To one charge in Sir George's paper we must take objection. He maintained that Hardy was not a stylist; he simply expressed his meaning in homespun prose, and fell far below Stevenson as a master in style. Now as style is the form which perpetuates art and gives it a lien on immortality, it seems to us that Sir George is strangely inconsistent in thus damaging the claim he makes for Hardy's greatness. The fact is that just because Hardy is impersonal, and not individual or personal, his style varies in richness of tone according to his theme. The Shakspere who wrote "King Lear" is the Shakspere who wrote "As You Like It." The Hardy who wrote *The Return of the Native* is the Hardy who wrote *Under the Greenwood Tree.* Yet how vastly different the style of each author in these contrasted works! Indeed, Hardy's artistic susceptibility to the temper of his subject is one of his great gifts. It is nowhere so strikingly exemplified as in the description of Tess among the sun-flushed, sun-kissed maidens at Crick's farm, and later when in her desolation she works in the turnip-fields. Mr. Lionel Johnson tells us how Oliver Madox Brown, lying on his death-bed, had the first chapters of *Far from the Madding Crowd* read to him, out of the *Cornhill Magazine,* which had just refused a story of his own. "No wonder," the boy exclaimed, "they did not want *my* writing!" And, adds Mr. Johnson, Time has shown that there is little writing by modern men which is more wanted, more acceptable, than the writing of Mr. Hardy.

Sir George's paper precipitated a discussion on the relative positions of Hardy and Meredith, which seems as inevitable nowadays as the erstwhile comparison of Thackeray and Dickens. The finest things we have ever seen in print about Meredith's style were written some years ago by the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan.* "His style," he wrote, "is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate. Somebody in Shakspere—*Touchstone,* I think—talks about a man who is always breaking his shins over his own wit, and it seems to me that this might serve as the basis for a criticism of Meredith's method." In deliberately choosing to make himself a romanticist, he goes on to say that even if Meredith's fine spirit did not revolt against the noisy assertions of realism, his style would be quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a respectful distance. "By its means he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and red with wonderful roses."

"A lonely hut on a deserted common." Such were the doctor's orders to Mr. Zangwill, the other day, when it was found that the author of *The Mantle of Elijah* was threatened with a serious breakdown in health, and one cannot help noting the picturesque significance of this going out into the wilderness, as it were, of one of Mr. Zangwill's race at a crucial moment in his career. For it has been with something like alarm that Mr. Zangwill's friends have watched the submerging of his artistic pow-

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ers in the engrossing propaganda of Zionism during the last two or three years—indeed, his last book was not quite free from the deadening effects of the doctrinaire. Read in connection with the appendix of maturer years, Stevenson's essay, "Ordered South," helps us to understand what he accomplished thereafter. Very early in his literary career Stevenson's health gave way, and he was "ordered south"; it changed for him, as the spitting of a little blood changes for many, the face of earth and sky. It transformed Stevenson, the mere observer and playfellow with life, into the deeply sympathetic companion and fellow-passenger on the last cruise; it filled him with divinely pitiful thoughts; it gave him insight and wisdom, the power to see the unexpected grace in human nature, to face the issues of life and death, and to surmount them. It may be that Mr. Zangwill, like Stevenson, in that solitude which is the mother-country of the strong, shall have his sympathies touched to a closer sense of kinship with mankind, and come forth to accomplish greater works than he has yet done.

An inquiry into the racial characteristics which determine Mr. Zangwill's philosophy of life and make his feeling for art something different from that of his English contemporaries would make an interesting study. Though he has been schooled and trained in the heart of Anglo-Saxon thought and feeling, he cannot get away from his Polish extraction and the heritage of mind alien to Western civilization. Strive as he may to reflect English life and manners in his novels, he fails, so to speak, to get beneath the skin, to make his thought run current with Western ideas, to divine the emotion, the soul of the West. When he is dealing with the problems or emotions of his own people he is on firm ground. That is why the most human as well as the most artistic work he has done is contained in *Children of the Ghetto* and *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. That he lives in London and writes of London accounts for him physically, but regarded psychologically Mr. Zangwill is in reality a native of Poland, an alien in England.

What was d'Artagnan's Christian name? In the numerous plays and translations of *The Three Musketeers* we have known him as Raoul and Louis, Pierre and Alexandre, Gaston and Gaspard, yet not one of these was correct. In every instance the adoption of the Christian name has been an impudent gratuity or insolent solecism. Mr. Charles Sellier, in an instructive article on "The Real d'Artagnan" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July, tells us that the d'Artagnan claimed by both history and romance was Charles de Batz, or d'Artagnan, born in 1612, of François de Montesquiou d'Artagnan and Bertrand de Batz, of the ancient house of Béarn. As the original French of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* contains no allusion to d'Artagnan's Christian name, this would seem to settle the matter. But if you will turn to Chapter XL. of *Vingt Ans Après*, you will find a letter from the Gascon to Athos, Comte de la Fère, signed "Jonas d'Artagnan."

It is still hoped that Mr. Morley's biography of Gladstone will be completed in time for autumn publication. We learn from an authentic source that the Life will be in three volumes, and that it may be necessary to publish two supplementary volumes of letters, as the materials in Mr. Morley's hands have proved to be more abundant than was supposed, and of great interest and value.

Correspondence

THE LYNCHING OF BRUTES

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Among the editorial comments in your issue of July 12, under the head of "Murder and the Mafia," relative to the supposed organization and origin of that dread secret society, this query is noted:

"Or is it rather to be described as a 'state of mind'—the product of history, race, and disastrous social economic conditions—like that which condones lynching in the South and the vendetta in Corsica?"

It is to be remembered—admitting the truth of this autocratic and authoritative statement, which no law-abiding member of any Southern community is for a moment prepared to do—that while lynching has occurred in those localities, it has been in every case the outcome of frenzied popular sentiment against a fiendish and unnamable crime, for which, in the inflamed eyes of an outraged people, the slow processes of the law have seemed altogether inadequate. They have thus taken swift and summary vengeance into their own hands, and while the best element deplore this lamentable state of affairs, they are by no means prepared to see it bracketed with the machinations of the vindictive Mafia and deadly vendetta.

The "states of mind" which have produced both conditions bear no relation whatever, in any degree of comparison, to each other, and it would seem a perversion of just sentiment thus to consider them.

The workings of the Mafia are conducted in the interests of a "vehement, secretive, stealthy, and revengeful people" for purposes of private and personal revenge and political intrigue; a people who are lost to all moral sense of an embodied official justice; while the "state of mind which condones lynching in the South" has at least burned in on its consciousness, as with a lurid flame, the awful spectacle of mother, wife, sister, and perhaps child, found by the way-side, victims of a crime unknown in the days of slavery.

Let us be just and throw no stones! If this "state of mind" exists in the South, where local and racial conditions have made the commission of such crimes of appalling frequency, what is to be said of that which has raged in the North under similar conditions on the rare occasions of its dastardly perpetration? And for far less provocation how willing have they been to assume an attitude to the poor negro which in a Southern community would be not only unheard of, but totally uncomprehended.

When the negro, who is three to one among us, knows his place—his honorable, respected, and self-respecting place—the South is his best friend, and therein he builds his home, and there lives happily.

When he becomes a brute, there is a certain element of the white community which rises up and takes an awful vengeance into its own hands, with the same deadly animosity with which a mad dog is shot, so that at least no more lives are lost from its venomous bite. Yours truly,

LAURA FITZHUGH PRESTON.

COMMENCEMENT AND FOOTBALL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If you will allow me, I feel like saying that no better reading comes into this ought-to-be-buried-in-July town of Washington than is found in the editorial section of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It comes to me each week with the same sort of feeling that you have when you see the face of a friend that you know is going to say something worth while—one that you may not always agree with, but one that never rubs the wrong way.

But I wish I had been standing by when you wrote that scrap on football and Commencements that came in this week's issue. You know people say things over and over until it sounds so familiar that it seems like the truth, and people read things over and over, without thought, until they are ready to swear that it is the truth, when in reality there isn't the smallest microbe of that beautiful article in it.

I suppose it *is* correct to say that more people go to a football game than to a Commencement, but it is said with the intention of conveying the idea that more people *care* to go to the game than to the other. Now if you are a college graduate, and certainly if you are a Yale man (which I fear you are not), you know that only a very limited number of people *may* go to the Commencement exercises. Each member of the class is given *one* ticket, and the only way he can get both father and mother in is to beg a ticket of some fellow whose parents are too far away to come. Now the whole family—father and mother, brother and sisters, and best friends—are equally anxious to see their "joy and pride" grovel in the dust after the ball, or walk across the chapel stage to receive his ribbon-tied roll from the hands of the president. The football gates open to whoever has money enough to pay the admittance fee; the chapel doors close to all but *one* of each family. Good reason for there being more people at a game than at a Commencement.

I have seen many a Commencement at Yale. I have never seen Battell Chapel when it was not crowded to the suffocating-point, and I knew there were hundreds more who wanted to get in. Whole families go to be there at Class day; at the game, at the Senior prom., at the boat-race, and want to see the Commencement too. They want to hear that old, dull Martin Luther hymn because it has been sung there for two hundred years; want to hear the president saying, "By virtue of the authority vested in me," etc.; want to see the one particular, dear, black-gowned lad in the procession, whether he be a Phi Beta Kappa man, or has barely passed *2*; but they *may not*. Just *one* may see all this.

Your friend, ALUMNUS.

THE BORACIC-ACID CONTROVERSY

NEW YORK, *July 9, 1902*.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of July 5 I notice an article in reference to the German government embalmed-beef and boracic-acid controversy. I investigated the embalmed-beef question quite thoroughly, and I was unable to find that an ounce of embalmed beef had ever been shipped to Cuba or the Philippine Islands or to any other section. You make mention of the four men having been dosed with borax or its compound for two years. The Health Officer's report is now discredited, and Professor Kionka demands the reopening of the controversy which preceded the prohibition of the use of borax. Not only Professor Virchow, but Professor Leibriech of Berlin, Professors Tunnecliffe and Rosenheim of King's College, London, and Professors Chittendon and Gies of Yale University, U. S. A., are all authorities on the effects of borax and boracic acid on the human system, nutrition, and digestion. Borax and boracic acid have been used for the preservation of food for the past twenty-five years with beneficial results, there not being an authentic case during this time where man, woman, or child has ever been poisoned by eating foods preserved with borax or boracic acid.

Yours, etc., H. L. HARRIS.

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In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

IV

Deuteronomy Perkins arrives; also I. Watts and Martha Wash'n't'n

I WAS lounging in a deck chair late one afternoon, looking up into the deep, dark recesses of a great Norway pine, listening to a pair of bob-whites call to each other in the furthermost field across the way, and thinking that, after all, country life wasn't so bad when taken in moderation. Several weeks previous we had left our apartment in town, and removed to our new home—an old-fashioned farm-house which Ethel discovered quite by accident, although she avers that it was by inspiration, intelligence, and rare perception. Our new man, Jason Stafford, was proving himself worth his weight in gold, our fields were pretty well planted, our children and ourselves were well and happy, and nothing seemed to mar our outlook on life.

Ethel was somewhere out toward the kitchen consulting with Nora, and through the tall hedge bordering our front yard came the voices of Buzzer and Beeby, who were playing on the horse-block just beyond the gate. I was considering the advisability of lighting a fresh cigar before supper, when Beeby uttered a little scream and came racing through the gate toward me.

"Wagman comin'!" she squealed. "Mean old twamp in cawwiage!"

"No, he ain't!" Buzzer shouted, joyfully. "It's a cirkis—a one-man cirkis," he added, after a moment's pause, "an'—an' a home-made m'nagerie! Hooray! Hooray! Come quick, fother, the cirkis is almost here!" and he slid down the grassy bank, and started to plough his way along the dusty road to meet and greet the oncoming pageant.

I took Beeby's hand, and we hurried out to see the show; we could hear it already, the creaking of wheels and rasping of rusty springs, the whinny of a colt, the occasional wail of a dog, the mooing of a cow, and the clucking and crowing of chickens, the whole interrupted at intervals by a gruff but good-humored voice urging a horse to "get along, there!"

Beeby and I stepped through the gate, and beheld a most extraordinary procession, partially enveloped in clouds of dust. First came a shaggy, dejected dog, head and tail down, tongue hanging out of mouth, eyes gazing joylessly at the ground in front of him. After the dog a rusty black mare (with a rustier, blacker colt at her side), wearing a dilapidated harness, which was patched with bits of string and rope. She was laboriously hauling a ramshackle old buggy, tattered and torn, underneath which were lashed a variety of articles, including two crates of live poultry, a huge basket, a teakettle, an enormous umbrella, a lantern, a bucket, and a tin pail. A cow, followed by a calf, was tied to the rear axle of the buggy, within which sat a man, old but vigorous, who leaned forward as he drove, peering keenly at us from beneath bushy eyebrows; and his grizzled hair and beard fittingly framed the most jovial countenance I ever looked upon. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore an ancient stove-pipe hat cocked over one ear, while a huge bandanna kerchief of gaudy colors encircled his neck. As he came opposite the horse-block he pulled in the reins, shouting:

"'Tention, comp'ny! Halt for rest and refreshments. . . Hold your tongue, you mis'able Isaac Watts!" he continued, in a loud aside, and his dog ceased howling instantly, and sat down. Then the stranger waved his hand gayly to me.

"Evenin', neighbor!" he called. "Hope I see you well and hearty?"

"Yes, thank you, and I hope you're well, Mr.—" I paused.

"Springger," he promptly added, filling in the hiatus. "Squire Springger, at your service, sir; Springger, with two 'gs.'"

"Glad to make your acquaintance," I continued; and Buzzer, seizing the opportunity, inquired with interest,

"Are you going to show near our farm?"

Squire Springger appeared to be puzzled for a moment. Then he leaned back and roared with laughter until his old buggy swayed and rocked like a waterlogged craft in heavy seas.

"Be I goin' to show near your farm!" he echoed, getting red in the face. "Great snakes, sonny! What do you take me for—a peramb'latin' hippydrome?"

"No," said Buzzer, in tones implying high disapproval. "Aren't you a cirkis man?"

Squire Springger shook his head, and beamed down upon the children with so kindly a light in his eyes that Beeby mustered up courage to inquire,

"Is you a wagman 'at steals an' eats little girls an' boys?"

"No, indeed!" the Squire replied. "I like 'em. I like 'em," he repeated, fumbling in a pocket of his capacious waistcoat. "An' 'most allus I has lozengees, or a bit o' maple sugar, or somethin' handy for nice leetle boys and gals."

As he spoke he continued to search in his pocket, and lured by prospect of a delectable treat, Beeby dropped my hand and shyly approached the buggy. Buzzer was already engaged in trying to climb up the spokes of a wheel.

"Look out, sonny," said Squire Springger, warningly. "It's safe enough to do that with Marthy Wash'n't'n here, 'cause she wun't stir head, foot, nor tail until I 'most busts a lung beseechin' of her to wake up. But if you try to climb the wheel of somebody else's buggy the horse might start, and wind you up in the spokes until nobody could ontangle the awful knot you'd be in."

Buzzer leaped precipitately to the ground, then warily advanced toward the stranger, who was holding two candies in his outstretched hand.

"One's for you, an' the other for your little sister," he remarked, adding, "an' be sure to give her the biggest."

Buzzer critically examined the sweetmeats; then he exclaimed, "Huh! they're just the same!" and one of them popped into his mouth.

"Thank you, sir," said Beeby in her sweetest voice, at which Squire Springger was immensely pleased.

"Been travelling far?" I inquired.

"'Bout twenty mile to-day, and same yestiddy," he replied. "Mighty oncomfortable too—hot an' dry. By-the-way, got any objections to my waterin' the creeturs down to your hoss-trough?"

"Not at all!" I cried, filled with genuine hospitality. I had taken a great liking to this old fellow. "Just turn in at the lane there, and I'll show you the way."

"Glad to have ye," he returned, cordially. "But I don't need no guide. I've been comin' here to this Goodman farm off an' on, once in ten or fifteen years, for more'n half a century."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do," he responded, with difficulty turning Martha Washington around in the road. "I heerd that old man Goodman died awhile ago," he went on. "You been here long?"

"No; only a few weeks. Where do you live?"

"Oh, back a piece—nigh over to the State line my farm is, forty-odd mile from here. But now I'm sojournin' around, like, lookin' for a wife."

"You're what!" I exclaimed, stopping short in the road.

"Sorter sojournin' around the kentry lookin' for a likely wife." He pulled in Martha Wash'n't'n, and became more eager as he added: "Say, ye hain't got nobody in mind, hev ye? A nice likely sort of gal, young an' cheerful, who ain't of a bilious dispersition, an' don't talk too much?"

I was forced to respond in the negative, and the Squire sighed audibly.

"Wal," he added, "I hadn't orter expec' too much. Thought mebbe you might have a sister, or your wife a likely young cousin?"

"No; I'm afraid we can't help you out this time," I said.

"Would you or the missus mind if I baited 'em here?"

"No, surely not; make your animals comfortable, and rest yourself," I added, smiling. "Then when supper's ready my wife 'll have something for you there in the kitchen."

"I'm obleeged to ye," he responded. "I hain't no liar, so I wun't deny I'd been hopin' you'd ask me to stop an' eat. Fact is, I'm so darned tired an' sick of cooking for myself, I jest made up my mind I *gotter* get a wife."

I nodded sympathetically, and said,

"Has your first wife been dead long?"

"Goin' on fifteen year," said the old fellow. He paused again, in the act of descending from his buggy, and looked at me over his shoulder.

"Think your little boy said as how you 'ain't got any cow or chickens?"

"That's right," I answered.

"Well, now, I'll make ye a fair an' square business preposition. If you'll let me camp my critters down back o' the barn for to-night, and let me swing my canvas hammick inside yer wagon-shed, thar, I'll pay ye in all the milk Deuteronomy Perkins gives down, an' all the eggs them blessed fowls lays arfter I let 'em loose—which ain't many; mebbe one or two, mebbe five or six."

"You can spend the night here, and welcome, Squire; but I wouldn't think of letting you sleep in the wagon-shed. My man, Jason Stafford, has two nice rooms in the other end of that big wood-shed building, and you can occupy one of them."

"Sho', now! You don't s'pose he'd mind?"

"I don't care much if he does," I said, feelingly.

The Squire set to work unloosing his crates, taking from them, one by one, a variety of hens and a big wicked-looking rooster. As he pulled each unwilling fowl from the boxes he deftly tied a long string around a leg and fastened the other end in a stake, which he drove into the ground. On top of each stake was a cross-piece two feet long, making it resemble a capital letter T.

"You see the ingeniosity of my engineerin' strat'gies?" he inquired, holding a flopping hen by the legs and looking at me anxiously.

"No, can't say that I do," I responded, truthfully.

"Wal, I sorter schemed on stakin' out the critters when campin' nights, an' then pervided cross-pieces on top for roosts."

As he spoke, Ethel came toward us from the house, and our visitor made her an elaborate bow.

"Mrs. Lathrop, Squire Springger," I said.

"Glad to know ye, marm. Springger is my name—Springger, with two 'gs'."

"With two 'gs'?" Ethel repeated.

"Yes, marm. Once, up in Plattsburg, they was a Springer with one 'g' hanged for murder, and I don't want folks t' think we're related any, for we ain't."

"Ah!" said Ethel, glancing quickly at me.

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I nodded reassuringly over the old man's shoulder, and she continued,

"Are you travelling around on a little vacation?"

"No, *marm!*" the Squire replied, with unction. "Not on a pleasure vacation by a darn sight. It's business from fust to last. I'm a sorter sojournin' around tryin' to find a likely wife."

Ethel gasped, and turned suddenly to inspect the hills, and the Squire continued,

"Your husban', Jedge Lathrop here, invited me to put up overnight, an' I accepted, much obliged, hopin' I don't put you out none."

"Oh, not at all," she responded, promptly. "Whenever you're ready, come right into the house, and supper will be on the table."

"Soon's I git the milkin' done," he said, seizing his tin pail, "why, I'll bring in about eight quarts. Deuteronomy Perkins is a likely cow."

Ethel gasped again, and Buzzer inquired,

"What does Deut'ron'my Perkins mean?"

"I don't know, sonny, an' I don't believe anybody else does. That's why I call the cow Deuteronomy Perkins; *she* don't know what she means one-quarter o' the time."

He inverted his bucket, sat down upon it, placed his pail under Deuteronomy, and commenced to milk her.

Ethel took the children in the house, and I went over to the garden to tell Jason that we would have a guest to spend the night.

To be Continued.

Finance

NOTWITHSTANDING numerous dissenting voices, it must be admitted in all candor that what has happened in the stock-market was to be expected. History really has a habit of repeating itself, and Wall Street has seen, time and again, how manipulative operations for the rise have been followed by advancing prices, and advancing prices by an increased demand for securities, provided, of course, that general conditions justified the bull campaign. This is almost an axiom, and all experienced observers have dwelt at length upon this point. Where the trouble lies is in the proviso. The ability to determine bull conditions precisely is indispensable. Much may be done by sheer brute force of dollars, but victory comes only when manipulative skill and wealth have for allies general conditions. Combinations of capital, commanded by clever stock-market strategists, have been worsted more than once in their efforts to push prices up when the natural tendency of values, determined by general conditions, was downward. There have been "rich men's panics" in the past that should serve as a warning to reckless operators. Many people have remembered this, and have, accordingly, looked askance at the manipulation to which the market has been subjected of late. A careful study of the situation, however, scarcely justifies apprehension at the moment.

The general public, it is well known, has not been "in" the market during the past year. Prices of stocks, notwithstanding the lack of "outside buying," have more than held their own, owing to the manner in which the bulk of stocks have been held—either by investors at large, who have seen no reason to dispose of their securities, or by powerful financiers of syndicates, who, through a variety of circumstances, have been unable to market their great blocks of stocks to advantage. That is all ancient history, but it must be taken into consideration to-day when the so-called "artificiality" is adduced as evidence of the unsoundness of the market. The predictions of decreasing trade activity and shrinking railroad earnings, heard six or eight months ago, have come to naught. The country has gone on growing richer, doing more business without the demoralization of a "boom" anywhere visible. Certain points, to be sure, looked doubtful. The monetary outlook, for example, did not seem overbright. The corn crop of 1901 was a failure. But, given the unabated commercial and industrial prosperity, it was recognized three months ago that, with good crops this year, we might expect the good times to continue for another year at least, and that the syndicates would in all probability be able to pay off their loans and market their goods. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire country has been educated to look forward to an appreciation in security values once the possibility of crop failures was eliminated from the situation. All danger of disaster, strictly speaking, has not yet vanished, but it certainly does not appear probable that we shall have a shortage of consequence in any staple product. The latest reports from some of the farming sections indicate some danger, but these notwithstanding, the chances of an average wheat yield and an excellent corn crop are so good as to justify the making of ventures which depend on the crops.

So much may be said in explanation of the first paragraph of this article. The stock-market has been decidedly more active, and prices have risen materially. This was due in great measure to manipulation by the Western "plungers" and others, and in a less degree to purchases by the public. There existed, as has been intimated, a widespread impression that the market, in the language of the professionals, was "entitled" to a good rise should the crops prove satisfactory. The government crop report for July and the subsequent news furnished fairly strong assurances of the outcome.

Stock-market manipulation, as has been repeatedly pointed out in this column, is the first step of a bull campaign, for stocks do not go up of their own accord. If the only people who bought stocks consisted of shrewd and careful investors, the vaults of the great financiers would be filled to overflowing with unsold securities. To sell financial goods the manufacturers of Wall Street are compelled to resort to devices calculated to allure buyers, just as the department stores will advertise to attract bargain-hunters, only that the syndicates have to reckon with the curious psychology of stock-gambling, rather than to appeal to the bargain-hunting instincts of the fair sex. That manipulation was rampant in the stock-market during the week under review was evident. It was, indeed, what everybody who daily peruses the financial pages of the newspapers had expected these many months. By those who thought that abundant harvests would lead to a bull campaign the "artificial" price movements in certain stocks should have been regarded as merely the precursors of a broad and active bull market. But the conviction that the most strenuous manipulation came from the coterie of audacious Chicago operators, who have been the market's leaders for some months, deterred many who do not like Western methods. To believe that such manipulative operations as were witnessed last week came alone from the latest "Napoleons of Finance" is absurd. There were days when for the first time in months the total transactions exceeded a million shares, of which amount about two-thirds could be safely ascribed to manipulating cliques. More than one set of operators worked hard. The public "nibbled" enough to justify the hope that, barring unforeseen disaster, more substantial bites would follow if the manipulative process was persisted in. Such demand as came from outsiders was only too easily filled, and after an uninterrupted rise of a fortnight's duration it was but natural that the converting of "paper profits" into hard cash should be followed by some hesitancy and even by recessions in prices. The coincidence of the announcement of gold exports with the development of the reactionary tendency was but a coincidence. The shipments of the yellow metal to Europe were perfectly natural, and might have been safely ignored by the stock-market. But they furnished an excuse, an easy explanation for a logical and purely technical halt in the rise of security prices.

Of themselves, there is nothing alarming about the reports of gold at this moment. As a matter of fact, it is surprising that they were deferred as long as they were. It is the normal season for such shipments to Europe. We sent abroad a little over three-quarters of a million last month, whereas in June of last year we exported five and a quarter millions, eight millions in June, 1900, and nearly twenty-one millions in June, 1899. The two millions shipped, at this writing, compare, moreover, with greater sums shipped during the same months during the past three or four years, though it seems probable that more gold will go from us before the movement is checked. It does not appear that Europe really needs our gold, as it did in 1899, so that the present transfer of specie merely means that our money-market can spare the gold. How much more will be exported will depend upon the action of local money rates. The foreign exchange-market has favored gold exports. The falling off in our exports of wheat—the latter usually furnishing an abundance of foreign bills—has been substantial. We have been lately shipping from fifty to seventy-five per cent. less wheat to Europe than at the same time last year. The shortage of commercial bills thus created, and the demand for remittances with which to pay for the large blocks of our securities recently sold by the foreigners in this market, lifted sterling rates to the level at which the gold-exporting operation could be carried on at a profit. It may be doubted if, with the approach of the crop-moving season and the demand for money from the West, we can expect the money-market to remain as easy as at present. If the local cash rates rise foreign exchange will fall. The exports of staple products next autumn will provide an abundance of bills, but they must be used to pay Europe some hundreds of millions of dollars which our bankers owe. The surplus reserves of the New York banks are being carefully watched by financial observers, who would not like to see active stock speculation on the eve of the normal outflow of money from this centre to the West. But for this the current gold-exporting movement would be of no importance.

In spite of the abatement in speculative activity, and in the rising price tendency at this writing, it does not look as if the bull campaign were over. If an advance in prices was justified by the business, present and prospective, of manufacturers and railroads throughout the country, the interests which have been manipulating stocks lately are similarly justified in persisting in their operations for a further rise. It is not unlikely that such a course on their part would be followed by more general buying by the public than there has been thus far. Dealers in bonds agree that the demand for their wares is much lighter than it should be on the eve of a bull "spurt" in stocks, if we are to go by the experience of the past.

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Financial

The Corn Exchange Bank

WILLIAM AND BEAVER STS., NEW YORK

WILLIAM A. NASH, - - - - - President
THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

BRANCHES

ASTOR PLACE BRANCH,
Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
135 Fulton Avenue (Borough of Queens).
BROADWAY BRANCH,
Broadway and Spring Street.
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
Norfolk and Grand Streets.
ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
303 West 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
7 East 42d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
153 West 125th Street.
HUDSON RIVER BRANCH,
72d Street and Columbus Avenue.
MECHANICS & TRADERS BANK OF BROOKLYN,
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Stocks and Bonds	$6,017,533.35	Capital	$2,000,000.00
Mortgages	9,956,069.85	Surplus	3,000,000.00
Loans, Demand and Time	11,585,347.10	Undivided Profits	341,045.38
Bills Purchased	105,808.65	Deposits	17,675,313.89
Foreign Department	500,000.00	Certified Checks	102,081.99
Accrued Interest Receivable	235,338.53	Mortgage Trust Bonds	9,000,000.00
Cash on Hand and in Bank	3,840,748.54	Accrued Interest Payable	122,404.76
	$32,240,846.02		$32,240,846.02

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The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER IX

BRUISES AND BALM

GOSSIP in clubs and whispers from more secret circles had a way of reaching Mrs. Bonfill's ears. In the days that followed Mr. Liffey's public inquiry as to who Brown, Jones, and Robinson might be, care sat on her broad brow, and she received several important visitors. She was much troubled; it was the first time that there had been any unpleasantness with regard to one of her *protégés*. She felt it a slur on herself, and at first there was a hostility in her manner when Lord Glentorly spoke to her solemnly and Constantine Blair came to see her in a great flutter. But she was open to reason, a woman who would listen; she listened to them. Glentorly said that only his regard for her made him anxious to manage things quietly; Blair insisted more on the desirability of preventing anything like a scandal in the interests of the government.

Mrs. Bonfill was an old friend of Liffey's; before she became motherly, when Liffey was a young man and just establishing the *Sentinel*, he had been an admirer of hers, and, in that blameless fashion about which Lady Blixworth was so flippant she had reciprocated his liking; he was a pleasant, witty man, and they had always stretched out friendly hands across the gulf of political difference and social divergence.

"I don't know how much you know or mean to say," she began to Liffey, after cordial greetings.

"I know most of what there is to know, and I intend to say it all," was his reply.

"How did you find out?"

"From Brown, a gentleman who lives at Clapham, and whose other name is Clarkson. Fricker's weak spot is that he's a screw: he never lets the subordinates stand in enough. So he gets given away. I pointed that out to him over the Swallow Islands business, but he won't learn from me." Mr. Liffey spoke like an unappreciated philanthropist. The Swallow Islands affair had been what Fricker called a "scoop"—a very big thing; but there had been some trouble afterwards.

"Say all you like about Fricker—"

"Oh, Fricker's really neither here nor there. The public are such asses that I can't seriously injure Fricker, though I can make an article out of him. But the other—"

"Don't mention any public men," implored Mrs. Bonfill, as though she had the fair fame of the country much at heart.

"Any public men?" There was the hint of a sneer in Liffey's voice.

"I suppose we needn't mention names. He's not a big fish, of course, but still it would be unpleasant."

"I'm not here to make things pleasant for Farringham and his friends."

"I speak as one of your friends—and one of his."

"This isn't quite fair, you know," smiled Liffey. "With the article in type, too!"

"We've all been in such a fidget about it."

"I know!" he nodded. "Glentorly like a hen under a cart, and Constantine fussing in and out like a cuckoo on a clock! Thank God, I'm not a politician!"

"You're only a censor," she smiled with amiable irony. "I'm making a persona! matter of it," she went on, with the diplomatic candor that had often proved one of her best weapons.

"And the public interest? The purity of politics? Cæsar's wife?" Liffey, in his turn, allowed himself an ironical smile.

"He will resign his place—not his seat, but his place. Isn't that enough? It's the end of his chosen career."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"No. But of course I can make him. What choice has he? Is it true there's to be a question? I heard that Alured Cummins meant to ask one."

"Between ourselves, it's a point that I had hardly made up my mind on."

"Ah, I knew you were behind it!"

"It would have been just simultaneous with my second article. Effective, eh?"

"Have you anything quite definite—besides the speculation, I mean?"

"Yes. One clear case of — well, of Fricker's knowing something much too soon. I've got a copy of a letter our gentleman wrote. Clarkson gave it me. It's dated the 24th, and it's addressed to Fricker."

"Good gracious! May I tell him that?"

"I proposed to tell him myself," smiled Liffey, "or to let Cummins break the news."

"If he knows that, he must consent to go." She glanced at Liffey. "My credit's at stake, too, you see." It cost her something to say this.

"You went bail for him, did you?" Liffey was friendly, contemptuous, and even compassionate.

"I thought well of him, and said so to George Glentorly. I ask it as a friend."

"As a friend you must have it. But make it clear. He resigns in three days—or article, letter, and Alured Cummins!"

"I'll make it clear—and thank you," said Mrs. Bonfill. "I know it's a sacrifice."

It would be untrue to say that the sort of negotiation on which she was now engaged was altogether unpleasant to Mrs. Bonfill. Let her not be called a busybody; but she was a born intermediary. A gratifying sense of power mingled with the natural pain. She wired to Constantine Blair, "All well if X. is reasonable," and asked Beaufort Chance to call.

Chance had got out of Dramoffskys prosperously. His profit was good, though not what it had been going to reach but for Liffey's article. Yet he was content; the article and the whispers had frightened him, but he hoped that he would now be safe.

In this mood he was all unprepared for the blow that his friend Mrs. Bonfill dealt him. He began defiantly. What Liffey threatened, what his colleagues suspected, he met by angry assertions of innocence, by insisting that a plain statement would put them all down, by indignation that she should believe such things of him, and make herself the mouth-piece of such accusations. In fine, he blustered, while she sat in sad silence, waiting to produce her last card. When she said, "Mr. Fricker em-



She had come to see what was to be her home

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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ployed a man named Clarkson?" he came to a sudden stop in his striding about the room: his face turned red, he looked at her with a quick furtive air. "Well, he's stolen a letter of yours."

"What letter?" he burst out.

With pity Mrs. Bonfill saw how easily his cloak of unassailable innocence fell away from him.

"It's to Mr. Fricker, and it's dated the 24th," said she.

When he spoke again his voice sounded hollow and hoarse.

"Well, what do they want of me?" he asked.

Mrs. Bonfill knew that she saw before her a beaten man. All pleasure had gone from her now; the scene was purely painful; she had liked and helped the man. But she had her message to deliver, even as it had come to her. He must resign in three days—or article, letter, and Alured Cummins!

"You've too many irons in the fire, Beaufort," said she, with a shake of her head and a friendly smile. "One thing clashes with another."

He dropped into a chair, and sat looking before him moodily.

"There'll be plenty left. You'll have your seat still; and you'll be free to give all your time to business and make a career there."

Still he said nothing. She forced herself to go on:

"It should be done at once. We all think so. Then it 'll have an entirely voluntary look."

Still he was mute.

"It must be done in three days, Beaufort," she half whispered, leaning across towards him. "In three days, or—or no arrangement can be made." She waited a moment, then added: "Go and write it this afternoon. And send a little paragraph round—about pressure of private business, or something, you know. Then I should take a rest somewhere, if I were you."

He was to vanish—from official life forever, from the haunts of men till men had done talking about him. Mrs. Bonfill's delicacy of expression was not guilty of obscuring her meaning in the least. She knew that her terms were accepted when he took his hat and bade her farewell with a dreary heavy awkwardness.

Hard is the case of a man fallen into misfortune who can find nobody but himself to blame; small, it may be added, is his ingenuity. Beaufort Chance, while he wrote his bitter note, while he walked the streets suspicious of the glances and fearful of the whispers of those he met, had no difficulty in fixing on the real culprit, on her to whom his fall and all that had led to it were due. He lost sight of any fault of his own in a contemplation of the enormity of Trix Trevalla's. To cast her down would be sweet; it would still be an incentive to exalt himself if thereby he could make her feel more unhappy.

These thoughts, no less than an instinctive desire to go somewhere where he would not be looked at askance, where he would still be a great man and still be admired, took him to the Frickers' later in the afternoon. A man scorned of his fellows is said to value the society of his dog; if Fricker would not have accepted the parallel, it might in Chance's mind be well applied to Fricker's daughter Connie.

Nobody except Miss Fricker was at home, Beaufort was told; but he said he would wait for Mr. Fricker, and went into the drawing-room. The Frickers lived in a fine, solid, spacious house of respectable age. Its walls remained; they had gutted the interior and had it refurnished and re-bedecked; the effect was that of a modern daub in a handsome antique frame. It is unkind, but hardly untrue, to say that Connie Fricker did not dispel this idea when she joined Beaufort Chance and said that some whiskey-and-soda was coming; she led him into the smaller drawing-room where smoking was allowed; she said that she was so glad that mamma was out.

"I don't often get a chance of talking to you, Mr. Chance."

Probably every man likes a reception conceived in this spirit; how fastidious he may be as to the outward and visible form which clothes the spirit depends partly on his nature, probably more on his mood; nobody is always particular, just as nobody is always wise. The dog is fond and uncritical—let us pat the faithful animal. Chance was much more responsive in his manner to Connie than he had ever been before; Connie mounted to heights of delight as she ministered whiskey-and-soda.

"Seen anything of Mrs. Trevalla lately?" asked Connie Fricker.

"Not for a week or two," he answered, carelessly.

"Neither have we." She added, after a pause, and with a laugh that did not sound very genuine, "Mamma thinks she's dropping us."

"Does Mrs. Trevalla count much one way or the other?" he asked.

But Connie had her wits about her, and saw no reason why she should pretend to be a fool.

"I know more about it than you think, Mr. Chance," she assured him with a toss of her head.

"You do, by Jove, do you?" asked Beaufort, half in mockery, half in an admiration she suddenly wrung from him.

"Girls are supposed not to see anything, aren't they?"

"Oh, I dare say you see a thing or two, Miss Connie!"

His tone left nothing to be desired in her eyes; she did not know that he had not courted Trix Trevalla like that, that even his brutality towards her had lacked the easy contempt of his present manner.

"I don't know whether you've heard that I'm going to cut politics?—at least office, I mean. I shall stay in the House,—for a bit anyhow."

Connie did not hear the whispers of high circles; she received the news in unfeigned surprise.

"There's no money in it," Beaufort pursued, knowing how to make her appreciate his decision. "I want more time for business."

"You'd better come in with papa," she suggested, half jokingly.

"There are worse ideas than that," he said, approvingly.

"I don't know anything about money, except that I like to have a lot." Her strong hearty laughter pealed out in the candid confession.

"I expect you do; lots of frocks, eh, and jewels, and so on?"

"You may as well do the thing as well as you can, mayn't you?"

Chance finished his tumbler, threw away his cigarette, got up, and stood by her on the hearth-rug. She did not shrink from his approach, but maintained her ground with a jaunty impudence.

"And then you have plenty of fun?" he asked.

"Oh, of sorts," admitted Connie Fricker. "Mamma's a bit down on me; she thinks I ought to be so awfully proper. I don't know why. I'm sure the swells aren't." Connie forgot that there are parallels to the case of the Emperor being above grammar.

"Well, you needn't tell her everything, need you?"

"There's no harm done by telling her—I take care of that; it's when she finds out!" laughed Connie.

"You can take care of that too, can't you?"

"Well, I try," she declared, flashing her eyes full on him.

Beaufort Chance gave a laugh, bent swiftly, and kissed her.

"Take care you don't tell her that," he said.

"Oh!" exclaimed Connie, darting away. She turned and looked squarely at him, flushed but smiling. "Well, you've got—" she began. But the sentence never ended. She broke off with a wary frightened "Hush!" and a jerk of her hand towards the door.

Mrs. Fricker came sailing in, ample and exceedingly cordial, full of apologies, hoping that "little Connie" had not bored the visitor. Beaufort assured her to the contrary, little Connie telegraphing her understanding of the humor of the situation over her mother's shoulders, and laying a finger on her lips.

In a different way, but hardly less effectually, Mrs. Fricker soothed Beaufort Chance's spirit. She too helped to restore him to a good conceit of himself; she too took the lower place; it was all very pleasant after the Bonfill interview and the hard terms that his colleagues and Liffey offered him.

Presently he was told that Fricker awaited him in the study, and he went down to join him. Fricker was not a hard man out of hours or towards his friends; he listened to Beaufort's story with sympathy and with a good deal of heart-felt abuse of what he called the "damned hypocrisy" of Beaufort's colleagues and of Mrs. Bonfill. He did not accuse Mr. Liffey of this failing; he had enough breadth of mind to recognize that with Mr. Liffey it was all a matter of business.

"Well, you sha'n't come to any harm through me," he promised. "I'll take it on myself. My shoulders are broad. I've made ten thousand or so, and every time I do that Liffey's welcome to an article. I don't like it, you know, any more than I like the price of my champagne; but when I want a thing I pay for it."

"I've paid devilish high and got very little. Curse that woman, Fricker!"

"Oh, we'll look after little Mrs. Trevalla. Will you leave her to me? Look, I've written her this letter." He handed Beaufort Chance a copy of it, and explained how matters were to be managed. He laughed very much over his scheme.

"That's particularly neat about Glowing Stars," mused Fricker in great self-complacency. "She doesn't know anything about the trifling liability. Oh, I gave her every means of knowing—sent her full details. She never read 'em, and told me she had! She's a thorough woman. Well, I shall let her get out of Dramoffskys rather badly, but not too hopelessly badly. Then she'll feel virtuous—but not quite so virtuous as to sell Glowing Stars. She'll think she can get even on them."

"You really are the deuce, Fricker."

"Business, my boy. Once let 'em think they can play with you, and it's all up. Besides, it 'll please my womankind, when they hear what she's done, to see her taken down a peg." He paused and grew serious. "So you're out of work, eh? But you're an M. P. still. That's got some value, even nowadays."

"I shouldn't mind a job—not this instant, though."

"No, no! That would be a little indiscreet. But presently?"

They had some business talk and parted with the utmost cordiality.

"I'll let myself out," said Beaufort.

As he walked through the hall he heard a cough from halfway up the stairs. Turning round, he saw Connie Fricker; her finger was on her lips; she pointed warily upwards towards the drawing-room door, showed her teeth in a knowing smile, and blew him a kiss. He took off his hat with one hand, while the other did double duty in holding his cigar and returning the salute. She ran off with a stifled laugh.

CHAPTER X

CONCERNING A CERTAIN CHINA VASE

At this point Trix Trevalla's fortunes impose on us a timid advance into the highest regions, where she herself trod with an unaccustomed foot. Her reception was, on the whole, gratifying. The Barmouths could not indeed be entirely pleased when their only son proposed to make a match so far from brilliant; but, after all, the Trevallas were gentlefolk, and (a more important point) the Barmouths had such a reverence for Mervyn that he might have imitated the rashness of King Cophetua without encountering serious opposition.

Roguish nature had created Lord Barmouth very short, stout, and remarkably unimposing; he made these disadvantages vanish

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by a manner of high dignity not surpassed even by his tall and majestic wife. They had a very big house in Kent, within easy reach of London, and gave Saturday-to-Monday parties, where you might meet the people you had met in London during the week.

The Glentorlys, Lady Blixworth, and Audrey Pollington, three or four men—Constantine Blair among them—Mrs. Bonfill, Trix herself, and Mervyn, all came down in a bunch on Saturday evening—a few days after Trix had promised to marry Mervyn, but before any formal announcement had been made. The talk ran much on Beaufort Chance: he was pitied and condemned; he was also congratulated on his resignation—that was the proper thing to do.

"It is vital—vital—to make an example in such cases," said Barmouth at dinner. He had a notion that the force of an idea was increased by reiterating the words which expressed it.

"We naturally feel great relief," said Mervyn. (By "We" he meant the Ministry.)

"It's straining a point to let him stay in the House," declared Glentorly.

"The seat's shaky," murmured Constantine Blair. Mervyn's eye accused him of saying the wrong thing.

Trix, from conscience or good-nature, began to feel sorry for Beaufort Chance.

"Resist the beginnings—the beginnings," said Lord Barmouth. "The habit of speculation is invading all classes."

"Public men, at least, must make a stand," Mervyn declared.

The corners of Lady Blixworth's mouth were drooping in despair. "What I go through for that girl Audrey!" she was thinking, for she had refused a most pleasant little dinner-and-theatre party in town. She was not in a good temper with Trix Trevalla, but all the same she shot her a glance of understanding and sympathy.

"Now persons like this Fricker are pests—pests," pursued Barmouth.

"Oh, Mr. Fricker's really a very good-natured man," protested Trix, who was on her host's left hand.

"You know him, Mrs. Trevalla?" Lord Barmouth did not conceal his surprise.

"Oh yes!"

"Mrs. Trevalla knows him just slightly, father," said Mervyn.

Lord Barmouth attained a frigid amiability as he said, with a smile, "Used to know him, perhaps you'll say now?"

"That's better, Trix, isn't it?" smiled Mrs. Bonfill.

Lady Blixworth's satirical smile met Trix across the table. Trix felt mean when she did no more than laugh weakly in response to Barmouth's imperious suggestion. She understood what Lady Blixworth meant.

Next morning after church (everybody went except Lady Blixworth, who had announced on going to bed that she would have a headache until lunch) Mervyn took Trix for a walk round the place. It was then for the first time, her fright wearing off, that the truth of the position flashed on her in all its brilliance. She was no mere Saturday-to-Monday visitor; she had come to see what was to be her home; she was to be mistress of it all some day. Mervyn's words, and his manner still more, asserted this and reminded her of it every moment: the long stately façade of the house, the elaborate gardens, the stretches of immemorial turf, all the spacious luxury of the pleasure-grounds, every fountain, every statue, he pointed out, if not exactly for her approval, yet as if she had a right to an account of them, and was to be congratulated on their excellence. "I have a great deal to give—look at it all. I give it all to you!" Some such words summarize roughly Mervyn's tone and demeanor. Trix grew eager and excited as the fumes of greatness mounted to her head; she hugged the anticipation of her splendor. What a victory it was! Think of the lodging-houses, the four years with Vesey Trevalla, the *pensions*, think even of the flat—the flat and the debts—and then look round on this! Was not this the revenge indeed?

And the price? She had learned enough of the world now to be getting into the way of expecting a price. But it seemed very light here. She liked Mervyn, and not much more than that degree of feeling seemed to be expected of her. He was fond of kissing her hand in a rather formal fashion; when he kissed her cheek there was a hint of something that she decided to call avuncular. No display of passion was asked from her. All she had to do was to be a particularly good girl; in view of the manner of the whole family towards her, she could not resist that way of putting it. So long as she was a good girl they would be very kind to her. "But we can't have pranks—pranks," she seemed to hear her future father-in-law declaring. Against pranks they would be very firm. Like speculation, like the Frickers, pranks might invade every class of society, but they would find no countenance from the house of Barmouth.

Well, pranks are a small part of life, after all. One may like to think of a few as possible, but they are surely of no great moment. Trix thoroughly understood the gently congratulatory manner which the company assumed towards her. Audrey Pollington was wistfully and almost openly envious; she sat between two fountains, looking at the house and announcing that she would ask no more than to sit there always. Mrs. Bonfill, who could never be in a big house without seeming to own it, showed Trix all over this one, and kissed her twice during the process. Lord Barmouth himself walked her round and round the hall after lunch, and told her a family reminiscence for each several pillar that they passed. Only in Lady Blixworth's eyes did Trix find an expression that might be malice, or, on the other hand, conceivably might be pity. A remark she made to Trix as they sat together in the garden favored the latter view, although of course the position of affairs tended to support the former.

"I suppose you haven't had enough of it yet to feel anything of the kind," she said, "but, for my part, sometimes I feel as if I should like to get drunk, run out into the road in my petticoat, and scream!"

"I don't think Lord Barmouth would let you come back again," laughed Trix.

"I suppose Sarah's trained you too well. Look at Sarah! It wasn't forced on her; she needn't have had it! She would have it, and she loves it."

"There's a great deal to love in it," said Trix, looking round her.

"Everything, my dear, except one single fandango! Now I love a fandango. So I go about looking as if I'd never heard of

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one." She turned to Trix. "I shouldn't wonder if you loved a fandango too?"

"I haven't had many," said Trix,—it must be owned, with regret.

"No, and you won't now," remarked Lady Blixworth.

There was no use in keeping up the fiction of a secret.

"I shall have to be very good indeed," smiled Trix.

"Oh, it's just splendid for you, of course!" The natural woman and the trained one were at issue in Lady Blixworth's heart. "And I dare say one might love Mortimer. Don't be hurt—I'm only speculating."

"He's everything that's good, and distinguished, and kind."

Lady Blixworth looked round cautiously, smiled at Trix, and remarked with the utmost apparent irrelevance, "Fol-de-rol!"

Then they both laughed.

"Hush! Here comes Sarah! Don't look thoughtful, or she'll kiss you. Kisses are a remedy for thought sometimes, but not Sarah's."

Trix did not regard the absence of pranks and fandangos as an inseparable accident of high degree—there facts might have confuted her—but it certainly seemed the most striking characteristic of the particular exalted family to which she was to belong. The guests left on Monday; Trix remained for the week alone with her prospective relations. Mervyn ran up to his office two or three times, but he was not wanted in the House, and was most of the time at Barslett, as the place was called. Everything was arranged; the engagement was to be announced immediately; Trix was in the house on the footing of a daughter. For some reason or another she was treated—she could not deny it—rather like a prodigal daughter; even her lover evidently thought that she had a good deal to learn and quite as much to forget.

What annoyed her most was that she found her courage failing. The high spirit that had defied Beaufort Chance, braved Fricker, and treated almost on equal terms with Mrs. Bonfill, seemed cowed by the portentous order, decorum, usefulness, industry, and piety that now encircled her in a ring fence of virtue. Day by day she became more and more afraid of this august couple and their even more august son, her lover and chosen husband. She had said that she must be a good girl in fun at first, as a burlesque on their bearing towards her. Really, truth threatened to overtake the burlesque and make it rather fall short of than exaggerate or caricature her feelings. She would never dare to rebel, to disregard, or to question. She would be good—and she would be good because she would be afraid to be anything else. Of course the world would know nothing of that—it would see only the splendor—but she would know it always. Under the fine robes there would be golden chains about her feet. If her ideal of life had demanded freedom besides everything else, it was like to share the fate of most ideals.

"Oh, if I had the courage to defy them! Perhaps I shall when I'm married!"

No, she feared that she never would—not thoroughly nor without a quaking heart at least. Not because they were particularly wise or clever, or even supernaturally good. Rather because they were so established, so buttressed by habit, so entrenched by the tradition of their state. Defiance would seem rebellion and sacrilege in one. Trix had no difficulty in imagining any one of the three ordering her to bed; and (oh, worst humiliation!) she knew that in such a case she would go, and go in frightened tears.

"When you were a boy, were you afraid of your father and mother?" she asked Mervyn once.

"Afraid!" He laughed. "I never remember having the least difference with either of them."

"I'm rather afraid of them," she confessed. When he smiled again she added, "And of you too."

"How silly!" he said gently. It was, however, tolerably plain that he was neither surprised nor displeased. He took the fear to which she owned as a natural tribute to the superiority of the family, a playful feminine way which she chose to express her admiration and respect. He kissed her affectionately—as if she had been very good. No doubt, if there were bed when necessary, there would, on suitable occasions, be sugar-plums too. To Trix Trevalla, erstwhile rebel, goaler, wanderer, free-lance, the whole thing seemed curiously like a second childhood, very different from her first, and destined to continue through her life.

An example of what was going to happen all her life occurred on the last day of her visit; the last day, too, before the world was to hail her as the future Lady Mervyn. She was sitting by Mervyn reading a book, while he wrote. The post came in, and there was a letter for her. While he attacked his pile, she began on her own. It was from Fricker. A quick glance assured her that Mervyn's attention was fully occupied.

Mr. Fricker's letter opened very cordially and ran to a considerable length. It was concerned with Dramoffskys, and told her that he had sold her holding, considering that step, on the whole, the wisest thing in her interest. Owing, however, to a great variety of unforeseen events—more rumors, new complications, further anxiety as to what the Tsar meant to do—he regretted to inform her that he had for once miscalculated the course of the market. Dramoffskys had fallen rather severely; he would not take the responsibility of saying whether or when they would be likely to rise to the price at which she had bought—much less go higher. They would be worse before they were better—long before—was the conclusion at which he arrived with regret. So that in fine, and omitting many expressions of sorrow, it came to this: out of her five thousand pounds he was in a position to hand back only a sum of £2301 5*s.* 11*d.*, which amount he had had the pleasure of paying to her account at her bank. "I will advise you subsequently as to Glowing Stars," he ended, but Trix had no thoughts to spare for Glowing Stars.

"How horrible!" she exclaimed aloud, letting the letter fall in her lap. Even for a moment more she forgot that she was sitting by Mervyn.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked, turning round. "No bad news in your letter, I hope?"

"No, nothing serious, nothing serious," she stammered, making a hasty clutch at the two big type-written sheets of paper.

"Are you sure? Tell me all about it. You must tell me all your troubles." He stretched out his hand and pressed hers. She crumpled up the letter.

"It's nothing, really nothing, Mortimer."

"Do you cry out 'How horrible!' about nothing?" His smile was playful; such a course of conduct would be plainly unreasonable. "Whom is it from?" he asked.

"It's from my servant, to tell me she's broken a china vase I'm very fond of," said Trix, in a smooth voice, quite fluently, her eyes fixed on Mervyn in innocent grief and consternation.

Fortunately he was not an observant man. He had noticed neither the type-writing nor Trix's initial confusion. He patted her hand, then drew it to him and kissed it, saying with a laugh:

"I'm glad it's no worse. You looked so frightened." Then he turned back to his letters.

Presently Trix escaped into the garden in a tempest of rage at herself. She was thinking no more of the treacherous conduct of Dramoffskys, but of herself.

"That's what I shall always do!" she exclaimed to the trim lawns and the sparkling fountains, to the stately façade that was some day to salute her as its mistress. "How easily I did it, how naturally!" She came to a pause. "I'll go in and tell him!" She took a step or two towards the house, but stopped again. "No, I can't now." She turned away, saying aloud, "I daren't!"

The thought flashed into her mind that he would be very easy to deceive. It brought no comfort. And if he ever found out! She must end all connection with Fricker, anyhow. She could not have such an inevitable source of lies about her as that business meant.

"How easily I did it!" she reflected to herself again in a sort of horror.

Mervyn told the story at dinner, rallying Trix on her exaggerated consternation over the news. Lady Barmouth took up the cudgels for her, maintaining a housewife's

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view of the importance and preciousness of household possessions. Lord Barmouth suggested that perhaps the vase was an heirloom, and asked Trix how she became possessed of it, what was it like, what ware, what color, what size, and so forth. Thence they passed, under Lady Barmouth's guidance, to the character of the servant, to her previous record in the matter of breakages, comparing her incidentally in this and other respects with a succession of servants who had been at Barslett. Steadily and unfalteringly, really with great resource and dexterity, Trix equipped both servant and vase with elaborate histories and descriptions, and agreed with the suggestion that the vase might perhaps be mended, and that the servant must be at least seriously warned as to what would happen in the event of such a thing ever occurring again. The topic with its ramifications lasted pretty well through the meal, Trix imagining all the time every sort of unlikely catastrophe which might possibly result in her dressing-case falling into the hands of the family and Mr. Fricker's letter being discovered therein.

Well, there was nothing for it; she must be good. If she would not go on lying, she must obey. There was some of the old hardness about her eyes and her lips as she came to this conclusion. She was not, after all, accustomed to having everything just as she liked. That had been only a dream, inspired by Airey Newton's words at Paris; when put to the test of experience, it had not borne the strain. She was to belong to the Barmouths, to be admitted to that great family; she would pay her dues.

She was very sweet to Mervyn that evening; there was a new submission in her manner, a strong flavor of the dutiful wife. From afar Lord Barmouth marked it with complacency and called his wife's attention to it.

"Yes, and I liked her for thinking so much about her vase, poor child," said Lady Barmouth.

"In my opinion she will be a success—a success," said he. "After all, we might have been sure that Mortimer would make a suitable choice."

"Yes, and Sarah Bonfill thoroughly approves."

Lord Barmouth's expression implied that Mrs. Bonfill's approval might be satisfactory, but could not be considered essential.

The next day Trix went up to town. At the station Mervyn gave her a copy of the *Times* containing the announcement that a marriage had been arranged between them. His manner left nothing to be desired—by any reasonable person at least; and he promised to come and see her on his way to the House next day. Trix steamed off with the *Times* in her hand, and the hum of congratulation already sounding in her expectant ears.

She lay back in the railway carriage, feeling tired but content—too tired, perhaps, to ask whence came her content. The hum of congratulation, of course, had something to do with it. Had escaping from Barslett something to do with it too? Lazily she gave up the problem, threw the *Times* aside, and went to sleep.

When the train was nearing London, she awoke with a start. She had been having visions again; they had come while she slept—strange mixtures of the gay restaurant and of dingy Danes Inn; a room where Airey Newton smoked his pipe, where the only sound was of Peggy Ryle's heart-whole laughter; a dream of irresponsibility and freedom. She laughed at herself as she awoke, caught up the paper again, and reread that important announcement. There lay reality; have done with figments! And what a magnificent reality it was! She stepped out on to the platform at Charing Cross with conscious dignity.

At the flat it rained telegrams; from everybody they came—from the Bonfills, the Glentorlys—yes, and the Farringhams; from crowds of less-known people. There was one from Viola Blixworth, and there was one from Peggy Ryle. She accorded this last the recognition of a little sigh. Then she went to dress for a dinner party. Her entry into the drawing-room that evening would be the first-fruits of her triumph. She thought no more about the china vase.

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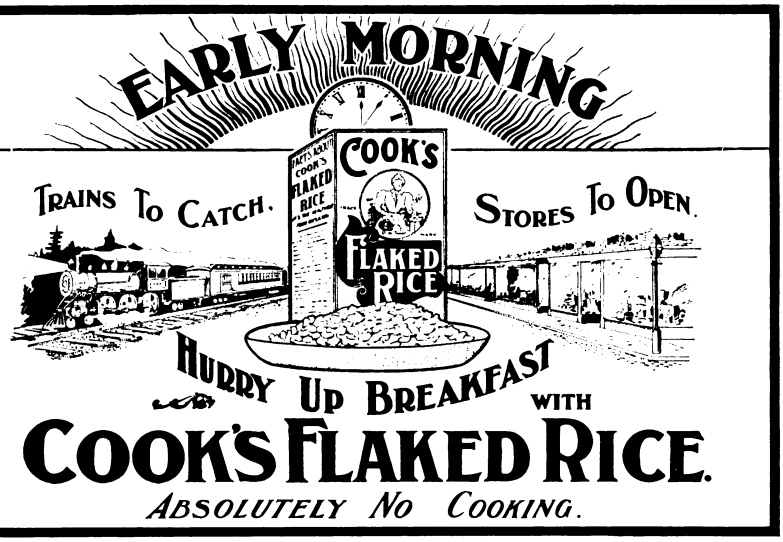
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Chimmie Fadden: Of Commonplace Man

With a Promise of Mr. Paul's Autobigotry

MR. Paul is going to write a book; he was telling de folks so de odder day. I'm tinking of writing one meself: me and Duchess. She learned English out of a book, so she can spell it. I'm a shade shy on de spelling end of de game, but when it comes to langwudge I'm no gazeaboo. Between de two of us we'll get off a book as slick as a piece in de newspoiper. It will be a corker. I'll trun in de sports, de cops, de middle-weight champeens, and all de hot-stuff folks like dat; while Duchess will toin de lime-light on de silk stocking push—princesses, fairies, and de goo-goo end of de game. Say, when we get 'em bunched togedder, and mixing a bit in de middle of de ring, wit a clinch now and den, and hitting in de break-away, will dey make litry-toor? What! A million copies! Sure. Me—to a private yacht. My, my!

But Mr. Paul's book is to be a autobigotry about himself. I wish it was up to me to write his autobigotry. I'd do him fair, for fair. He won't.

Listen: Whiskers was saying dat dere was a revival of a autor mug named Dickens, what writ de play "No Torrowbred," dat Billy Florence used to act out on de top of de stoige. Remember—de character wit de dachhund name? It was all right, at dat, and I wish Dickens had passed out a pair of plays like it.

"It's not a revival," says Mr. Paul, "it is a sprint. Dickens never stopped running; but dere has been so many autors started after him, on de same track, we has sometimes lost sight of Dickens in de dust de odder chaps kicked up. But he was running, all de time, all right, and won't never stop. De lads dat got on de track wit him is now buried under de violets by de waysides."

"Anyway," says Wily Widdy, "some of de writers who started after Dickens could draw a gentleman, but Dickens, in my opinion, never could do dat."

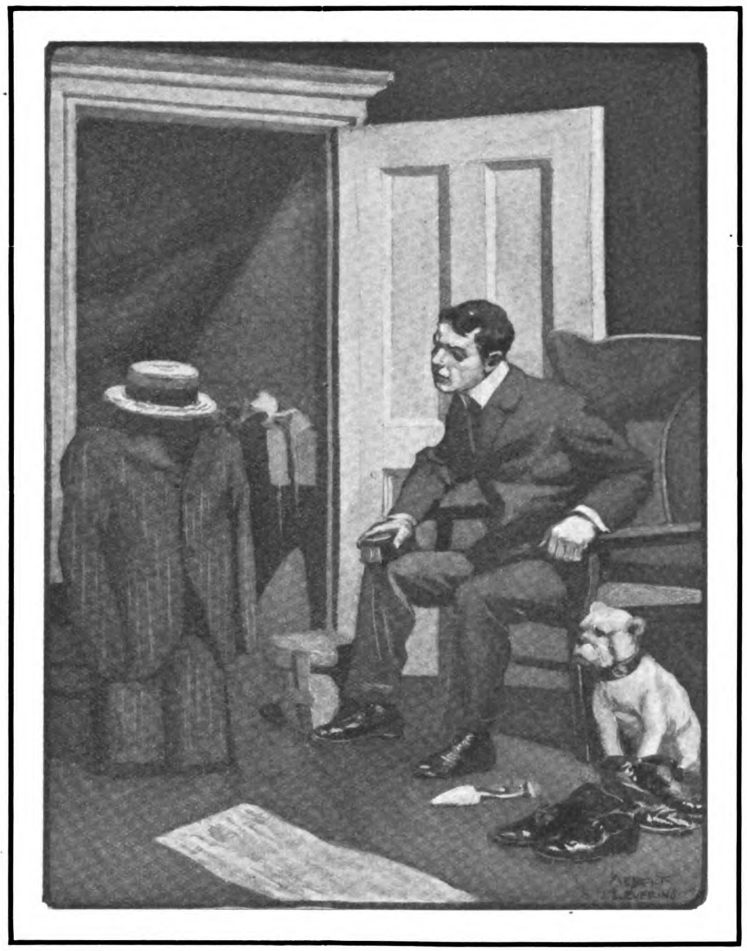
"Wedder he could, or could not, madam, must remain a question too warm for to be discussed in sultry days like dese," says Mr. Paul. "Do you recall," he says, "when de sinetist showed Napoleon his book on de heavenly bodies? 'I see,' says Napoleon, 'dat you has no mention of God in dis woik.' 'No, Sire,' says de stronomer, 'I could get along witout dat hypot'esis.' Maybe," says Mr. Paul, "de reason Dickens never drawed no gentleman—if he never did—was dat he found dat in de scheme of life he was picturing, he could get along witout dat hypot'esis."

"Where are you at, Paul?" says Whiskers. "Whidder ghost dow?" he says. "Quo vadis?" says he. "Do you mean dat Dickens is popular because he got along witout no gents, or what?" he says.

"No, sir," says Mr. Paul. "Dickens is popular because he gives pleasing or heroic attributes"—dose was de very woids he passes out. Is dey willie-whizzers? What! I'm going to use 'em in me own book, if Duchess can spell 'em—"or heroic or beautiful attributes to commonplace people. Dat was just where he grabbed off a lead-pipe cinch on de great reading public. He says to de woild: 'Quit holding up hands of stonishment at de modderly love shown in de portrait of de Duchess of Devonshire. Do you tink dat only de rich, refined, exalted, sheltered women in dis woild has dat beautiful attribute? Eh? Well, look at dis portrait.' Den Dickens shows 'em his portrait of Jenny, in de brick-yard! Do you see my point, sir?"

Whiskers didn't say notting, but Miss Fannie, she says, "I do. Go on."

"Until Dickens came along de pike," says Mr. Paul, "de writer mugs what went just before him never hands out no admirable or lovable character except to me Lord dis and me Lady dat. Dickens, he says, 'Rats! courage, heroism, self-denial, integrity isn't no monopoly held by me lord and me lady. What do you say to dis bunch?' he says. Den he toins de lime-light off me lord and me lady, and he truns it on Lizzie Hexam, on Peggotty, Mr. Jarndyce, Susan Nipper, Mark Tapley, Tom Pinch, Little Nell, Mr. George, Barnaby's modder, Sydney Carton. Commonplace people in commonplace life. He kept de light toined on 'em till all de odder folks saw mugs like deirselves doing stunts odder autors kept for me lord and me lady.



"He could get along witout dat hypot'esis"

"Dat was where us commonplace mugs got aboard de band wagon and tooted de horn and beat de drum for little old Charlie Dickens till we was black in de face and had glass arms. I've talked meself dry."

"Chames," says Whiskers, "give us a cup. Paul soitainly is dry."

So I pours a tall bot of fizz trough a strainer filled wit sugared pineapple and strawberries and cracked ice, and passes out a cup to all hands.

"Paul," says Miss Fannie, "you ought to write a piece for de magazine."

"I'm going to do woise dan dat, ma'am," he says: "I'm going to write a book: de story of me life."

"Nonsense!" says Whiskers. "Dere isn't no story in your life. What did you ever do?"

"Notting. Dat's de very point," says Mr. Paul. "I'm going to call me autobigotry 'De story of a Commonplace Man.' Dereby I'll land all de commonplacers for readers. As you say, sir, I never done notting: never succeeded in anyting in me whole life. As a boy I trilled wit de solemn conviction dat I was born to be a second Grant or Sheridan. I just knew it. De chance come, but I retoined from Sam Juan's Hill as I went—a private—having succeeded in getting me name in de poipers once—misspelled—among dose 'slightly wounded.' In college dere was just one course I cared for—and I was conditioned in dat. I rowed on de 'versity crew—and we was beat. If dere's a sport known to America I hasn't competed in, I've not heard of it—but I never won a cup. I've never started a fashion in close; never invented a dish; never composed a rag-time song, fought a duel, captured a burglar, shot a mountain lion—in short, sir and mesdames, I am de absolutely commonplace; and de millions like me will read me history wit sympatic delight, saying: 'Here's a mug wit de noive to open his yap about himself, dough he's only commonplace like us. Hooray!'"

Nobody said notting for a long time, den Whiskers says, "But, Paul, you're a very fair judge of wine."

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A Remarkable Electric State

See page 1014

THE city of Santa Fe de Bogota, generally known as Bogota, has 150,000 inhabitants. Before the recent installation for lighting by electricity, wooden conduits were used to supply the city with gas, and there were frequent interruptions in the supply. As it was necessary to import petroleum, as well as other illuminant supplies, such as candles, it was decided to take advantage of a waterfall about 16 miles distant for the production of energy.

This electric plant is claimed to be one of the highest situated stations in the world, being 8300 feet above the sea-level. It is particularly interesting on account of the great difficulties that had to be surmounted in its construction, as well as its general arrangement.

Many obstacles had to be overcome on account of the defective state of the routes of communication, the primitive means of transport, and the entire absence of railways, which made it very difficult to transfer the materials and machines, turbines, switchboards, and other apparatus to the power-plant site.

It may be of interest to note a few particulars which will serve to illustrate the obstacles encountered in transporting the parts of machinery from Puerto Colombia (Sabanilla). On leaving the port the first part of the journey is made along a narrow road, which, after a distance of 18½ miles, leads to the little town of Barranquilla, situated at the mouth of the river Magdalena, and from here for a distance of 560 miles the transport is by water or small steamboats, which run between Barranquilla and the basin of the port La Dorada.

A second road, 24 miles in length, terminates at Honda, 990 feet above the sea-level, and the rest of the long journey to Bogota must be accomplished over very bad pathways. For this trip the machine parts were carried on the backs of mules, and this fact has to be considered in the construction of the machines, since the maximum load a mule can support on such roads is only 330 pounds, and this must be evenly distributed on each side. It is also necessary to lay other restrictions in connection with the packing of the materials and apparatus, as the limiting dimensions of the cases are 2 feet 9 inches long, 1 foot 9 inches broad, and 1 foot 6 inches high, in order to be able to go through all the narrow passes with ease, and to permit of meeting other caravans coming from the opposite direction. The road passes over Alto del Sargento, which is 4500 feet above the sea-level, and then descends to Guadua, 2950 feet above sea-level. It is then necessary to reascend to Alto del Raizal, which is 4870 feet above sea-level, and on up the mountains by Alto de Trigo, 6170 feet above sea-level, to Villeta.

The path then traverses Alto de Roble, which is 9075 feet above sea-level, and finally arrives at the station of Facatativa, which is connected with Bogota by a railway, this last journey being only about three hours' duration. It will be noted that for the transport of the numerous machine parts it was not only necessary to overcome the differences of altitude between Honda and Bogota, but in a mountainous country such as that in question it was many times necessary to go up very high and then come down again, so that the ascents made between the two towns amounted to an altitude of 13,120 feet, and the descents amounted to 3700 feet.

The hydraulic installation is of more than passing interest. The Rio Funza or Rio Bogota, an important river of that country, traverses the middle of the tableland of Sabana, and its agitated waters flow into the Magdalena River. All along the Rio Funza from the point at which it leaves the tableland it forms an almost uninterrupted series of cataracts for about 1300 yards, the largest of which is known as the Fequendama. The stream, which is about 50 feet wide, is precipitated down a height of nearly 500 feet, and forms the largest known waterfall in South and Central America. There is no hope, however, at present of utilizing the great amount of force which would be given by this fall.

(Continued on page 1017.)

THE

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August, 1902.

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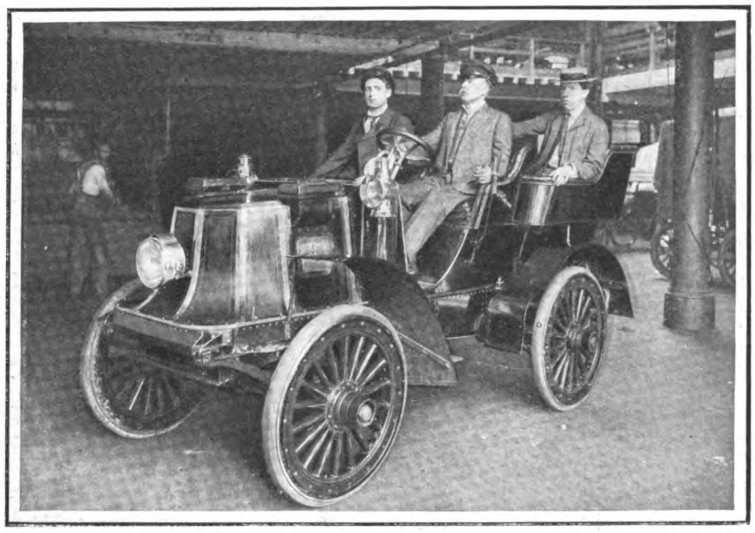
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Automobiling

THE most typical American motor which has yet made its appearance is to the credit of Mr. Ball, who is well known as a designer of locomotives. The engine and frame show everywhere characteristic details of locomotive construction adapted to meet the varying strains of road-work. The frame is of angle iron, with rivets taking the place of the usual bolts; the engine is four-cylinder compound, a unique feature in motor design; the fire-tube boiler is placed in front, beneath a hood, while the engine is located under the centre of the car. The system of springs is to be especially noted; the springs are of locomotive-truck design, and are relied upon to take up the full vibration of road and motor, which allows the use of solid rubber tires. This obviates all danger of puncture, and takes up the play of the car in the mechanically correct manner. An economical consumption of water is the result of the condenser, which is situated in the rear of the car. The surplus uncondensed steam is exhausted directly back of the rear wheels, an effectual device to lay the dust. The importance of this particular machine lies in the fact that it is the first attempt to apply to motor-cars the principles of design which have given to the engineers of this country the high position which they hold to-day. Along these lines may lie the future of the American car, whether for pleasure-driving or for commercial use.

The commercial motor, which shall be at once economical and reliable, is not likely to be developed in the near future, in spite of several years' experience in building machines for mere pleasure service. It is true that several firms have used mechanical transportation for the delivery of their goods, yet it is doubtful whether they have found the carriers more economical than those drawn by horses. The situation at present seems to be that the advertisement more than compensates for the loss in efficiency. A new departure, however, is to be made by a prominent department store, which has had built a line of motor delivery wagons for use in rural districts. It is quite possible that, under the present development of the gasolene engine, this experiment will prove a very satisfactory and speedy mode of transportation.



An American "Light Locomotive"

A steam-automobile designed and constructed by a locomotive-builder of thirty-eight years' experience

The steam-driven wagons which have been ordered by the government for use in the Philippines will, if satisfactory, give convincing proof of their trustworthiness on account of the tremendous obstacle which the bad roads present, especially during the busy season. The railroads have nothing to fear, however, from any motor in sight in either local freight or passenger traffic; the trolley is their only serious competitor. It is rather the heavy types of trucks that will ultimately be compelled to change their motive power. In some instances this substitution has already been made. One safe company hoists its safes from the truck by the power which propels the vehicle.

The racing-car is at present so conspicuous in the motor field that one is apt to ask for what purpose these high-powered engines, mounted on the barest frame-work, with the operators given the smallest possible perch to which they may cling. This question has been already answered satisfactorily by at least one manufacturer. The maker of a certain touring-car, which has found popular favor, builds each year a high-power racer solely for his own use in test-work. The car is speeded over a private track, and any faults in construction are carefully noted. This manufacturer claims that in this way he is enabled to determine accurately the salient difficulties to be overcome, and to apply the improved methods of design to the touring class of vehicle.

Much favorable comment has been made on the attitude of the Automobile Club of America towards those reckless individuals who have been jeopardizing the safety of the public and the interests of all owners of motor-cars. The suggestions contained in the recently issued circular, which, says the New York *Evening Post*, "should be regarded as the very law and gospel of the sport," have been practically carried out in a number of instances, and in several towns training-schools for horses have been established, which the inhabitants have been quick to appreciate and make use of. Another question which is being taken up by the Automobile Club is in connection with the presence of motors in Central Park. Very little complaint has been made as to the infringement of speed regulations, which are observed pretty carefully by the machines when in the Park, but during the crowded period of the afternoon it has been made very disagreeable for those who wish to enjoy a drive in the fresh air to be compelled to keep behind a snorting, evil-smelling machine. It would undoubtedly be for the best interests of all concerned if all mechanically driven vehicles, except those using electricity as motive power, be kept out of the Park during certain hours, say from 4 to 6 P.M. The Park officials and the committee on roads of the Automobile Club are acting together in the matter, and will doubtless arrive at a satisfactory agreement. The ancient road privileges of the horse will be zealously cared for by his large army of friends.

Alcohol was successfully employed as a fuel by one of the contestants in the Paris-Vienna race. The machine was of seventy horse-power, and had no difficulty in completing the course. The advantages of this form of material for use in combustion engines are numerous: it is somewhat less volatile than gasolene, and the danger from leakages is much less than that of an oil; it produces a powerful explosive mixture, and leaves no residue to clog the valves or carburetor of the machine. On the other hand, the expense would preclude its use in this country, as wood-alcohol retails at one dollar a gallon, against seventeen cents for the best quality of gasolene. No special device is needed to adapt a motor to the use of alcohol other than a slight change in the carburetor.

Owners of very high-powered cars are finding many difficulties in connection with their operation in this country. The delicate parts of the car are frequently damaged by the rough shaking of country roads, explosive tires must often be replaced, and it is almost impossible to keep within the speed limits without overheating the engine. It requires constant attention and management to keep a machine capable of a sixty-mile-an-hour gait within the eight-mile regulation, and there are so few stretches of the open country where such a machine may be properly "let out" that there is little use for anything more than a touring-car of moderate speed. Some owners have made use of a fast car merely to get to their destination as quickly as possible, and do not drive the machine. The result is that the man who operates a car which he does not own is very often most inconsiderate when the owner happens not to be present, and is the cause of many dangerous encounters, which naturally tend to increase the ill feeling that is felt at present towards motorists.

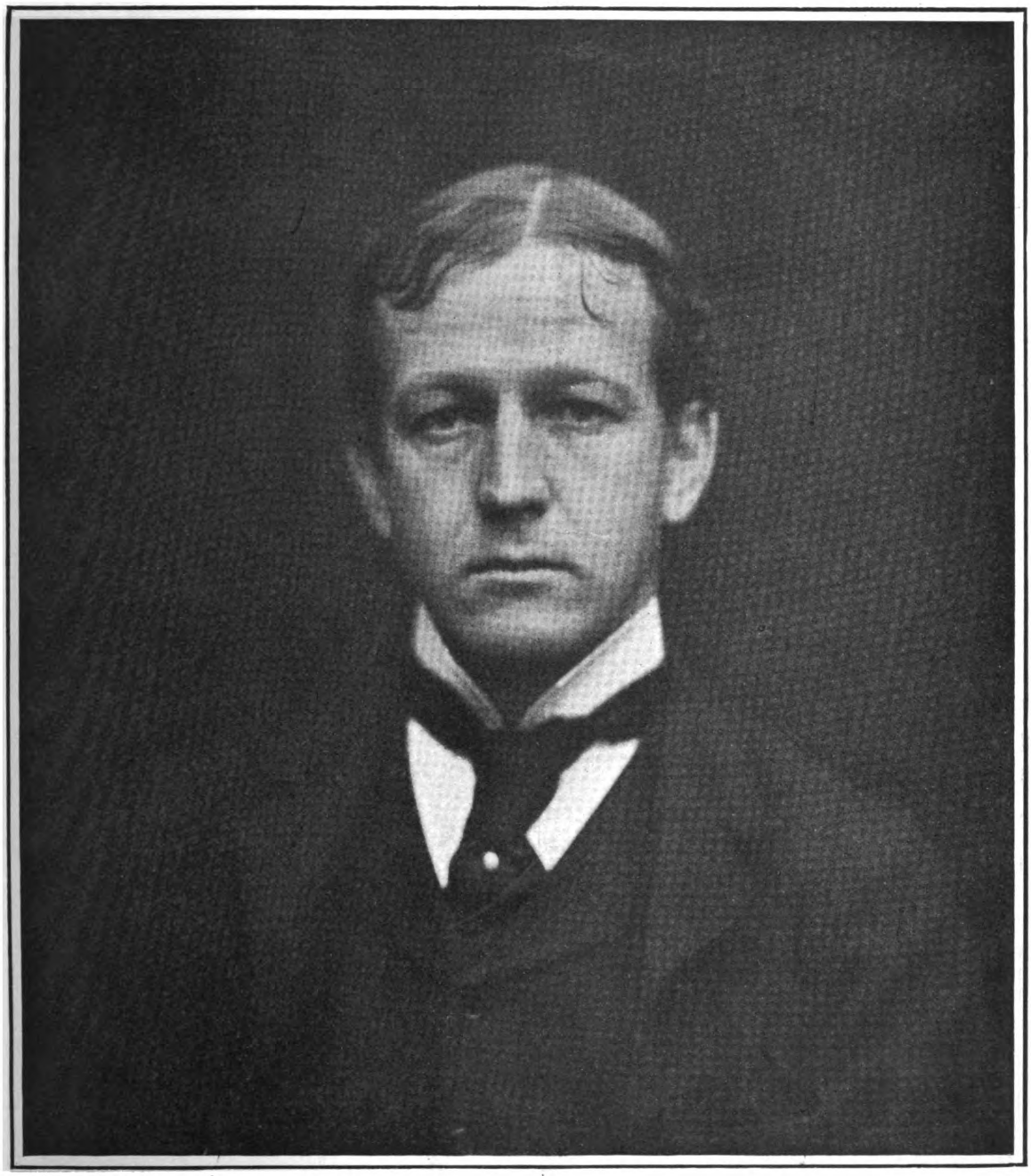
The actual building of roads devoted to motor cars is not for the near future, in spite of many rumors to that effect. It is true, however, that, after preliminary negotiations have been arranged and the necessary action taken by the Legislature of different States, there will be found numerous capitalists ready to come to the support of the project. The location of the first road would probably be in Long Island, where the level country offers greater facility for construction. A more difficult proposition would be a road extending between New York and Boston. With a proper system of tolls the investment might prove a good one, and with a line of fast motor-trucks would be a satisfaction to the builders and to the farmers along the route. One road of this character would be a tremendous assistance to the good-roads movement. It is little realized as yet how far the benefit of well-kept roads extends. One of our consuls in France made a report, not long ago, in which he attributed the industrial and financial vitality of that country to the universal prevalence of good roads.

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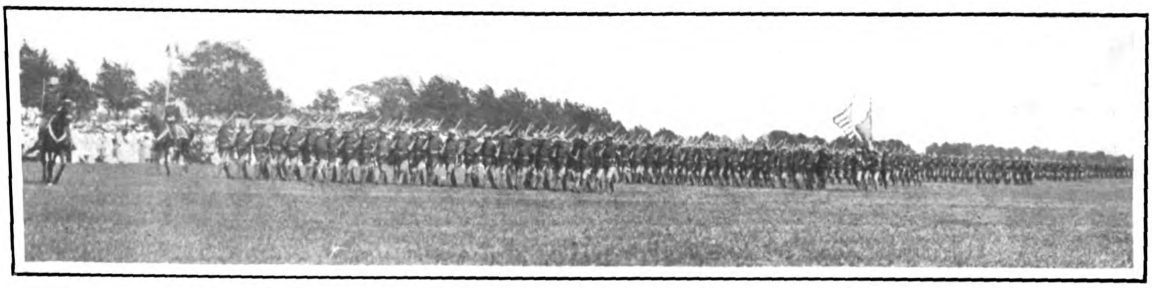
AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

Men under forty-seven who are proving their capacity to assume the vast personal responsibilities to Greater America gradually being relinquished by the great leaders of to-day

II.—ARTHUR BRISBANE, *AET.* 38

See page 1069, Editorial Section

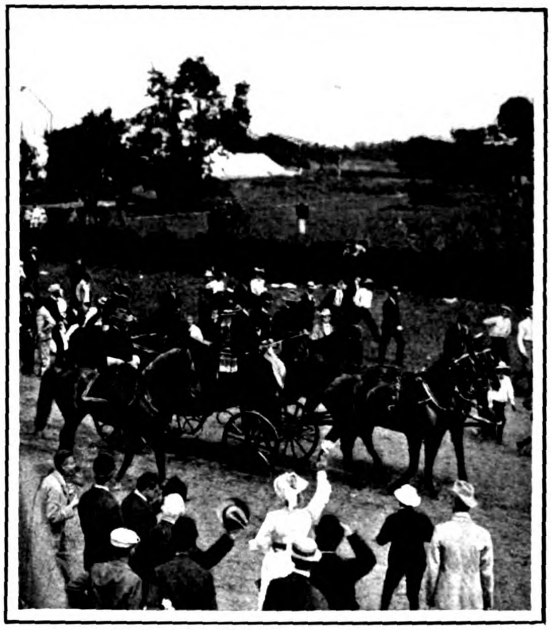
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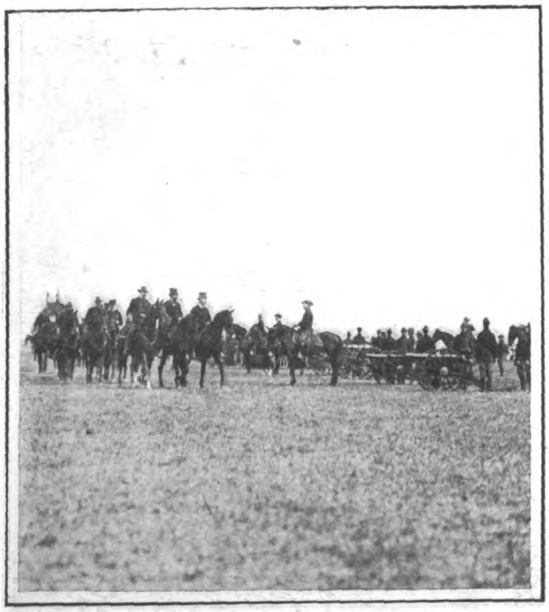
The New Jersey Troops passing in Review before the President



Arrival of the President at the Seagirt Station



On the Way to Camp with Governor Murphy



The President and Governor Murphy, with Staff Officers, Inspecting the Artillery



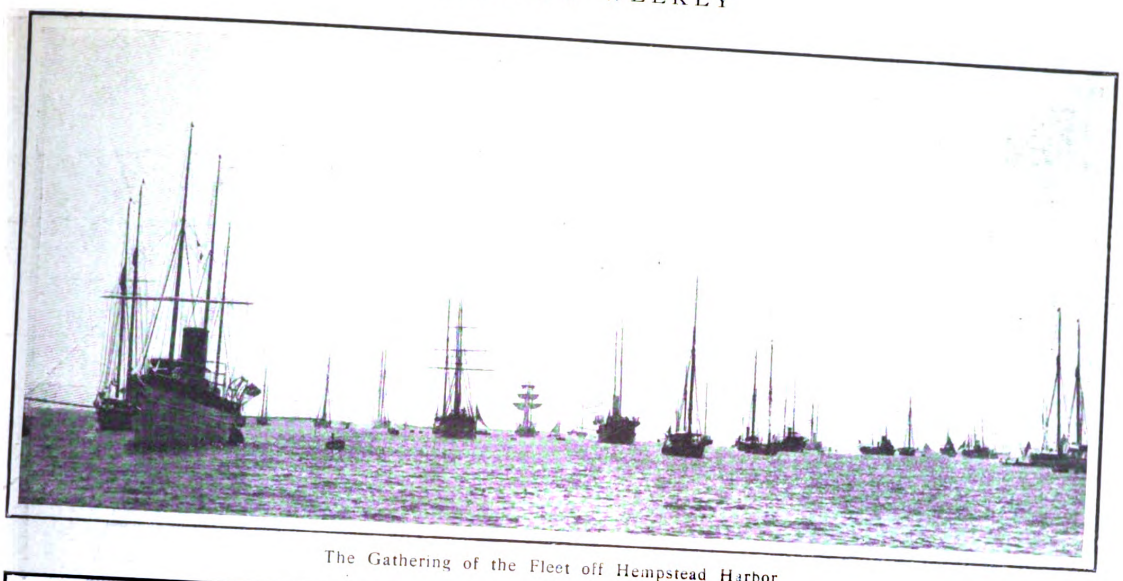
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THE PRESIDENT AT SEAGIRT

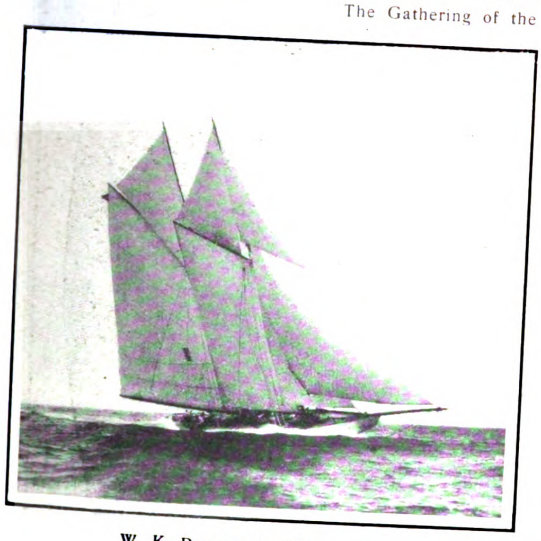
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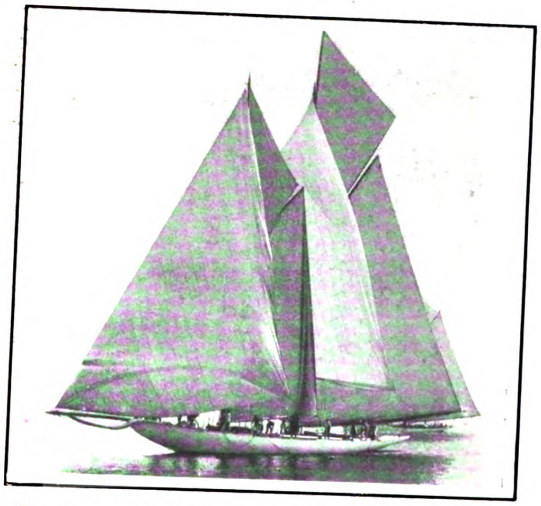


The Gathering of the Fleet off Hempstead Harbor



W. K. Brewster's "Elmina"

The Schooner Class



Charles Smithers's "Muriel"



"Mineola"
August Belmont's wonderful sloop



"Yankee"
J. R. Maxwell's single-sticker



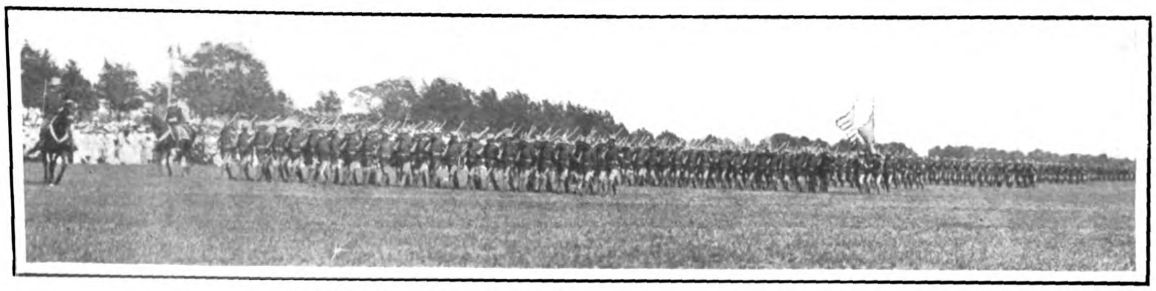
"Rainbow"
Cornelius Vanderbilt's craft

The 70-Footers

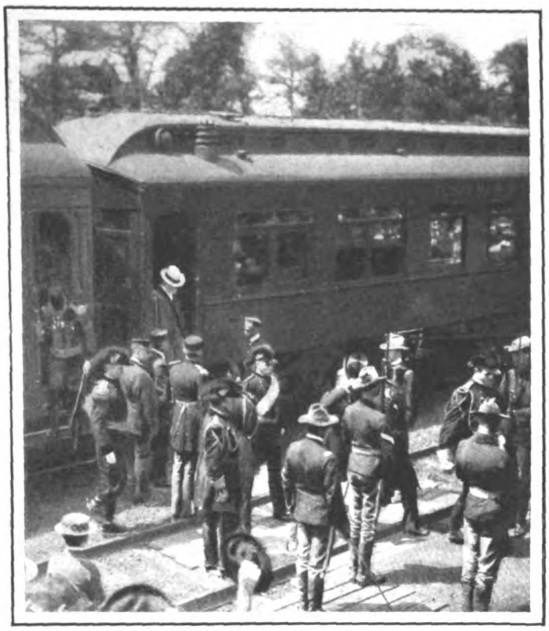
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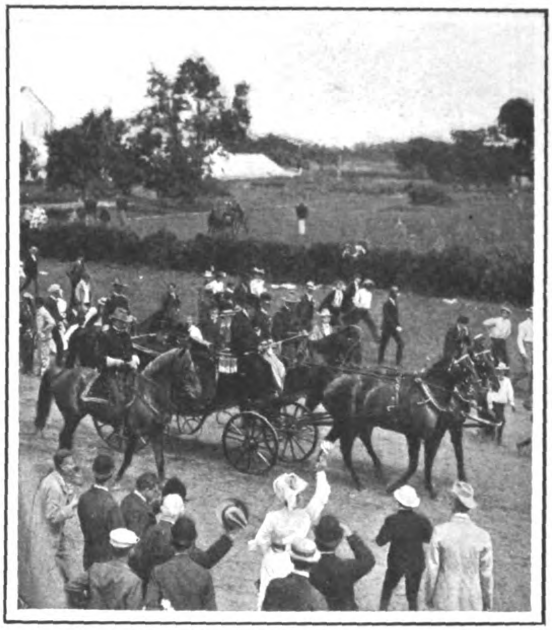
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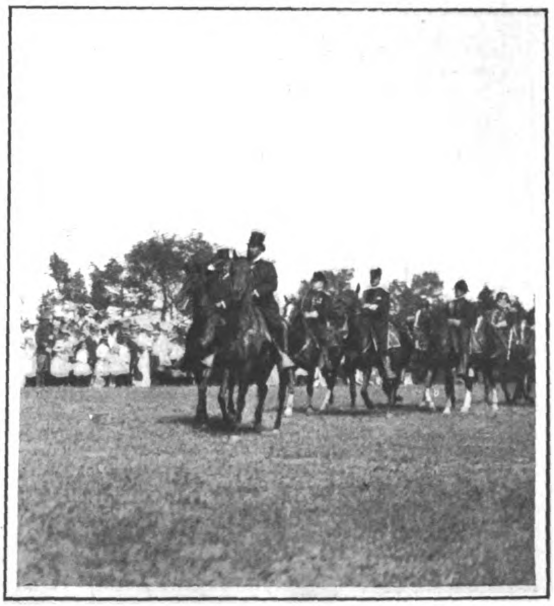
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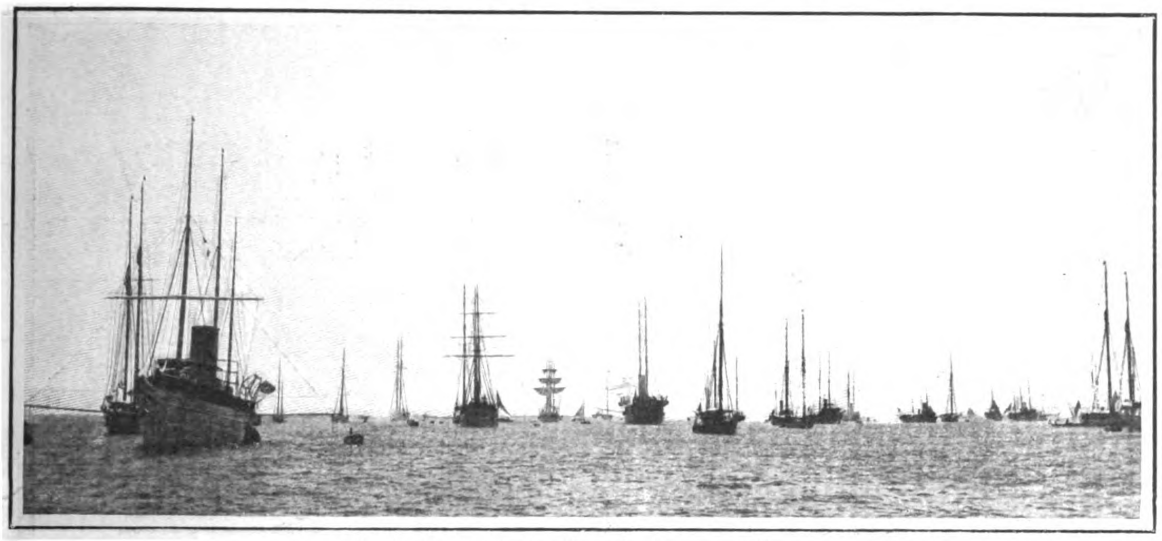
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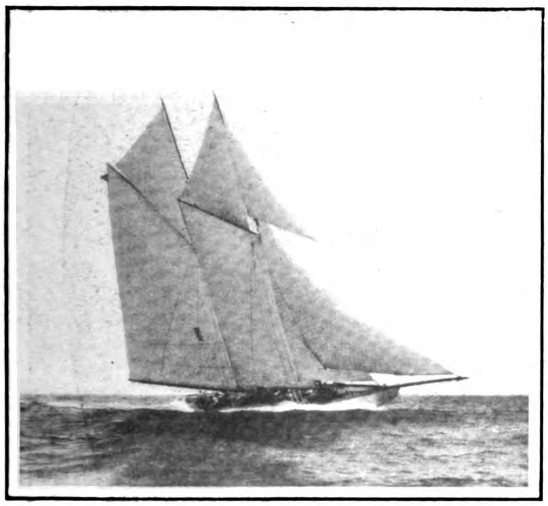
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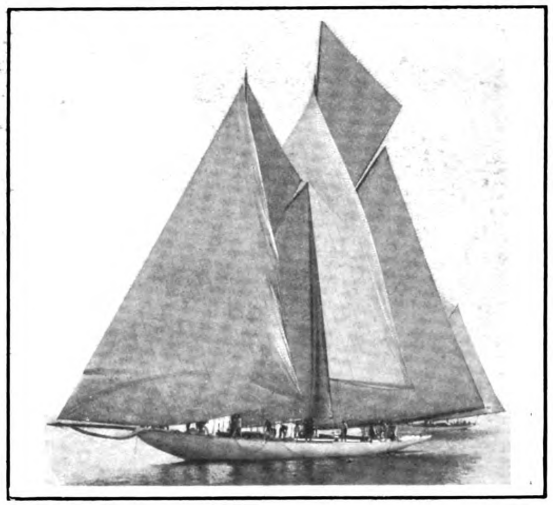


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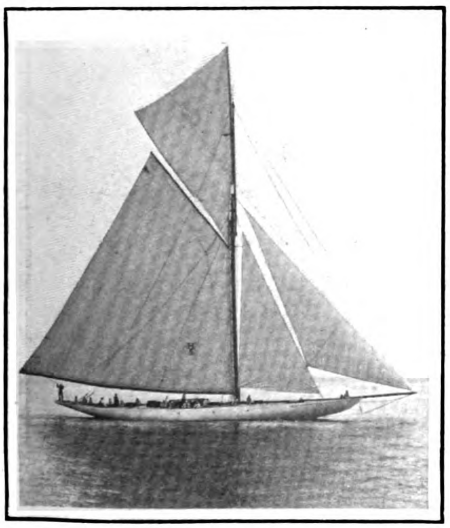


W. K. Brewster's "Elmina"

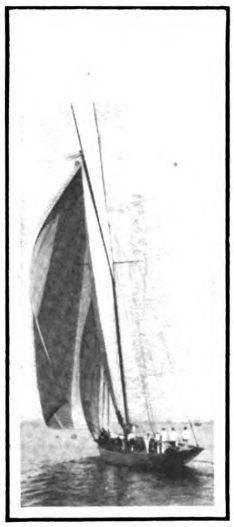
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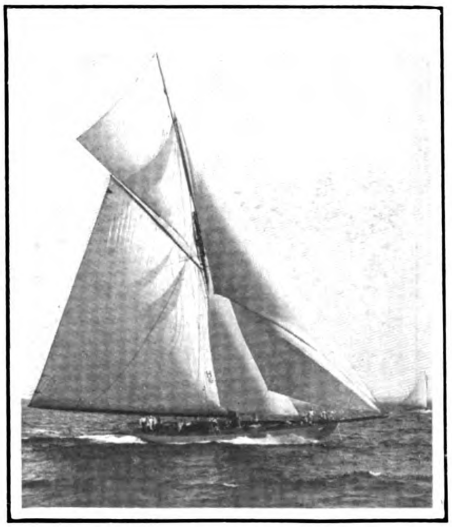
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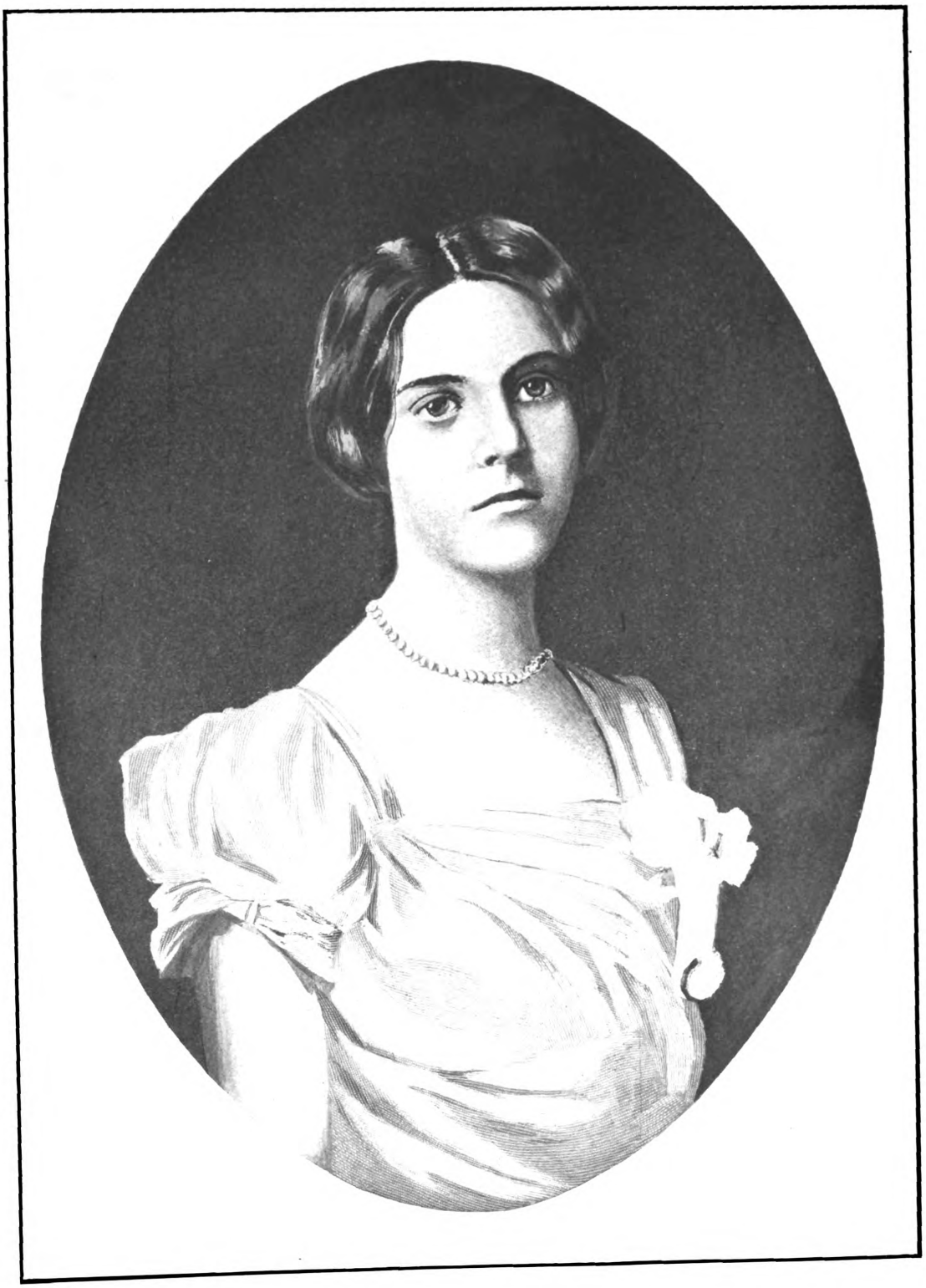
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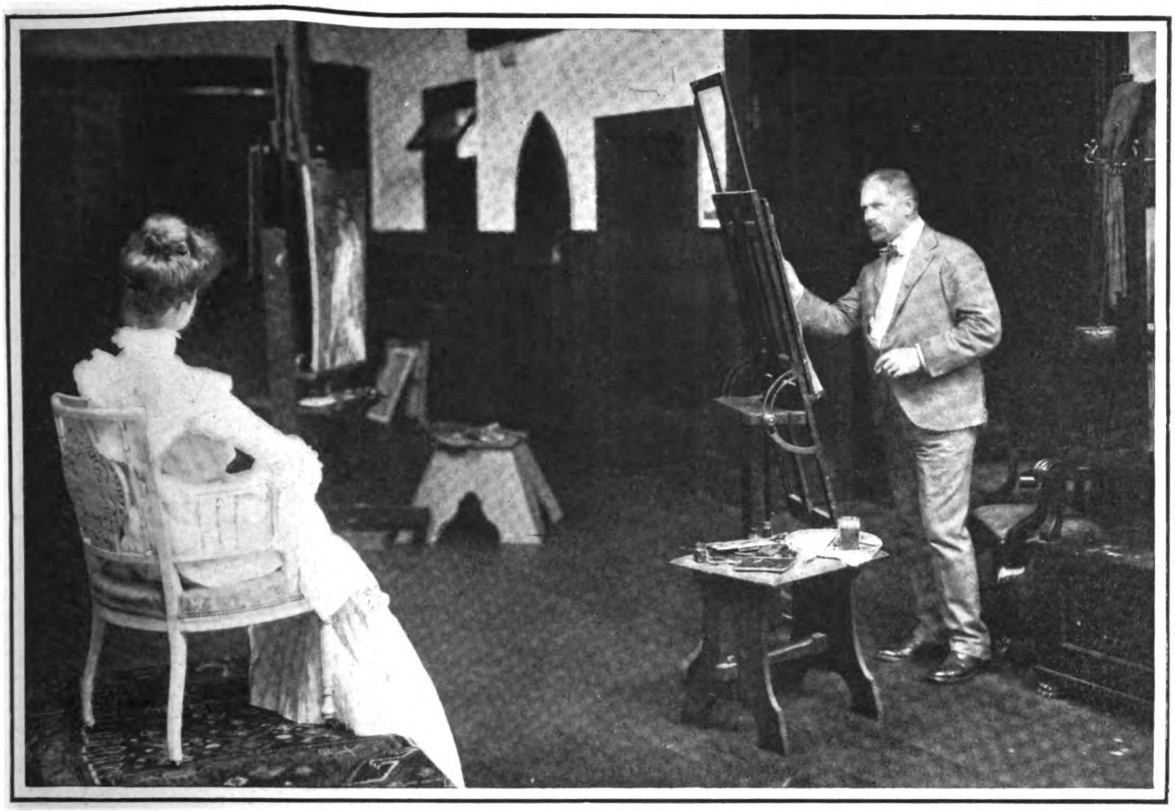
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MRS. ROBERT J. COLLIER

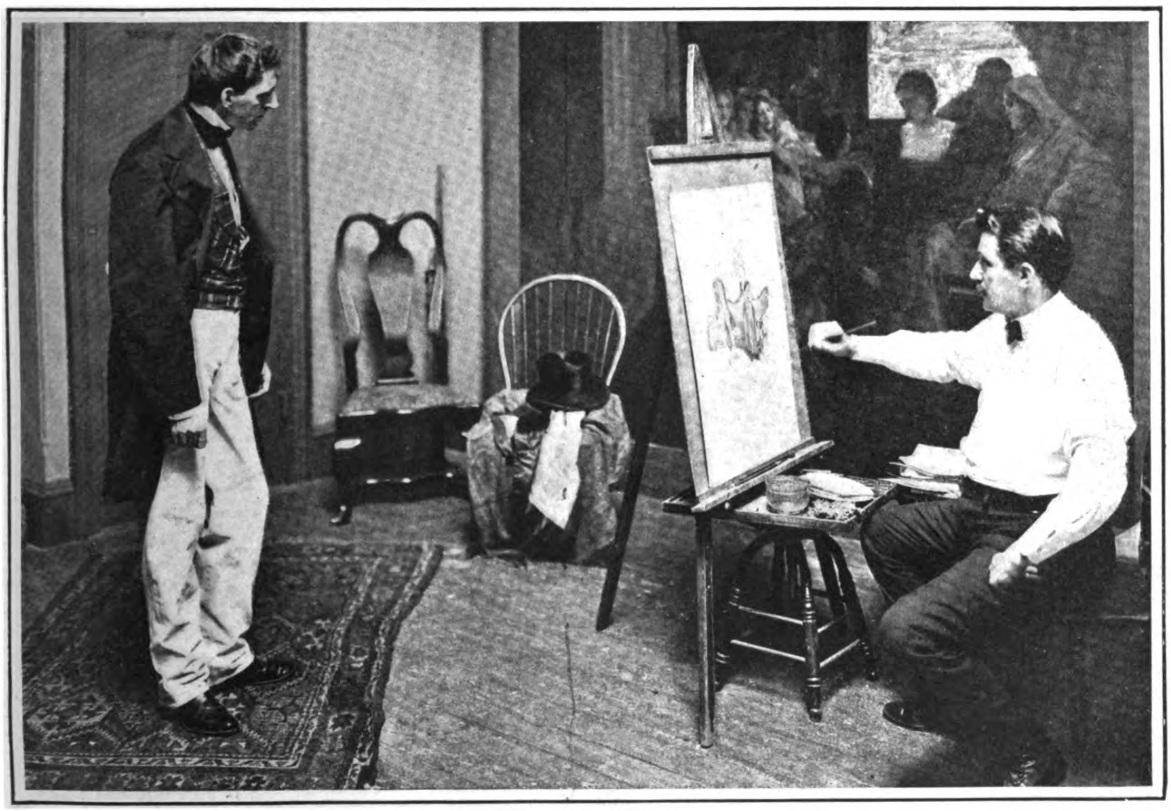
Miss Sara Stewart Van Alen, the daughter of James J. Van Alen, of New York and Newport, was married at Newport on July 26 to Mr. Robert J. Collier, of New York

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William T. Smedley

Working from the model in his studio at Laurence Park, Bronx. Mr. Smedley has built a beautiful Elizabethan house, and included a studio in a wing



Arthur I. Keller

Showing the striking character of some models, and also the care with which costumes are made for illustration-work

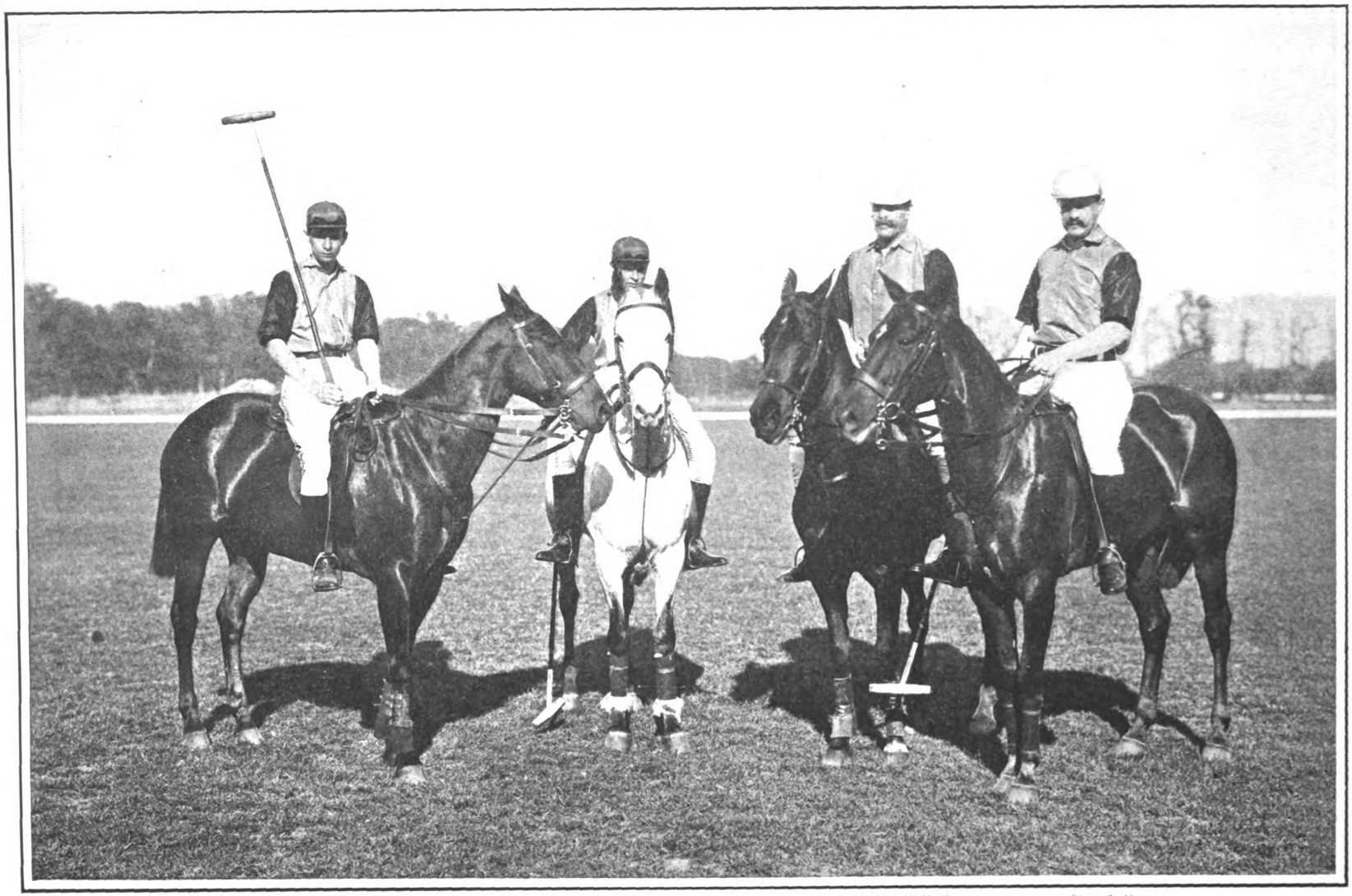
MODERN MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATING

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Kingdon Gould Jay Gould Benjamin Nicoll George Gould

THE LAKEWOOD POLO TEAM

One of the polo teams now playing in the National Championships at Saratoga is remarkable on account of the fact that it contains George Gould, and his two young sons, the two latter not yet out of their teens. Kingdon was slightly injured in the first match on July 28

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Editorial section for the week ending August 9, 1902

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COMMENT

GOVERNOR HUNT of Porto Rico, on his return to this country for a brief vacation, speaks most encouragingly of the situation in the Territory of which he is the official head. The four years of American occupation, the completion of which was reached on July 16, have witnessed great changes, by which Porto Rico has materially benefited, and the close of the fiscal year finds the country doing a better business, in better health, and having brighter prospects than ever before. Statistics, ordinarily dark and dismal things, are in this case worth quoting, and should be of interest to all Americans who are vexing their minds as to the results of American rule in insular matters. Governor Hunt states that the insular treasury balance on July 1 was $314,000, a gain of $239,000 in the year. The total exports for last year aggregated $12,889,925, showing an increase in exports to foreign countries of 54.7 per cent. over the previous year, and 48.6 per cent. increase of exports to the United States over last year. The increase is principally in sugar, cigars and cigarettes, straw hats, and coffee. The island sent $204,500 worth of straw hats alone to the United States last year. As a purchaser the Porto-Rican has done very well, but he does not spend as much of his money in American markets as he might. Governor Hunt thinks that American merchants would do well to study Porto Rico's imports from Europe, with a view to enlarging home trade. Porto Rico bought over $400,000 worth of Nova Scotia codfish last year, and over $80,000 worth of bags for sugar and coffee. Spain sent rice valued at more than $90,000, and over $500,000 worth of potatoes. A further significant item was the purchase of over $150,000 worth of foreign soaps, which indicates an increasing appreciation of the virtues of this commodity which is encouraging. The Governor avers that in all other directions improvements are noticeable. Schools are welcomed, and 50,000 children are being taught. Industrial schools are to be opened, and adults as well as the young are seeking the advantages which they offer. There was an extraordinary decrease in the number of deaths last year, 13,000 fewer than the year before. There is much less anæmia than formerly. People look healthier, live better, and take better care of themselves. All sanitation has improved, and in every way the islanders are better off than ever before. It is agreeable to hear that in his residence of two years among them Governor Hunt has found them generous, warm-hearted, good people. They are impressionable, but gentle and kind, and if it is true that the result of the liberal government given them is a steadily growing mutual respect and liking between them and the citizens of the mainland, as Governor Hunt says it is, what once seemed like a very difficult, if not an almost impossible, situation has been materially altered for the better.

The Canadian financiers, there being none sharper outside of Scotland and the north of Ireland, are taking advantage of a panic which has seized upon the English shipping mind. The so-called Morgan shipping trust having duly aroused the British merchant, the Canadian promises to give to the mother-country some fast express steamers and some large freighters, which will give the British flag an opportunity to float over English, or at least colonial, vessels. And this grant is to be in return for a subsidy of some millions of pounds sterling. It is a skilful Canadian lurch for a subsidy, at a moment when the purse-holder is frightened. Now, so far as the producer and the trader are concerned, there is no possible objection to the new Canadian line, while our railroads that reach into the north cannot possibly be made wretched by the proffered opportunity which the new line will give them to haul to the south the imports intended for the States, but shipped hither by way of Canada. The new project, however, is based on a false theory, the theory that pauperized lines of steamers will necessarily grow into a great maritime industry. The prosperity of the shipping business always has rested and always will rest on freights; it can never rest on subsidies. There is room enough for the Morgan syndicate's lines, for the new Canadian, and for ever so many other lines, if the commerce between the western and eastern shores of the Atlantic is permitted to be what it ought to be. There is trade enough to keep busy all the ships there are, and all that are projected, if trade is allowed to run to and fro as nature points the way. The world is too old, too wise, and too progressive to be wasting any more time on national or international paupers. The Morgan shipping combination, standing on its own legs, feeling the necessity of doing business in order to keep alive, cannot be troubled by any shipping company which receives its profits in the form of gifts from a public treasury, while for all possible sturdy and self-reliant competitors there is abundance of business, and therefore abundance of profit.

Years ago the Latin Union undertook to keep silver afloat as money. The effort was courageous, and was as intelligently conducted as any such effort can be, but it failed, with the result of putting the French currency upon what the economists call the "limping standard." It failed because the effort encountered the laws of nature—laws of which we hear a good deal from the so-called doctrinaire, who is always notifying the practical man of their existence. The practical man, however, never believes in them until he has been knocked down by some one of them, when he too becomes a doctrinaire. Nature said that man could not make equal what she had made unequal, and the Latin Union discovered the truth by experience, just as the Stuarts and their successors and others had discovered it in previous centuries. The invitation of Russia, not so pressing as it was first reported to be, to the governments of Europe to enter into an international pact against trusts recalls once more the inefficiency of nations in a war against nature. There are doubtless evils, great evils perhaps, which are the outgrowths of modern combinations of capital. These will be guarded against and perhaps put an end to by the courts, or by the executive and legislative branches of the governments in which the evils are recognized; for we may rest assured that so-called trust evils are not the same in differ-

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ent countries — a circumstance which further increases the doubt as to the ability of an international pact to take care of them. Most likely, however, it will be discovered that the combinations themselves, for their own preservation or advantage, will discover and remedy the most injurious of the toxine matter which they naturally generate, just as did the earliest and also much-hated small corporation after it had acquired a little experience, and had learned the economic and commercial value of straight business and fair dealing with the public. Evils apart, however, combinations are formed in response to a law of nature, and against them international compacts and international power will avail nothing. No government or combination of governments is powerful enough to erect a barrier that will stem the tide of universal human desires. The barrier will go down, whether it be in the form of a foolish statute, or in the form of an international treaty made by all the Tsars, Kaisers, Emperors, Kings, and Moguls in the civilized and uncivilized world.

The commission appointed by the British Iron Trade Association has made its report, and it is satisfactory to the people of this country, but a sad outcry comes from the other side. Especially does the story of American victory in the iron and steel business cause a depression of mind. The commission was appointed to inquire into the industrial conditions and competition of the United States, and the conclusion is but a repetition of that of the commission of the London *Times*, published in book form by Harper & Brothers under the title of *American Engineering Competition*. The report says that besides the "extraordinary richness of the principal fields of coal, iron ore, and kindred minerals," the American has risen to the top by reason of his inventive genius, which "has enabled him to apply to the operations of production and distribution a wealth of original ideas and methods that are as yet little known in Europe." Not only has the American applied his mind to the solution of the problems of production and distribution, but to those of transportation, with the result of securing cheap water and land service, "such as we have hardly had any experience of on this side of the Atlantic." The commission also finds that the American is industrious and works hard, and that this is an important element of his success. The upshot of the matter is that we are where we are in the industrial world because nature has given us the opportunity and we have availed ourselves of it, and this is a combination which no ingenuity can beat.

That useful publication *Who's Who* tries to include in the information which it gives every year about Englishmen of note a word or two about each man's recreation. A large proportion of its brief biographies tells not only when and where the man was born and what work he has done, but also how he gets his rest and has his fun. It seems to be taken as a matter of course that an Englishman shall play systematically, and his play is regarded as a part of his life of sufficient importance to receive attention in even the briefest biography. In *Who's Who* one finds shooting, hunting, fishing, racing, golf, cricket, mountain-climbing, curling, quoiting, draughts, cycling, tennis, photography, agriculture, stock-breeding, painting, gardening, and a long list of other occupations set down under this head of Recreation. The English, it would seem, try to have part of their fun in this life. Additional testimony to the strength of this British propensity for diversion was offered the other day in a London letter to the Boston *Transcript* from a correspondent (Mr. Webb) who described himself as an Anglo-American, who had come back to England after living fifteen years in the United States. One of the features of English life which most impressed him was the universality of the hobby. Hobbies abound enormously, he says, in England, and some sort of avocation is thought to be so essential to satisfactory living that pains is taken to interest school-children in some hobby or other,— as archæology or photography or some sort of collecting,— and the child whose enthusiasm cannot be so stirred is looked upon as deficient in proper spirit. Finding hobbies to abound so multifariously, Mr. Webb looked for the cause, and thinks he found it mainly "in the uninterestingness and hopelessness of the daily work of a very large proportion of Englishmen." Nine-tenths of the working English are employed doing routine work, in which there is little or no hope of getting ahead. Workmen are expected to do the same stint day after day in the same way. Invention is discouraged, enterprise is checked. Accordingly the tendency is for the workers to give their hands to bread-winning labors and their hearts and brains to avocations or hobbies, with the result that they are enthusiastic about all forms of play, and apathetic in their attitude towards work.

Precisely the contrary condition seems to strike the British observer in America. The authors of the recently issued "Reports of the British Iron Trade Association on American Industrial Conditions and Competition" are strongly impressed by the greater intensity of labor in America. "The typical American," they say, "appears to live only to work, and to work at something that will be a life-long career of usefulness to himself as an individual and to the community as interested in mechanical improvements and economies." The result of this disposition in the typical American is what the *Saturday Review* speaks of as "the universal experience that nowhere are wages so high and the cost of labor so low" as in America. What makes the American work with such enthusiasm? Work under favorable conditions is by no means bad sport. Mr. H. H. Rogers, whose success as a worker in oil qualifies him to speak with authority, told the graduating class of the Fairhaven High School the other day that "work is one of the most pleasant things in the world." So it is, if one is interested in it, and if its results are satisfactory. The ardor of the American workmen is traced especially to two things: educational activity and opportunity. Of the first the London *Times* says that its tendency in the United States "seems to be towards the attainment of every end which can render the children better fitted to be useful members of the community to which they belong." Dr. Sadler, an English educator who lectured the other day at Columbia University, also praised our schools, and said that twenty years of education on modern lines had given us a great number of keen and competent workers, but he thought they owed not more to the schools than to "the great field of opportunity that is spread out before your youth." "Every American boy," he said, "feels that if he only equips himself he is certain to find his opportunity. The English boy is all the time wondering where it will be possible for him to secure an opening for his talents."

So it seems the American works hard because his intelligence has been quickened and his capacity developed by education, and because he has a chance to work to good purpose. He also works because he wants money, and because he has formed habits of work. The English have been rich for a long time, and able to maintain a large leisure class that did not have to work desperately for a living, and had plenty of time for sports and recreations. It was the well-to-do English that set the fashion of amusements and hobbies which seems nowadays to have attained so great a vogue. The fashion has not been set to the same extent here, because not enough people could afford to spare the time to set it. The Americans will play more as they grow richer, and possibly the English will play less as they grow poorer, though as for that we are assured by such careful students of social conditions as Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. H. S. Rowntree that, as it is, one-quarter of the population of the United Kingdom cannot manage to get food enough to maintain its physical efficiency. That indicates that a degree of poverty already exists in England that would warrant a considerable increase in exertion.

How long American labor will continue to be so ardent and efficient as now is an interesting question. More than seven hundred and thirty thousand aliens came into this country in the year ending July 1, and over four hundred and fifty thousand of them came from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. Will they too reach the American standard of efficient industry? And can we keep up the pace, or are we working too hard and using up our vital force? Fifty persons committed suicide in Chicago in May, the greatest number ever recorded. In the same town, in the same month, there were 154 deaths from Bright's disease, also an unprecedented number. Both records, as also the large mortality from pneumonia, are charged up to influenza, and we are used to being told that influenza takes hold of worked-out people. The English, who play so much, may be storing up a reserve of vital force, and the Americans, who work so hard, may be

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turning too much of their energy into money; but, as a rule, hard work is fairly wholesome, and the efficiency of American labor is itself a sign that the American worker is in good physical condition.

A recent sharp and sudden surrender of the nerves of the busy head of a large industrial combination furnishes us with food for reflection. Modern industrial combinations are man-slayers. Their business is so enormous and so varied, their activities are so constant and their duties so exacting, that an entirely new problem in administration is presented by them. The single mind may grasp all the details of so vast a business as is carried on by one combination. A mind may be versatile enough to comprehend and direct the thousands of minute details which must be looked after in this age of small-profit margins; but the mind which undertakes this task does so at the expense of the nervous system which it works, or of its own sanity. Life to the president of a great corporation which runs scores of mills and acres of mines, and whose army of labor numbers hundreds of thousands, is very exciting, but it is a dissipated life in the truest sense of the term. The excitement of it is not only intense; it is awful and frightful. The life of the drunkard is comparatively healthful compared with that of a captain of industry, whose mind all day and nearly all night is shifting from one intense interest to another with a rapidity which is impossible to the shuttle or to any merely mechanical instrument. This captain of industry cannot stand the strain; no human mind can; and the organization of the administrative of these great corporations which demand this abnormal activity is defective. The system of specialization, of diversification, must be applied at the top as well as at the bottom. Not only must the makers of pins each have his special part to produce, but the men who deal with the most difficult and intricate problems must be given their separate tasks. When a president of a corporation is managed by his business, and cannot command his time, he is running a pace that takes him toward the abyss of mental or nervous break-up. He has a greater burden than any man can bear. As this sort of thing is rather common, the evidence is complete that industrial organization at the top is crude and needs looking after.

Emilio de Ojeda, the new Spanish minister, has arrived in this country, and has gone to Newport for the summer. He evidently comes in the proper frame of mind, if we are to judge from the interview with him which has appeared in the newspapers. He says that Spain, having lost her colonies, "fully recognizes the importance of increasing her commercial relations in order to adjust her affairs to the new conditions." What he means is that it is going to be greatly to the interests of Spain not only to resume her formal friendly relations with this country, but to base them upon sane grounds of international interest. In order to accomplish this desirable result, he believes rightly that the two peoples should not remain as ignorant of each other as they have been, for ignorance is the mother of prejudice and enmity. He hopes for a freer intercommunication, not only to promote friendship, but for the purpose of spreading abroad in each country a knowledge of what is good and desirable in the other. He furthermore announces that practical steps are likely to be taken in Spain looking to the promotion of such intercourse between the two countries, a syndicate being planned of bankers and railroad managers whose business it shall be to encourage American tourists to visit Spain. Incidentally, he discloses the fact that the loss of her colonies has already been of material benefit to Spain, having stimulated her commercial and industrial forces. Spain is moving in the right direction, and we wish that we, on our side, had as much love for commerce as Señor Ojeda believes us to have.

The beet-sugar Senators and Representatives who killed Cuban reciprocity are discovering that their own people are not pleased with them. Senator Burton, who imagined that he had made himself strong with the Republicans of Kansas because the sugar beet is raised in the State, was plainly told the other day that his party desired him to support the President, as Representative Long had done. Becoming nervous over the situation, he had asked for instructions, and received them at once and in unmistakable terms. Senator Dietrich of Nebraska was a very vigorous opponent of the President's policy, both he and his colleague Millard having played leading parts in the beet-sugar caucus on the very day on which the Republicans of Nebraska endorsed the President and reciprocity with Cuba. Now Senator Dietrich has requested permission to take part in the State campaign, but the Republican State Committee has informed him that it proposes to get along without his assistance. Senators Nelson and Clapp of Minnesota have also met with disappointment at home, and it was only after much pleading that they prevailed upon their State convention to refrain from passing a resolution which would have directly condemned them, and to change it to a straddle. Last of all, four strenuous beet-sugar Representatives from Michigan, the State in which the beet-sugar interest is largest, have been refused renomination. If the unpopularity of opposing the President had been demonstrated six months ago, there can hardly be a doubt as to the effect on the fortunes of the reciprocity bill. The revelation which has produced this popular uprising against the beet-sugar legislators would have compelled the enactment of the measure.

There is a spreading revolt against prohibition in New England. We are familiar with the manner in which Maine evades its own law by conveniently considering payment of a fine as the equivalent to taking out a license, the result being that liquor-selling is as open in most of the cities of the State as it is in non-prohibition States, the main difference lying in the quality of the liquor, prohibition communities seemingly being satisfied with any grade of fire-water so that it be sufficiently alcoholic. In the Vermont State campaign the question is up, but it is not a very well defined issue. Mr. Percival W. Clement entered the contest for the Republican nomination for Governor, contending for the repeal of the prohibition law, and the enactment in its stead of a high-license, local-option law. The convention met him half-way on his platform, adopting a proposition to submit a local-option law to the people. But General McCullough was nominated, and now Mr. Clement has bolted, taking the nomination of the Vermont Local-Option League. As we have said, his issue, so far as his candidacy is concerned, has been spoiled for him by the adoption of the referendum resolution by the Republican convention. What the country is especially interested in is the implied confession that even the Vermont Republicans, numerous and changeless as they are, do not dare risk their chances of carrying the State by contending for the maintenance of prohibition law pure and simple.

Minister de Witté's letter on the trusts is the central theme of European politics, and bids fair to become a world issue. As its drift has been obscured by ill-instructed newspaper reports, we had better dwell at some length on its real meaning. Our readers will remember our tilt with Russia, several months ago, on the subject of the sugar bounty. In Russia the system is this: All refined sugar is liable to an internal excise duty, as salt is in Austria, or liquor in England. All sugar-refiners pay this excise tax on their total output; but for all sugar they export they receive certificates entitling them to a repayment or rebate from the treasury. Under these conditions Russian sugar pays no duty when exported, but in the strictest sense it also receives no bounty. Russian domestic sugar pays an excise duty, and this is a definite encouragement to Russian refiners to export. Our Treasury Department, it will be remembered, considered that this encouragement was in fact a bounty, and promptly laid a countervailing duty on Russian sugar imported to this country. That is the prelude; now for the play. Minister de Witté regards the action of our Treasury Department as arbitrary, and a breach of the principles governing existing commercial treaties. But M. de Witté is not given to the expression of merely pious opinions. He does not raise the matter for the sole purpose of scolding our Treasury Department. Far otherwise. His purpose is this: If, he says, the Russian legislation makes it possible for Russian sugar-refiners to sell cheaper abroad than at home, and if this fact constitutes a bounty, as the United States asserts, then a bounty is likewise constituted by all American legislation which enables American manufacturers to sell cheaper in Europe than in America, as it is notorious that they do. Type-writers, sewing-machines, nails, wire-rope—to mention only a few articles—

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are sold in Europe for less than half what we have to pay for them here, and this in virtue of the tariff wall, which is thus equivalent to an enormous bounty paid to the trusts. Then, quick as a flash, follows Minister de Witté's conclusion. Either Russia's position as to sugar is valid, or all American exports are bounty-fed, and thus liable to tremendous countervailing duties at the frontiers of every European state. It remains for the forth-coming conference to decide which alternative is true.

The Kaiser's visit to Russia, following on the heels of that of the King of Italy, may with certainty be connected with Minister de Witté's note. It marks something like a revolution in European politics—a revolution in favor of peace and opening a door for future disarmament. But its immediate significance is rather ominous of strife. It seems practically certain that the powers of the Dreibund—Germany, Austria, and Italy—are drawing much closer to those of the Dual Alliance —Russia and France—with the specific object of protecting their home manufactures against the transatlantic invader. The Kaiser is the inventor of the phrase "the American Terror"; Count Goluchowski not long ago made Austria's position clear, and now Minister de Witté comes forward with his dilemma. It is certain that one of two things will follow: either the exports of this country will have to face a Continental tariff wall, behind which European manufacturers will be free to imitate American models at a good profit to themselves, or this country will be compelled to enter into an era of commercial treaties, as suggested in the Buffalo speech. Thus the tariff becomes doubly an issue in the coming campaign.

England, as an adherent of free trade, would not be admitted to the Continental Zollverein. Thus the whole tide of American invasion will be turned towards her shores, and her domestic manufacturers will suffer even more heavily than they do now. This makes Mr. Chamberlain's Pan-Britannic Zollverein a more vital issue; and, it cannot but be noted, raises the possibility of discord between England and the United States. England cannot at one and the same time favor the United States and Canada; and evidences increase that Canada is jealously alert for any sacrificing of her interests. The effect of this has already been shown in the conference of colonial premiers. Both Canada and Australia received very coldly, and practically declined, the proposals for imperial defence put forward by Mr. Brodrick, and warmly supported by Mr. Seddon, the statesmanlike New-Zealander. It is evident that both Australia and Canada wish to see England converted to protection, and that they are opposing the War Office scheme with that view, to bring pressure to bear on the English cabinet. The scheme for a subsidized line of "ocean greyhounds" to run between Liverpool and Canada is a move in the same direction; the idea is to open the way for Canada's wheat regions in the great Northwest to capture the English market from the United States. Thus there is a clear undercurrent of colonial hostility to the Anglo-American understanding—a current at present setting from Canada, but soon to include Australia and South Africa. Are we to have three great Zollvereins—the American, the Pan-Britannic, and the Continental—mutually excluding each other's goods? If so, the prospect for the United States is serious, and tariff reform becomes even more important. But we venture to prophesy that, whatever may be the case on the Continent, the Pan-Britannic Zollverein will never become formidable to American trade.

Premier Combes has managed to stir up trouble in his fight with the religious orders, and sarcastic people are saying that it is now very evident why M. Waldeck-Rousseau resigned exactly when he did. But it would be fairer to say that had the late Premier remained in office we should probably have had an equally decisive campaign with far less trouble and disturbance. Premier Combes has acted with vigor, but without tact and urbanity; and the consequence is that he has given his adroit opponents an opportunity that they are using to the utmost. His adversaries are, of course, the Nationalists and Royalists; the teaching orders, and especially the Congregationist Sisters, are a mere pretext for an agitation against the Republican ministry. As we foresaw, Premier Combes has arrayed against him the women of France, who have always been the stronghold of the Clerical party. A few days ago an excited throng of women, led by the wives of several Nationalist deputies, marched to the Elysée palace and demanded an interview with Madame Loubet. With admirable good sense the President's wife refused to see them, when one of the deputation—Madame Reille—sent a fiery message to Madame Loubet, that the blood of French women would flow if measures were not taken to protect the Sisters from persecution, as the Christian women of France had decided not to suffer in silence. But, in general, public opinion is decidedly on the side of the government. It is widely known that the majority of the teaching orders have registered and obtained authorization under the Waldeck-Rousseau law, and it is recognized that the Congregationist Sisters could have escaped "persecution" by following the same course. Had they not been misled by the Nationalist opponents of the government, they would doubtless have done so; let us hope they may think better of it, and comply with the law even now.

The Spanish-American revolution business is once more booming. It seems increasingly doubtful that Señor Cipriano Castro will complete his third year as President of Venezuela. The President's retreat from before the rebel lines, after his bold proclamation that he would fight at odds of ten to one against him, has greatly damaged his cause, and recent telegrams report that a large force of reserves which were marching to join him have been cut off by the rebels. His coffers are pretty nearly exhausted, and altogether it looks as if Venezuela were gazetted for a change of dynasty in the early future. In Haiti matters have reached an equally exciting stage. General Firmin, the Dictator-elect of the republic, has been declared a "rebel" and a "pirate" by the provisional government, and as his forces are almost face to face with those of the authorities for the time being, it is evident that the title of "pirate" may presently be conferred on the opposite side, while General Firmin may make good his claim to the only original and authorized Dictatorship. A change of dynasty seems certain in Haiti, as in Venezuela.

It is a serious question whether in certain communities the machinery of justice, including juries, is sufficiently honest, sufficiently civilized, or sufficiently intelligent to deal with political criminals. Can the official embezzler of public funds, the office-holding thief, be convicted? Recent history of Westchester County, which adjoins that of New York, furnishes many instances of official depravity, and nearly as many instances of failure of justice through the depravity of courts, district attorneys, and jurors. A few weeks ago a city tax-receiver was tried in this interesting community. He had actually confessed to stealing some $7000 or $8000; but although his confession to four witnesses was corroborated by his books, the jury found him not guilty. There was some excuse for these jurors, it is true, for the indictment was singularly favorable to the self-confessed thief. A few days ago the clerk of a city in the same county was tried for receiving money to which he was not entitled. It was clearly proved that the money was received; that it was illegally paid; that there had been a conspiracy between the Mayor and clerk, aided by the aldermen, to rob the city. That the clerk doubtless needed the money to cover a shortage in his accounts was shown by the testimony of bank-books, checks, etc., from which it appeared that he boldly cashed checks paid to him for the city, or deposited them to his private bank account. Following the criminal habit, the jury also found this man not guilty. This man's accomplices, and the honest people of the county as well, have concluded that it is impossible for the county authorities to secure a jury honest enough to convict a public thief, and that the professional criminal who wants a safe as well as a lucrative career can best secure it through an election to office in some one of the several municipalities of Westchester. Nor is Westchester altogether singular in this respect. There are other municipalities and other counties where public thieves are tried by foolish or semi-criminal jurors.

The National Educational Association at its recent annual meeting "resolved" that it would be well if the Bible might be studied in the public schools as literature; the implication was plainly made that general familiarity with the Bible was decreasing. Had the association's members consulted pub-

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lishers and booksellers, whether personally religious or agnostic, instead of accepting the baseless statements made in some public prints, they would have learned that, despite the many millions of Bibles already in existence, the annual demand for the Old Book is far greater than that for the new novel—no matter which—that has passed its quarter-million mark and that "everybody" seems to be reading. The past few years have seen far more new editions of the Bible than of any other book, and many more are in preparation, the purpose of each publisher being to provide notes, explanations, maps, pictures, historical references, etc., that shall make Bible-reading less puzzling and more informing than it has been in the past. If all the new Bibles are not being read, for what purpose were they bought? They are not thrown away, nor can they be found in the second-hand book-stores. The only reason for supposing the Bible is less read than once it was is that Christianity is developing from a matter of doctrine into a rule of life, in consequence of which the book is ceasing to be a fetich, to be mouthed over frequently, publicly, and cantingly, and has become a treasure of hearts that are too good to be worn on the sleeve.

In the first half of July more than twenty persons lost their lives in the waters of New York and the New England States by the capsizing of sail-boats, and there is no reason to doubt that the present boating season will be as profitable to undertakers as any that are past. Yet almost all such casualties might be prevented by the use of well-known devices for making small boats unsinkable, so that a capsized hull may serve as a life-raft or buoy until its passengers can be rescued. Overturned sail-boats do not sink of their own weight, but because of the stones, iron, or lead they carry as ballast or as bottom weights for their keels. In almost any boat the effect of this heavy stuff may be overcome by water-tight compartments fore and aft or under the seats, or even by stowing empty kegs, oil-cans, air-tight boxes, etc., in all the unused spaces aboard, the rule being that one cubic foot of confined air will support sixty pounds of dead weight. Most owners of small boats will ignore such precautions, for "familiarity breeds contempt" of danger, as of everything else, but they might be brought to their senses, and buoyancy made compulsory, by local taxes or license fees so large as to be prohibitory, on all pleasure-boats that are not made unsinkable. Boating casualties are generally charged to careless sailing, but a full twenty of the persons drowned in early July were lost from boats managed by able and careful sailors; the boats themselves were at fault.

The State of New Jersey, in many respects worthy to be called a pioneer State, has formally declared war upon the mosquito, and the campaign will be vigorously prosecuted to a finish. The only terms which the State authorities will accept from the insurgent forces are those of unconditional surrender, and either exile or extermination. Sentimentalists have, of course, arisen to defend these bands of insect marauders that have for countless years scourged the State, and the assistance rendered the colonial forces against the British in the war of the Revolution is advanced as a reason why the present conflict should be avoided and a greater consideration shown the enemy. We set this down, however, to mere sentimentalism, and a peculiarly fatuous sentimentalism at that. Gratitude is one of the cardinal virtues, but it is used by a multitude of sinful beings to palliate their own crimes. There is no reason why it should be made operative through countless generations, and while a monument in brass might with propriety be erected to the memory of the spartan band of bill-stickers who fought so nobly on our side during the war for independence, there is no just reason why we should encourage their descendants in a life of crime and sanguinary spoliation. If a Jersey mosquito of to-day possessed the virtues of his Revolutionary ancestors the case might be different, but he does not. Since the close of the war of '76 he has devoted himself to a highly organized guerilla warfare upon his former allies, has shown no respect for the flag, and the other day at Seagirt even assaulted the President of the United States. No amount of gratitude to his forefathers, then, should stay the exterminating hand of justice.

The Yale professor who successfully addressed the Pope in Latin the other day happens to be particularly well versed in the Continental and Italian fashion of using the language of Cicero. He therefore escaped the fate of the Dublin Lord Mayor who once addressed Prince Jerome Napoleon, on one of his spectacular tours, in what the Lord Mayor took to be excellent French, but was, at the conclusion of his remarks, shocked and grieved to hear the prince say, in English, that "while his want of familiarity with the Irish language had prevented him from understanding a word of what his worship had said, he had no doubt whatever of the kindness of the sentiments he had expressed." The Pope, for that matter, would not have been the man to assume that the professor was talking American. It is certainly a triumph of scholarship to be able to speak anywhere a Latin that can be understood, and also a triumph of scholarship to be able to understand any spoken Latin. When Harvard College was founded its faculty were required by law to teach all the boys who attended it to "speak and to write in the Latin tongue." It is fortunate for the university that this law has become a dead letter, because if it were now a matter of requirement that students should converse fluently in Latin, the university would probably do nothing else than drill them in that art. As the centuries pile up between the living peoples and the man who said "Veni, vidi, vici," and the living world's thoughts grow more and more foreign to those which inspired his acts, it seems to become harder and harder to use his speech in any intelligible way. And this in spite of the admirable discovery of the Roman pronunciation of Latin. It is still a fact that those who use the language best and most easily are those who have handed it down, by unbroken inheritance, in the Roman Church, from one generation to another.

Expatiating upon the hardships of the educated youth, a contemporary intimates that this is a bad time for the college man who goes out into the world to find something to do. Taking into consideration the fact that this is what is popularly known as the "silly season," it is not surprising to find intimations of this nature in ordinarily sane quarters. Viewed, however, as a proposition worthy of serious consideration, it is not difficult to substantiate a claim to the contrary effect, and to say positively that for the man who is really educated there has never been a time richer in opportunities than this. Of course if a man spends four years in college storing his mind with useless knowledge it is not at all likely that his A.B. will help him much in getting himself established in life, and the chances are that without material assistance from his parents he would stand an excellent chance to be reckoned among the idlers. But the other man, the man who knows what he wants to do and fits himself for it, and is persistent and conscientious in his work, need have no fear that the world will be lacking in rewards for him when the harvest-time comes. The melancholy fact that our colleges are turning out sciolists by the dozens, men who half know a lot of things that have no practical value in the pursuit of fame and fortune, does not alter the other fact that the well-trained student who has gone at his work seriously, and with a particular object in view, finds always a ready market for his energies. The whine that we get from the so-called "educated" man is not from educated men at all, but from those who confound the possession of a degree with education; who think that because they have fulfilled the academic requirements of the college they are therefore educated. These men may possess a vast amount of information, but they are no more educated necessarily than a man who possesses a complete tool-chest is by virtue of that possession a good carpenter. To have the finest set of tools in the world is a hollow mockery to the man who does not know how to use them; and these wailing youngsters who plunge into the whirl and eddy of life with a store of information that they do not know how to avail themselves of are in an equally sad case. But the fault is not with their times: it is with themselves—or perhaps with their parents, who have failed at the proper time to observe their bent, and to direct their energies in the channels most fit for their fullest development.

We are not directly interested, in this country, in the controversy which has lately been renewed between the Unlivable Englishman and the Unspeakable Scot, and yet, being English and Scottish ourselves, as well as several other things, we cannot help regarding, a little, this new weighing and mea-

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suring and estimating of one of the most important of the ingredients that we are made up of. The Scottish ingredient is a substance that goes a long way in the composition of the various new human blends that are being organized in the undeveloped parts of the world. It seems to have affected the substance of the American nation in a degree out of all proportion to the mass of the purely Scottish component of the population. In its characteristics the American nation is more Scotch to-day than it is English; it is canny, industrious, persistent, self-centred, religious with a doctrinaire determination, and physically a bit raw-boned, and very straight-haired. If there were a conventional incarnation of the Scot, it would be to him, and not to John Bull, that our own representative figure would be the true Brother Jonathan. The English themselves are at least dimily aware of this fact. If the "Unspeakable Scot" book is a commercial success—as it ought to be with the amount of kindly encouragement the press has given it—we may confidently look for another volume, entitled "The Unspeakable Yankee." And, after all, these critically caustic examinations of character are all in the family. They are taken for what they are worth, and result in no riots—as an English book on "The Unspeakable Irishman," for instance, might well do.

What is an alderman, and why does he exist? The curious student of evolutionary movements knows that he was always, more or less, usually more than less, a thorn in the side of the real sovereign. From the earliest times to the present day he was generally some one who had to be taken care of. In the early days of England, even before the heptarchy, even in the far-off days of the Venerable Bede, the ealdorman was often, perhaps usually, the old king of the country which had been taken in by another country, and he retained his primacy in what was called his ealdordom in order to keep him peaceful. He was not supposed to exercise any powers; he had no gemot, either scire or folc, but he caused trouble, nevertheless, and the king often wished that he was *functus inofficii*. In the old days his name was equivalent to several Latin terms. Tacitus called him *princeps,* and others called him *optimas* (wholly misleading); others still went so far as to call him *Subregulus*. In our day he is usually called "Leader of the District," and his ealdordom is usually known as a ward. But whenever and wherever we find him, he is the enemy of his sovereign. When Athelstan, Ethelred, and the like were his sovereigns he held many a bloody, but utterly illegal, assize for them, and knocked several Norman lords and kings on the head for popular liberties which eventually did him and his class little good. This is a short lesson in English history told for the purpose of showing how a name, or a title, once cursed is likely to remain a ban forever. No city in America, apparently, can get aldermen who are not enemies of the sovereign people, just as the old ealdormen were enemies of their kings. For example: we have the recent hold-up of the Pennsylvania Railroad Tunnel in New York by aldermen uniting for a just contract—whether justice for the city or for themselves may be matter for doubt to some who do not know the history of aldermen, but, at any rate, there is little doubt felt by any one as to what justice itself means to an alderman. By reason of some inscrutable decree aldermen are forced to be hostile to the interests of those they pretend to serve—whether kings or people.

William S. Devery is known to the country as the ex-chief of police of New York. He was Tammany's chief, and did precisely what Tammany wanted—that is, he looked out for the organization and himself. Devery is worth a careful study. Reformers ought to look him over and think hard about him, for he has a lesson for them. When he was in power he despised them and their kind, and did not hesitate to show his contempt. There is no doubt that he thoroughly disliked them, for he is vulgar, ignorant, and therefore suspicious and jealous of those whom he half consciously recognizes as his superiors, while he fully recognizes them as persons who hold themselves much above him. Moreover, he believes that the good and respectable are not only tiresome, but in the minority, and even now no one could convince him that he and his are to be out of power for long. They will return in good time. They are just now victims of a squall, a puffy condition of the political skies. Devery is a success, however. Whatever the future may have in store for him, he has so far won out, as the sportsmen say, and has enough money to retire on. Why is he a success? Because he knows how to appeal to that part of humanity in New York which he counts as powerful. He knows that his animal, man, is prone to gratitude, loves excitement in the form of picnics, likes to have his coal paid for, weeps easily over distress which costs him nothing, while he has a pleasant feeling towards one who relieves it; is eager to follow the band and be noticed by the seeming great; and thus Devery prospers. He appears to scatter his money; he is loud-voiced, hail-fellow well met; he gives the people of the "Ninth" a good time, and herein is summed up the secret of his strength. He is faithless, of course, and cynical, but no more faithless and no more cynical than many a man who deceives reformers by playing on their weaknesses. What the reformer wants to learn from Devery is the simple lesson that, on the whole, the success of the Deverys in this world is obtained by pretending to be good to the people, and if the reformer is to win out against Devery in the "Ninth," or in any other district, he must get hold of good men of the people who will conscientiously and from unselfish motives beat Devery at his own game.

Hero-worship of a certain variety is no doubt responsible for the fact that the prize-fight holds its place in popular favor, despite all the reasons why a civilized and refined people should object to it. Some popular sports touch human nature so near to its innermost impulses that laws cannot prevail against them—and the combat of man to man with fists, the trial of strength, skill, and endurance between two splendid specimens of the physical animal, appears to be one of these with the people of our race. In the victor in such a trial the people whose tastes incline that way simply see a hero; and this perception, that has endured in the popular mind of our race or other races for several thousand years, will not out because of something printed on paper and called a law. Law has its limit in the modification of the lives and sports of the people; and if prize-fighting is ever looked upon by the people with disapproval it will not be because of statutory fulminations against it, but because there has come over the nature of the people themselves some profound change. Ought we really to desire such a change? While it might be pleasant enough to know that all our countrymen are so far refined as to consider this combat a disagreeable and brutal spectacle, would not that state of mind imply other changes in the nature of the people altogether undesirable in a nation that has probably before it a history that may call for all the fighting instinct any people can possess?

It is more than usually excusable to talk about the weather, for we are having a very queer summer. When the unexpected happens nowadays it is the fashion to attribute it to Mr. John W. Gates. Mr. Gates has not yet been accused of contriving the meteorological idiosyncrasies which the country has lately experienced, and if he did them he has used exceptional skill in covering up his tracks. He may not be to blame for our July weather, but when it rains five or six days running in July it looks fishy, especially when bull proceedings are under way in Wall Street. Have the habits of our climate become unsettled? Are we to have floods and washouts all over the land in August too? Is the Rubber Trust at the bottom of it all? Was there collusion anywhere in bringing down a cool, wet July on top of the anthracite-coal strike? We don't know, but we are sure we have had queer weather and lots of it.

On the whole, the late John W. Mackay was about as interesting an example of the modern Monte Cristo as this current age of fable has produced. He was a strong man, and was undoubtedly born so; but starting in life without other advantages than an enduring body, a shrewd mind, and a resolute will, he won an enormous fortune and a great place in the great world, and got excellent use and enjoyment of both. He and his wife have been so remarkable a pair that it is really creditable to the earth that it should have sufficed to harbor them both without crowding. The same fact is also highly creditable to both of them. One does not readily recall any small family that has been so extensively and successively spread out as the Mackays. Mr. Mackay was a power in San Francisco, New York, London, and Paris, and had great interests and large properties in all those cities.

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His wife's social eminence in London seems exceedingly well founded, and Paris knows her nearly as well. It has been in extraordinary measure a cosmopolitan family, and it is interesting to note that the great labors of Mr. Mackay's later years have been devoted to the annihilation of space and the binding together of distant continents by deep-sea cables. Mr. Mackay seems to have been a good husband, a good father, a man of his word, a good friend, and a pretty good giver. He must have had imagination as well as feeling. Now that he is dead, he is most mourned where he was best known. His altruism doubtless had its limitations, but in his way he helped the advance of civilization, and the world seems to be the gainer by its dealings with him. He had plenty to turn his head, and it never was turned. A great fellow! Not necessarily a great man, but a very remarkable man, and a great fellow.

The Chicago Housewife Association is evidently determined to put domestic service on a scientific basis. Its latest move in that direction is to appoint a standing arbitration committee of three members, to which is to be submitted all questions of dispute between mistresses and servants. The decisions of the committee are to be binding on both parties to a dispute, the penalty in case of a recalcitrant mistress being expulsion from the association, while a servant who fails in her duty will forfeit the right to refer future employers to the headquarters of the association. Every maid on completing one year of service in the family of one of the members of the association is to be given a diploma, and at the end of the second consecutive year is given the choice of a seal on her diploma or a cash premium of $10, with an additional prize of $5 for each succeeding year. The association is to establish an employment agency, and its constitution provides that a maid, taken ill after four weeks' service in a family, shall be entitled to free medical attention. The efforts of this association to bring order out of the present chaotic condition of domestic service are worth the attention of women in every city in the country.

Out of a certain crapulous chronicle that has had its full share of "space" lately in the daily papers we may draw one inference that is very reassuring as to the state of the common mind in the young men of the city. Strong has been driven out of the country, with a promise on his part to try life anew on the other side of the planet—and why? Because, as he has explained it, of the way the other fellows looked at him. Because of the way he was treated by the men who had formerly known him as a comrade—and as a man who seemed to be moving on that part of the highroad of life that leads to honor. They openly insulted him; they cut him off from comradeship; they drove him out. He could not stand it. Consequently, it seems safe to assume that Strong is not to be taken as a type of the prevalent young man, but rather as the type of man whom the prevalent young man regards with contempt and detestation. This is a good sign in the rising generation. Men are to be judged by what they detest as much as by what they admire; and a community whose young men detest that sort of person has satisfactory conceptions of pride, decorum, honor, and manly conduct.

Something must be done if the tournament for the amateur golf championship of America is not to degenerate into a mere excuse for a yearly spree. There is no doubt that the behavior of many of the visiting golfers at the Glen View Club was disgraceful in the extreme. For four nights in succession pandemonium reigned in and around the club-house and the sleeping-tents which had been erected on the grounds. The presence of men in every stage of intoxication made the club-house a most unpleasant place for women, even at the dinner hour, and a few of the offenders aggravated their conduct by the use of profane language. A two-thousand-dollar auction pool was sold on Wednesday on the players in the match rounds, and an attempt was made to get up another one the following night. But here President Littlejohn very properly put his foot down, and refused to allow the club-house to be turned into a book-maker's establishment. This is not pleasant writing or reading, but there can be no toleration or rather condonation of such offences. Not much of a remedial nature can be expected of the United States Golf Association while Mr. Robertson and his clique are permitted to perpetrate their autocracy, but surely something can be done by somebody to prevent a repetition of so disgraceful an exhibition of bad manners.

John G. Saxe long time ago wrote a poem setting forth the failure of its supposed subject to wed because he was a superfluous man. He put into rhyme what the United States census of 1900 shows to be a cold statistical fact—except that instead of a single superfluous man, there are in this country, to be exact, 2,531,333 of these unfortunates. Here is reassurance for the disturbed who object to the recent order of the War Department that no more married men can be commissioned as second lieutenants, for it is apparent that not only can the army be provided with second lieutenants, but that it can be equipped out of the supply of superfluous men with a full complement of line and staff, as well as with all the privates the country will pay for. Even then, material sufficient for a celibate navy will remain. To recur to the census figures, they show that in the United States, including so much of our new possessions as Hawaii, there are 6,726,779 bachelors of twenty years old or more, while there are 4,195,446 spinsters, as the bureau's word has it, of the same age. No State has more unmarried women than unmarried men. Even in Massachusetts, one of whose Governors coined the immortal phrase, "anxious and aimless," concerning the marriageable maidenhood of that commonwealth, there is an overplus of 5221 bachelors. In some States, of course, the excess is relatively enormous, as in California, where it is 150,749; and in general the West and Southwest show the unmarried men to exceed the unmarried women in proportions far greater than obtain in the East. We suppose that the figures are capable of indefinite variations of analysis, but the census bureau will no doubt attend to that in mighty and mystical monographs filled with recondite lore. However, it is assuring to hear that, in spite of this army of bachelors and spinsters, and with this discouraging phalanx of superfluous men, marriage is by no means out of fashion. Considering the whole population of this country, including children, a little more than one-third are married, while not quite one-twentieth are widowed. In view of the ugly showing of the divorce courts, when they are regarded by themselves alone, the census bureau's statement that the divorced are but a small fraction of one per cent. of the whole population shows that affairs might be far worse. Statistics and observation combine to justify the impression that the happy home flourishes in America. The army of the unmarried is big, but the army of the married is bigger.

Rapid transit has developed a new incident. A paragraph in the newspapers says that the General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad has authorized the statement that through passengers on the new twenty-hour limited express between New York and Chicago will get a rebate on their fares if the train is late. The fare by this train is eight dollars more than the standard fare. But if the train is an hour late the passenger gets a dollar back; if two hours late, two dollars; four hours, four dollars; and so on probably up to eight dollars. That seems a step in the right direction. The passenger pays a bonus for excessive speed, and if the company fails to deliver the speed, it gives him back his money. We are used to paying the bonus for high speed, but this getting back the money is a novelty.

The second portrait in our series of "Americans of Tomorrow" is that of Arthur Brisbane, who has done more as a writer to popularize "yellow journalism" than anybody else. Every day in the year he preaches a sermon to the million and more of readers of Mr. Hearst's New York, Chicago, and San Francisco papers. His chief purpose is to induce the millions (as he would print it) to THINK, and he utilizes every ingenious method, typographical or otherwise, to persuade them at least to read. Some of the advice he gives is utterly false, not solely because of its radical quality, but inherently; yet the bulk of it is sound and true, and we are disposed to think, as a whole, useful both primarily and correctively. As a writer, he is most skilful and brilliant. His audience is certainly a big one, and he has built it up by the force and unwearying application of his own mentality. He is thirty-eight years old.

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Direct Primaries

We have been congratulated by foreign observers that we have smaller and less consequential political bodies than the great federal state upon which to try experiments in government. This is listed as one of the happy assets of our federal system. And yet, in spite of this, we have a rather tiresome monotony of constitution and statute in the commonwealths. If New Jersey did not have oyster-beds to protect, Colorado irrigation-ditches to guard, Maine cider-mills to foster, and some of the other States their peculiar industrial and social conditions to nourish, the State laws would lack much of the local color they now have. Where the general conditions are similar, the laws of one State bear a general resemblance to those of the others; and if experiments are made to meet some general disturbance, the resulting statutes are likely to become infectious, and to restore again the old uniformity. Several months ago the anti-trust law of Illinois was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, and it was then discovered that several of the other States had already constructed their anti-trust statutes after the same model. In one of the Western States a few years ago the law-makers decided that the barber was a public servant, and that he should be subject to governmental regulation in the practice of his trade; it was accordingly enacted that every person desiring to enter this field of public service should first pass an examination before a State Board of Barbering and receive a diploma. Eastern States are now copying this law, and have even adapted it to the protection of the public against the plumber.

It is in the newer States that most of the experiments are tried, and there are one or two in the crucial stages just now in the State of Minnesota. The Mississippi steamboat captain who is at present Governor of that State is seeking to prove in the Federal courts (what the State laws have declared, and what mathematicians used to consider axiomatic) that parallel lines cannot come together; and the people of the State are so confident of the desirableness of the truth of this proposition with respect to parallel lines of railroad that they have made the steamboat captain's election to a second term a corollary. This original proposition is, however, in the courts at present, and its discussion outside is futile.

The other experiment is not a wholly untried one, but it has a larger field for testing now than it has before had. It is an effort to adapt the theory of the New England town meeting to a State whose wheat-fields are as big as townships, whose cities are a conglomerate of peoples, and whose public schools have for their head a man who has not yet wholly lost the accent of his Scandinavian parentage. It is called there the Direct Primary Election System, and its purpose is to give every citizen a direct voice in the nomination of public officers as well as in their election.

The experiment was begun with a single county (Hennepin County, of which Minneapolis is a large part), but under the pressure of public opinion, developed chiefly by the newspapers, the system was extended by the next Legislature to the State, excepting only village and township officers and "officers who are chosen wholly by the electors of the State." Congressmen, members of the State Legislature, mayors of cities, and aldermen—all are now nominated through the direct primaries. Caucuses and conventions are still retained for the nomination of State officers only (as just designated); they have not been abolished altogether, for the reason, as one prominent official explained, that there must be some machinery or organization for deciding upon party policies and constructing party platforms within the State. And though a past advocate of the system, he spoke tremblingly, as if the law might eventually destroy what was left of these venerated and idolized agencies of government.

Minnesota is therefore performing a national service in testing, in this extensive way and under such widely variant conditions, a new system of recording the wishes of citizenship and of getting them realized; for it need hardly be said that citizenship, however admirable it may be in its passive state, is neither self-registering nor automatic. Democracy has sometimes been suspected of not knowing what was best for it, and even more often of not being able to say what was best for it, if it did know: first, because of the meagreness of its information, and, second, because of the inaccuracy of its speech. If the direct primaries accomplish what their authors hope, that portion of our democracy within the boundaries of Minnesota, even if not better informed, should be better able to say and to get what it thinks it wants.

Whether the first results are indicative of a defect in the system or not, certainly they are not propitious. The people of Minneapolis knew what sort of a man one of the candidates for mayor, in the first test of this law, was; and his nomination would doubtless have been impossible under the old system; but under the new he was nominated and elected. He is now under indictment for bribery, and is said to be absent from the State. His brother, who is Chief of Police of the same city, is also under indictment, and is also reported a fugitive. No one believes that these are the sort of officers the great majority of the people of Minneapolis will wittingly and willingly have. It is claimed that the result was made possible only through the failure of the law to safeguard the primaries of one party from the venal and unscrupulous voters of other parties. The amended law requires the voter to make declaration (under oath, if challenged) of the party with which he affiliated at the last general election, and with which he proposes to affiliate at the next election. This particular collusion could therefore probably never happen again, but it would seem that the means taken to prevent it must inevitably deter many men of sensitive consciences and doubtful party associations from voting at all.

These objections are also urged: (1) That it will be more difficult than it was under the caucus system to persuade good men "to run for the nomination," that only those who have no business or occupation, or who get their living from politics, will be willing to make the necessary canvass; (2) that the new system makes it less difficult for great interests to manipulate candidates; (3) that it prevents a fair geographical distribution of candidates, and a recognition of the varied interests and classes of the communities represented; and (4) that it removes all responsibility from party managers, and dissipates it, so that it falls upon no one.

Some of these appear to be serious, but after all they do not assail the principle of this direct primary law, which seeks to assure every voter the privilege of the full and unrestrained exercise of his franchise. This he has nominally under the caucus system. It remains to be seen whether this newly devised machinery will be more effectual in giving him the reality—in enabling democracy to express more accurately and forcibly what it thinks it wants.

The Supersubtlety of the Police

We dwellers in large towns and cities, who sometimes lament a want of perspicacity in the guardians of the public safety, may be more to blame than we know, or at least should be willing to allow, for their occasional displays of preternatural penetration in the detection of criminals. They let so many guilty men escape, in the ordinary course of sleeping upon their arms, that when roused to vigilance by the reproaches of those whose lives and property are in their keeping, they use a latitude of conjecture in bringing the innocent to justice which they might not indulge but for the sting of our censure. A violent misdeed has been done, and it must not go unpunished. No obvious author of the misdeed offers himself for detection, and there is yet no such conception of responsibility embodied in the law as would empower the police to punish themselves for having allowed the misdeed to be done. The next thing, then, is for the police to search the depths of subjectivity for some one who can be related to the case by a vivid stroke of the imagination. When they have done this, whether anything but a dramatic effect comes of it or not, we are still not satisfied, and we do not reflect that we have perhaps driven them to it by pressure of public opinion. We do not like to think that but for this they would not have dreamt of any such theory as they work out.

It was only last summer that in the case of a burglary not farther off than a town of Massachusetts, the morbid fancy of the police, goaded by their failure to find the burglars, invented the notion of a quarrel between a father and son, in which the daughter and sister, found dying after the burglars fled, was held to have fallen by her brother's hand in his endeavor to kill their father. The afflicted family, already broken by their sorrow, were dragged through a tedious trial in compliance with the exactions of the police nightmare, and in the end had no requital for their sufferings but such as came through having the case thrown contemptuously out of court by the judge, who refused to submit it to the jury. In the mean time they had endured every anguish which could attend such an experience, and the police had the mortification of seeing their ingenious invention treated with the ignominy befitting an ordinary fish-story.

The affair was a signal defeat of justice on every side, but it was apparently without deterrent force, if we may believe the police of a neighboring borough privy to its facts. There, within a few weeks, an instance of house-breaking and murder occurred, so baffling in the escape of the criminal that the guardians of public safety were aroused to an evolution from their inner consciousness hardly less amazing than that of the police in the Massachusetts town last summer. A burglar so little skilled in his trade as to leave appliances of the crudest sort behind him shot the householder who attempted to seize him, and got away so effectually from the police that they were obliged in mere self-defence to deny his existence. But they had to do something; a man had been mortally wounded; the shots fired had been heard; the doors of the burglar's escape had been left open, and the cries of a woman who had seen her husband murdered had roused the neighborhood. What more natural, in these circumstances, than for the police to frame a theory of an "inside job," with a friend for the assassin and the wife for an accomplice? Anything less monstrous would have been unworthy of the police imagination, inspired as it was by the ravings of the dying man in the hospital, and the disparities of the woman's story

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as repeated to one listener and another. Their theory exacted that the fact and the fiction of certain silly but not guilty flirtations should be brought out; and that the newspapers should be filled day after day with tittle-tattle worthy of the chimney-corner and the corner grocery, with pictures of all the tittle-tattlers and all the tittle-tattled. In the end, their theory was thrown out by the coroner's jury, not quite so contemptuously as that of the Massachusetts police, but as decidedly. The jury declared that the burglary and the murder had been committed by some person unknown, and remanded the police to their original duty of discovering him.

There would be not so much objection to the feats of the police imagination if they did not leave such indelible consequences. It is not to be supposed that after the invention of theories so alluring and romantic as those we have been considering, the police imagination could ever apply itself to the plain business of finding the blood-stained house-breaker. In the Brooklyn case, as in the Pittsfield case, he must remain unknown, for he would be hard to find at the best, and it would not be human nature for a detective who has framed a perfect theory and had it rejected to go about the work of helping heap scorn upon it by the production of the real offender. If that had been part of his plan, a *coup de théâtre* that could have been launched in a breathless moment of the drama in open court, very well and very good; but it was not. What remains is a mystery, which is the next most pleasing thing, and is in a way the next most creditable thing to the police. It is not so creditable or so pleasing, however, to those whom the rejected theory involved. They must live with the smirch put upon their names and characters, to be pointed out, as long as they live, to every amateur psychologist, as the objects of suspicion in a case where no other offender was ever brought to book. This is the worst mischief, the deadliest harm, of letting the imagination of the police play about the facts which the police find themselves otherwise helpless to deal with.

It will occur to the casual observer, even, that the police with us are coming to have altogether too great a share in the trial of criminal cases. The time was when they confined themselves to the arrest and detention of suspected persons: now, with the help of the coroner and his inquests, their lively fancy is too much the agent of conviction. Some might contend that the police have no right to let burglaries happen, and that they ought to be punished for doing so, but we need not go so far as this in holding that it is no part of their function to defame people whom only the most hazardous conjecture can implicate in the crime. But as we began by arguing, the public has here a duty, a responsibility, as great as that of the police. We must learn to be patient with wrong-doing, and not urge the police to abnormal efforts by the severity of our criticisms. We see that in the instances cited, the police, when they cannot discover the offender, are apt to invent him, and the wrong does not finally lie at their door. Before rushing to their censure, the conscientious journalist will do well to ask himself how he would like being brought into such a case, and to inquire how far he is within or beyond the conjecture of the police. If he will search himself he will probably find that he is not without the motives potential in all men, and merely active in those who become criminals through the pressure of circumstances. The police are aware of this potentiality, and they ground their theories upon a knowledge of human nature. Their theories are preposterous when they fail, but are not the more preposterous because they nearly always fail. They might incriminate almost any one in the community, not wholly without justice, and they would have a peculiar probability in the case of a journalist striving to divert attention from himself by fiercely urging the police to effort in the direction of the obvious offender, and the neglect of their higher function in imagining an offender.

The Kaiser and Matrimony

When should a man marry? The ambitious young person with an income of $8 a week has been propounding this inquiry to the puzzle editors of our leading dailies for years. He is enjoined not to be deceived with that fatuous mental arithmetic which teaches that what is enough for one is sufficient for two. He receives the impression from newspaper advisers that he should have more than $10 a week, and not quite so much as $15. He writes that the young woman of his choice thinks $10 is too conservative, and he is advised that she cannot be worthy of such unselfish devotion as his, and if she were truly womanly she would make the amount buy as many automobile coats as possible.

In view of the perplexed state of the public mind on this all-important theme, the recent edict of the German Kaiser comes with authoritative force. It sets marks and boundaries, establishes incomes, social station, and even limits previous conditions of alimony. The Emperor has promulgated an order to the effect that no officer may marry unless he receives a salary of $1125 a year and is in the enjoyment of an income of $375 more. That is to say, if he and his future wife between them can muster $1500, the wedding march may be sounded. The hopes of the $15 young man are cruelly dashed, for officers who get no more than $750 a year are forbidden to even consider the matrimonial contract.

Carping critics may say that the whole matter might be simplified by giving every officer in his Majesty's service at least $1500. This would give the business of marrying off the German army to that irresponsible little deity who goes about with gauze wings and shoots amorous shafts with reckless profusion.

Cupid is not trusted in Germany, and there is a growing lack of confidence in him here. The United States has an unwritten code with regard to the finance of matrimony. A young lieutenant in her army or navy spends his salary for uniforms and extra allowances for the mess. When he marries he must of necessity have a private income, or he must find the daughter of a magnate or something or other who is willing to share his lot and his glory until a kind government increases his rank. Sometimes the larger pay does not come until he is beyond the pale of forty.

None suffers so keenly the restrictions which finance has imposed upon the married state as the young millionaire. Under present conditions even the junior members of wealthy families must have a house in town, a country place in Westchester, and a villa at Newport. To accomplish all this the would-be Benedict is obliged to resort to the most desperate expedients. His great-grandfather is compelled on his account to invest in real estate and to work from morning until night in dingy offices. His grandfather must also toil, and his father, by keeping pretty steadily at the tread-mill, may fulfil all the conditions necessary to the successful launching of the matrimonial craft of the descendant.

National legislation on this subject might be beneficial. The German Emperor has gone so far as to say that the specifications must tell whether the bride to be is spinster, widow, or divorcee, and that the social and moral status of her father must be succinctly stated. Some of these provisions if applied to American society would lead to bewildering and perhaps unnecessary complications. The bride, too, according to the wisdom of the head of the Teutons, must file an inventory of her origin, education, and reputation.

These details are hardly in consonance with our institutions, yet there are certain classifications of aspiring *fiancés* which could be made to advantage. They might be established on something like this basis:

Bachelors who think the income of one is enough for two, $20,000.

Bachelors who know the young women are in love with them, and who themselves are willing to go without clubs, cigars, and valets, whatever they may happen to have.

Bank cashiers whose *fiancées* have extravagant tastes, $50,000 a year.

Millionaires, $100,000 a year and unlimited credit.

With the aid of some of these Old World ideas propounded by Wilhelm II. salutary reforms may be instituted here in the taking of matrimonial obligations.

England's New Premier

If an Englishman were asked to name the two most interesting personalities in the public life of England to-day, he would in nine cases out of ten pick out Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. In the tenth case, perhaps, Mr. Chamberlain would be bracketed with Lord Salisbury's nephew, or might even displace him. But for those who need something besides vehemence of temperament and even the keenest lucidity of mind to rouse their emotion, the quality of Mr. Chamberlain's interest is soon exhausted. One feels too bluntly the lack of the humanities both in his manner and methods when Mr. Chamberlain is on the war-path. There is a disenchanting absence of bigness in his character and instinctive way of looking at things, a too obvious readiness to score points, to corner his opponents, to turn the most trivial incident into a means of personal glorification. People in England vastly admire his courage and directness and the unhesitating decisiveness with which he takes the shortest cut to his goal. But the idolatry that goes out to him is the idolatry of mere force and cleverness. No heart ever warmed to Mr. Chamberlain; no imagination ever took fire from his incisive, supremely businesslike speeches. The note of graciousness which he lacks so deplorably is the key to the dispositions of the other two. Neither Lord Rosebery nor Mr. Balfour has made personal enemies out of his political opponents. The ex-Premier's popularity, indeed, is still something unique. It is as great at Westminster as in Whitechapel, and no greater than at Windsor or Buckingham Palace. All ranks and classes are attracted to Lord Rosebery, prize his brilliant many-sidedness, and cherish him as the most dazzling and accomplished nobleman of the day.

The hold Mr. Balfour has over the country falls into a different category. He has never quite been a popular hero. He has the aristocratic temperament, and cannot let himself go with that comfortable and satisfying freedom which the modern populace demands. On a public platform he feels himself out of place, and the consciousness of incongruity altogether prevents him from becoming a great popular favorite, even if his ambitions lay that way. The House of Commons is his natural sphere. He needs an audience that will catch the lightest shades and appreciate the most delicate turns to bring out all his powers. Then

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the quick play of humor and fancy, the exquisite retort that tickles while it demolishes, the strong, cool reasoning, and at times the honest, irrepressible indignation, especially when a friend or colleague is unfairly attacked, make a perfect Parliamentary performance. But between Mr. Balfour and the average man in the street there is no intellectual common ground. Too modest to talk down to them, too sensitive to talk above their heads, he addresses his Manchester constituents (who are at once proud of being represented by a "philosopher" and a little scared by actual contact with him) in a style as near commonplace as anything about Mr. Balfour can be. The country yields to him the respect that always goes out to a public man who is transparently incapable of anything low or mean, and not only sets himself a high standard, but makes others live up to it by the mere influence of atmosphere. But the country does not know Mr. Balfour as the House of Commons does. At Westminster he has endeared himself to both sides of the most critical chamber in the world by a hundred bonds of real personal affection. Mr. Gladstone loved him as a son. His perfect courtesy to opponents, those little touches of chivalry that count for so much in an excitable and heated assembly, his disdain for mere personalities and the instant elevation of tone that such disdain engenders, have done more even than his gifts of mind and speech to make him the most warmly liked member in the House. He is the John Hay of English politics.

It is twenty-eight years since Arthur James Balfour entered Parliament. Even then he was a marked man. Not only was he the nephew of his uncle—which is always a big consideration in England—but he had made a reputation on his own account. It was not, to be sure, a reputation of the kind that every young man of six-and-twenty would care to have. Mr. Balfour was suspected of being something of a dandy and a good deal of dilettante. Tales of the enormous hours he would lie in bed, of his passion for blue china and golf, and of various little effeminate habits that had won for him among the robust undergraduates of Cambridge the nickname of "Aunt Fanny," used to float about the lobbies of the House. A "perfumed popinjay" was one of the epithets the papers gave him. "Miss Balfour" or "Nancy" clung to him for years after. His tall, willowy frame and a face that was attractive but not strong bore out his reputation. His manners seemed to confirm it. He lounged about on the benches with an air of the utmost nonchalance, his long legs crossed in front of him, his head resting on the top of the bench's back and his eyes peacefully surveying the ceiling. Some of his sayings and little poses got noised abroad. "I never read newspapers. Why should I, when I live among the men who make history?" was one of the superb sentences credited to him. It was difficult for the stolid British householder to detect the makings of a statesman in such a man. The House laughed at him and his languid ways. Few if any saw in him anything but an amiable and lazy athlete who had strayed into politics by accident, who would soon tire of the game and bury himself once more among his books and blue china.

Being the nephew of his uncle, promotion or at least employment of some sort was inevitable. In 1878 Lord Salisbury made him his private secretary, and it was in that capacity that he attended the famous Berlin Conference. For the next six years he was a member of the Fourth Party. The Fourth Party was composed of four men, all of them men of talent, and with a diabolical gift for the parry and thrust of Parliamentary debate. Lord Randolph Churchill was its leader; Sir John Gorst, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Mr. Balfour were his lieutenants. All four were Conservatives, but without any strict notions of party discipline. They made life, indeed, as thoroughly uncomfortable for their own leaders as for Mr. Gladstone. Filibustering was never carried on with more science or more brilliance than in the English Parliament between 1880 and 1884. Mr. Balfour took his share in it and thoroughly enjoyed himself. He had from the first the knack of talking to the House of Commons—a knack which many men can never learn at all. Subjects were not wanting. The Bradlaugh case, the Reform Bill, Majuba, the Egyptian campaign, and the death of Gordon were enough to supply even an unpractised speaker with material. Mr. Balfour in his airy polished style held forth on them all, delighting the House with his wit and the easy finish of his oratory. In 1885 and 1886 he was installed in one of the many minor offices that are the stepping-stone to fame or extinction. He became Secretary for Scotland, with a seat in the cabinet. The duties of that office are by no means arduous, but they threatened to be too much for Mr. Balfour's strength. He did his work ably enough, but not more ably than a score of other men have done it.

There was nothing so far to make one think that a brilliant career was in store for him. His chance came in 1887. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was obliged by ill health to retire from the Irish Secretaryship. For the last hundred years the Irish Secretaryship has been the most difficult and engrossing office in the service of the British Crown, and such it seems likely to remain. Who was to succeed to it? Many names were mentioned, but no one for a moment imagined that Mr. Balfour would be the man. The news was the biggest surprise that has been sprung on the domestic politics of England during the past half-century. That this slim, delicate "philosopher" should essay an office that had killed Mr. Forster, and turned Sir George Trevelyan's hair white, seemed incredible to the point of laughter. But so it was. Mr. Balfour had himself thoroughly overhauled by a physician. He was declared to be constitutionally sound, and advised that hard work would be the best of all tonics. It was a momentous day when Mr. Balfour took his seat on the front bench amid the derisive howls of the Irish Nationalists and the dubious encouragement of his friends. Lord Salisbury, however, had made no mistake. The mistake was made by the Irish members, who prophesied that "Pretty Fanny" would be either out of office or in his grave in three months. They did their best to make good their threat, but they had yet to learn their man. Mr. Balfour met their jeers and insults and obstruction with a calm that was phenomenal. He never let himself be "drawn." They could make no headway against his invariable good-humor. In Ireland he put in force a drastic coercion bill that stamped out disorder. In the House he simply smiled while the Irish members raged. Three months went by and he had neither died nor resigned. On the contrary, he had ceased to be "Pretty Fanny." He was now the "base, bloody, and brutal Balfour," and history was ransacked for tyrants and oppressors to compare him with. All this passed by the Chief Secretary like the idle wind which he respected not. He was aware that it was part of the game, and he knew enough to keep his temper. The Irish had met their master. Before his glacial indifference or his measured, stinging sarcasms, they had to give way. What held him up through it all was his conviction that the Irish were really unfitted for self-government, and ought to be ruled, as he said, "as one would rule a nursery." It was an aristocratic assumption; but then England, in her dealings with Ireland, is always an aristocratic nation of the worst kind. Naturally she was delighted to find a man to whom the aristocratic type of government came so easily. The impression Mr. Balfour made on his party and the whole country was almost exaggerated in its depth. It was in all ways a remarkable personal triumph. He came out of it mentally broadened, physically made over—a new and vigorous man, saved by hard work. On the death of "Old Morality" Smith in 1891, his accession to the leadership of the House was undisputed.

That Mr. Balfour made as great a success as leader as he did as Irish Secretary cannot be said. He seems to be one of those men who need opposition to brace them. As the captain of an overpowering majority he has within the last few years made blunders which only the strength and discipline of his party have kept from being catastrophes. Every one remembers how entirely he failed to rise to the occasion during the first few months of the Boer war. There is a strain of weakness, almost of petulance or fretfulness, in him somewhere that seems to warp his judgment when the pressure of a hand-to-hand fight is removed. He is still, too, accused of a lack of strenuousness, of an indisposition to take trouble; and even now there are those who doubt whether he is really interested in politics. The continuous petty strain of the leadership has told on him more than his fierce encounters with the Nationalists. Largely and unavoidably it has been work against the grain, and Balfour is not a pachyderm like Campbell-Bannerman, nor has he Gladstone's devouring energy. His is the leisurely temperament that often goes with a quick-moving mind. Both suffer severely in the House of Commons. The constant attendance is a strain on the flesh, and the multitude of little details that have to be seen to, and the necessity of listening to all the cranks that find their way to Westminster, must, to a man of Mr. Balfour's wide and delicate culture and extreme sensitiveness, be a daily foretaste of the inferno. Three times last winter he broke down under it, and had to take to his bed and hot gruel. From which, as well as from his whole career, one may infer that in his new position he will not be an exacting overseer. He will not prove a second Peel. That great Premier, perhaps the greatest Premier of nineteenth-century England, was a genuine "foreman of the gang," knew all that was going on, and made a point of daily consulting his ministers on the work of their departments. Nothing so thorough as all that is to be expected from Mr. Balfour. He will, nevertheless, make an excellent Premier. He has the charm and the graciousness of manner that persuade, even if he lacks the force that drives and coerces. Like Mr. McKinley, he might be called a great "harmonizer." He has, too, one of the quickest and widest-ranged intellects on either side of the House, and a noble power of oratory. Moreover, he is an aristocrat to his fingertips, and therefore, though he has not one-quarter of his directness and business ability, far more acceptable than Mr. Chamberlain to the Conservatives. The House has a really tender feeling for Balfour, quite apart from his standing as a party leader. The man himself, the extraordinary sweetness and sympathy of his character, have completely won it over; and the British House of Commons is not an assembly that gives its esteem lightly. Mr. Balfour has won it by deserving it.

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Alice in Summerland

I

I WAS thinking the other night that if Mistress Alice, of the lamented Lewis Carroll's imaginings, were to visit New York in summer possibly the topsy-turveydom she would find here would remind her somewhat of her earlier experiences when, under the chaperonage of the Red Queen, she paced the marvelled paths of Looking-glass town, or with the Rabbit and the Hatter explored the mysterious corners of Wonderland. She might not meet carpenters and walruses and oysters walking hand in hand through the city streets, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the things to be seen thereon and thereunder; she might fail to encounter any creature so courteously dull and droll as the dear old White Knight who was continuously falling off his horse and landing upon his pate; she might miss the Jabberwock, the Mock Turtle in the flesh, the Dodo, and the Cheshire Cat; the genial grin of Humpty Dumpty, or of the Tweedle brothers, yet, thought I, in this year of grace 1902 the little damsel would see queer sights, some pleasing, some pathetic, few that would not fall upon her fancy as passing strange. And as I mused upon those strange things there came a tapping at my door. Rising hastily, I opened the portal, and there before me, marvellous to relate, stood Alice herself, bag and baggage; back of her was the Duchess, and at either side stood respectively the March Hare and the Hatter, while bringing up in the rear was the Dodo bird.

"Gug-good-evening," I stammered. "I'm glad to see you."

"You don't look it," said the Duchess, severely.

"That he don't," said the March Hare.

"And why should he," asked the Hatter, "seeing that the barber shops are closed on Sunday?"

"We have come," said Alice, as soon as she had a chance to put in a word edgeways, "to spend the summer with you, Uncle Jab."

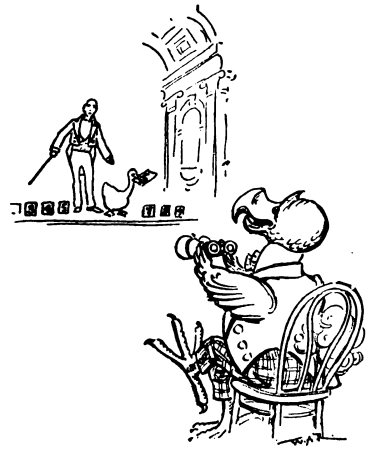
"Ahem — ah — Uncle Jab?" I repeated. "Who is Uncle Jab?"

"Ho!" laughed the Dodo bird. "Hear him. Doesn't know who he is."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," growled the Duchess.

"Get him a pillow-case, and let him look at himself," suggested the March Hare. "Then he'll see who he is."

"It would be better," said the Hatter, as he fell asleep on the door-mat, "to break it gently to him, for perhaps he may not have heard."



Couldn't tell which was the goose and which was the professor

"We have elected you Honorary Jabberwock," Alice explained, "who is ex-officio uncle to us all, and it is to be your duty to show us the sights of New York. The Duchess has come along to chaperon the party, and we are quite ready to start. Are you?"

"Well," said I, rubbing my eyes in amazement, "of course it's a great honor—but—I—ah—I have so little room here—"

"Oh, there's plenty of room for us," cried the Duchess. "Alice can have your room; I'll take the parlor; the Dodo bird can perch on the curtain-pole; the Hatter can sleep on the gas-stove, and the March Hare can be very comfortable in the ice-box."

"But," I cried, "what about me?"

"You have a fire-escape, haven't you?" demanded the Duchess, severely.

"Yes," said I, meekly.

"Well, you can have that," she said, graciously.

"But—won't you be very uncomfortable?" I asked. "It's a very small flat for six."

"The uncomfortabler the better. It 'll make us go out more, and that's what we've come for," said the Duchess.

And with this understanding I took them in.

II

"What kind of a place do you call this?" asked the Duchess as we seated ourselves in a balcony box at one of the roof gardens the next evening.

"It's a roof garden, your Grace," I replied.

"Humph!" she observed. "Roof garden, eh? I don't see no flowers, nor no more don't I see no roof nowhere."

"Me neither, nor no birds, too," said the Dodo.

"Well, wait, dear," said Alice, kindly; "perhaps they haven't planted 'em yet."

"It's a mighty interesting garden to me, Uncle Jab," said the Hatter, confidentially. "It's just blooming with hats. Do people come here to show their hats?"

"It's a pretty poor entertainment," said the Duchess, looking down upon the audience. "Is this all they do, just sit here and smoke and keep their hats on and look at that chromo?"—pointing to the curtain.

"Oh no, indeed," said I. "The entertainment goes on on the stage behind that curtain."

"Then why don't they raise it and let us see it?" demanded the Duchess. "Silliest thing I ever heard of. Getting a lot of people here to be entertained, and then hiding the whole thing behind a curtain."

"Maybe it isn't good enough to show," suggested the March Hare. "What do you think, Hatter?"

But the Hatter had gone to sleep. The



"Gug-good-evening," I stammered

Duchess was about to make further comment, when, to my relief, the curtain rose and the performance began. A trick bicyclist was the first attraction, and his work was of excellent quality, but for some reason or other it did not please the Duchess and her companions.

"What's the use of riding a bicycle standing on your head?" she demanded.

"Or upside down?" said the March Hare.

"Or down a ladder?" sneered the Dodo.

"I think it's splendid," cried the Hatter, who had waked up, and was now watching the act with the keenest interest. "It's very useful to be able to ride a bicycle down a ladder. In case of fire that young man wouldn't have any trouble at all—

"Instead of sliding down a rope,
And howling fit to split his lungs,
With whizzing wheel and heart of hope
He goes a-coasting down the rungs."

"There's something in that," said the March Hare. "But I don't care to see it. It isn't sufficiently utilitarian for me."

"Well, perhaps you'll enjoy the Educated Goose better," said Alice. "Though, for my part, the bicycler seemed like a very clever young man."

"And if he works in the daytime and earns his salary, there isn't any reason why he shouldn't do this at night," said the Hatter. "We've got to have a little relaxation in life."

At this point Professor Hampton and his Educated Goose came on the stage, and occupied the breathless attention of the audience for five or ten minutes. He told them how many days there are in a year; he told the time of night after a glance at a stran-

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ger's watch, and when the orchestra played the "Star-spangled Banner," he picked out the American flag from a jumbled mass of banners of other nations.

"So—that's eddication, is it?" said the Duchess. "Do you know I thought it went further. I thought you had to know Latin and Greek and compound fractures to be called eddicated."

"Yes," said Alice, "but you see, Duchess, a good many things that geese don't know are very simple to us, and when we find that the goose does know them—"

"I suppose so," said the Duchess. "But it still seems to me that the goose would be a bigger goose than ever if he didn't know the American flag."

"Which was the goose and which was the professor, anyhow?" asked the Dodo. "I couldn't tell."

"The one with the bill, stupid," said the March Hare. "They'd never exhibit you before an intellectual audience like this, not knowing a little thing like that."

"I never perspired to go on the stage," sniffed the Dodo. "So I don't care whether they would or not. There was a time when I thought I might like to sing in concerts, but—"

"Ho-ho!" roared the March Hare. "You sing in concert? You haven't any voice."

"Maybe not," said the Dodo, "but I have a big bill, which is what the greatest concert-singers—"

"Great Melba costs a fearful stake,
And Jean de Reszke's pay's immense,
But Madame Dodo's bill would make
A million look like thirty cents,"

warbled the Hatter, sitting up and peering at the agile troupe of German dwarfs that were now disporting themselves on the stage. "Ain't those little chaps great?"

"How *can* they be great?" demanded the Duchess. "They may be paraffine—"

"Superfine, dear," whispered Alice.

"They may be superfine and magniloquent," the Duchess went on. "But great? Never. Great means big, large, immense, hugeous, but these dwarfs are dwarfs, so they can't be great."

"I saw a Chinese dwarf once that was eight feet high," insisted the Hatter. "He was the largest dwarf that ever was."

"He must have been a giant," suggested Alice.

"No—he was a dwarf," persisted the Hatter. "He told me so himself, and he ought to know. I paid ten cents to see him—"

"Well, you were swindled," said the March Hare. "He was too big for a dwarf."

"Must have been swindled on the wrong side, then," retorted the Hatter. "According to you, instead of not getting enough dwarf for my money, I got too much."

"I admit that these little chaps are very saponaceous," the Duchess began, referring to the midgets, who were bowing their farewells to the audience.

"Don't you mean spontaneous?" asked Alice.

"Tut, tut, child!" retorted the Duchess, impatiently. "Please don't always try to corrugate me in my use of English herbs. I'm a Duchess, and I can invent my langwide as I go along if I choose. *I* know what I mean, even if others don't. I shall use whatever physiology I please in the framing of my sententiousness."

"*Silence up there!*" cried a number of people in the audience. "We can't hear the lady sing."

"I'm not singing," the Duchess roared back at them. "I'm not that kind of a Duchess. The idea!" And she began to fan herself fiercely in her indignation.

"They meant the lady on the stage—the French lady who is trying to sing the coon song," whispered Alice.

"What's more," the Duchess cried, shaking her fist at the audience, and refusing to be pacified, "I want you folks down there to stop steering me out of countenance. You haven't paid to see me."

"*Put her out!*" roared the indignant audience.

"I am out," shrieked the Duchess. "You didn't think I was home, did you?"

"We'll never be able to shut her up," said Alice, anxiously, to me. "What *shall* we do?"

"I think we'd better get out," said I, for we were attracting by far too much attention. "Come, Duchess," I added. "It is after nine o'clock, and I promised the janitor we'd be in before ten."

"I'm quite ready," snorted the Duchess. "For I consider this a very stupid entertainment. I've been watching it for a full hour now, and what the plot is I can't even guess. For my part, I don't believe it has one; and as for the people—I never saw such *hats* in my life."

And with this parting comment upon the entertainment, the Duchess followed the rest of us down the stairs into the street.



The French lady who is trying to sing a coon song

"So," she said when we had arrived at home, "that's a roof-garden show, eh?"

"Yes," I said, meekly. "And one of the best."

"Humph!" she sneered. "Hasn't it any plot at all?"

"No," said I. "It's what they call vaudeville. There isn't any plot in vaudeville. It is designed to set forth the cleverness of certain people on the stage—"

"And the stupidity of those in the audience?" asked the Duchess.

"Oh no," I replied. "You see, in summer people don't want to think, so they go to this kind of performance in great numbers—"

"And wear their hats to still further protect their heads, I suppose," said the Duchess. "Well, I don't admire it, and I hope you won't take me to see it again. Haven't those people any families?"

"Several," I explained, "but they are all off in the country."

"Well, I wish I had their addresses," said the Duchess. "I'd telegraph 'em to come home. Vaudeville, eh? What does that word mean, Alice?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, Duchess," said Alice. "Veau is French for veal, and—"

"Ah, yes—now I understand," said the Duchess, triumphantly. "Veau-de-ville—the veal of the city. *That* describes the intellectual quality of the audience and the show to a dot. There is, after all, some logic in it. And now off to bed, every one of you."

I was only too glad to obey, for the incidents of the evening had worn much upon my nerves, so I sought the comfortable seclusion of the fire-escape, and left my guests to their own devices.

I must say that the Duchess's reasoning as to the derivation and meaning of the word vaudeville has done much to enhance my regard for that lady's philosophical capacity. There have been times when I have thought very much as she did myself.

Correspondence

A BILL AND A VETO

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a paragraph in your issue of date July 19, criticising the Legislature of this State for adopting the Smith bill, you did Louisiana an injustice by omitting to say that Governor Heard vetoed the measure. Hereafter kindly investigate before you criticise. Very respectfully,

WINSTON JACKSON.

The paragraph in criticism related to a bill requiring that school-books should give Admiral Schley the full credit for winning the battle of Santiago. It was written before the Governor filed his veto. We are as glad to record the fact that he *did veto* it as we were sorry to note that the silly Legislature *did pass* it. EDITOR.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Please close my subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY when it expires, as I believe it does on August 1. I do this at the dictation of my wife and daughters, who claim to be able to invest the amount in other literature more satisfactory to them. In doing this I believe myself to be in full accord with the spirit of your "Editorial Comment," wherein you say, "Women have long been a little above their fathers and brothers in education and refinement." I am thus impelled to "concede their superior position," and submit to their will in this matter. Although in my *inferior* position I fail to discern where they are going to find literature more refined or superior to HARPER'S WEEKLY. Yours,

W. L. DUNN.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC P. M.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The South is just as appreciative of the straightforward personality and the splendid ability of President Roosevelt as is any other section of our great country. In fact, the people of the South admire this man of such wonderful individuality, and his unselfish political courage and his unsullied patriotism appeal to us all. When the time comes it will be seen that no man other than Theodore Roosevelt has a "cinch" on the Republican delegation from Alabama to the next national Republican convention. There are other Southern States equally as certain to be for the present President. Respectfully,

JOSEPH C. MANNING,
Postmaster, Alexander City, Ala.

THE FOOL HORSE AGAIN

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,
July 9, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—The WEEKLY of the 5th, under Correspondence, prints the question, "Is the Horse a Fool?" My answer is a most emphatic *Yes*, after use of and acquaintance with the animal for many years. I have for years said the horse was the most unreliable of all the domesticated animals. It pleased me to read the comments of G. A. A. on this erratic beast. Hence these words.

Very truly, J. W. C.

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In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

V

Squire Springger meets a Ladylove of Long Ago

MRS. GOODMAN one day appeared at the front gate, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Thought I'd be neighborly and drop in awhile," she explained, taking the chair I offered, and settling herself comfortably. "Jim went off right after supper, and Sally, she's putting the children to bed. I'd help her—but, land! Grandmothers don't know nothing about bringin' up children nowadays—they never had no experience, you see."

Ethel and I returned her cheerful smile.

"It must be a great comfort to your daughter to have you with her," I said, at a venture.

"Well, mabbe, mabbe. Sometimes I think I'll move down to the village an' rent a little house of my own, but then Jim Pagent wun't hear of it. He's a good son-in-law, he is; all them Pagents 've been solid, respectable people, always. But I don't know as it's a wise thing to mix up parts of two families in one house—that is, for any length of time. 'Tain't nateral, so to speak. I don't know any birds as 'd welcome a father-in-law, or a mother-in-law either; they'd prob'ly take the old bird by the neck an' drop it over the side of their nest, an' go back happy."

Mrs. Goodman looked off dreamily, away beyond the hedge, and we respected her silence—she had lived so many years on this farm, which we had just rented, and her husband had been dead so short a time.

I was about to say something, when I saw Squire Springger coming along the path around the corner of the house. He was bareheaded, bereft of collar, neckerchief, coat, and waistcoat, and had exchanged his boots for carpet slippers of lurid hues that flapped comfortably as he walked.

"Dog-stars an' catfish!" he exclaimed, wiping his brow. "Th' shades o' night are fallin' fast on a warm an' weary world, bean't they?"

Then he caught sight of our visitor, stopped short, uttered a gurgle of surprise, and darted out of sight.

"What's that!" Mrs. Goodman exclaimed, turning around in her chair.

"Oh, that's Squire Springger," Ethel explained. "He's spending the night here."

"Squire Springger?" the other echoed. "Not William Springger with two 'gs'?"

I nodded, and asked, "Do you know him?"

"Land sakes! I sh'd say I did! We used to sing in th' Methodist choir when we was boy and gal, and he was a very elegant young man; always had his boots greased Sundays, an' his hair was slicker 'n anybody else's in the church. Yes," she continued, reminiscently, "he was a very han'some young man—straight an' tall, smooth red cheeks, an' neat as a pin. But I hain't seen him, I guess, for near forty year, an' had clean forgot he was living. He called here once or twice, a dozen years ago or more, but I was away both times. I s'pose he's married, an' brought her along?"

"No," said Ethel; "she died a good while ago."

"You don't say! Poor William."

Again we sat in silence for a few moments, and again Squire Springger appeared; but this time we hardly knew him, as he approached with dignified step through the gathering shadows. For he wore a blue silk stock around his neck, his stovepipe hat was set airily on his grizzled head, and his unbuttoned coat with flowing skirts disclosed a waistcoat of black velvet ornamented with silver buttons, each as large as a quarter. Likewise had he substituted for the slippers a pair of boots which creaked painfully.

"How did he do it?" Ethel whispered, in amazement.

"Don't know," I whispered back. "He's probably a lightning-change artist in disguise." Then I said aloud, "Squire Springger, you remember Mrs. Goodman, of course?"

"Mis' Goodman—not she as was Patty Blake!" the old fellow exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed, William," Mrs. Goodman replied, laughing, "and I'm reel glad to see you again."

She arose from her chair with extended hand, and the old Squire doffed his stovepipe hat, held it close to his chest, made an elaborate, sweeping bow, and seized her hand with hearty, cordial grip. Mrs. Goodman thereupon resumed her seat, and the Squire stood off to one side admiring her for a moment. Mrs. Goodman evidently set small store by flattery, even indirect appreciation.

"There, William," she remarked, decidedly, "don't be a simpleton. Sit down and behave."

"Brook trout an' honeysuckles!" the old fellow ejaculated, in what was meant for an aside spoken to me, but which any one within four hundred feet could have heard. "Jes the same as she useter be, tryin' to keep me in order at choir-meetin'! I say, Patty Blake," he went on, addressing her, "I don't see as you've changed hardly a mite—"

"Well, *you* have, William Springger," she interrupted, with what I deemed needless asperity. "You're old and fat, and ain't straight like you useter be—"

"'Ceptin' mabbe you're somewhat plumper like," he went on, gallantly, oblivious to her criticism. "You *was* a leetle mite slim in them days, Patty Blake."

"I'm sorry I can't say the same for *you*, Squire Springger! Your head hain't been sheared in five years, an' your face, with all them curly whiskers an' beard, looks jest like a hair mattress broke loose and bulgin' over. Likewise, to wit, Squire Springger, my name ain't ben 'Patty Blake' for nigh onto forty years. It's Mrs. Patience Goodman."

"Jes th' same kindly intrust in me she all'ys showed," the Squire said softly, in meditative tones. Then he added, aloud: "By-th'-way, Jedge Lathrop, have ye got a match handy? I'd like to sorter curb my exhuber'nt, joyous enthoosiasm over this festival"—here he bowed toward Mrs. Goodman—"by inhalin' of Nicotina's gentle breath, as th' poet puts it; all'ys pervidin', of course, thet she an' Mrs. Jedge Lathrop don't 'bject."

"It's all the same to me," said Mrs. Goodman. "Of course I'd hate to see anybody I care for wastin' his substance, his health, an' his manhood in th' consuming of a vile weed. But go 'long, Squire Springger, enjoy yourself; and when you run out of tobacco, come over to th' barn and set fire to them burdick weeds. I jedge they'd smell just as satisfyin' to ye."

"P'r'aps they would," he returned, cheerfully; "they oughter be sweetened long afore now, considerin' as they bask in your smiles so often."

"Won't you have a cigar?" I asked, trying to turn the conversation, "or a cigarette?"

"Thank ye, Jedge; I ain't useter cigars; they're too rich for my blood; an' I never tried a cigarette but oncet."

"What happened then?" Ethel inquired.

"I got it half smoked down, when I thoughtlessly tuk a puff like I was pullin' on my pipe, an' swallered the hull thing, paper, tobacco, ashes, an' all."

"An' you lived to tell on't!" Mrs. Goodman exclaimed. Then, evidently reflecting upon her attitude of severity toward him, she continued: "You mustn't think I'm too ha'sh, William Springger, for I don't mean to be. But when you come bouncing into view around the corner of the house there, all unbeknownst to me, I was sta'tled, I'm free to say. And then, instead of remember-in' my white hair and bein' a grandmother, you jest seemed to take up our acquaintance again where we left off forty year ago and more—the time you went away from home to go West, you know. You seem to forgit, William, that we're old, old folks now."

"No, Patty Goodman, I hain't forgot it, for I never remembered it. You ain't old, if ye be a grandmother; you're *jest about* in your prime, I sh'd say," he added, in judicial tones; "and as fur me—well, I ain't old, and I ain't ever a-goin' to grow old, neither," he concluded, cheerfully.

"What 're you doin' traipsin' around the country at your age for, anyhow?" the other persisted.

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm not journeyin' around takin' a last look at famillier scenes afore preparin' for the tomb," he confessed, a twinkle in his eyes.

"What *are* you doin', then?"

"If you wun't breathe it to a single livin' soul I'll tell you," he replied, with mysterious manner, lowering his voice. "I'm jest sorter sojournin' around lookin' for a likely, spry young gal that hain't of a bilious dispersition an' don't talk too much—"

"To adopt as a gran'daughter?"

"No!" the old fellow exclaimed, in scornful tones. "To marry!"

Mrs. Goodman was silent for a moment; apparently she was struck speechless with amazement. But she recovered sufficiently to remark, "When you find her, let me know, and I'll come to the weddin'." So saying, she arose from her chair and started toward the gate.

"Don't hurry—can't you stay a little longer?" Ethel urged.

"Yes, do," I added; but she declined.

"Well, if ye can't be pe'suaded to camp down a bit, I'll sorter guard ye along th' dangerous highway betwixt Jedge Lathrop's hedge here and Jim Pagent's gate yander," Squire Springger observed, planting his hat more firmly on his head, and carefully knocking the ashes out of his pipe. Mrs. Goodman opened her mouth to protest, but instantly saw the folly of such action; and falling back upon the sixth sense, with which Dame Nature has endowed the gentler sex, she said, cordially:

"An' Mr. Lathrop must come along too, so he can bring back a bunch of rhubarb for his wife. I know the children 'll like it, anyhow—"

"The children!" Ethel exclaimed, suddenly aghast. "Why, I've forgotten all about them—they should have been in bed an hour ago; it must be after nine!"

We started toward the road, and she hurried around back of the house. As we sauntered leisurely along toward Mr. Pagent's farm we could hear her calling:

"Beeby! Buzzer! Time to go to bed, dears! Bee-by! Buz-zer!"

Her voice sounded fainter and fainter. Once we paused in the road, and then hastened onward, Mrs. Goodman suggesting:

"Let's hurry a bit, then you can go back and help her find the little ones. It's dark as can be."

She brought out the rhubarb, and with it Squire Springger and I rapidly retraced our steps.

"Now don't you be upsot at all," he said to me. "We'll git back home an' find thet Mis' Jedge Lathrop's diskivered them babbies out in the wood-shed, 'r orchard, 'r some'rs else."

But this kindly prophecy was not to be fulfilled. Ethel had not returned to the house when we reached there, and, listening,

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I could hear her voice on the evening breeze from far down the lane.

"Good heavens!" I cried, breaking into a run, "she's at the ice-pond!"

The old Squire made no response; but he dropped his hat, slid out of his long coat, and bounded ahead of me as would a huge, powerful horse. A moment later, though, I caught up with him, for he had stopped, put his hands to his lips, and uttered a mighty shout that echoed from hill to hill.

"*We're coming! We're coming!*" he roared, and on we sped through the black shadows of the lane. Past the barn and the ice-houses we tore, along the little-worn roadway—on one side a broad field, on the other a high hill-side—and over the bars at the further end we vaulted, and found ourselves in a great hollow almost surrounded by woods, in the centre of which lay the pond. We dimly made out a form frantically hastening along the opposite bank, crying:

"Bee-by! Buz-zer! Call to mother, dears! Beeby! Buzzer!" and then pausing to listen.

"Ethel!" I shouted, running toward her.

"Oh, *Arthur!*" she screamed, sinking to the ground as I caught her.

I pray to be saved in future such agony as that scream caused when it tore its way into my heart.

At that moment Jason Stafford, our hired man, leaped the bars and came toward us.

"They ain't here!" he said, reassuringly. "I saw 'em go out of the lane toward the front gate an hour ago! Don't be scared, Mrs. Lathrop; we'll find 'em for you."

To be Continued.

Modern Magazine Illustrating

See pages 1060 and 1061

MAGAZINE illustrations in which there are no human figures are rare exceptions; consequently, the human model fills a large place in this branch of art as it now is. There are in New York to-day not more than half a dozen well-known male professional models who find regular occupation in connection with magazine illustrating. The degree to which their special adaptation, natural and acquired, contributes to the success of the work is much greater than outsiders would suppose. The painter's model, male or female, is most often selected with regard to merely physical qualifications; the illustrator's professional model is generally a specially trained and intelligent human lay-figure; his success depends mainly upon the readiness with which he seizes the artist's suggestion for a desired pose and the steadiness with which he keeps it—depending on nervous and muscular control rather than mere strength. Most of the figures being draped, the preservation of every fold from the beginning of the given period to its end is one of the objects of prime importance, the others being the retention of facial expression and attitude of hands. The duration of one pose varies from fifteen minutes to an hour, the average being about twenty-five minutes. The normal pay of a model in New York is fifty cents an hour, or $3 a day. As the work is mostly in black-and-white, it is possible for a model to increase his day's earning by night work.

Of the women who pose for magazine illustrations the number is, of course, large. The effect often depends on beauty of contour, which must be at least suggested to the artist by a woman, however much he may idealize. But really professional female models are few in New York. The posing for this purpose is generally done by friends of the artist, who find in it a not unpleasant means to earn pin-money. Both their sex and their non-professional character account for the fact that, as a rule, women cannot keep a pose as long as the average male model.

How much can be accomplished by the artist in the period of one pose depends very largely upon the efficiency of his model and the good understanding between them. Here is one characteristic of the illustrator's work as distinguished from the picture-painter's: In the latter case the model who serves for one piece will not be suitable for the next; but in the constant succession of pieces which occupy the time of a popular illustrator, the same man, if he be a good poser, may be the model for an ancient pirate in the morning, a modern burglar in the afternoon, and a most modern millionaire at night. The illustrator's object is not, commonly, to record special beauties of form or coloring, but to pictorially reflect a writer's conception with harmonious fidelity to natural truth. The costume, the pose, the face, and the facial expression are the artist's conception, suggested by the author; the model's function is to show how that costume looks in a given pose, and to help out the limning of the facial expression. There seems to be in many of the best latter-day illustrators a wonderful faculty of abstracting facial expression from mere feature, setting upon features seen only with the mind's eye an expression studied upon the tangibly present features of the model. The reading public is to-day familiar with battle scenes, for example, in which as many as fifty different faces of soldiers, fighting, dead, and dying, are presented with not only as many different expressions, but as many different sets of features, and yet the same model's face served for the study of all of them. Magazine illustrating would be a mechanical industry, and not an art, if the working methods of the illustrators did not vary, but this faculty—and habit—of seeing many different figures in one model is shared in a greater or less degree by most of the successful men. Some have carried it so far as to actually draw a little girl in short skirts from an adult male model appropriately costumed.

In this way, being enabled by the nature of things to constantly serve the purposes of the same artists, the New York magazine model becomes attached to the artist's interests. A certain comradeship and frankly acknowledged mutual dependence grow up between artist and model. Models have their favorite artists, too. To the professional studio-poser, the ideal artist is he who never gets nervous; who takes coolly every failure to keep the pose. "I can pose for X. forty minutes," said one of them, "without getting tired, because he never rattles me. If I break my pose ever so little, he tells me at once, but quietly. The slightest gesture from him is enough for me to understand. Some men get nervous and fidgety, and with them I am tired out at the end of fifteen minutes." There seems to be room for psychic research in this *rapport* between limner and poser, evidently dependent upon the maintenance of what some might call a calm psychico-magnetic atmosphere.

The experienced illustrator, in his wisdom as well as humanity, uses every means to lighten the strain of posing. Not only does he allow his model to rest whenever fatigue becomes evident, but every available mechanical device is used to minimize the muscular strain. In a running pose the model's arms and legs may be supported by a system of slings from the ceiling. The muzzle of a musket which has to be kept in the firing position will be similarly supported. Very often, as soon as a difficult pose has been successfully taken, the position of the feet will be outlined on the floor with chalk. Equal care is taken to make the costumes fit as they should. All this, no less than the model himself, is regarded as part of the necessary apparatus of latter-day illustration—in striking contrast to what was considered necessary, or even desirable, a generation ago.

An illustrator of the first rank nowadays takes incredible pains to inform himself upon the details—historical, ethnological, local, scientific—of his subject. Sometimes he is a specialist, like Sonntag—him who sank the ironclad, and who drew "Engine .007"—or Reuterdahl, the marine artist. But when he is not, he goes and gets up his subject however and whenever it may be got up most thoroughly.

Finance

SOME hesitancy has developed in the securities markets. This is not surprising, for, after all, there is usually justification for Wall Street's frequent use of the phrase "healthy reaction." To the poor "lamb" who has bought "at the top" it has always seemed that to call the decline in prices which has dispelled his golden dreams and visions of money gained without labor a healthy reaction is brutal, cynical. But reactions are inevitable in the stock-market, as indeed they are everywhere else, and for prices to react after an advance is a financial law as fixed as the law of gravitation. Stock values had risen almost uninterruptedly for several weeks. It was not in the nature of things that the soaring process should continue indefinitely. Therefore, while numerous explanations are forthcoming, and various causes are held by various observers to have been responsible for the halt in the upward movement of security prices, it may be safely assumed that the reaction was due on general principles, or, if it is preferred, on technical grounds.

There are reactions and reactions, differing, of course, in importance as they are caused by differing conditions. They may be expected in any bull market. They are of real significance when they indicate the termination of the general bull or upward tendency. Prices have in July, on an average obtained by taking the prevailing quotations of the fifty most important stocks, ruled at a much higher level than obtained at the height of last year's wild boom.

Such being the case, the present hesitancy does not appear to be unnatural, and its chief importance lies in whether we are to assume that the bull market is over, for the present at least.

It is a truism that a stock which is earning eight or ten per cent. annually is to-day cheaper at par than it was at twenty four years ago, when it was not earning one per cent. Earnings determine value, and value fixes the price. That the country is highly prosperous, and that no signs of any abatement in the amazing prosperity are anywhere visible are also true. It would seem, therefore, as though we might assume that no very great depreciation in quoted values were imminent. But it is well to determine whether the prevailing price-level is not disproportionately high, even when the flourishing industrial and trade conditions and the bright promise of the crops are duly considered. To this the only answer possible is that many stocks have "discounted" all the benefits likely to accrue in the near future, others have more than discounted them, and still others are, in Wall Street parlance, entitled to further advances. The investor must study values, therefore, far more carefully than the daily quotation-lists, and the speculator, no less than his brother, the race-track habitué, must pick his winner, so that while the market at the moment may not be in a peril-

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ous condition, it behooves all to exercise the greatest care and discrimination in making fresh ventures.

It must be admitted that the public has not responded as enthusiastically to the manipulation of the bull leaders as the bull leaders had hoped. The future actions of the latter must be governed by circumstances. With prices practically at the highest figures on record, it would seem that a lower level would form a better and more reassuring point from which to start a new rise. It may therefore be deemed wise by the strong interests to allow prices to reach a more "inviting" level, in order to sell their wares. At the same time the money-market will not be so favorable to the extensive market operations on the bull side a month hence as it is to-day, since our bankers must then be paying their maturing obligations to Europe, and, moreover, this centre must lose funds through the usual fall currency outflow to the West for crop-moving purposes. The problems confronting the manipulators of the market are many and delicate. In the mean time, with its usual pessimism, professional Wall Street is rather bearish, because the bull forces have halted, though probably halted temporarily. From this frame of mind Wall Street will be freed if after a period of rest the public becomes accustomed to the prevailing price-level, or if the reaction reaches such a point as to offer obvious "bargains," or, lastly, if bull manipulation is resumed so aggressively as to punish temerarious bears and bring in outside buying.

That is, after all is said and done, the main point. Will the public come back and take from the shoulders of the syndicates and cliques the huge loads of securities which have been carried by the same syndicates these many months? This does not, it must be frankly admitted, seem likely at this writing. The syndicates have been forced to bear their burdens for a year or more, resorting to all manner of devices to borrow the huge sums of money needed, and the public has given no sign of any desire to shift the load from the shoulders of the syndicates to its own. But then, the syndicates waited similarly for many months in 1899 and 1900, and when financial steam was turned on again, after Mr. McKinley's re-election, it nearly blew up the boiler. We saw the wildest stock speculation in history. A recurrence of a crazy boom in stocks is, however, not probable, though there are many who believe it inevitable, the wish being father to the thought. In the first place, prices are already extremely high, and, secondly, the chances that general commercial, industrial, and agricultural conditions will become much more prosperous are diminished by the already unprecedented duration of the period of national prosperity. While we may not see approaching the culmination of the expanding trade movement, it is obvious that the time when the swing of the pendulum must be downward is two years nearer than it was in the summer of 1900. All of which does not justify a too strong belief in a coming boom in stocks, even should prices score further advances, so that if pessimism is out of place to-day, optimism should be kept within bounds. The country at large, to be sure, is rich as never before, and confidence in it, which seems more pronounced and aggressive in the West than in the effete East, may find expression in an outbreak of speculative fever. On this subject one man's guess is as good as another's.

In the mean while the more conservative students of the situation see the greatest danger in the developments of modern financial practice, which has been revolutionized within the past five years. The vast deals which have been effected during this greatest of bull markets have necessitated devices and financial expedients the wisdom of which can be determined by time alone. It has in many instances seemed nothing but inflation, reckless watering made hugely profitable by the great prosperity of the country at large and the inevitable growth of the gambling spirit. In other cases there can be no doubt that the deals have greatly strengthened certain industries, that of transportation included, the developments having been along economic lines, rendered inevitable by the tendency of the times. Much good has been done to the country at large by the elimination of wasteful and unscientific methods and conditions, which in the past led to extravagances and a class of competition which already is beginning to seem absurd even to political demagogues. Ruinous rate-cutting is obsolescent, perhaps already a thing of the past, greatly to the benefit of the public generally, no less than of investors. But it was inevitable that many of the deals, resulting in capital readjustments and the creation of large amounts of new securities, should have been for revenue only. There has been too much "modern financing," and the good syndicates may have to suffer with the bad. The latest deal is the Rock Island "plan." It involves principles which, to put it mildly, are debatable. The "official" announcement has not been made, but the published details seem to be substantially correct. An extended analysis of the plan must be left for a later occasion, when the official statement shall have been made. But the incident is so typical of the present Wall Street way as to be picturesque, interesting, and highly important, if we are to take it as the forerunner of other similar deals. The control of the property was secured last year by a coterie who had promoted various industrial "trustlets," and whom the formation of the United States Steel Corporation made enormously rich, almost overnight. The money they made in the stock-market during the boom of 1900–1901 they devoted to purchasing huge blocks of Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific stock. So far so good. But they bought so much that they had to borrow many millions of money. This is the first crime that is imputed to the Chicago coterie. But then, Mr. Vanderbilt borrowed millions when he bought a large block of Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western stock from a very great millionaire, an enormously wealthy man who needed the money. The late C. P. Huntington was in the habit of saying that he was always very hard up, and was ever in debt personally some eight or ten millions. By means of assistance from financial institutions the Chicagoans have been able to buy and hold, it is currently reported, from $35,000,000 to $40,000,000 of the Rock Island stock, giving them the absolute control of the road, and they have started on an aggressive campaign of expansion. Wall Street has found fault first with the fact that the price of the shares has been maintained at an artificial and obstreperously high level; but then, any holder of the stock could have disposed of it at that same high level. Now, presumably to retain the control of the property, the controlling syndicate proposes to convert the company's $75,000,000 common stock into four-per-cent. bonds, and to give to the holders, as a reward for assenting to the plan, $75,000,000 of new common and $56,000,000 of preferred stock. It is, on general principles, unsound financing to exchange a stock which need not pay dividends when business is poor, for bonds the interest on which must be paid uninterruptedly to keep the company out of a receivership. The only explanation for this most curious plan is that it will enable the Chicago syndicate to retain the control of the property with less money. And the query suggests itself, What will be the nature of the next "plan" of reformed promoters? Further exports of gold have taken place, making the total shipments to date rather greater than are normally sent to Europe during July.

Financial

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THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

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ASTORIA BRANCH,
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BROADWAY BRANCH,
Broadway and Spring Street.
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
Norfolk and Grand Streets.
ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
303 West 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
7 East 42d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
153 West 125th Street.
HUDSON RIVER BRANCH,
72d Street and Columbus Avenue.
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(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

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ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	**$12,745,106.56**
Bonds - - - - - -	**770,029.74**
Banking House - - -	**545,796.92**
Due from Banks - - -	**835,829.80**
Cash and Checks on other Banks	**8,297,120.00**
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
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Financial

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET

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Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,000,000

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THOMAS F. RYAN, Vice-President
JAMES K. CORBIÈRE, 2d Vice-Pres.
H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary
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After a moment's hesitation, Mervyn followed him

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XI

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

PEGGY paid two or three other visits a week later. At Mrs. Bonfill's she found Glentorly and Constantine Blair. She was admitted, but nobody took much notice of her. They were deep in political talk: things were not going very well; the country was not relying on Lord Glentorly in quite the proper spirit. Clouds were on everybody's brow. Peggy departed and betook herself to Lady Blixworth's. The atmosphere here too was heavy and lamentable. Audrey seemed resentful and forlorn, her aunt acid and sharp; disappointment brooded over the premises.

"How people worry!" Peggy reflected, as she got back into her hansom and told the man to drive to Trix Trevalla's; if not at Danes Inn, if not in the houses of the great, there at least in Trix's flat she ought to find gayety and triumph. The fact that people worried was oppressing Peggy to-day. Alas, Trix Trevalla was with Lord Mervyn! Gathering this fact from a discreet servant. Peggy fled back into her hansom with the sense of having escaped a great peril. She had met Lord Mervyn at Mrs. Bonfill's.

Whither now? Why, to Tommy Trent's, of course. The hansom (which was piling up a very good fare) whisked her off to Tommy's chambers at the corner of a street looking over St. James's Square. She left the cab at the door and went in. Here, anyhow, she was in great hopes of escaping the atmosphere of worry.

There was a murmur of voices through the door. Peggy recognized Tommy's; it sounded familiar and soothing as she read a paper to while away the time; the other voice was strange to her. Presently there was the noise of chairs being pushed back, as though the interview were coming to a close. Tommy spoke again in a louder voice:

"Mr. Newton doesn't want his name mentioned."

"We should have liked the support of Mr. Airey Newton's name."

"He won't hear of that, but thoroughly believes in his process."

"I wonder if I ought to be hearing this!" thought Peggy, amused and rather interested at stumbling on her friends, so to speak, in their business hours and their business affairs.

Tommy Trent's voice went on:

"And will take a fifth share in the syndicate—£5000."

"Is he prepared to put that down immediately?" The question sounded sceptical.

"Oh yes, twice as much; to-morrow, if necessary. But no mention of his name, please. That's all settled, then? Well, good-by, Mr. Ferguson. Glad the thing looks so good. Hope your wife's well. Good-by."

The passage door was opened and shut. Peggy heard Tommy come back from it, whistling in a soft and contented manner. The passage door opened again, and the servant's voice was audible.

"Miss Ryle there? I'll go in directly," said Tommy.

The paper had fallen from Peggy's hands. Five thousand pounds! Twice as much to-morrow, if necessary! Airey Newton! No other Newton, but Airey, Airey! The stranger had actually said "Airey"! Her thoughts flew back to her talk with Airey—and, further back, to how Tommy Trent had made him give a dinner. And on that account she had quarrelled with Tommy! Everything fitted in now. The puzzle that had bewildered her in Danes Inn that very afternoon was solved. Perceiving the solution with merciless clearness, Peggy Ryle felt that she must cry. It was such hypocrisy, such meanness, nay, such treachery. "I don't want to sail under false colors," he had said, and used that seemingly honest speech and others like it to make his wretched secret more secure. Now the safe took its true place in the picture; a pretty bad place it was; she doubted not that the red book was in the unholy business too. And the bread-and-butter! Peggy must be pardoned her bitterness of spirit. To think of the unstinted gratitude, the tender sentiment, which she had lavished on that bread-and-butter! She had thought of it as of St. Martin's cloak or any other classical case of self-sacrificing charity. And—worse, if possible—she had eaten the dinner too, a dinner that came from a grudging hand. She had fled to Tommy Trent's to escape worry. Worse than worry was here.

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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With rather more justification than young folks always possess, she felt herself in the presence of a tragedy; that there was any comedy about also was more likely to strike a looker-on from outside.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Peggy," said Tommy cheerfully, coming in from the other room. "I had a man on business, and Wilson didn't tell me you were here."

Peggy rose to her feet; a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Hello! What's the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"I overheard you through the door."

"What?"

"Just at the end you raised your voice."

"And you listened?" Tommy was rather reproachful, but it did not seem to strike him what had happened yet.

"I heard what you said about Airey Newton."

Tommy gave a low whistle; a look of perplexity, not unmixed with amusement, spread over his face.

"The deuce you did!" he remarked slowly.

"That's what's the matter; that's why I'm nearly crying."

"I don't see it in that light, but I'm sorry you heard. It's a secret that Airey—"

"A secret! Yes, I should think it was. Are you anything that I don't know of? I mean a burglar, or a swindler, or anything of that kind?"

"You do know that I'm a solicitor?" Tommy wanted to relieve the strain of the conversation.

"I meant to stay with you, and perhaps to take you out to dinner—"

"Well, why won't you? I haven't done anything—except forget that it's not wise to talk too loudly about my clients' business."

"I'm just going to Danes Inn to see Airey Newton."

"Oh!" Tommy nodded gravely. "You think of doing that?"

"It's what I'm going to do directly. I've a hansom at the door."

"I'm sure you've a hansom at the door," agreed Tommy. "Sit down one minute, please," he added. "I want you to do something for me."

"Be quick, then," commanded Peggy, sitting down, but obviously under protest. "And you have done something too," she went on. "You've connived at it. You've backed him up. You've helped to deceive us all. You've listened to me while I praised him. You've praised him yourself."

"I told you he could afford to give the dinner."

"Yes—as he told me to-day that he isn't a pauper! He made me think I'd hurt his feelings. I felt wretched. I begged him to forgive me. Oh, but it's not that! Tommy, it's the wretched meanness of it all! He was just one of the six or seven people in the world; and now—"

Tommy was smoking, and had fallen into meditative silence.

He did not lack understanding of her feelings—anything she felt was always vivid to him—and on his own account he was no stranger to the thoughts that Airey Newton's propensity bred.

"How much money has he got?" she asked abruptly.

"I mustn't tell you."

"More than what you said to that man?"

"Yes, more."

"A lot more?"

Tommy spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders. She knew all that mattered; it was merely etiquette that forbade an exact statement of figures; the essential harm was done.

"Well, you said you wanted something of me, Tommy."

"I do. I want your word of honor that you'll never let Airey Newton know that you've found out anything about this." He put his cigarette back into his mouth and smiled amicably at Peggy.

"I'm going straight to him to tell him I know it all. After that I sha'n't go any more."

"Peggy, he's very fond of you. He'll hate your knowing more than anybody else's in the world almost."

"I shall tell him you're not to blame, of course."

"I wasn't thinking of that. He's been very kind to you. There was always bread-and-butter!"

This particular appeal miscarried; a subtlety of resentment centred on the bread-and-butter.

"I hate to think of it," said Peggy brusquely. "Do you really mean I'm to say nothing?"

"I mean much more. You're still to be his friend, still to go and see him, still to eat bread-and-butter. And, Peggy, you're still to love him—to love him as I do."

Peggy looked across at him, and looked with new eyes. He had been the dear friend of many sunny hours; but now he wore a look and spoke in tones that the sunny hours had not called forth.

"I stand by him, whatever happens, and I want you to stand by him too."

"If it came to the point, you'd stand by him and let me go?" she asked, with a sudden quick understanding of his meaning.

"Yes," said Tommy simply. He did not tell her there would be any sacrifice in what she suggested.

"I don't believe I can do it," moaned Peggy.

"Yes, you can. Be just the same to him, only—only rather nicer, you know. There's only one chance for him, you see."

"Is there any chance?" she asked dolefully. Her eyes met his. "Yes, perhaps I know what you mean," said she.

They were silent a moment. Then he came to her and took her hand. "Word of honor, Peggy," he said, "to let neither Airey himself nor any of the rest know? You must connive, as I did."

She turned her eyes up to his in their clouded brightness. "I promise, word of honor, Tommy," said she.

He nodded in a friendly way and strolled off to the writing-table. She wandered to the window and looked out on the spacious, solid old square. The summer evening was bright and clear, but Peggy was sad that there were things in the world hard to endure. Yet there were other things too; down in her heart was a deep joy because to-day, although she had lost a dear illusion, she had found a new treasure-house.

"I'm thinking some things about you, Tommy, you know," she said, without turning round. There was a little catch in her voice.

"That's all right. Just let me write a letter, and we'll go and dine."

She stood still till he rose and turned to see her head outlined against the window. For a moment he regarded it in silence, thinking of the grace she carried with her, how she seemed unable to live with meanness, and how for love's sake she would face it now, and, if it might be, heal it by being one of those who loved. He came softly behind her, but she turned to meet him.

"I suppose we must all cry sometimes, Tommy. Do say it makes the joy better!"

"They always tell you that!" He laughed gently.

"I came here to laugh with you, but now—"

"Laughter's the second course to-day," said Tommy Trent.

It came then. He saw it suddenly born in her eyes and marked its assault on the lines of her lips. She struggled conscientiously, thinking, no doubt, that it was a shame to laugh. Tommy waited eagerly for the victory of mirth, or even that it might, in a general rout, save its guns and ammunition, and be ready to come into action another day. He had his hope. Peggy's low rich laugh came, against her will, but not to be denied.

"At any rate I show him the better way! I drew another fifty pounds to-day. And he hates it—oh, he hates it, Tommy!"

He laughed too, saying, "Let's go out and play."

As they went down stairs she thrust her hand through his arm and kept patting him gently. Then she looked up, and swiftly down again, and laughed a little and patted him again.

"I've half a mind to sing," said she.

The afternoon had been a bottle of the old mixture—laughter and tears.

CHAPTER XII

HOT HEADS AND COOL

Lady Blixworth's doors were still open to Beaufort Chance, and there, one evening, he saw Trix in her splendor. Mervyn was in attendance on her; the Barmouths were not far off, and were receiving congratulations most amiably. In these days Trix's beauty had an animation and expressed an excitement that gave her an added brilliance, though they might not speak of perfect happiness. Lady Blixworth was enjoying a respite from duty, and had sunk into a chair; Beaufort stood by her. He could not keep his eyes from Trix.

"Now I wonder," said Lady Blixworth, with her gentle deliberation, "what you're thinking about, Beaufort! Am I very penetrating, or very ignorant, or just merely commonplace, in guessing that Trix Trevalla would do well to avoid you if you had a pistol in your hand?"

"You aren't penetrating," said he. She had stood by him, so he endured her impertinence, but he endured it badly.

"You don't want to kill her?" she smiled. "That would be too gentle? Oh, I'm only joking, of course." This excuse was a frequent accompaniment of her most pointed suggestions.

"She'll have a pretty dull time with Mervyn," he said, with a laugh.

"I suppose that idea always does console the other men? In this case quite properly, I agree. She will, Beaufort; you may depend on that." Her thoughts had gone back to that Sunday at Barslett.

Glentorly came up the stairs. She greeted him without rising; his bow to Beaufort Chance was almost invisible; he went straight across to Trix and Mervyn. Lady Blixworth cast an amused glance at her companion's lowering face.

"Why don't you go and congratulate her?" she asked. "I don't believe you ever have."

"I suppose I ought to," he said, meeting her malicious look with a deliberate smile.

A glint of aroused interest came into her eyes. Would he have the courage?

"Well, you can hardly interrupt her while she's with Mortimer and George Glentorly."

"Can't I?" he asked with a laugh. "Sit here and you shall see."

"I'd no idea it could be amusing in my own house," smiled Lady Blixworth. "Well, I'm sitting here!"

What he saw had roused Beaufort's fury again. Everything helped to that—the sight of Trix, Mervyn's airs of ownership and lofty appropriation of her, the pompous smiles of the Barmouths; most of all, perhaps, that small matter of Lord Glentorly's invisible bow. And he himself was there on the good-natured but contemptuous sufferance of his old friend and malicious mocker, Lady Blixworth. But he had a whip; he was minded at least to crack it over Trix Trevalla.

She was standing by the two men, but they had entered into conversation with one another, and for the moment she was idle. Her eyes, travelling round the room, fell on Beaufort Chance. She flushed, gave him a hurried bow, and glanced in rapid apprehension at Mervyn. He and Glentorly were busy agreeing that they were, jointly and severally, quite entitled to be relied on by the country, and Mervyn saw nothing. Trix's bow gave Beaufort

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Chance his excuse. Without more ado he walked straight and boldly across the room to her. Still the other two men did not see him. Trix edged a pace away from them and waited his coming; she was in as sore fear as when he had snatched her letter from her in her drawing-room. Her breath came fast; she held her head high.

"You must let an old friend congratulate you, Mrs. Trevalla," said Beaufort. He spoke low and smiled complacently as he held out his hand.

Trix hated to take it; she took it very graciously, with murmured thanks. She shot an appealing glance past him towards where her hostess sat. Lady Blixworth smiled back, but did not move an inch.

"Though your old friends have seen very little of you lately."

"People in my position must have allowances made for them, Mr. Chance."

"Oh yes; I wasn't complaining, only re-

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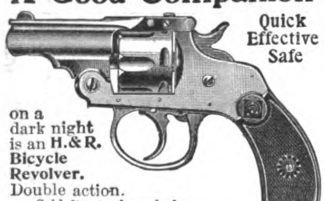
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gretting. Seen anything of our friends the Frickers lately?"

The question was a danger-signal to Trix. He was prepared to pose as the Frickers' friend if only he could tar her with the same brush; that boded mischief.

Fricker's name caught Lord Glentorly's ear; he glanced round. Mervyn still noticed nothing.

"I haven't seen them for a long while," answered Trix in steady tones, her eyes defying him.

He waited a moment, then he went on, raising his voice a little.

"You must have heard from Fricker, anyhow, if not from the ladies? He told me he'd written to you."

Mervyn turned round sharply. Emerging from the enumeration of the strong points of his Chief and himself, he had been conscious that a man was talking to Trix and saying that some other man had written to her. He looked questioningly at Glentorly: that statesman seemed somewhat at a loss.

"Yes," Chance went on; "Fricker said he'd been in correspondence with you about that little venture you're in together. I hope it 'll turn up trumps, though it's a bit of a risk in my opinion. But it's too bad to remind you of business here."

Mervyn stepped forward suddenly.

"If you've any business with Mrs. Trevalla, perhaps she'll avail herself of my help," he said; "although hardly at the present moment or here."

Beaufort Chance laughed. "Dear me, no," he answered. "We've no business, have we, Mrs. Trevalla? I was only joking about a little flutter Mrs. Trevalla has on under the auspices of our common friend—Fricker, you know."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Fricker," said Mervyn coldly.

"He's at a disadvantage compared with us, isn't he, Mrs. Trevalla?"

Mervyn turned from him in a distaste that he took no pains to conceal, and fixed his eyes on Trix's face. Was it possible—really possible—that she could be charged with having "a flutter" under the auspices of Fricker, and stand dumb under the accusation?

Trix laughed nervously, and at last managed to speak:

"That's all very ancient history, Mr. Chance. You should have your gossip more up to date."

"Then you've sold your Glowing Stars?" he retorted quickly. He desired the pleasure of making her lie and of knowing the degradation that she felt.

There was just an instant's pause. Then Lord Glentorly struck in.

"I don't know whether all this is your business," he said to Beaufort, "but I do know it isn't mine. If Mrs. Trevalla allows, we'll drop the subject."

"It's very dull, anyhow," stammered Trix.

"I touched on it quite accidentally," smiled Beaufort. "Well, all good wishes again, Mrs. Trevalla."

With a bow of insolent familiarity he turned on his heel and began to walk towards Lady Blixworth. After a moment's hesitation Mervyn followed him. Trix darted to Glentorly.

"Take me somewhere," she whispered. "Take me away somewhere for a minute."

"Away from that fellow, yes," he agreed with a disgusted air.

Trix seemed to hear him imperfectly. "Yes, yes, away from Mortimer," she whispered.

The swiftest glance betrayed Glentorly's surprise as he obeyed her; she put her arm in his and he led her into the next room, where a sideboard with refreshments stood.

"What does the fellow mean?" he asked.

"It's nothing. Give me a little champagne," said Trix.

Beaufort Chance lounged up to Lady Blixworth.

"Well, you saw me making myself pleasant?" His manner was full of a rude coarse exultation.

Lady Blixworth put up her long-handled *pince-nez* and regarded him through it.

"She hasn't quite cut me, you see," he went on.

"I beg your pardon, Chance, may I have a word with you?" Mervyn came up and joined them.

Lady Blixworth leant back and looked at the pair. She had never thought Mervyn a genius, and she was very tolerant; but she had at that moment the fullest possible realization of the difference between the two; it was between barbarism and civilization. Both might be stupid; both might on occasion be cruel. But there was the profound difference of method.

"A word with me, Mervyn? Of course."

"By ourselves, I mean." His stiffness vigorously refused the approaches of Beaufort's familiarity.

"Oh, all right, by ourselves," agreed Beaufort, with a contemptuous laugh.

Lady Blixworth decided not to indulge her humor any longer; she was distrustful of what might happen.

"You can have your talk any time," she said, rising. She spoke carelessly, but she knew how to assert her right to social command in her own house. "Just now I want Mortimer to take me to have something cool. Good-night, Beaufort." She gave him her hand. He took it, not seeing what else to do. Mervyn had fallen back a step as his bow acknowledged the hostess's command.

"Good-night, Beaufort," said Lady Blixworth, smiling again.

She left him there, and walked off with Mervyn.

"If you must talk to him, wait," she advised, laughing. "Or write to him—that's better. Or let it alone—that's best of all. But at any rate I don't want what the papers call a *fracas*, and I call a shindy, in my house. With your people here too! The Barmouths' presence would make a shindy seem like sacrilege."

"You're quite right," he said gravely.

She glanced at him in pity and in ridicule. "Heavens, how you take things, Mortimer!" she murmured. "You might have seen that he only wanted to be nasty."

"He shall have no more opportunities of obtruding himself on Trix."

"Poor Trix!" sighed Lady Blixworth. It was not quite clear what especial feature of Trix's position she was commiserating.

"I shall speak plainly to him."

"That's just why I wouldn't let it occur in my house."

"Why do you have him here?"

"I believe that in the end it's through a consciousness of my own imperfections." She felt for and with her companion, but she could not help chaffing him again. "He's had rather hard lines too, you know."

"He's not had half what he's deserved. I want to see Trix."

"Oh, put that off too." She had sighted Trix and Glentorly, and a dexterous pressure of her arm headed him in the opposite direction. "You must feed me first, anyhow," she insisted.

Understanding that he had been in effect dismissed from the house, knowing at least that with his hostess's countenance withdrawn from him he would find little comfort there, Beaufort Chance took his departure. His mood was savage; he had gratified revenge at the cost of lowering himself farther; if he had done his best to ruin Trix, he had done something more for himself in the same direction. Yet he had enjoyed the doing of it. A savage triumph struggled with the soreness in him. He had come back to Lady Blixworth to boast to her; Mervyn had spoilt that scheme. He felt the need of recounting his exploit to somebody who would see the glory of it. Connie Fricker had told him that they were going to the opera, and that she supposed there would be some supper afterwards, if he liked to drop in. Almost unconsciously his steps turned towards the house.

Luck favored him, or so he thought. Fricker and his wife had been dropped at a party on the way home; Connie had no card for it, and was now waiting for them alone—or, rather, was using her time in consuming chicken and champagne. He joined in her meal, and did full justice to one ingredient of it at least. With his glass in his hand he leant back in his chair and began to tell her how he had served Trix Trevalla. Whatever the reality might have been, there was no doubt who came out triumphant in the narrative.

Connie had finished her chicken. She leant her plump bare arms on the table and fixed applauding eyes on him.

"Splendid!" she said, with a glint of teeth. "I should love to have seen that."

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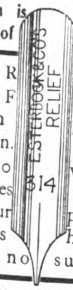
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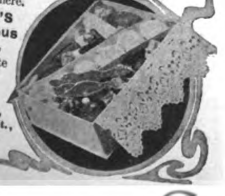
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"I gave her a bit more than she reckoned on," he said, lighting his cigar and then tossing off the last of his glass of wine. "I gave it to her straight." He looked across at Connie. "That's the only way with women," he told her.

Miss Connie mingled admiration and a playful defiance in her smile. "You ought to have married her, then you'd have had your chance," she suggested.

"Precious glad I didn't!" said Beaufort. "Good for her, but poor fun for me, Connie."

Connie got up and came round the table. "You're spilling all your ash on the tablecloth." She gave him an ash-tray from the mantel-piece. "Use that, silly," said she, patting his shoulder, and she went on: "Any woman could manage you all right, you know. Oh, I don't mean a goose like Trix Trevalla, but—"

"A clever girl like yourself, eh?"

"Well, that's the last thing I was thinking about. Still, as far as that goes, I expect I could."

He slewed his chair half-round and looked up at her. Her rollicking defiance, with its skilful hint of contempt, worked on his mood. He forgot his daylight reluctance to commit himself.

"We'd see about that, Miss Connie," he said.

"Oh, I shouldn't be afraid!" she laughed. She spoke the truth; she was not the least afraid of Beaufort Chance, though she was more than a little afraid of Mrs. Fricker. She was at the same time fully aware that Chance would like to think that she was in her heart rather afraid; she gauged him nicely, and the bravado of her declaration was allowed to be hinted at by a fall and a turning away of her eyes. With a confident laugh he slipped his arm round her waist; she drew away; he held her strongly.

"Be quiet," he said, imperiously.

She stood still, apparently embarrassed but yet obedient.

"Why did you try to get away?" he asked, almost threateningly.

"Well, I'm quiet enough now," she pleaded with a low laugh.

His self-complacency was restored: the buffets of the evening were forgotten. He remembered how he had served Trix Trevalla; he forgot what that pleasure had entailed on himself. Now he was showing this girl that she was no match for him. He held her in his grasp while he smoked.

"This is rather dull for me," suggested Connie after a while. "I hope you like it, Mr. Chance?"

"It 'll last just as long as I do like it," he told her.

A bell sounded; they heard the hall door opened and voices in the hall.

"Listen! Let me go! No, you must. It's papa and mamma."

"Never mind. Stay where you are."

"What do you mean? Nonsense! I must—" In genuine alarm, now, Connie wrenched herself away, ran to the door, listened, gave Beaufort a wise nod, and sat down opposite to him. He laughed at her across the table.

After a pause a footman came in.

"I was to tell you that Mrs. Fricker has gone straight up stairs, miss. She'd like to see you for a minute in her room when you go up, miss."

"All right. Say I'll be there in five minutes. Where's papa?"

"Mr. Fricker's gone into the study, miss."

"We're in luck," said Beaufort, when the door was closed.

"I must go in a minute or two. I expect mamma doesn't like me being here with you. It's not my fault. I didn't know you were coming. I didn't let you in."

"Of course it's not your fault. We'll tell mamma so."

"I think you'd better go," suggested Connie; he treated Mrs. Fricker with too much flippancy.

"Yes, I will. I'll join your father and have a whiskey-and-soda. But say good-night first, Connie."

"Oh, well, be quick, then," said Connie.

Now, as it happened through an oversight, there was no whiskey-and-soda in the study. Mr. Fricker discovered this disconcerting circumstance when he had got into his smoking-jacket and slippers. He swore gently and came up stairs, his slippers passing

(*Continued on page 1085.*)

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Chimmie Fadden: A Lawn-Party Comedy-Drama

With Society Side-lights by Paul and Widdy

HERE'S de way Duchess explains de game to me: Miss Fannie, being in mixed poiple, on account of her hubby not being in de odder woild long enough yet to vote, we can't go into society, so we lets society come to us on de quiet. We has kind of soft-drink social doings, where half-mourning is *com de foe*. I don't mean dat we soives only soft drinks at our blow-outs, but dat de kind of blow-outs we gives now is not de whole bazoonus: just like a road-side house, what hasn't no license to sell hard snaps, sells soft drinks—not de real ting, I mean.

De finest ting in de line of society stunts Miss Fannie passes out is a lawn fête. Dat isn't just de same as a lawn-mower; dough when I runs a lawn fête I sweats like de gardiner when he runs a lawn-mower. Dey is warm propositions, I'm telling you. When we had our lawn fête de odder day it was a hundred to one in de shade, and general humidity was humming at de champagne tent.

When you gives dat kind of social fiction you must take de axe and saw to de invitation list. I hear Mr. Paul say dat when de folks was getting up de list.

"A mucker in evening dress," says Mr. Paul, "packed into a parlor crush, hasn't much chance for to expose himself. He is like a fly in blackberry jam: he doesn't bodder, cause you is not likely to know he is dere. But," says he, "a mucker on a lawn has de wide, wide woild to give himself away in. Den he"s like a fly in ice-cream: you can't lose him."

"Did you have some fear, Paul," says Miss Fannie, piping him wit wide eyes, "dat my address-book has a large assortment of what you is pleased to call 'muckers' in it?"

"Ma'am," he says, "your ionic tone of approach forces me to put up me mitts in defence."

"Well, Paul," says Whiskers, "what's troubling you? Who's a mucker?"

"Most men," says Mr. Paul.

"Oh, oh!" says Wily Widdy, "dis is becoming funny."

"I do not joke in warm wedder," Mr. Paul says. "I mean to say dat de majority of men is kept conventional only when de harness of conventionality—"

Dat's a honey-bunny of a woid: I likes to say it. "De harness of conventionality is buckled on 'em so tight dey couldn't get over de traces if dey tried. But when de harness is off, or loose, or is a misfit—look out! I has spoke in parallels: let me be plain. Most men is well behaved in society because most society is indoors: at de dining table, in de music, billiard, or ball room. We is still so very little removed from our forest-roaming ancestors dat, wedder we is conscious of it or not, we is impressed by a sense of restraint when we is in a room: in a crowded room particular; in a room crowded wit entirely conventional people, most particular. Under de latter soicumstances a mucker—even a cad—is mostly held in such restraint dat de obsoiver who does not see de mucker's half-hid misery may mistake him for a gent. But free dat mucker from de physical restraint of close prox—proxer—"

Wait a minute: I has to take a running jump at dat woid. Some of de woids Mr. Paul passes out makes big hits wit me.

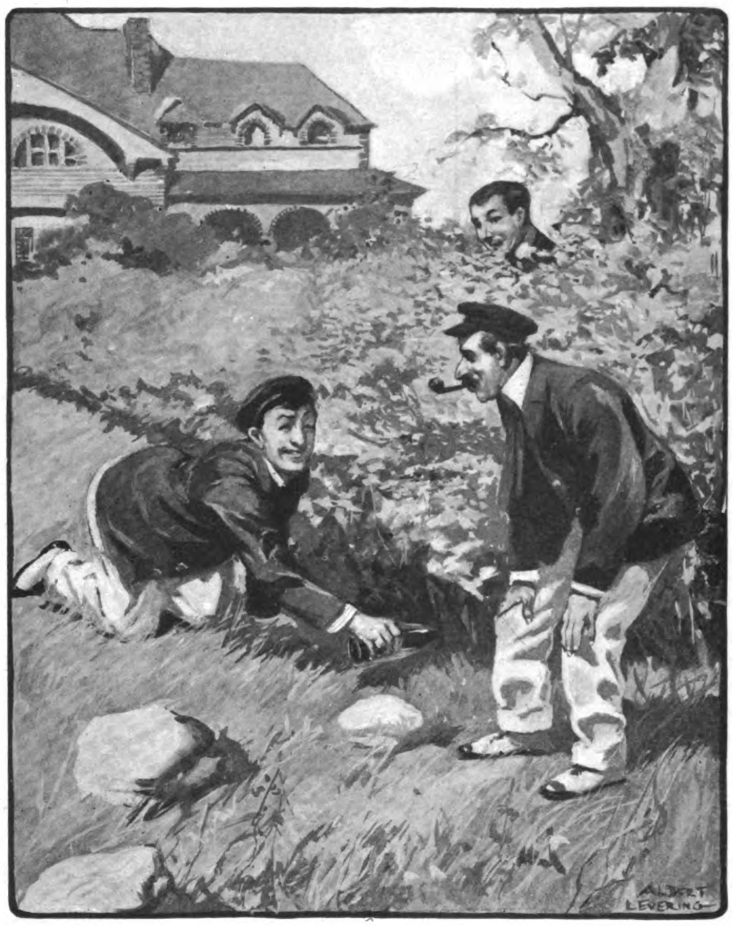
"From de prox-im-i-ty of well-bred folks, and his gauzy mask of breeding flies to de four windes of heaven."

Say, I asks you fair: am I getting a neck holt on Mr. Paul's dude langwudge, or am I not? What!

"I guess you're not joking, after all," says Widdy. "What you say explains a lot of doings I just seen at Newport. I never took out no license to pass on society morals, nor has I been appointed Censor of Stories. I'll stand pat for de general run of parlor talk; but out-of-doors society is getting a trifle high for your Auntie Harding."

"Tut, tut!" says Whiskers.

"True," says she. "Dere is a sweet bunch of bracelet-wearing boys of fifty to sixty years of age, who flock wit a push known dese dozen years as de 'younger matron set,' dat loaf about de beach, de Casino, golf clubs, and tennis courts—but never swim, golf, or tennis—and dat tell stories dat put even me out of business."



I rubbers, and cops 'em slipping Chap's bot into de hedge

Well, de fête fêted up to de limit. Dere was a band; some real actors done a toin under de trees out of a play called "What 'll You Have?"—no, "As You like It"—dere was daylight fireworks dat trun Mr. Paul's Chap valet into fits of joy; dere was a sure-enough gypsy fortune-teller, and all de gags of de season.

Refreshments was as you like it, too; me running de champagne, wit Chap to help me.

Dere was a couple of guests what come to our landing, on a launch from a yacht, and dey was on to de wine wit bote feet from de start. After a while dey sits down under a big parasol, close to de hedge between Mr. Paul's place and ours, and dey calls for me.

"Bring a bottle, me man," says one. "You need not open it just yet; we're waiting for frens."

I fetches a quart, and gets tipped half a bean. Dat was pretty good business, but I was leery of deir game. Pretty soon dey calls Chap, and gives him de same song and dance. I asks Chap where was deir empty bottle, and he says dere was none. "Someting doin," says I to meself. I rubbers, and cops 'em slipping Chap's bot into de hedge. Easy! I takes a couple of empties, sneaks around behind de hedge, and puts 'em in de place of de full bots. Honest, dey woiks dat game on Chap and me, tipping us a split wafer each time, till dey tought dey had a dozen quarts in de hedge. But I played my end of de game all de time, and dey had a dozen empties.

When dey starts for de launch I hears 'em laughing, and saying, "Only six dollars for a dozen of old Van Courtlandt's special-vintage fizz. Good business!" Dey sends deir boatman up behind de hedge, wit a basket, and when he went back wit de empties I happens down to de landing too.

My, my! dey was woozy-looking citizens when dey sees what de boatman had fetched.

"I gets tree cents each for dose champagne-bottles," I says to 'em. "Leave your cards, and I'll send de old-bottle man around to you," says I.

I passes de yarn on to Mr. Paul. "Do not tell Miss Fannie," he says, "for I suggested scratching de names of dose gents from her list," he says. "Never prove a woman to be in de wrong, Chames, if you want to be right wit her yourself."

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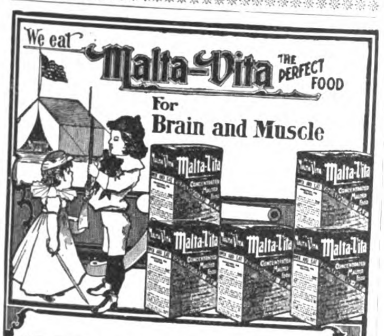
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(*Continued from page 1083.*)

noiselessly over the rich carpets of his staircase and passages. He opened the door of the room and came in. To his amazement, his daughter whirled quickly across his path, almost cannoning into him; and there, whence she came, Beaufort Chance stood, looking foolish and awkward. Connie was flushed and her hair untidy.

"Good-evening, Beaufort. I was looking for whiskey-and-soda, Connie dear."

A few more remarks were interchanged, but the talk came chiefly from Beaufort, and consisted of explanations why he had not gone before, and how he was just going now. Then he did go, shaking hands with them both, not looking either of them in the face.

"You can find your own way down?" Fricker suggested, as he picked a chicken's leg. "Give me a little more soda, Connie."

She obeyed him, and, when they were alone, came and stood on the opposite side of the table. Fricker ate and drank in undisturbed composure. At last he observed:

"I thought your mother wanted you. Hadn't you better go up to her, Connie?" He glanced round at the clock and smiled at his daughter in his thoughtful way.

"Of course you can tell her; but you'll spoil it all, if you do," Connie burst out. She seemed ready to cry, being sadly put out by her father's premature discovery, and undisguisedly alarmed as to what view might be taken of the matter.

"Spoil it all?" repeated Fricker, meditatively. "All what? Your fun, my dear?"

"It's more than fun," she said. "Unless I'm interfered with," she added, resentfully.

"Your mother's ideas are so strict," smiled Fricker, wiping his mouth and laying aside his napkin. "If she'd come in when I did—eh, Connie?" He shook his head and delicately picked his teeth.

"It's all right if—if you let me alone." She came round to him. "I can take care of myself, and—" She sat on the arm of his chair. "It wouldn't be so bad, would it?" she asked.

"Hum. No, perhaps it wouldn't," admitted Fricker. "Do you like him, Connie?"

"We should manage very well, I think," she laughed, feeling easier in her mind. "But if you tell mamma now—"

"We upset the apple-cart, do we, Connie?" He fell into thought. "Might do worse, and perhaps shouldn't do much better, eh?"

"I dare say not. And"—an unusual timidity for the moment invaded Miss Connie's bearing—"and I do rather like him, papa."

Fricker had the family affections, and to him his daughter seemed wellnigh all that a daughter could be expected to be. She had her faults, of course—a thing not calculated to surprise Fricker—but she was bright, lively, pretty, clever, dutiful, and very well behaved. So long as she was also reasonable, he would stretch a point to please her; he would at least make every consideration on her side of the case weigh as heavily as possible. He thought again, reviewing Beaufort Chance in the new light.

"Well, run it for yourself," he said.

Connie bent down and kissed him. She was blushing and she looked happy.

"Now run off up stairs."

"You won't tell mamma?"

"Not if you can go on managing it all right."

Connie kissed him again. Then she, in her turn, looked at the clock.

"May I say that Mr. Chance has been gone ever so long, and that you made me stay with you?"

"Yes," said Fricker, rather amused.

"Good-night, you darling," cried Connie, and danced out of the room.

"Rum creatures!" ejaculated Fricker. "She's got a head on her shoulders, though."

On the whole he was well pleased. But he had the discernment to wonder how Beaufort Chance would feel about the matter the next morning. He chuckled at this idea at first, but presently his peculiar smile regained its sway—the same smile that he wore when he considered the case of Trix Trevalla and Glowing Stars.

"What Beaufort thinks of it," he concluded as he went up to bed, "won't be quite the question."

He found Mrs. Fricker not at all displeased with Connie.

To be Continued.

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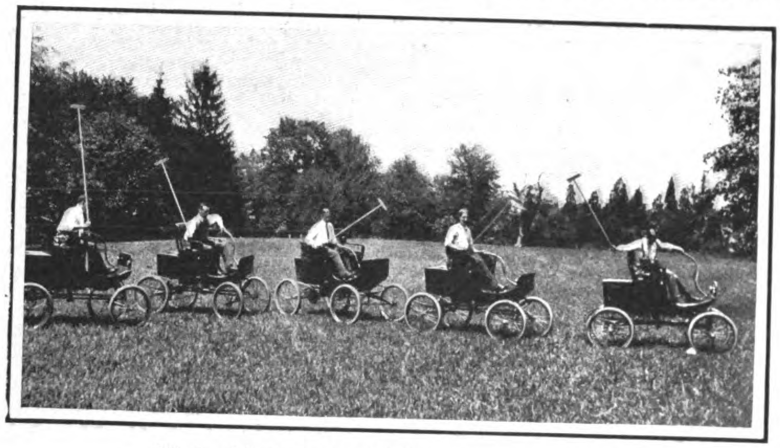
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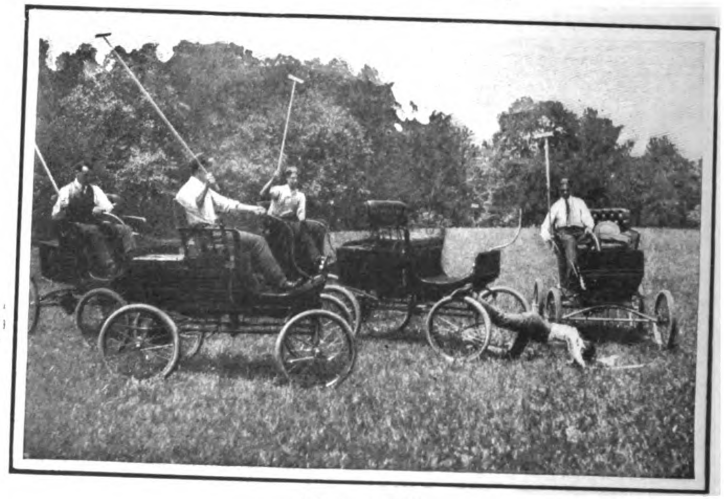
What might be called "A Run along the Boards"

The first idea of every purchaser seems to be the possibility of possessing a vehicle which will, with no trouble or care on his part, transport him safely, comfortably, and swiftly wherever he may wish to go. Among those who have approached the subject of the management of the motor-carriage with a full appreciation of the limitations and possibilities of the machine, no one is better qualified than Professor Frederic R. Hutton, Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the Columbia School of Mines, who has for some time operated a steam motor-car of the locomobile type. His remarks, which follow, concerning the use of the car should be appreciated by owners of similar machines:

"The light runabout construction, on account of its diminished weight, gives the greatest manœuvring facility in starting and stopping in crowded streets. With three-to-one gear—that is, three turns of the engine to one turn of the driving axle—the link motion can be put in the notch half-way between full and mid gear, for levels and slight inclines. This makes an invisible and quiet exhaust for summer and dry weather. In winter and on damp days some exhaust shows, but the engine uses less water than when run by the throttle and with the link full forward. With gear three to one the vehicle will take two people and the extra load of tourist hand-luggage up any hill that is usually laid out on highways. I have been caught in *very* deep moist sand on a steep hill. The carriage will take any grade of any length on macadam up to twenty per cent. and never whimper. As the road deteriorates, the grade or its length grows less. I have lost adhesion in a mud-hole of greasy slime and on drenched grass, so that the wheels have spun. For this, however, skilful handling and slow speed are requisite, or the boiler pressure will run down, and the machine will stall at some slight increase.

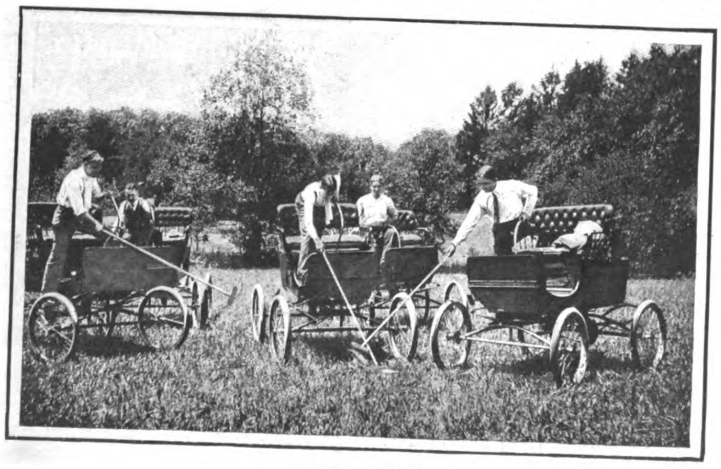
Professor Hutton's remarks on his experiences in meeting horses on the road are timely and interesting. He says: "I have not stampeded a horse yet, in over 2000 miles of country touring. But this is because I always examine the horse coming towards me, and if he seems nervous and shy, I stop at the side of the road and speak to him. If he has any sort of a driver he will get by without danger of bolting. For women and children I usually get out and help by leading the horse. As a result I have known only the most courteous and kindly treatment from horsemen wherever I have gone. I use my bell very little; it alarms more than it warns; I usually dodge behind pedestrians. A very potent argument for steam machines versus the explosive type is the silence of the steam machine and the ease of starting from rest."

A MOTOR vehicle seems an incongruous element in connection with polo, yet an amusing game was played a short time ago on the field of the Dedham Polo Club of Boston. The players had the regulation mallets, but were seated in light steam runabouts instead of on ponies. No difficulty was found in keeping up a fast game, the ball could be hit with great precision, and the flexibility of control by throttle permitted very skilful manœuvres. Near side strokes are obviously out of the question on a machine of the regulation type, but with specially constructed bodies, if the wheels were protected by metal guards, it would be quite possible to "ride off" the opposing player and play the ball from any side. Other necessary changes would be the substitution of a wheel for the steering lever, and a narrow single seat of the racing type for the wide touring body. The game of "mobile" polo should not prove as expensive as the regular game. Instead of a string of from four to six ponies, which "eat their heads off" all winter, or else must be sold in the fall at a considerable loss, the well-equipped player would need two steam motors, which would not cost more than the price of four good ponies, and should last several seasons with proper care. Two cars seem necessary in a fast game, because of large steam consumption; while one machine was in play the other would have its supplies replenished, oil-cups filled, and other adjustments made. The steam vehicle seems obviously the most suited to the game of "mobile" polo.



"Unhorsed!"

The spectacular features of the motor have attracted so much attention that little consideration has been given to what is, after all, of the most importance —the use of the road-car from the view-point of the average owner.



"A Throw-in!"

AUTOMOBILE POLO

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International Lawn-Tennis Matches

See page 1058

THE second contest for the Davis International Challenge Cup, which represents the international lawn-tennis championship of the world, takes place this week on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn, at Bay Ridge, New York.

The challengers have named as their representatives Reginald F. Doherty, Hugh L. Doherty, and Dr. Joshua Pim, and the American authorities have selected William A. Larned, Malcolm D. Whitman, Dwight F. Davis (the donor of the trophy), and Holcombe Ward as their representatives. Davis and Ward will play in the doubles, and Larned and Whitman in the singles. The conditions do not require that it shall be specified which players shall be used for the different events until the day before the matches begin, when only three men are named, so it is not known positively which English players will be used in singles, although it is generally expected that H. L. Doherty and Pim will play in singles, and the Doherty brothers in doubles.

The conditions of the tournament call for five matches, four in singles and one in doubles. Each of the Americans (Larned and Whitman) will meet both of the Englishmen (in singles) in turn, and the American doubles team will meet the players nominated by the challengers for this event. Each of the five matches will be best-three-in-five sets, and the majority of matches will win the championship.

The Doherty brothers have long been considered abroad as the finest players in the world. They have held nearly every championship, in both singles and doubles, that is worth having, both on the Continent and in Great Britain. For five years (1897-1901) they held the championship of All-England in doubles, and were beaten for this title only six weeks ago at Wimbledon. Last year they beat Davis and Ward, the American champions, in the challenge match for the English championship at Wimbledon. In singles, H. L. Doherty has just won the English championship (six weeks ago), and before that he has held almost all of the other prominent championship titles in England. His brother won the All-England championship in singles in 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900. Dr. J. Pim won the All-England championship in singles in 1893 and 1894. He and R. F. Doherty have been often rated as the most brilliant players England ever produced, while H. L. Doherty has been generally considered the most consistent and steady of England's best. The three constitute the strongest team that it would be possible for Great Britain to get together under any circumstances.

Davis and Ward have held the American championship in doubles for the last three years, and still hold the title. Last year they played in the English championship tournament (doubles), and not only won the all-comers', but gave the Doherty brothers a close four-set match for the English championship, and that under strange conditions. Larned holds the American championship in singles, and has often been rated as the most brilliant player the country has ever produced, while Whitman has generally been considered the most consistent and the most steady player we have had. He held the American championship in singles for three years, 1898, 1899, and 1900. These four men are considered by far the strongest team that it would be possible for America to produce under any circumstances, and American players have high hopes for their success.

The Davis cup was offered in 1900 by Dwight F. Davis, of St. Louis, and is said to have cost about $1000. It is an enormous punch-bowl of solid silver with gold lining. It is a perpetual international trophy. It was played for once before, in 1900, when the English challenging team was beaten badly for the International championship at Longwood Cricket Club, Boston, Massachusetts. Whitman, Davis, and Ward then beat the challengers, Gore, Black, and Barrett, by three matches to none (two not being finished).

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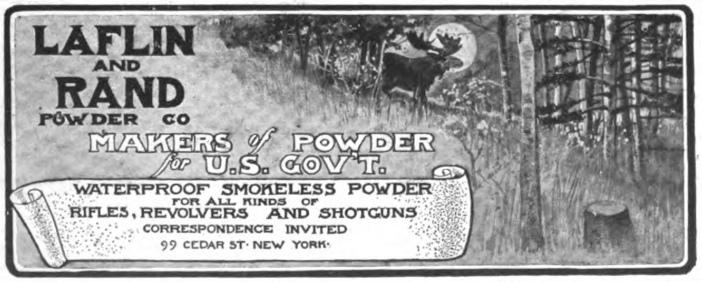
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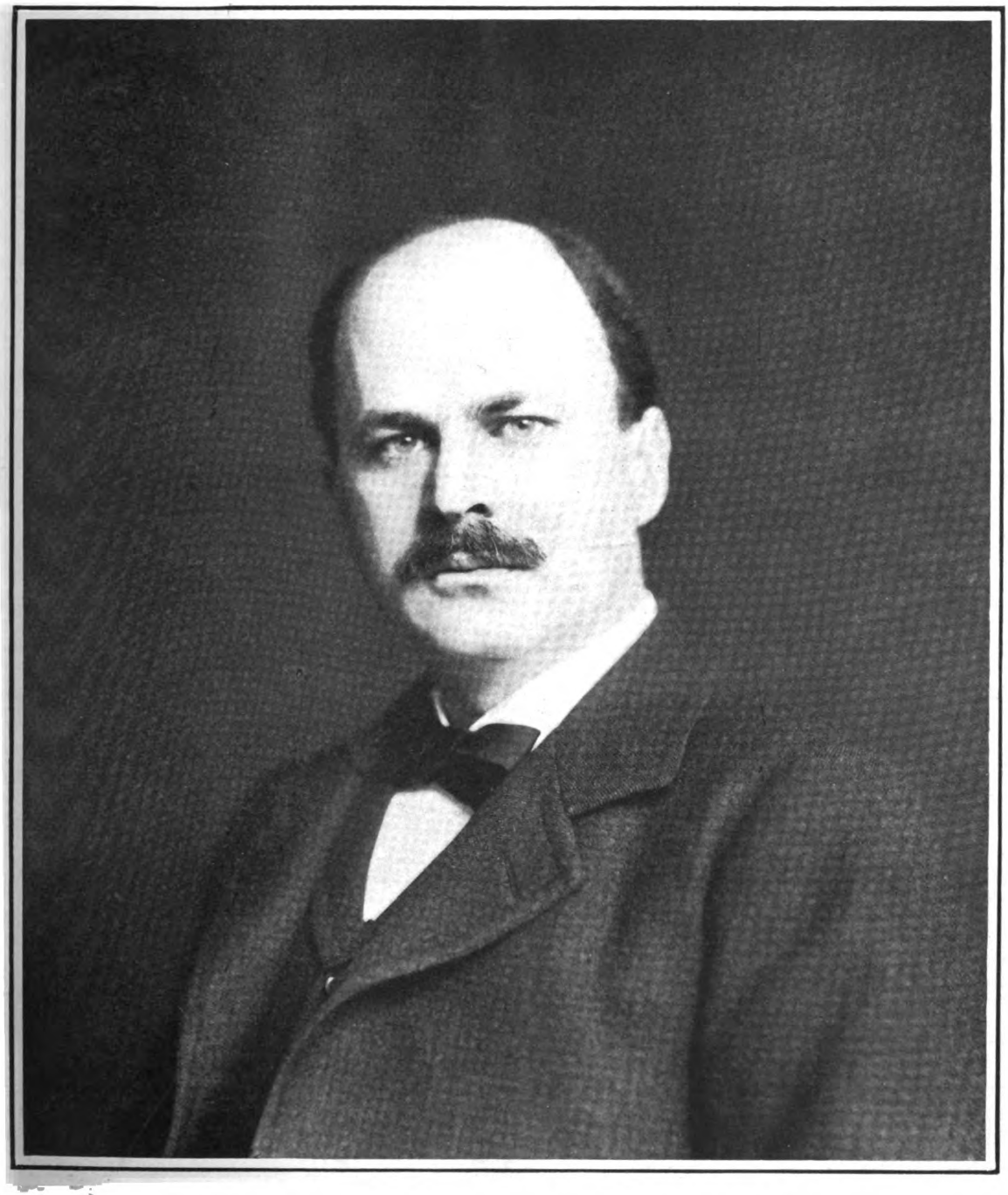
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, August 16, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2382

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

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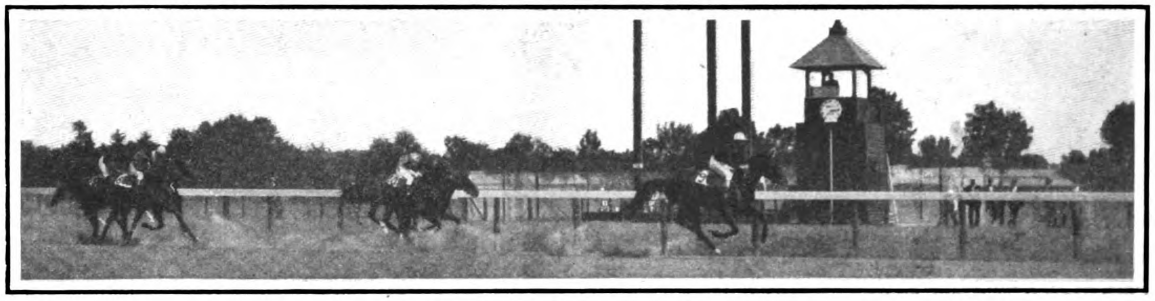
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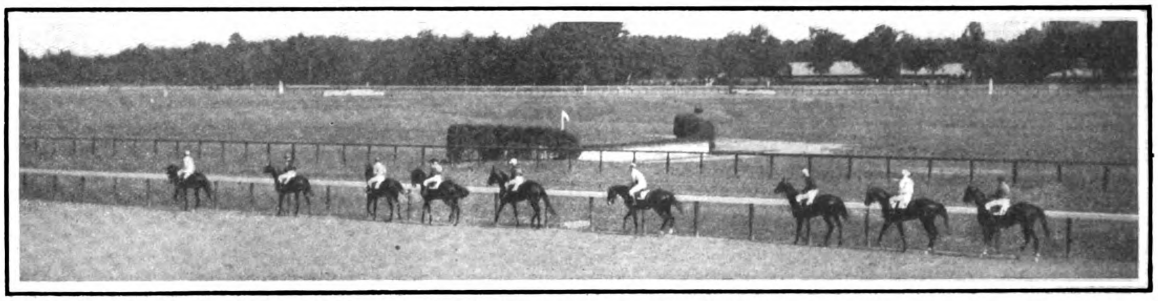
Horses Leaving the Paddock

After a warming-up gallop and a careful toilet under the beautiful green trees, the thoroughbreds answer the bugle's call for the race



The Finish of the Flash Stakes

The West triumphs over the East. The race was won by John W. Schorr's fast filly Judith Campbell



The Parade in Front of the Grand Stand

Just previous to the start of a race the horses, in single file, are marched along the track



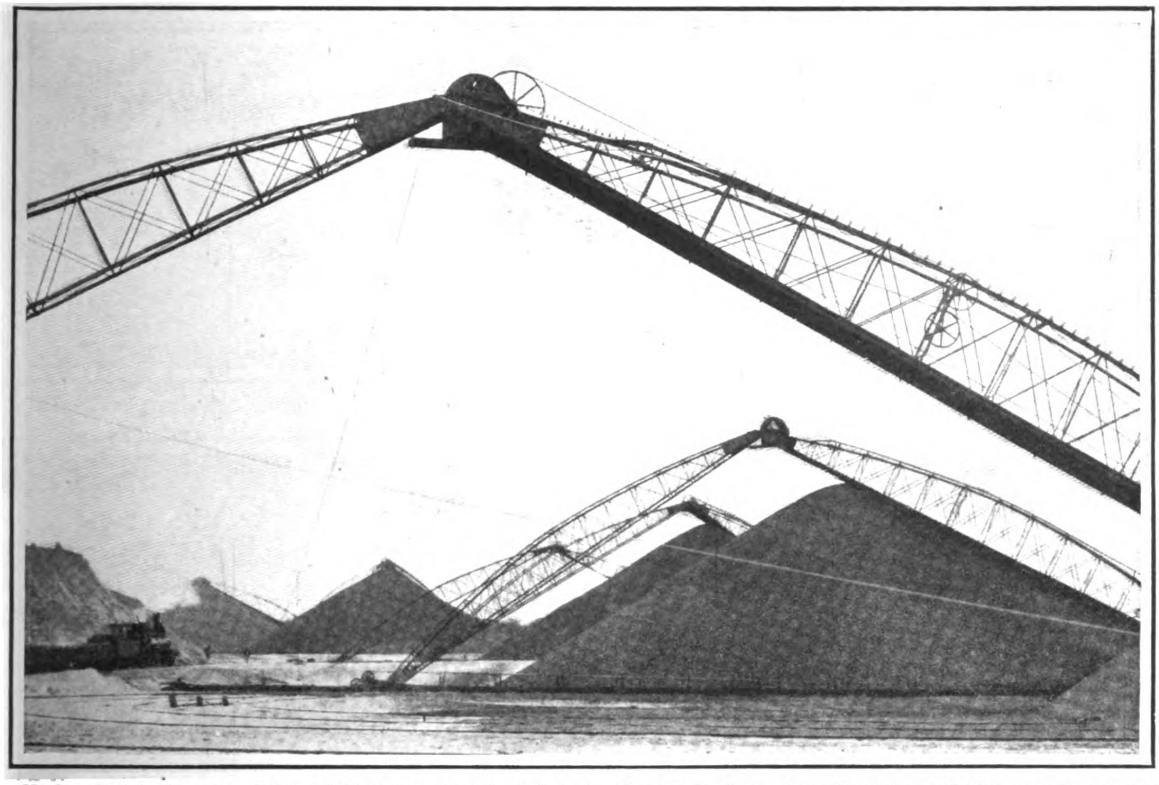
Four Well-known Jockeys

The brilliant colors of the jockeys' uniforms in the emerald setting of the grass around the paddock make a beautiful picture. The boys above are Landry, Redfern, Henderson, and Michaels

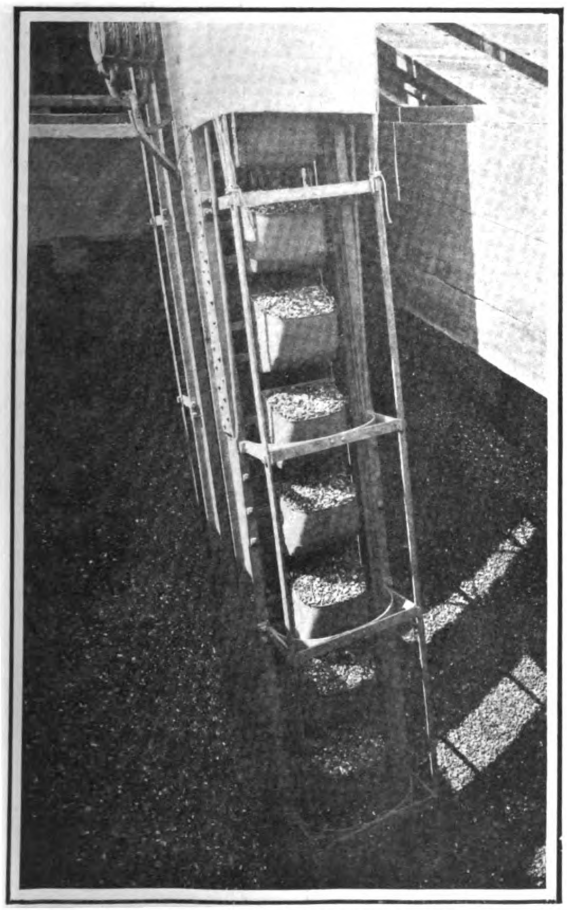
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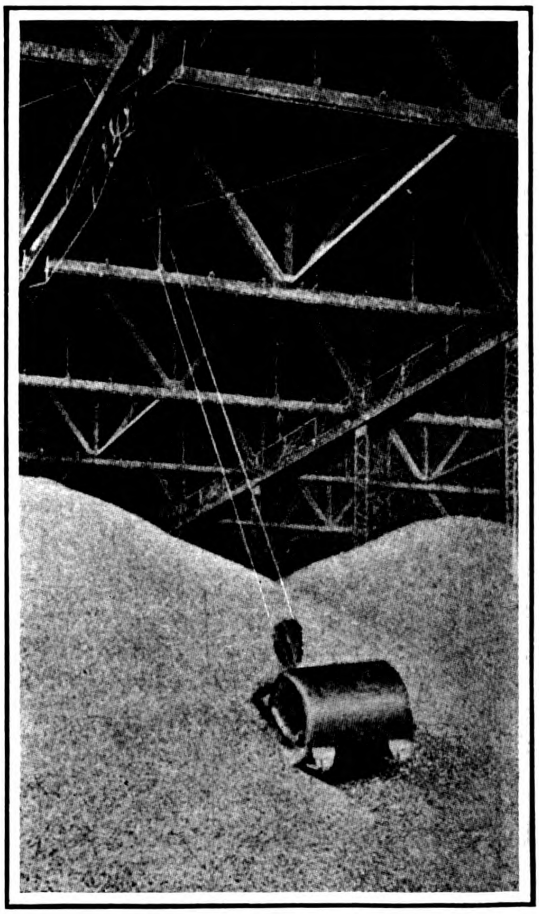
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A huge Elevator at Work, lifting Two Tons per Minute



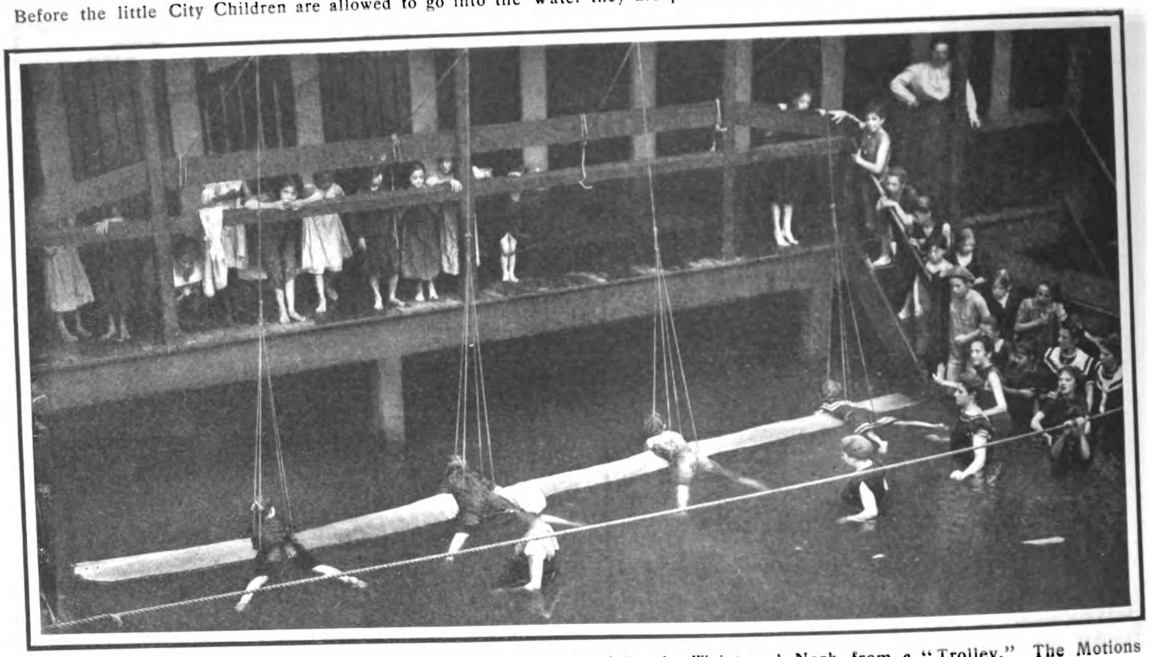
Bucket Shovel for rehandling Coal

LARGE METHODS OF HANDLING COAL FOR THE MARKETS

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Before the little City Children are allowed to go into the Water they are practised in the Motions Day after Day in Classes



The Beginners are then allowed to go into the Water suspended by the Waist and Neck from a "Trolley." The Motions are then Repeated in the Water as the Youngsters rest on a Canvas Support

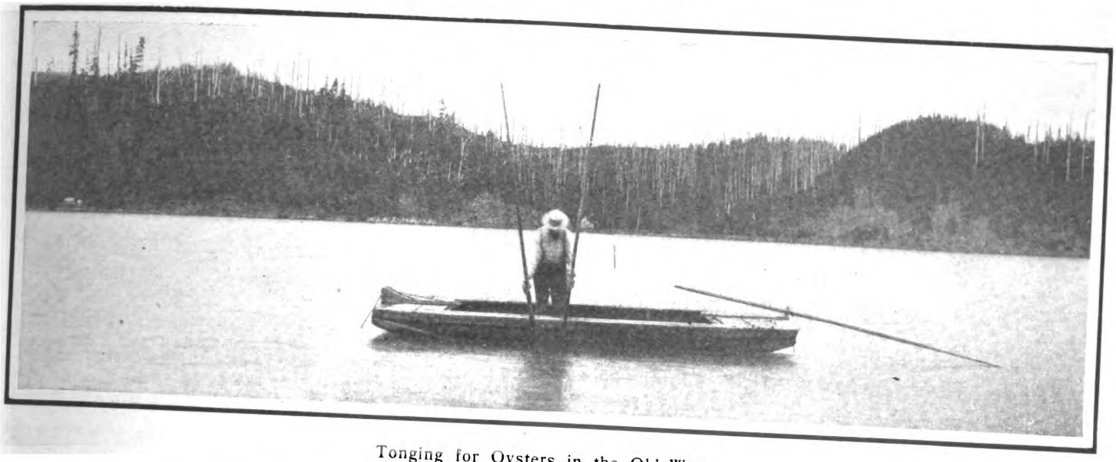


Finally they float off the Canvas Supports, and, still supported by the "Trolley," Swim about under Direction, gaining Confidence

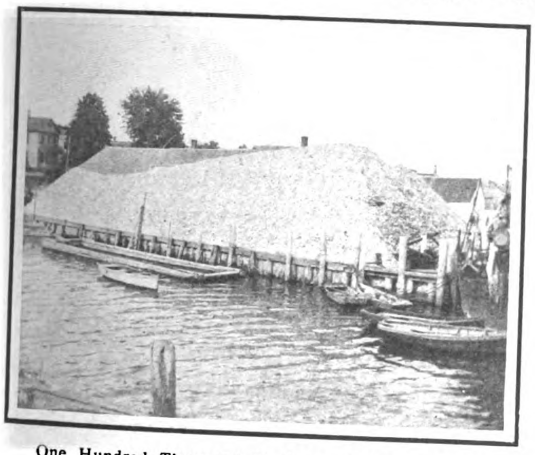
HOW THE CITY OF NEW YORK IS TEACHING ITS POOR CHILDREN TO SWIM

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

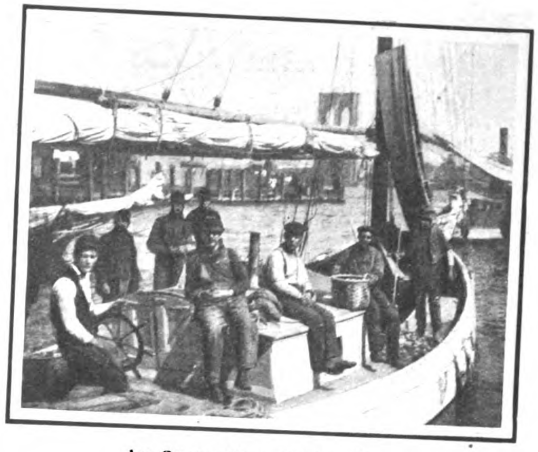
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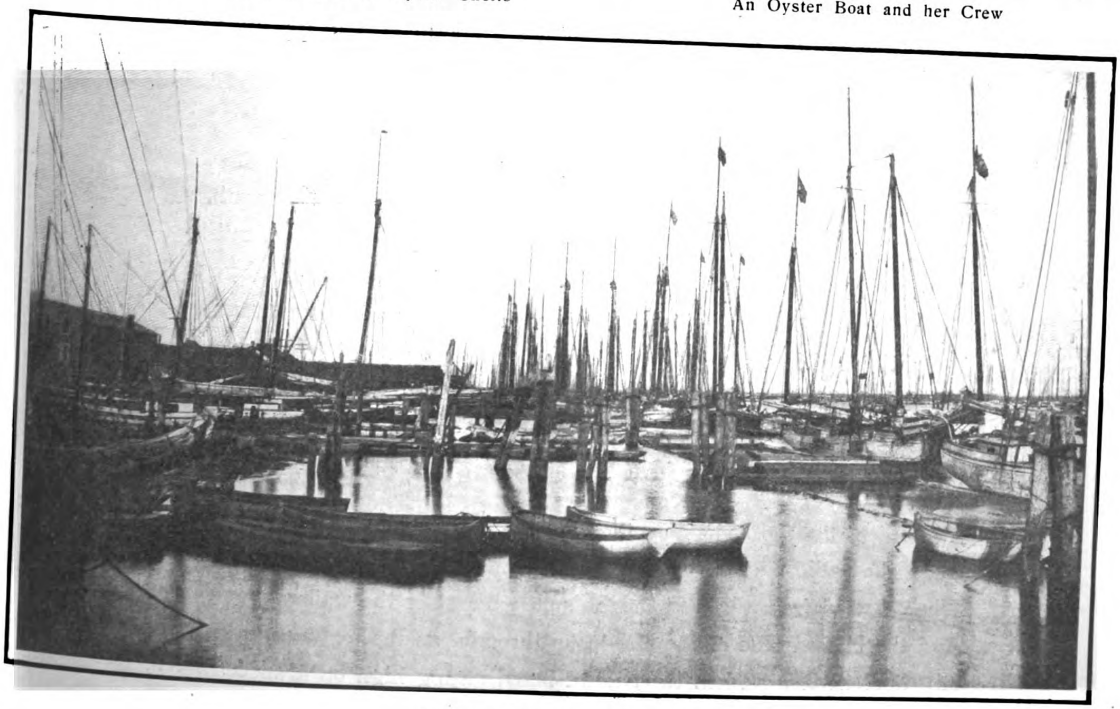
Tonging for Oysters in the Old Way



One Hundred Thousand Bushels of Oyster Shells



An Oyster Boat and her Crew



An Oyster Fleet at Twilight

PREPARING FOR THE OYSTER SEASON

See page 1127

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The Fog

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

THE fog slunk down from Labrador, stealthy, sure, and slow,
Southwardly shifting, far inshore, so never a man might know
How the sea it trod with feet soft-shod, watching the distance dim,
Where the fishing-fleet to the eastward beat, white dots on the ocean's rim.
Feeling the sands with its furtive hands, fingering cape and cove,
Where the sweet salt smells of the nearer swells up the sloping hill-side rove,
Where the whimpering sea-gulls swoop and soar, and the great king-herons go,
The fog slunk down from Labrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

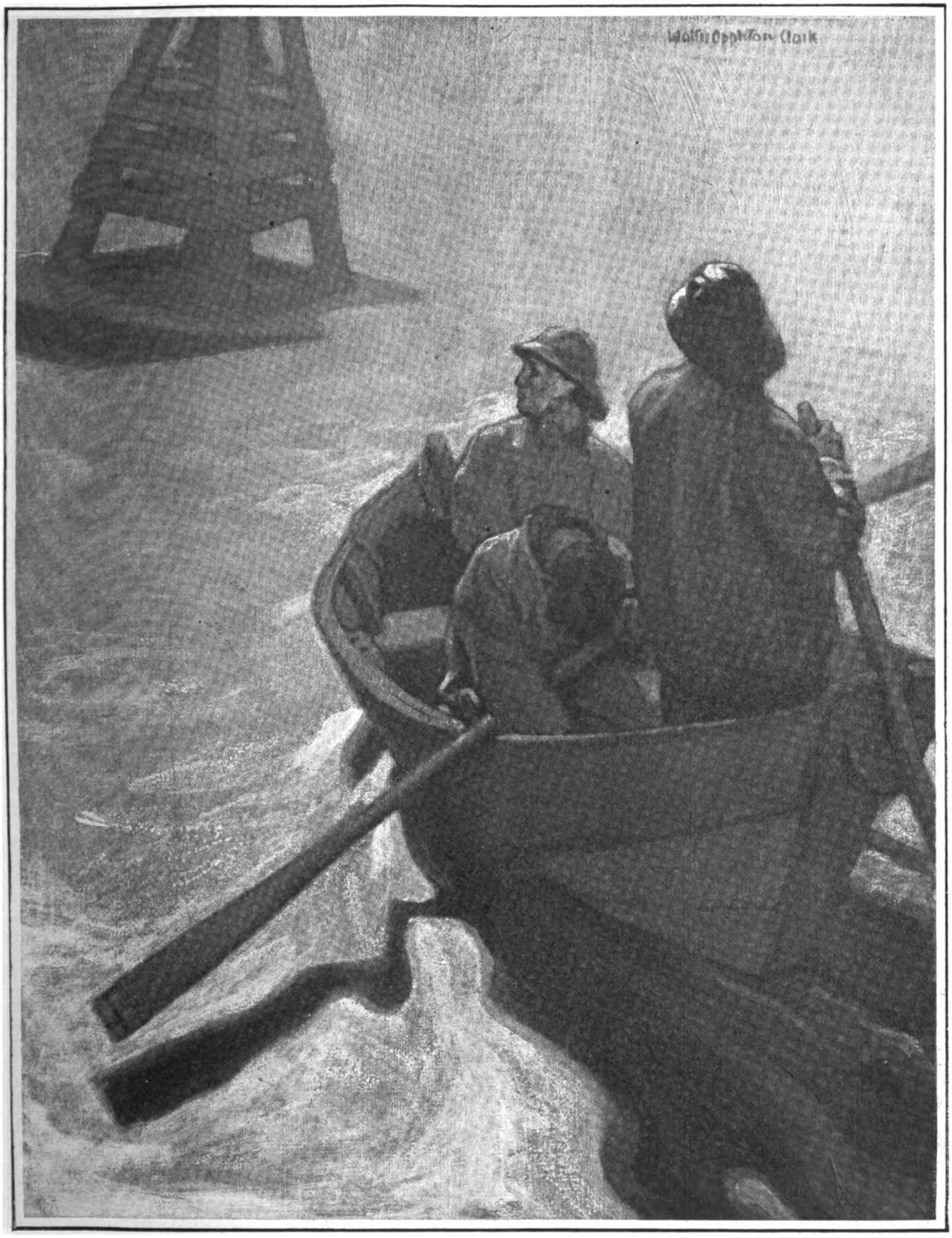
Then a stillness fell on crag and cliff, on beach and breaker fell,
As the sea-breeze brought on its final whiff the note of a distant bell,
One faint, far sound, and the fog unwound its mantle across the lea,
Joined hand in hand with a wind from land, and the twain went out to sea!
And the wind that rose spoke soft, of those who watch on the cliffs at dawn,
And the fog's white lips, of sinking ships where the tortured tempests spawn,
As, each to each, they told once more such things as fishers know,
When the fog slinks down from Labrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Oh, the wan, white hours go limping by, when that pall comes in between
The great, blue bell of the cloudless sky and the ocean's romping green!
Nor sane young day, nor swirl of spray, as the cat's-paws lunge and lift;—
On sad, slow waves, like the mounds of graves, the fishermen's dories drift.
For the fishing-craft that leapt and laughed are swallowed in ghostly gray:
Only God's eyes may see where lies the lap of the sheltered bay,
So their dories grope, for lost their lore, witlessly to and fro,
When the fog slinks down from Labrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Oh, men of the fleet, 'tis ye who learn, of the white fog's biting breath,
That life may hang on the way ye turn, or the way ye turn be death!
Though they on the lea look out to sea for the woe or the weal of you,
The ominous East, like a hungry beast, is waiting your tidings, too!
A night and a day, mayhap, ye stray, a day and a night, perchance,
The dory is led toward Marblehead, or pointed away for France;
The shore may save, or the sea may score, in the unknown final throw,
When the fog slinks down from Labrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Ah, God of the Sea, what joy there lies in that first faint hint of sun!
When the pallid curtains sulking rise, and the reaches wider run,
When a wind from the west on the sullen breast of the waters shoulders near,
And the blessed blue of the sky looks through, as the fog-wreaths curl and clear
Ah, God, what joy when the gallant buoy, swung high on a sudden swell,
Puts fear to flight like a dream of night with its calm, courageous bell,
And the dory trips the sea's wide floor with the verve 'twas wont to know.
And the fog slinks back to Labrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

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"THE FOG"

"Ah, God, what joy when the gallant buoy, swung high on a sudden swell,
Puts fear to flight like a dream of night with its calm, courageous bell!"

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MIDSUMMER MUSIC IN NEW YORK CITY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending August 16, 1902

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COMMENT

CUBAN affairs are becoming dangerously complicated. The Lower House of the Cuban Congress has, by a considerable majority, passed a resolution repudiating the settlement made by General Wood with the Catholic Church authorities, regarding certain Church property, and the resolution has gone to the upper branch of the Congress. Under the Treaty of Paris, the United States government was to reimburse the Church for certain property; and, following this out, General Wood came to terms with the Church authorities, paying them a considerable sum from the Cuban funds. Under the Platt amendment Cuba agreed to recognize all payments made by the American military Governor, so that the action of the Cuban Lower House is a direct violation of the Platt amendment. This action is doubtless an expression of Cuba's disappointment at the failure of President Roosevelt to obtain any advantage for Cuban sugar imports; and it is possible that the enormous war claims being made by Cuba against this country have been swelled by the same feeling of bitterness. The total amount of these claims is said to be $70,000,000. Yet another important piece of news comes from the new island republic. The Cuban Congress has decided to aid the sugar-planters at once, without awaiting President Roosevelt's possible success at the next session of Congress. It is also necessary to pay the debts contracted by the Cuban junta of New York in aid of the Cuban revolution, and also to pay the army of liberation. President Palma is authorized to borrow $35,000,000 in American gold, against which national thirty-year bonds paying five per cent. will be issued. Four million dollars will be applied to aiding the sugar-growers and the agricultural interest generally. This money will be lent, to be repaid next year, with interest at six per cent. President Palma will also be authorized to increase the tariff on certain articles, probably imports from this country. Of the loan, $3,000,000 further will be used to pay the debts of the junta, while $23,000,000 will go to the army of liberation. It is evident that in this way President Palma will be able to meet the troubles of the present only by mortgaging the future; but, unfortunately, this is recognized as good finance by every country in the world.

The mere making of such a loan—if it can be made—is also probably a violation of that portion of the Platt amendment which provides that Cuba shall not run into debt beyond her capacity to pay interest and to maintain a reasonable sinking-fund out of her annual income. A deficiency, however, is expected for the first year, and therefore Cuba cannot pay interest out of her surplus income, let alone contributing to a sinking-fund. It is just as well, however, for this country to be modest in holding Cuba to the promises embodied in the Platt amendments. There is a disposition in the island, one which we must recognize as eminently natural, to disregard the Platt amendments on the ground that our own promise has not been kept. It will be especially out of the way if we cap our own injustice to the Cuban planters by insisting that their own government shall not go to their relief. We are responsible for the hard conditions in the island, and it would not look well if we objected to any remedy of which the Cubans themselves approved.

Whenever President Schurman has anything to say on the subject of the Philippines he is listened to as an authority, and he is worth while heeding. In his last speech, which was delivered at Chautauqua, he gave his fellow-countrymen, and especially his fellow-anti-imperialists, some excellent advice. The duty which this country owes to the Filipinos is not to be performed by complaining of the war, by mourning over the acquisition of the islands, by going deeper into the details of the cruelties which have been practised on both sides. As Mr. Schurman points out, we have the Philippines, and it is idle to go on objecting to their possession; the cruelties have been admitted, and they are fewer than any other army in the world would have been guilty of. What remains to be done is to provide a good government for the islands under the law which was passed by Congress at the last session. Mr. Schurman is probably optimistic in expecting the establishment of a Philippine legislature by 1904. The law provides, first, for a census after the "existing insurrection . . . shall have ceased, and a condition of general and complete peace shall have been established," and two years after the completion of this census an election may be called for a legislative assembly. Whether this assembly meet in 1904 or at some time in the future, however, it will give to the Filipinos the opportunity to learn the art of self-government, or to demonstrate their incapacity. Mr. Schurman is probably correct in asserting that if this country ever consents to grant independence to the Filipinos, it will be after a successful experiment in legislation under the guidance or protectorate of the United States. From this point of view Mr. Schurman's speech ought to be pondered over by the anti-imperialists. If he is right, and we think he is, and if the American people will demand proof of the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government before giving them independence, if, indeed, independence is ever to be granted, the best way to furnish the proof is through the operation of this local legislature. On the other hand, if we are always to govern the islands, the sooner we get to work at our task the better. From every point of view the present duty of the American citizen is to hold up the hands of the administration in its endeavor to establish a government in the Philippines.

Archbishop Ireland's address on the Philippine problem and the friars shows "the priest in politics" in the truest and best sense,—as an enlightened and influential supporter

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of law and order and the civic ideal, against prejudice and ignorance. Pointing out that the logic of the situation, in presence of strange complications for church and state arising from a change of sovereignty in the Philippines, demanded a mutual conference, Archbishop Ireland declared that both President Roosevelt and Leo XIII. saw this. Leo XIII. proposed the conference; the President accepted the proposal. If the administration, he continued, had refused to send a representative to Rome, a great clamor would have arisen; yet clamors are now raised because a representative has been sent to Rome, and because, at the request of the Vatican, the question is now transferred to Manila. Archbishop Ireland humorously concluded that some people were born to clamor, and that the privilege of clamoring must by no means be denied them; but he insisted that they clamor in their own names, and not in the name of the Catholic Church in America; and he himself declared that he would hold his soul in peace, leaving church interests in the Philippines to one who fully understood them and would wisely dispose of them—Leo XIII. This happy utterance, full of urbanity and wisdom, comes opportunely, and it is of good omen that at the same time the French government continues to make good headway in its own religious troubles. The Premier declares that 6000 religious establishments had not applied for authorization on August 1; of these one-half acted in good faith, as belonging to the category of charitable institutions, which are exempted by law; of the remainder, all but 400 have obeyed M. Combes's circular, voluntarily closing their doors. The others decided to wait for the decree of closure, which President Loubet has just signed. Disturbances are probable only in the remoter parts of Brittany. Meanwhile Spain is facing a similar problem, and Premier Sagasta threatens to have recourse to vigorous measures if the Vatican delays a solution. "Spain," he says, "like the United States, cannot yield on the religious question." This association of names is an omen of future good-will.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin is fairly well known in this country on account of his enthusiastic working interest in the revival of the Olympian games. In his own land he enjoys the reputation of being a level-headed, clear-sighted member of the Chamber of Deputies, with a friendly feeling for Anglo-Saxon civilization and institutions. He has just confirmed his attitude in regard to the last-named point by writing in the Paris *Figaro*—which, by-the-way, is gradually winning back to its former high place in journalism—a remarkable article on the foreign policy of the United States. He sets out by asking whether Europeans taken collectively would not perhaps have preferred that Americans should remain a great but crystallized state without seeking to shed too many rays on outside nations. The writer says that a spirit of domination, with a desire to force other peoples to share their aspirations, is the real starting-point of a foreign policy. Interest and lucre have certainly provoked and will provoke wars. But they do not suffice for the frame-work of international relations. The baron acknowledges that the people of France have grossly deceived themselves on the subject of America. "For a century or more," he writes, "we have ignored her young universities and her military exploits. We who were in some sort designated as her teachers have abandoned this fruitful mission to others. To satisfy a dynastic caprice without basis and without future, we have run the risk of losing the benefit of the services rendered by such men as Lafayette and Rochambeau, and by the blood of French soldiers. The Mexican expedition was in direct opposition to the foreign policy of the United States."

The baron goes on, in a manner at once brief and epical, to trace the gradual development of the United States from the time when "the Americans were a fragment of Europe in exile," until the day when the country became "one of the three great territorial powers of the earth." But perhaps the most interesting part of his article is that in which he speaks of the growth of an Anglo-Saxon confederation: "There would be tremendous prestige and advantage, of course, in being the directing power of the New World. But a more glorious and fertile ambition is that of becoming the key-stone of the gigantic Anglo-Saxon edifice. For a long period attentive observers have realized the decrease of traditional and formal animosities, giving place to sympathies between the Americans and the English, which, though delayed by material interests, are growing to their fullest bloom. . . . England has become the British Empire, and is in a fair way to become the Anglo-Saxon confederation. In this second transformation the United States are involved much more deeply than is generally supposed. What ties can equal those caused by a common language, the same soul, and an identical conception of moral and social duty? . . . Commercial harmony, difficult to-day, will perhaps be easy to-morrow. In any case, little by little, the United States are being forced by destiny into the first rank of this giant group. . . . A few more years and this fact will stand out plainly. Let Australia be attacked then, let South Africa be threatened, let any trouble break over Great Britain, and you will see that, as they say at banquets, 'blood is thicker than water,' and that the starred banner has become, *par excellence*, the flag of the Anglo-Saxons. And at Washington, you may be sure that, for the defence of that flag, cannon will be readily forthcoming." Could an Englishman or an American utter a more flattering prophecy?

Next to the bliss of being able to read a large number of flattering obituary notices of one's self and remain alive must rank the satisfaction which Mr. Wu Ting-Fang must feel just now. Mr. Wu has been nominally replaced as minister of China to the United States, and has been bidden an affectionate and complimentary farewell by the entire press of this country. But it is now learned that Mr. Liang Cheng, who is to take Mr. Wu's place, is required to travel from London, where he is acting secretary to Prince Chen, to Peking, and there receive instructions and pass through certain formalities before he can set out for his new mission; and as this will take anywhere from four to six months, and as Mr. Wu holds over until the new minister arrives, the popular retiring minister will have an opportunity to enlighten and entertain educational assemblies and popular gatherings possibly clear up to Christmas. Meantime his press-clipping agents are pouring into his lap the most extraordinary and voluminous collection of compliments and good wishes that any retiring foreigner ever had offered him. It is all summed up in the remark of one of the papers: "The new Chinese minister can do no better than take his cue from Wu." He can hardly hope to attain the popularity of the retiring minister. He may be as faithful and tactful in the performance of his duties and as graceful and idiomatic in his English, but he can scarcely duplicate the genial pertness of Mr. Wu, nor connect with so many of the cheerful interests and discussions of the American people. Very likely much of the interest that has been aroused in Wu's departure is due to the wonder whether he is to be engulfed, after becoming so much an American, in the dark abyss of Chinese officialism. There is something grewsome in the thought that he may be lost in that oblivious Oriental gloom where no waiting reporter stands ready to acquaint a whole nation with a man's slightest movement, and whence so many promising mandarins with reformatory tendencies have emerged, if they ever emerged at all, without their heads.

The Kaiser has bestowed innumerable decorations and gifts upon those who contributed to the entertainment of his brother, Prince Henry, in his recent visit to the United States. It is pleasant to note that in most quarters these souvenirs of a delightful occasion have been accepted in the spirit in which they were offered. With one exception, the Mayors of American cities upon whom the Emperor's decorations were conferred have taken them as they should be taken—not as evidences of a personal, but of official regard. The Mayor of New York has seemed to think that the cross of the order of which the Kaiser desired to make him a member was a personal gift from one potentate to another, and taking that view, perhaps he was right in declining it. But it is doubtful if the German Emperor had Mr. Low particularly in mind when he selected the Mayor of New York for the distinction involved. We are inclined to believe that the token of his regard was designed rather more for the citizens of the metropolis than for the ex-President of Columbia College, and hence we regret the Mayor's conclusion that "New York might not care to have a decorated Mayor," or words to that effect. It seems slightly ungracious and over-particular for one who is an official and not an individual in the precise

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situation to decline one favor and express a preference for another, as Mayor Low appears to have done, although it must be admitted that the act is characteristic of the estimable gentleman who rules supreme at the City Hall. Mr. Low has all along appeared to think that his triumph of last fall was personal, and not that of the forces of reform, and nothing that has happened since his election so emphasizes the fact as his declination of the Kaiser's decoration. Perhaps in the end it will be well that he refused it, since it affords those who are observing the situation a fair opportunity to remind him that it is not himself, but the fortunes of the city over which he presides, that most concern its citizens.

Russia now declines to withdraw her troops from Manchuria. This decision follows immediately on the heels of the Korean treaty, as we anticipated it would. Russia could not ignore the advance of Japan's prestige and power in the Hermit Kingdom, nor overlook the fact that the new treaty gave Japan a strong land position on the eastern border of Manchuria; nor could Russia close her eyes to the fact that Japan was evidently determined on a further advance into Manchuria, as fast as Russia's troops were removed. The South-African war showed the tremendous odds in favor of the defensive position and the man in possession; and Russia has decided that it is better to hold Manchuria now, in the face of almost certain complications with Japan and England, rather than be compelled to fight her way once more to the sea at Port Arthur, against the entrenched troops of Japan. It is difficult to see how war can be avoided, as Russia seems determined to remain in Manchuria, while Japan has openly announced her determination to insist on Russia's withdrawal, if need be by force of arms.

The English Liberals are jubilant over their victory at North Leeds. It is said that the Conservatives are so depressed at the result of this last election that many contemplated changes in the Balfour cabinet will not be carried out. The reason for this is that English constitutional practice demands that a member of Parliament, on accepting a position in the cabinet, must resign, return to his constituents, and seek their approval by re-election. Queer situations are often brought about by this usage, for constituencies are fickle, and every now and then refuse the needed endorsement, and the would-be minister is left without a seat. Then some good and humble party man with a safe constituency is invited to make room for the great man, and all sorts of promises are made to him that it will be made up to him at the next general election. Mr. Balfour is evidently afraid that he may be compelled to face a series of these painful incidents, and esteems discretion the better part of statecraft, so that no more cabinet changes are likely to be made. The Leeds mishap arose because that fine old crusted Tory, William Lawies Jackson, was made a lord, and thereby compelled to give up his seat in the Commons. It was hoped that Sir Arthur Lawson could hold his majority, but Rowland Barran, Liberal, easily won the seat. The grain tax and the education bill are credited with the victory. It is remarkable that while France, Spain, and the United States are fighting the Catholic teaching orders and friars, England should be subsidizing her denominational schools; and that while this country seems destined to a tariff reform, England is drifting towards protection. The Balfour cabinet has been having smaller and smaller majorities in the fight over the education bill, and Sir William Harcourt has shown something of his old prowess in the combat. He declares the education bill to be the negation of popular control, and a violation of every principle of sound finance, local or imperial. Lord Rosebery says that the Liberal victory at North Leeds has greater significance than any single election since Gladstone was first returned from Midlothian, and is a vital blow to the government prestige, even though fifty such victories might not turn the Tories out.

The army and navy manœuvres are to be exceedingly interesting. They will be conducted during the ten days beginning Saturday, August 30, and ending Tuesday, September 9. The essential feature of the event will be an attempt on the part of the navy to capture the works at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound. The navy will be under the command of Admiral Higginson, and the army will be commanded by General MacArthur. It is now expected that militia will be employed with the regulars among the land forces. It is to be regretted that there is a general sentiment among those who are not to take part in the manœuvres that they are to be a failure, and it is to be hoped that this feeling will not affect the participants to the extent of making them indifferent in the matter of preparation. It is true that the game of warfare is new on this side of the Atlantic, but we have recently had some experience in real war, while our navy is the only modern sea establishment which has had any sea fighting whatever. With our educated officers on land and sea, and with our troops and sailors accustomed to these parts in actual conflict, there is every reason why the game of war which is to be played in September should turn out to be both interesting and instructive. All that is needed to make it so is preparation, and in preparation for this kind of an effort co-operation between the two services is necessary. It is for the advantage of both that this co-operation should take place. Secretary Moody seems to be deeply interested, and so, no doubt, is Secretary Root, although the War Secretary is a sadly overworked man, and needs rest rather than the imposition of a new task. Mr. Moody says that the newspaper correspondents must shift for themselves, as they do in actual war, and it is reported that he declared that they shall be treated as the enemies of both sides. It is well for the correspondents — that is, for their training—that they should be compelled to play their part as if they were in actual warfare, but we doubt if Mr. Moody declared them to be common enemies. If they were, both sides would shoot them on sight, and they do not do that. Besides, discretion is needed in dealing with correspondents. Some of them are of the utmost value, and the fame and fortunes of many a good man have been made by the letter-writers and artists. Again, no self-respecting or patriotic correspondent would think of betraying a military secret, while the people at home for whom the troops are fighting, and who are paying the bills, have a right to know what is going on at the front so long as the enemy is not aided by the information.

It seems to be generally admitted that the coast-defence artillery is expected to break down in the coming manœuvres. If the predictions which are being daily published to this effect are verified, the country, and perhaps Congress, will wake up to a fact which has long been known to all who are familiar with the army and its condition. The coast artillery branch of the service is, or should be, a highly scientific corps. Its requirements, at all events, are scientific, including the work of the enlisted men. The great guns of our coast defences are no longer fired by rule of thumb, or rule of eye, rather, but by calculations which can only be made by those who have a knowledge of some of the higher mathematics. Even the enlisted man must have some knowledge of mathematics, and, besides, he ought to know more or less of mechanics in order to care properly for the guns and carriages. Without a force having these requirements, our coast defences cannot be properly manned. Congress has been informed of this over and over again, but, as yet, has made no proper provision for securing an adequate artillery force—that is, a force of intelligent men with some education, who cannot be had for the pay which is allowed the common soldier in our army. Moreover, Congress has refused to allow the artillery a sufficient sum of money for target practice, which affords the men the only means for learning their duties as practical artillerists. A very important number of the guns on our seacoast have never been fired at all; and, what is perhaps of more importance, many artillery officers of the army have never directed the firing of a gun. Things are managed better in the navy, where there is almost constant target practice. The result of the lack of practice, for which the artillery is not at all to blame, is expected to tell in the coming manœuvres, and it would be surprising if it should not. Equally surprising, perhaps, would it be if Congress should take the hint, and deal more intelligently with the personnel of the coast defences.

New York saw two records broken in the last week in July. It had the biggest funeral and the biggest picnic in its history. The picnic, on July 30, was given by ex-Chief Devery to the women and children of the Ninth Assembly District. It was a maritime entertainment, and went up the Hudson River

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in two steamers and five barges, which took out and brought safely back about twelve thousand persons. The tale of the roast beef and potatoes, the corned beef, cabbages, and beans, the crackers, ice-cream, candy, coffee, onions, bread, cake, pies, milk and soft drinks, that fed the ex-chief's guests, is fabulously comprehensive. The ex-chief is a picturesque figure in our local world, and shows no signs of impaired prosperity. When he was in a position to help himself he took a large piece.

The other record-breaking event, which happened on the same day, was the funeral of Chief-Rabbi Jacob Joseph, the head of the Orthodox Jews in the United States. Most newspaper readers never heard of Chief-Rabbi Joseph, nor of his office, until they read of his death and the preparations for his funeral. He was called to New York in 1887 from Wilna, Russia, by eighteen of the largest of the Orthodox synagogues in New York. He is described as easily the most profound Talmudic scholar in America, and as a man of sincere piety and gentle nature, who strongly attracted the people he was thrown with. Yet it is said that one cause of the decline in health which led to his comparatively early death was the critical attitude of the younger members of the synagogues here towards his sermons and towards doctrines which were welcomed and admired in Russia. But he was personally beloved, and was the leading American representative of Orthodox Jewry, and about a hundred thousand of our fellow-citizens wanted to go to his funeral. And they did go, as far as possible,—an enormous, amorphous crowd, unmarshalled and undivided, which surged along through the streets from Henry Street, where the Rabbi lived, to Brooklyn, where they buried him,—an extraordinary spectacle, going on in a corner of Manhattan Island, with much attention from the rest of the town, and without enough attention from the police. The riot opposite the Hoe printing-press factory was a pretty scandalous and discreditable proceeding, the precise responsibility for which seems difficult to place. But the funeral, with or without the riot, broke the record for funerals in New York.

It seems impossible that Orthodox Judaism can maintain itself in its strictness in this country. About three-quarters of the million Jews in the United States are said to be Orthodox, but practically all of them are Russian or Polish, and live in great measure by themselves, as they do in New York. As they become more mixed with the general population of the country, and, in their social and commercial relations extend beyond dealings with members of their own race, the strict Orthodox observances come more and more in conflict with convenience and profit. The progressive American Jews, who number two or three hundred thousand, have lived longer in this country, imbibed their share of American education, and gone deep into American business, and while most of them are persistently Jewish in their religion, as well as in their race, they are well disposed towards such a modification of their observances as shall abate unnecessary penalties of being a Jew in a Christian country. One matter which is now much discussed is the question of keeping Sunday instead of Saturday. The expediency of having one day of the seven for a day of rest is universally conceded. The great inconvenience which Jews undergo in keeping Saturday, while the rest of the people keep Sunday, is obvious. Of course the transfer of the Jewish Sabbath to Sunday will never come easy, but the practical reasons that favor it are very weighty, and the reasons opposed are chiefly sentimental. Some of the progressive Jews incline to the change, and a good many congregations have adopted it, and though most of the Progressives still hold out against it, and the Orthodox Jews, of course, will not hear of it, the practical motives for the change are extremely strong, and may be expected to weigh heavier with each generation of Jews born and educated in this country. It is felt, though, that the change would be radical, and though such advocates of it as Dr. Hirsch of Chicago do not so regard it, it will not come easily or quickly.

The political picnic is altogether too typical of life in New York. Devery's great picnic was a fine expression of the idea that the "leader," the boss of the machine, must do something to make the people whom he leads and bosses know him and love him. Tammany knows the city crowd "down to the ground," and gets down to the ground with it. Really an instrumentality of corruption, the Tammany picnic has something of sweetness and light in it. Devery is seen seated on the grass, his hat on the back of his head, a child leaning on his shoulder and winding her arm about his neck, and his comely daughter standing proudly behind him. Ever afterward his political rascality and disrepute are outweighed, in the minds of thousands of people, whose main purpose in life is really not to vote thievery and corruption into power, by the remembrance of such human scenes as that. These people feel that they have eaten with him—he is a friend of theirs. Of course the Tammany political picnic is not the only sort we have, or ought to have. Captain F. Norton Goddard and the Civic Club are able to take ten thousand women and children and a few hundred men on a somewhat similar excursion and picnic; and last autumn the Citizens' Union gave at least one big East Side picnic. The Civic Club's purpose in giving its picnic was broadly political only—political in the sense that it is good politics, because conducive to good citizenship and good government, to enable a vast throng from the most crowded part of the city to spend an enjoyable day on the water and in the woods. There is no reason why it should be left to Tammany to give these people their most memorable glimpses of wood and sea and sky—no reason why the Tammany leaders should be the only ones to come into the human and jovial relation with them of a benevolent hostship. Devery expects to get his money back—Captain Goddard does not. But his influence in city affairs may be increased very much in proportion to the extent to which his guests, at the Civic Club's picnic on the Hudson, became acquainted with his personality.

The truly magnanimous action of the very prosperous Pullman monopoly in adding twenty-five cents a day to the wages of its conductors is, of course, commendable. The conductors are a hard-working lot, and need all they can get for their wives and children; they are also doubtless underpaid. The reason ascribed to the company, however, inspires reflection. It seems that the porters get so much more out of the travelling public in the form of tips than the conductors receive as wages that the management felt that a step towards equalization was in order. Another way would have been to prohibit tip-seeking and tip-taking, and to fix both conductors' and porters' wages accordingly. But this method did not occur to the company, whose lawful prey is the public, which is expected to and does pay twice for a single service. No monopoly in the country practises imposition so thoroughly as the Pullman. Its charges are outrageously high, its old-fashioned berth system wholly antiquated, and its tip necessities a perpetual annoyance. Time was when a porter was satisfied with a quarter from each person on a trip; now he beholds it with pitying scorn. A half-dollar is viewed with amused tolerance, a dollar (in advance) secures the service already doubly bought from the company, while a five-dollar note from a John W. Gates wins undivided attention, to the exclusion of the small fry. It is easier to pay than to suffer, and most people pay, while the company waxeth fat upon two-dollar receipts for one-dollar accommodations, with porters' wages added. Those who travel in state-rooms can afford and are willing to pay handsomely; for them we do not speak. But a person willing to sleep on a shelf in a stifling atmosphere ought to have the privilege of doing so for one single dollar bill, with no extras beyond the traditional quarter—and even that, as a matter of right, should be eliminated.

Discussion of the expediency of reading the Bible in the public schools continues gently in the public press. The number of parents having children in the public schools who object to having them read the Bible is relatively small. The number of parents who would like to have the Bible read, and the number who don't care, must both be relatively large, especially the latter. The Bible was turned out of the schools as a concession to a minority, and because it accorded with the public sense of justice. But the loss is considerable from the literary and educational point of view alone, and educators grieve over it. It is a loss that can be made up at home, and ought to be, and children who go to church hear the Bible read there. Moreover, children learn to read in school, and Bibles abound, and it would seem as if children with normal curiosity, even if they did not burn with a special desire for knowledge, would contrive on their own hook to find out what the Bible contains. School readers, too, might profitably and

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without offence contain many passages from the Bible, and perhaps that would be as feasible a way as any to make Bible words and Bible stories familiar to the rising generation. The problem cannot be solved to the satisfaction of every one, but existing conditions might be considerably bettered without prejudice to any reasonable person's convictions.

This is the season of vacation schools. Everywhere they are well attended, which would not have been the case some years back. This is accounted for by the great difference that obtains to-day in the education of the young as compared with less than a generation ago. To-day every branch of study is presented in an alluring and palatable form, so to speak, and even the school-rooms are made attractive through the medium of high-class art, all of which helps to make school life pleasanter than in those days when no such thing as beauty in form or theme was considered as a factor of any especial importance. While in the vacation schools the work is quite in the nature of play, the pupils, nevertheless, learn a good deal that is practical and beneficial. The pastimes do not impose any special tax on their little brains, for the studies are of such a character as will primarily train the eye and hand, and while the simple system pursued tends to the instructive, it is also disciplinary. First instituted by the benevolently inclined women of Boston, school boards soon saw the efficacy of the system, and now in many of the large municipalities vacation schools are as important in their way as are the regular schools of the other forty weeks of the year. The end of the brief season of a few weeks that these vacation schools are open finds the children quite adept in the various employments to which they were strangers when they first began to attend. This system seems to have effectually answered the question, of such grave import a few years back, namely, what shall be done with our children of the densely populated districts during the summer months? for there was danger that the good effects of the school year might be dissipated through the unmoral influences of the street, which is—or was—the playground for most of the city's poor.

Irritability makes a curse of fame under any conditions. It renders the fame of the man of letters a particularly heavy burden to bear, because the people are always especially curious and intrusive in the case of the men and women who have dealt so intimately and truly with the affairs of their own hearts and souls that they seem to possess direct and personal acquaintance with them. When foolish people say to writers, as they often do, "I feel as though I had always known you," who can sound the depths of the author's agony? The repetition of that idiotic but natural remark, which the utterer means to be taken as a great compliment, seems to turn him into a town-crier, or a cheap and vulgar politician, who haunts the street corners, and is hail-fellow well met with every lout that comes along; and there is no sort of person who is more tempted to crawl into his shell than the author is. England, in recent times, has supplied the world with a long list of bearish authors—the line which was rendered so illustrious by Tennyson and so peculiar and aberrant by Fitzgerald having apparently culminated in Mr. Kipling. The author of "Mandalay" and "Kim" has lately removed his dwelling for reasons of irascibility; but he has not nearly approached the record in that regard made by the famous Italian poet Carducci, who lately ordered out of a hall, where he was lecturing, a member of Parliament whom he did not like, though the representative was there merely in the guise of an ordinary and perfectly quiet listener. In this country we are happy in the possession of an especially amiable and unirritable lot of popular authors, who, though they seldom seek free contact with crowds, submit to the pawing-over process on occasion with very good grace. No doubt we of the public very often deserve to be told, by the authors upon whom, under one pretext or another, we intrude, to "get out," in good spiny Britannic fashion; but we never are. Our regular American luck attends us in this matter, as in all others.

We should hate to believe that the New York clergyman who is quoted as saying that he believes the end of the world is at hand, but that if he preached that belief he would lose his pulpit, speaks for any considerable number of his fellow-parsons, even if he does aver that many of them are in like perilous condition. Not that any objection can justly be raised to a man's faith in a nearly impending dissolution of the universe. The belief will not commend itself to all minds as particularly comforting, but there is no accounting for tastes, and if joy and peace descend in consequence of a hope of the prospective catastrophe, only a hardened heart could deny the consolation. Only if the hope and the joy and the peace are worth having, a pulpit or two would be a small price to pay for them. If the end of the world is actually here at the door, it makes small difference whether the preacher loses his pulpit or not. In fact, he is bound to lose it anyway, along with all the believers or non-believers. In the days of the Millerite excitement, there were men who proved that they believed the end of the world was coming by giving away their farms. To be sure, they wanted to take them back afterwards, when they found that they were mistaken, and they had considerable trouble in accomplishing their desire. We suspect that it would be even more troublesome to get back a pulpit.

The report that a recently deceased New York woman left her husband by will to another woman has been published, and has attracted no little attention. It will be interesting to note the result of this testamentary disposition of a peculiar kind of personal property by one who has been supposed to have only a life interest in the premises. For the sake of establishing a precedent we should like to see the gentleman who was thus disposed of enter a demurrer to the carrying out of that particular provision of the will with which he is most concerned. It may be, of course, that he was thus devised to another of his own free-will and with his consent. Still, the individual owes it to his sex to have the legality of the devisement either established or denied by the properly constituted authority. It will never do for the husbands of this land to submit tamely, and without a construction of the statutes by our judicial officers, to an alleged and newly discovered principle of law which reduces them to the level of a chattel, and which gives them no more to say as to their future than that which we accord to a horse, a dog, a family portrait, or a mahogany bedstead. The issue may be awaited by man with calmness, for it is hardly likely that with the machinery of the law in the hands of men the decision will in any way affect his rights. Nevertheless, an authoritative decision should be rendered with all due promptness, and we trust that the marital legacy immediately involved will not delay in subjecting the principle involved to the severest test the courts will permit.

When the French people, who are supposed to know more than any others about food and drink—especially the latter—begin to decry certain popular beverages, it is time for us to take a leaf from the Gallic book and make it our own, for a very large class of Americans, that drinks much, though it contains few drunkards, consumes an immense quantity of stimulants and appetizers with French names. The French Academy of Medicine has advised the government to prohibit by law the sale of absinthe, anisette, vermouth, and Chartreuse, as well as gin and all classes of "bitters." Alcohol has been the bugbear of previous opponents of the drink habit, but the Academy finds more dangerous constituents than alcohol in the compounds named and in some others. It charges the various "bitters," which are the bases of all "cocktails," and many "temperance drinks," so called, with abounding in serious menaces to health; the essential principle of absinthe and vermouth, one or other of which is used in almost every "pick-me-up," with being a poisonous stomachic irritant; anisette, supposedly a mild cordial, for it never "goes to the head," with containing an essence which by inhalation can suspend physical animation; while Chartreuse, long prepared only by a religious brotherhood, and supposedly still compounded according to the original formula, is said by the Academy to be very poisonous, and to contain thirteen ingredients that are dangerous to health. Such an indictment from such a source is far more affrighting than anything the prohibitionists have told us about alcohol.

The evil days have assuredly come upon the Panama hat, both the imported article and the poor cousin from Connecticut. The continued cool weather and the over-supply have combined to make the Panama a drug upon the market;

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even the smuggled variety has no longer power to charm, and prices have dropped with a thud that is more than dull. Perhaps the lowest degradation has been touched in this placard displayed in the window of a Broadway establishment:

GENUINE PSEUDO PANAMAS, $1 14.

Think of that—a "genuine pseudo Panama" at one dollar plus fourteen cents, guaranteed strictly hand-made, and braided under water at Sheepshead Bay. The possessor of a real Panama is nowadays reduced to the ignoble expedient of wearing a dirty hat, for it stands to reason that any one may wear a clean "pseudo" at the trifling expenditure of one dollar fourteen. And Heaven pity the man who bought a forty-dollar hat at the beginning of the season (from motives of the purest economy, the best being always the cheapest), and has been putting off the inevitable confession to his wife! It is nearly time for the arrival of the fall bonnet.

The naming of ships of the United States navy is a game that goes by favor. The privilege of bestowing the names belongs to the Secretary of the Navy. It must be admitted that he has given his favors impartially, on the whole. The system of assigning names of States to battle-ships and first-class armored cruisers, names of cities to other cruisers and gunboats, and names of naval heroes to torpedo-boats and destroyers, is not rigidly adhered to, but it is followed in the main. Nothing in symbolism could be fitter than the putting of the States at sea, as it were, on our great naval line of battle. But we have not yet forty-five battle-ships and first-class cruisers, and several great States remain unhonored in this signal way. The names which have just been chosen for the four new battle-ships—*Louisiana, Connecticut, Tennessee,* and *Washington*—leave the Carolinas, Maryland, Delaware, Vermont, and Michigan, among the older States, without their representatives on the sea, and a considerable number of the newer-comers; though one new ship on the ways has been named the *South Dakota,* another the *California.* Through being too much in a hurry, the imperial name of New York now finds itself affixed to a second-rate ship, vastly inferior, strange to say, in size, weight, and armament to the *Rhode Island.* Virginia was a long time in getting her place in the navy, but her representative, a big battle-ship, is building now. It is perhaps a trifle inappropriate that the new battle-ship *Connecticut* will be far greater and more terrible than anything now afloat, while the *New Jersey* will outclass the *New York* nearly two to one. As the most terrible of all will be naturally the latest-comers, this process of selection will bestow the tail-end names on the noblest ships; and we may look to see the *Vermont,* the *Utah,* the *Oklahoma,* and the *Arizona* sailing away with the record for vastness, power, and general terribleness. It will be a case of the last being first.

The Burton who is talked of as the possible President of Oberlin College is not the beet-sugar Senator from Kansas, but Congressman Theodore F. Burton, of Cleveland, Ohio. The Congressman is a scholar, and an able, honest, and sincere man, who writes with authority on financial subjects, and is very useful where he is. He is chairman of the River and Harbor Committee, and was one of the most effective advocates of the choice of the Panama route for the interoceanic canal. The Kansas Senator, Joseph R. Burton, is a man of quite a different species. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* (Mr. Nelson) speaks of him as "morally irresponsible," and "wholly unconscious of the moral turpitude of the kind of politics he operates." He will have to be exposed to the purifying and enlightening influences of the Senate for some years yet before he can be expected to develop characteristics suitable to qualify him to be president of a great college.

Some recent student of nice points in literary effect has repeated, "on good authority," the reported admiration of Lord Tennyson for this one of Bret Harte's famous couplets:

> And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

The last verse was cited as the especial theme of praise. There is no reason to doubt this, except that Lord Tennyson's taste in style was toward a sort of microscopic accuracy, and the pleonasm in this verse might well have offended that taste. To say that certain things interest a man "no more" implies that they have interested him at some previous time; and at what previous time could the victim have been interested in proceedings that were "subsequent" to the moment when he was "curled up on the floor"? Tennyson himself would have worked a week on that line to get over this difficulty—but Harte was in a hurry.

The third portrait in our series of likenesses of "Americans of To-morrow" is that of William H. Baldwin, Jr. He began to work early in life, and kept at it so persistently that he went from the bottom to a place very near the top in the railroad business. He is now President of the Long Island Railroad, and has a pleasing prospect ahead as one of the heads of the great Pennsylvania system. Of many a man it has been said that "his heart is in the right place"; of Baldwin one's first sure impression is that his mind is in the right place. His habit of thought is peculiarly direct, and his method of expression correspondingly terse. His most signal originative achievement thus far has been the development of railroad tunnel possibilities in the metropolitan district. With this idea in mind he negotiated the sale of the Long Island Railroad to the Pennsylvania system, and there has followed the great scheme of underground and under-river transit which will soon tie both Manhattan and Long islands to the mainland. Such a conception was worthy of the broadest imagination, and infinite pains and patience were requisite to practical application. Fortunately, Mr. Baldwin possessed the essential qualities. He is thirty-nine years old.

MORITURI SALUTANT!

("We anticipate that within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce, and Christianity!"—*Harper's Weekly.*)

We are the People, and wisdom shall die with Us,
Ours shall be ever the conqueror's part,
No other nation can possibly vie with us
Either in Letters, or Science, or Art!

Twenty years hence, 'tis the general opinion
(Think, only think, how the whole world will gain!)
All will acknowledge Columbia's dominion,
Both in the moral and physical plane.

None of the Peoples who flourished before us
Showed from the first such remarkable powers,
So let us sing in unanimous chorus,
"We are the People! The Future is Ours!"

We are, in fact, the fine flower of Humanity.
Where—save with us—can true Progress be found?
Morals and even, I fear, Christianity,
Scarcely exist in the nations around.

Art doesn't thrive in the Peoples about us,
But for our help it would probably die,
Painting would certainly perish without us,
Painters would starve if New York didn't buy.

Whether in poetry, drama, or fiction,
Or in Philosophy, still we excel,
Note our remarkably elegant diction,
Notice the masterly way that we spell.

Mark our advance in the physical sciences,
Note the inventions we give to mankind,
Think of the many ingenious appliances
Due to the nimble American mind!

Europe, poor thing, can you wonder we scorn her,
Passed in the race and left lagging behind?
When we invented the Trust and the Corner,
Oh what a boon we bestowed on mankind!

Picture how Commerce was sunk in dejection,
Striving in vain to dispose of its wares,
Till these devices were brought to perfection
By the resource of our millionaires.

What is the hope, then, for civilization?
What is the cure for a century's tears?
What—save the mighty American Nation?
That is the obvious answer. Three cheers!

—*London Punch.*

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The Prairies in Politics

In ordinary times this would be an "off year" in Western politics; the approaching Congressional campaign would be marked by an easing of tension, and the result would have no particular significance. That is not true, however, of 1902. Certain questions loom large before the people of the prairies, and the vote of this fall will have a more than passing importance. The conduct of the last session of Congress, in the enactment of the irrigation and canal bills and in the temporary defeat of the administration's Cuban policy, affects the very foundations of Western affairs, bringing that part of the nation into unwonted prominence, and making it well worth while to observe its attitudes.

It ought to be known that within the last decade a radical change has been wrought in the political temper and sentiment of the prairie States. There is in effect a new West, whose rebirth slightly antedates the Bryan campaign of 1896. The old spirit, exemplified in the vagaries of the Farmers' Alliance and the Populist movement, reached its apogee in 1890, since which time it has steadily waned. Notwithstanding the expedient of fusion, Mr. Bryan in 1896 had a following much less than that of earlier and personally weaker leaders in local campaigns. In 1900 this decline of the old mood was still more apparent; the Populist vote of that year was but a feeble echo of the triumph of 1890.

Attempts at explanation have usually stopped with the easy hypothesis that the change was merely a natural, an inevitable, reaction after emotional excess; but that is only a partial statement of the truth. If we accept that as the final analysis, there is no assurance that the future will not witness equal or even greater excesses, upon slight impulse. A better hypothesis is that of a restoration to sanity, through discovery and adjustment of the larger conditions of life. It is only within the past ten years that the prairie country has gained anything like accurate knowledge of its own industrial status, and has been enabled to read clear its title to economic stability. It is, of course, idle to expect political poise in any community until industrial equilibrium has been first established.

The pains and perils of the past in the prairie West have been those of isolation, of failure to get into contact and relation with the outer world. In earlier years the development of the soil was far in excess of development on other lines. The products of the big farms were piled mountain-high; but there were no manufactories near by; so markets for the raw materials were remote, and the great cost of transportation often left a net loss on a year's work. This condition easily begat political unrest; the people cherished a fancied grievance, and undertook to correct the evils of their estate by means of legislative flat, rather than by patient, far-sighted labor; and there speedily arose an army of demagogues to encourage this spirit for their own ends. There grew up upon the prairies a jealous provincialism, a sentiment that Western interests were somehow radically antagonistic to those of other parts of the nation. That was the heart of the old discontent which found its last expression in Populism.

That state of things has almost entirely passed away. Events have compelled the West to see that its own welfare does not lie in maintaining the old sectional sentiment, but rather in its elimination and in conscientious effort to establish harmonic relations with the national spirit, and to take a broad part in the conduct of national affairs.

This change came so quickly as to be almost revolutionary. The drought of 1894, while disastrous in itself, led to an exact knowledge of the natural boundaries of the grain-fields; and as a corollary to this discovery, vast herds of live-stock took possession of the high plains west of the ninety-eighth meridian, and the grazing industry was securely established on a broad and scientific basis. The fattening of this stock made a local market for the surplus corn of the lower prairies; and the growth of the packing plants of the Missouri Valley was a further item in the story of development. Railroad lines were multiplied, passing from the control of wreckers and adventurers into the hands of better men, who were building strongly for the future. In 1896 north-and-south lines were completed from the northern prairies to the Gulf, affording a new, shorter, and cheaper outlet for farm and other products, thus putting in the way of solution the great problem of transportation. Manufacturing has grown steadily in many fields; and instead of that hapless dependent condition which is the lot of those who produce raw materials only, the prairie country commands its own destiny through having established for itself a commercial independence.

There was danger that this happy determination of events would entail exultant over-confidence, increasing rather than diminishing the old insular temper; but the danger has been wisely averted. The new West, in all its parts, is thoroughly, even intensely, national in sentiment. It believes in itself, and is conscious of its power; but it expects its own greatest good to come through its being an integral part of the nation, and in close accord with national policies and purposes.

It is becoming apparent that Western Representatives in the last session of Congress misjudged the inclinations of their constituents concerning some of these larger questions, taking it for granted that the former narrow self-interest was still the dominant humor. In Michigan, where the beet-sugar industry is of great importance, four Congressmen who followed the lead of Senator Burrows in opposing the Cuban reciprocity measure, and who appealed to the people for renomination on the ground of having defended local interests, have suffered defeat in district conventions; and this although their records were otherwise unexceptionable, and there were the best of reasons for expecting a successful issue. The accidents of professional politics are not a sufficient explanation; the reason for the action of the people lies deeper, in profound sympathy with and loyalty to the clearly declared and understood policy of the national party. And in Nebraska, where, if the old theory were still in force, self-interest would surely have induced equivocal or even rebellious action, there has been an emphatic declaration of disapproval of the conduct of the State's Senators and Representatives who took part in defeating the Cuban bill. The Chicago *Tribune* justly remarks that "such decided and outspoken action in the heart of the beet-sugar country cannot but have a great effect both on the Republican leaders who stood by President Roosevelt and on the Representatives and Senators who saw fit to oppose him. So far as it goes, it is proof that the people not only expect, but demand, fair dealing with Cuba on the tariff question."

In judging the spirit of the people in this connection it should be borne in mind that not until very recent time have the prairie States shared directly in the benefits of the tariff, through the manufacture of protected commodities. Their present attitude, therefore, is especially significant, betokening a broad view of their relations and obligations, and a fitness to participate in the wise conduct of national affairs.

And that participation is doubtless destined to take the form of leadership in many lines of the nation's political life. Certain of the country's vitally important industries are centralized in and practically monopolized by the prairie States. They are the food-gardens of North America, and from them will come the chief part of our supply of beef, pork, wool, cotton, and leather, not to mention many other commodities at present of less importance; theirs are the surest of all sources of wealth, and the most inexhaustible.

It is, of course, quite futile to hope to found political aspirations upon mere power to produce, regardless of after-considerations; but conditions of field and market are being brought gradually to a nice adjustment, signalizing a true control of the situation. It is but logical to expect that the attainment of industrial solidity will inspire ambition, as it gives the right, to take part in forming those policies which affect the conduct of the industries. Iowa, which is representative of the best spirit of the prairies, is a striking illustration of this tendency; already she is promising to succeed Ohio as the mother of notable national leaders. The fact that so many strong, wise, able men are coming nowadays from Iowa is not accidental or fortuitous; they are the product of the new sanity of the commonwealth. Within a very few years we shall greet leaders quite as strong, wise, and able from the neighboring States.

The Cost of Living—Yesterday and To-day

What does it cost to live to-day? If prosperity be so general and so marked, why is there not a wider margin between income and expenditure in most families to-day? With eccentric weather and alienated miners and mine-owners combining to mak. the outlook for food and fuel during the coming winter especially dark, where can one turn for comfort, or for light on the situation if not for comfort? Thus far the questioner has had to depend upon two sources of information—his own purse and the reports of the credit agencies which have taken upon themselves the task of computing variations in cost of living.

Now another source of information is tapable. The long-established, and European as well as American known, Massachusetts Bureau of Labor and Statistics has just issued a bulletin on this subject of relative cost of living, which will enlighten both the economist and the man who has to struggle each month to avoid being sued for his coal, food, and rent. The budgets of 152 families chosen at random have been furnished to the bureau's agents for analysis by its trained statisticians. They are the living expenses and expenditures of families whose average rent is $105 a year. Comparisons are made between the cost of living now and in 1897 and in 1872. Briefly summarized, the analysis has shown that:

Classification.	Percentages of increase in price in 1902 as compared with 1897.	Percentages of increase or decrease in price in 1902 as compared with 1872.
Food	+11.16	—19.97
Dry-goods and boots	+16.07	—41.01
Rent	+52.43	+0.02
Fuel	+9.78	—26.61

Offsetting this marked increase of cost of living since 1897 there is, of course, with many wage-earners and salaried men an increase of wage and salary; and, broadly speaking, during the period there has been diminished unemployment. Hence for many the increased cost of living has been lessened by increased income. But for more con-

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sumers there has been no such increase of income, hence the report is justified in affirming that, economically considered, families are no better off to-day than they were in 1897; socially, however, it contends that they are better off. And this it proves by a comparison of the years 1872 and 1902.

In 1872, out of a given number of cases of working-men's family budgets analyzed and used in making social deductions, it was found that a majority of the families depended upon support from members of the family other than its head. Of the 152 families chosen at random and just investigated, the earnings of the father were sufficient to meet the family expenditure. In 1872, from one-quarter to one-third of the family income came from child labor; now only eleven per cent., or a little less than one-eighth, of the family income is received from the labor of minor children. In 1872, children under fifteen supplied by their labor from one-eighth to one-sixth of the total family earnings. Now no children of this age contributing to the family income were discovered. In 1872, of the families visited, 55.92 per cent. were found to have an income exceeding expenditure; in 1902, 63.16 per cent. were so fortunate. In 1875 sewing-machines and other labor-saving machines, pianos and organs and other musical instruments, were found in the wage-earners' homes. To-day the same is true, but with child labor eliminated, with far better housing; and 88.2 of the families are reported as having a surplus which enables them to give to religion and charity.

The only alteration of conditions which implies retrogression is the increase of labor by wives in 1902 as over against 1872. In 187 less than one per cent. of the aggregate family income came from mothers who labored; now 5.29 per cent.

The accuracy, reliability, and scientific standing of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics is such that there will be a disposition to generalize considerably on the facts set forth in this report. Massachusetts's legislation, schools, libraries, diversity of industry, and habits of thrift doubtless contribute to make such facts possible there. There are many States in the Union where such a record of diminished child labor would be impossible. But after due account is made of the special forces that enter into life in Massachusetts the report still has value as indicating the broader national conditions. It does cost more to live, but life is correspondingly richer. The budget of expense of an American family includes expenditures for education, newspapers and periodicals, religion and charity, fraternal societies, insurance, amusements, and recreation, as well as the inevitable and universal expenditures for sickness and funerals, food, clothing, fuel, and rent. This report shows that the item of expenditure which varies least in percentage, no matter what the income be, is the amount spent for food. The American family is a well-nourished one. The child is given abundant food, and saved from toil as much as possible. Whereas, as Sir James Crichton Browne, the eminent Scotch physician, pointed out, at the recent International Congress for the Welfare and Protection of Children, just held in London, the stamina of the British race is declining because of the insufficient feeding of the children of the artisan class in the cities and towns. In endeavoring to make his fellow-Britons understand the implications of this fact, with future British imperial interests in mind, the great Scotch physician added that the United States was becoming a formidable rival to Great Britain not only because of our spirit of enterprise, but because our working-men are better nourished than the British working-men.

Puritanic Influences in American Literature

A WRITER in one of the later English magazines has made the effect of Puritanism on our poor literary beginnings the matter of inquiry so amiable that we find it hard to differ with him, and quite impossible to quarrel. In a way he is right, and if, in other ways, he is wrong, it is not for want of a careful and even anxious spirit that he fails to convince us altogether. In the end he leaves us modestly doubting first whether we had any literature, and next whether Puritanism had affected it.

Certainly, we do not believe that Puritanism has affected American literature in greater measure or clearer kind than it has affected the literature of the whole world. Our critic confuses it with Calvinism, but Puritanism was Calvinistic only in doctrine, and there was much Calvinism that was not Puritanic. Puritanism was moralized religion; it substituted conduct for ritual; it deified the very fallible human conscience. It has worked in all ages of the church, and is as recognizable in the history of Italy and Spain as in the history of Holland, Switzerland, Scotland, England, and New England. Savonarola, for instance, who was no Protestant, and no Calvinist, was distinctly Puritanic, and so was the whole Piagnone party in Florence. Puritanism was not entirely deported from the mother-country in the *Mayflower*, or on the successive ships that brought the successive Puritan colonists to Boston, to Salem, to Newburyport. It remained in the Old World when it came to the New, and it was not favorable to the arts anywhere. It was the austere daughter of Calvinism, and abhorred phases of worldliness to which Calvinism adjusted itself not without a certain gayety.

But, after all, had Puritanism much to do with our literature, in retarding it, trammelling it? The writer whose conclusions we are questioning seems to be as questionable in his premises. He notes that at the time the Puritans came to America they left "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" behind them in England, and were severed from their literary tradition by an inexorable creed. But if the Puritans ceased to be of the communion of Shakspere when they sought "freedom to worship God," the Spaniards, who are supposed to have sought anything but that, ceased as entirely to be of the communion of Cervantes when they peopled the New Spains. The French, who planted a New France among the snows of Canada, left Corneille, Racine, and Molière behind them, as distinctly as the English and the Spanish parted with their literary associations and incentives in coming into the wilderness. There was a printing-press in Mexico a hundred years before there was a printing-press in Boston, but Mexico is still without a literature. She is still without a condition of Spanish literature, though the Spanish is a great race, and has a modern fiction at least, which is scarcely surpassed, if it is equalled, by the English.

It cannot, then, have been Puritanism that retarded us. If there is no appreciable French-Canadian literature, and no appreciable Spanish-Mexican or Spanish-American literature, either the French of New France, or the Spaniards of New Spain, were Puritans in disguise, or else they were influenced, as we were, by remoteness from Europe, and by like terms of existence on a continent which had to be tamed to the hand of man. It was distance, not difference of religious opinion, that dried up rather than froze the genial current of our souls, though the winters of New England may have had something to do with the effect. It may, or it may not, have been worth while for any European race to transfer itself to America, but it is certain that it could only be done at a certain cost. In the new circumstances the fight for life became so intensified that some of the great prizes of life must be lost sight of. This happened in New Spain and New France, as well as in New England, where we might have been as loose and base in our lives as the courtiers of any of the Stuarts, and yet we should have lacked their polite learning.

As soon as America approached Europe in parity of conditions the arts began to appear among us, and a New England condition of English literature established itself. It was always more English than the Scotch condition, for obvious reasons, our parlance differing less and our literary tradition being identical with the English. Yet English criticism accepts the Scotch productions as English literature, while it insists upon our being independent and alien. The Scotch were as Calvinistic as the New-Englanders, and they ought, in the logic of our writer, to have been as Puritanic; but they were not, for if they had been their Puritanism would have repressed their literature, and Robert Burns would now be about due, while Scott would still have to come twenty-five or thirty years hence, and we could not look for Mr. Barrie much before the end of the century.

The truth of the matter seems to be that while the Americans began to write English literature rather later than the English would have expected, they were delayed by physical circumstances rather than by religious convictions. They have not yet produced an American literature; for it would be as correct to talk of an Irish literature, in virtue of the writings of Oliver Goldsmith, Richard Henry Sheridan, Thomas Moore, and Maria Edgeworth, as to talk of an American literature in virtue of the writings of our poets, historians, and novelists. What we have created is an American condition of English literature, and we shall never have anything else. At the same time we do not wish to deny that this American condition of English literature may become the main condition, and that of the mother isle may become subordinately British.

Buried Thoughts in Anonymous Journalism

(A distinguished scholar, poet, and philosopher, when asked what he considered "the best bits of literature," made bold answer: "The buried thoughts in anonymous journalism.")

A Christian poet may pass through scenes of war, but it must be like Dante through hell on his way to paradise. The loftiest poets have instinctively felt that their true and eternal business is to express, not the darkness of the world, but the manifestations of love and wisdom.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The great books of the imagination are written in invisible ink—that is, they are understood only by experience. You must be able to hold their pages before the fire of life ere their full significance appears to you. It follows that one reading of a great book cannot suffice.—*British Weekly.*

The working world understands that the only man who really knows things is the man who can do things; that no man is really skilled and wise whose whole knowledge has been got out of books.—*Portland Oregonian.*

True literature is the voice of the soul calling from the windows of the house of clay in response to those things of life that touch the nature of the soul that speaks.—*The Spectator.*

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Homesickness*

By George Moore

He told the doctor he was due in the bar-room at eight o'clock in the morning; the bar-room in which he worked was in a slum in the Bowery; and he had only been able to keep himself in health by getting up at five o'clock and going for long walks in the fields.

"A sea-voyage is what you want," said the doctor. "Why not go to Ireland for two or three months? You will come back a new man."

Lately Bryden had begun to wonder how the people at home were getting on; he had often felt he would like to see Ireland again; the doctor had just told him what he wanted to hear. He thanked him, and three weeks afterwards he landed in Cork.

He had been thirteen years in America; he was now eight-and-twenty; and as he sat in the railway carriage he recalled his native village—he could see the village, and its lake, and then the fields, one by one, and the roads. Stretching out into the winding lake there was a large piece of rocky land — some three or four hundred acres of rocky headland—and upon it the peasantry had been given permission to build their cabins by former owners of the Georgian house standing on the pleasant green hill. The present owners considered the village a disgrace. However, the villagers paid high rents for their plots of ground, and they bore with it.

The train jogged along all day, and when it stopped at James Bryden's station the summer sun was setting. And seeing the fine windless evening, Bryden was sorry he did not feel strong enough for the walk. It was fair-day at Ballyholly, and he would meet many people going home; he would be sure to meet some whom he had known in his youth, and from them he would find out where he would be able to get a clean lodging. He felt that the sea-voyage had done him good, but seven miles was too far for him to walk to-day, and he remembered that the last time he had walked the road he had walked it in an hour and a half, though he was carrying a heavy bundle on a stick. There was a car waiting at the station; he felt he had better take it, and very soon the carman was asking him about America; but Bryden wanted to hear of those who were still living in the o'd country, and after some questioning, after hearing the stories of many people he had forgotten, he heard that Mike Scully, who had been away in a situation for many years as coachman in the King's County, had come back and built a house with a fine concrete floor. The carman told him there was a good loft in the house, and that Mike would be pleased to take in a lodger. Mike Scully had been a groom at the big house on the hill; he had intended to be a jockey, but had suddenly shot up into a fine tall man and had had to become a coachman instead. Bryden remembered that this was so, and he tried to recall Mike's face, but his recollections of those days were dim, and he was surprised when the driver pointed to a tall man coming through the lodge gates and said,

"There is Mike Scully."

Mike had forgotten Bryden even more completely than Bryden had forgotten him, and many aunts and uncles were mentioned before he began to understand.

"You have grown into a fine man, James," he said, looking at James's great width of chest. "But you are thin in the cheeks, and you are very sallow in the cheeks, too."

"I haven't been very well lately—that is one of the reasons I have come back; but I wanted to see you all again."

And then James paid the carman, wished him "God-speed," and the two men walked on together. They walked round the lake, for the town land was at the back of the demesne; and while they walked James proposed to pay Mike ten shillings a week for his board and lodging.

Bryden saw great changes in the demesne: he remembered the woods, thick and well forested; now they were wind-worn, the drains were choked, and the bridge leading across the lake inlet was falling away. Their way led between long fields where herds of cattle were grazing; the road was broken; Bryden wondered how the villagers drove their carts over it; and they followed the broken road till they came to a lane.

"I suppose you remember the way," Mike said.

Bryden remembered the lane, but it seemed a more miserable place than he remembered it. It looked a desolate place, even on this fine evening, and Bryden thought that the very pigs must feel depressed on a wet day. Mike's house was the only one he could see that he would care to sleep in.

It was at once strange and familiar to him to see chickens in the kitchen; and wishing to reknit himself to the old country, he begged of Mrs. Scully not to drive them out, saying he did not mind them. Mike told his wife Bryden had been born in Duncannon—that was the name of the village—and when he mentioned Bryden's name she gave him her hand, after wiping it in her apron. He was heartily welcome, she said; she had known his father and mother, "the Lord have mercy on their souls." But coming back from America, she was afraid he would not care to go up a ladder and sleep in a loft. But Bryden said a dry loft was just what he wanted. "You think a good deal of America over here, but I reckon it isn't all you think it. Here you work when you like and you sit down when you like; but when you have had a touch of blood-poisoning, as I had, when your hands begin to wither, as I have seen hands wither, when you have seen young people walking with a stick, you think that there is something to be said for Ireland."

Mike told him that he might have a pail of water to wash in; but he would have to wash in the kitchen—it would be difficult to get a pail of water up the ladder into the loft; moreover, the lake was handy, and bathing was pleasant there in fine weather.

"Now won't you be taking a cup of milk, sir? I am sure you will be wanting a drink after your travelling."

This milk was his first taste of Ireland. He handed her back the cup, and she went into the cabin; and not knowing what to say, Mike asked him if he would like to go inside, or to go for a walk.

"There is not much to show you here," he said. "I have got three sheep in the next field."

He had two pigs at the back of the house, and he regretted that the sow had not littered, for little pigs would have been something to show the American. However, this did not seem to matter, for Bryden said he was tired, and they went into the cabin. Mike gave him a chair by the fireside, and they began to talk about America, of the long hours in the bar-room.

"Here a man of sixty is younger than a man of forty is over there."

And when he said all that he could think of he asked Mike about Ireland. But Mike did not seem to be able to tell him much that was of interest. They were all very poor—poorer, perhaps, than when he left them.

"I don't think any one except myself has a five-pound note to his name."

Bryden remembered Mike a young man, a daring rider, an excellent ball-player, a romantic young fellow. He was now a middle-aged and not very successful farmer. But, after all, Mike's life and prospects mattered little to Bryden. He had come back in search of health, and he felt better already; the milk had done him good, and the bacon and cabbage in the pot sent forth a savory odor. And then the Scullys were very kind; they pressed him to make a good meal, and they told him that a few weeks of country air and country food would give him back the health he had lost in the Bowery. As soon as they had finished their meal Mike proposed that Bryden should fill his pipe, and Bryden, to his surprise, felt that he longed to smoke, and Mike said that this was a sign that his health was coming back to him. For during Mike's long illness he had never wanted to smoke, and he was a confirmed smoker.

It was comfortable to sit by the mild peat fire and to see the smoke of their pipes drifting up the wide chimney, and Bryden thought that, after all, he would pass a pleasant evening. But about nine a number of villagers came in, and their talk was the same kind of depressing talk as Mike's. He remembered one or two of them—he used to know them very well when he was a boy—and he tried to pick up the old thread and to tie it to the new. But the old and the new thread did not seem to bind very well together; every moment the threads broke. He was not moved when he heard that Higgins the stone-mason was dead; he was not affected even when he heard that Mary Kelly, who used to go to do the laundry at the Big House, had married; he was only interested when he heard she had gone to America. But America is a big place, and he had not met her there. Then Bryden remembered Patsy Carabine, who used to do the gardening at the Big House. He asked what had become of Patsy. Patsy had been very unlucky: one winter he had not been able to do any work on account of his arm. His house had fallen in; he had given up his holding and gone into the workhouse. This was all very sad; and to avoid hearing any further unpleasantness he began to tell them about America. They sat round listening to him; but all the talking was on his side, and he wearied of it. And looking round the group, he recognized a ragged hunchback with gray hair — twenty years ago he was a young hunchback—and turning to him, Bryden asked him if he were doing well with his five acres.

"Ah! not much. This has been a bad season. The potatoes failed; they are watery—there is no diet in them."

And after striving to take an interest in the fact that O'Connor had lost a mare and foal worth £40, he began to wish himself back in the slum. Even ill health seemed better than the depressing, lonely life of the fields. These peasants were all agreed they could make nothing out of their farms, even if they had them for nothing. Their regret was that they had not gone to America when they were young; and they told him all the young people were going there. And when they left the house Bryden wondered if every evening would be like the present one. Mike piled up the fire with fresh sods, and he hoped that it would show enough light in the loft for Bryden to undress himself by.

The cackling of some geese in the road kept him awake, and the loneliness of the country seemed to penetrate to his bones, and to freeze the marrow in them. There was a bat in the loft, a dog howled in the distance, and then he drew the clothes over

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his head. Never had he been so unhappy; and the sound of Mike breathing by his wife's side in the kitchen added to his nervous terror. Then he dozed a little; and lying on his back he dreamed he was awake, and the men he had seen sitting round the fireside that evening seemed to him like spectres come out of some unknown region of morass and reedy tarn. He stretched out his hands for his clothes, determined to fly from this house; but remembering the lonely roads that led to the station, he fell back on his pillow. The geese still cackled; but he was too tired to be kept awake any longer. He seemed to have been asleep only a few minutes, when he heard Mike calling him. He had come half-way up the ladder, and was telling him that breakfast was ready. "What kind of breakfast will he give me?" he asked himself, as he pulled on his clothes. There were tea and hot griddle-cakes for breakfast, and there were fresh eggs; there was sunlight in the kitchen, and he liked to hear Mike tell of the work he was going to do in the fields. Mike rented a farm of about twenty acres; at least fifteen of it was grass; he grew an acre of potatoes and some corn, and some turnips for his sheep. He had a nice bit of meadow, and he took down his scythe, and as he put the whetstone into his belt Bryden noticed a second scythe, and he asked Mike if he should go down with him and help to finish the field.

"You haven't done any mowing this many a year; I don't think you'd be much of a help. You'd better go for a walk by the lake; but you may come in the afternoon if you like and help me to turn it over."

Bryden was afraid he would find the lake shore very lonely, but the magic of returning health is the sufficient distraction of the convalescent, and the morning passed agreeably. The weather was still and sunny; he could hear the ducks in the reeds; the hours dreamed themselves away, and it became his habit to go every morning to the lake. One day he met the landlord, and they walked on together talking of the country, of what it had been, and the ruin it was slipping into. James Bryden told him that ill health had brought him back to Ireland; and the landlord lent him his boat, and Bryden rowed about the islands, and resting upon his oars, he looked at the old castles, and remembered the prehistoric raiders that the landlord had told him about; he came across the stones to which the lake-dwellers had tied their boats, and these signs of ancient Ireland were pleasing to Bryden in his present mood.

As well as the great lake, there was a smaller lake in the bog, where the villagers cut their turf; this lake was famous for its pike; the landlord allowed Bryden to fish there, and one evening, when he was looking for a frog with which to bait his line, he met Margaret Dirken driving home the cows for the milking. Margaret Dirken was the herdsman's daughter, and she lived in a cottage near the Big House; but she came up to the village whenever there was a dance, and Bryden had found himself opposite to her in the reels. But until this evening he had had little opportunity of speaking to her. He was glad to speak to some one, for the evening was lonely; and they stood talking together.

"You're getting your health again," she said. "You'll soon be leaving us."

"I'm in no hurry."

"You are grand people over there; I hear a man is paid four dollars a day for his work."

"And how much," said James, "has he to pay for his food and for his clothes?"

"You don't find the country too lonesome?"

Her cheeks were bright, and her teeth small, white, and beautifully even; and a woman's soul looked at Bryden out of her soft Irish eyes. He was troubled, and turned aside, and catching sight of a frog looking at him out of a tuft of grass, he said,

"I have been looking for a frog to put upon my pike-line."

The frog jumped right and left, and nearly escaped in some bushes; but he caught it, and returned with it in his hand.

"It is just the kind of a frog a pike will like," he said; "look at its great white belly and its bright yellow back."

And without more ado he pushed the wire to which the hook was fastened through the frog's fresh body, and dragging it through the mouth, he passed the hooks through the hind legs, and tied the line to the end of the wire.

"I think," said Margaret, "I must be looking after my cows; it's time I got them home."

"Won't you come down to the lake while I set my line?"

She thought for a moment, and she said, "No, I shall see you from here."

He went down to the reedy tarn, and at his approach several snipe got up, and they flew above his head, uttering sharp cries. His fishing-rod was a long hazel stick, and he threw the frog as far as he could into the lake. In doing this he roused some wild-ducks; a mallard and two ducks got up; and they flew toward the larger lake. Margaret watched them; they flew in a line with an old castle; and they had not disappeared from view when Bryden came towards her, and he and she drove the cows home together that evening.

One evening she said, "James, you had better not come here so often talking to me."

"Don't you wish me to come?"

"Yes, I wish you to come well enough; but keeping company is not the custom in the country, and I don't want to be talked about."

"Are you afraid the priest would speak against us from the altar?"

"He has spoken against keeping company; but it is not so much what the priest says, for there is no harm in talking."

"But if you are going to be married there is no harm in walking out together."

"Well, not so much; but marriages are made differently in these parts; there is not much courting here."

And next day it was known in the village that James was going to marry Margaret Dirken.

His desire to excel the boys in dancing had aroused much gayety in the parish, and for some time past there had been dancing in every house where there was a floor fit to dance upon; and if the cottager had no money to pay for a barrel of beer, James Bryden, who had money, sent him a barrel, so that Margaret might get her dance. She told him that they sometimes crossed over into another parish, where the priest was not so averse to dancing, and James wondered. And next morning at mass he wondered at their simple fervor. Some of them held their hands above their heads as they prayed, and all this was very new and very old to James Bryden. But the obedience of these people to their priest surprised him. When he was a lad they had not been so obedient, or he had forgotten their obedience; and he listened in mixed anger and wonderment to the priest, who was scolding his parishioners, speaking to them by name, saying that he had heard there was dancing going on in their houses. Worse than that, he said he had seen boys and girls loitering about the roads, and the talk that went on was of one kind—love. He said that newspapers containing love-stories were finding their way into the people's houses — degrading stories about love. The people listened, accepting the priest's opinion without question. And their submission was pathetic. It was the submission of a primitive people clinging to religious authority, and Bryden contrasted the weakness and incompetence of the people about him with the modern restlessness and cold energy of the people he had left behind him.

One evening as they were dancing a knock came to the door, and the piper stopped playing, and the dancers whispered, "Some one has told on us; it is the priest."

And the awe-stricken villagers crowded round the cottage fire, afraid to open the door. But the priest said that if they did not open the door he would put his shoulder to it and force it open. And every one was afraid except Bryden. He moved towards the door, saying he would allow no one to threaten him, priest or no priest. Margaret caught his arm, and told him if he said anything to the priest that the priest would speak against them from the altar, and they would be shunned by the neighbors; and then Mike Scully went to the door and let the priest in, and he came in, saying they were dancing their souls into hell.

"I have heard of your goings-on," he said —"of your beer-drinking and dancing. I will not have it in my parish; if you want that sort of thing you had better go to America."

"If that is intended for me, sir, I will go back to-morrow. Margaret can follow."

The priest said if such practices were to be brought back to Ireland from America, he wished those who had left the country would remain out of it.

But it had suddenly occurred to him that he might be breaking off a marriage, and that would mean the loss of a fine fee; and he said it was not so much the dancing he objected to as the late hours that were the result of the dancing, and taking out his watch, he said it was after midnight. By Bryden's watch it was only half past eleven, and while they were arguing about the time Mrs. Scully offered Bryden's umbrella to the priest, for in his hurry to stop the dancing the priest had gone out without his; and as if to show Bryden that he bore him no ill will the priest accepted the loan of the umbrella. He was thinking of the big marriage-fee that Bryden would pay him.

"I shall be badly off for the umbrella to-morrow," Bryden said, as soon as the priest was out of the house. He was going with his father-in-law to a fair. His father-in-law was teaching him how to buy and sell cattle. And his father-in-law was saying that the country was mending, and that a man might become rich in Ireland if he only had a little capital. Bryden had the capital, and Margaret had an uncle on the other side of the lake who would leave her all he had, and that would be £100. Never, in the village of Duncannon, had a young couple begun life with so much prospect of success as James Bryden and Margaret Dirken, so it was said.

Some time after Christmas was spoken of as the best time for the marriage; James Bryden said that he would not be able to get his money out of America before the spring. The delay seemed to vex him, and he seemed anxious to be married, until one day he received a letter from America, from a man who had served in the bar with him. His friend wrote to ask Bryden if he were coming back. The letter was no more than a passing wish to see Bryden again, yet Bryden stood looking at it, and every one wondered what could be in the letter. It seemed momentous, and they hardly believed him when he said it was from a friend who

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wanted to know if his health was better. He tried to forget the letter, and he looked at the worn fields, divided by walls of loose stones, and a great longing came upon him.

The smell of the Bowery slum had come across the Atlantic, and had found him out in this western headland; and one night he awoke from a dream in which he was hurling some drunken customer through the open doors into the darkness. He had seen his friend in his dream, in his white duck jacket, throwing drink from glass into glass amid the din of voices and strange accents; he had heard the clang of money as it was swept into the till, and his senses sickened for the bar-room. But how should he tell Margaret Dirken he could not marry her? She had built her life upon this marriage! He couldn't tell her that he would not marry her. . . . Yet he must go. He felt as if he were being hunted; the thought that he must tell Margaret that he could not marry her hunted him, day after day, as a weasel hunts a rabbit. Again and again he went to meet her with the intention of telling her that he did not love her, that their lives were not for one another, that it had all been a mistake, and that happily he had found out that it was a mistake soon enough. But Margaret, as if she guessed what he was about to speak of, threw her arms about him and begged him to say that he loved her, and that they would be married at once. He agreed that he loved her, and that they would be married at once. But he had not left her many minutes before the feeling came upon him that he could not marry her—that he must go away. The smell of the bar-room hunted him down. Was it for the sake of the money that he might make there that he wished to go back? No, it was not the money. What then? His eyes fell on the bleak country, on the little fields divided by bleak walls; he remembered the pathetic, submissive ignorance of the people,—and it was these things that he could not endure. It was the priest who came to forbid the dancing. Yes, it was the priest. As he stood looking at the line of the hills the bar-room seemed by him. He heard the politicians, and the excitement of politics was in his blood again. He must go away from this place; he must get back to the bar-room. Looking up, he saw the scanty orchard, and he hated the spare road that led to the village, and he hated the little hill, at the top of which the village began, and he hated more than all other places the house where he was to live with Margaret Dirken—if he married her. He could see it from where he stood—by the edge of the lake, with twenty acres of pasture-land about it; for the landlord had given up part of his demesne land to them.

He caught sight of Margaret, and he called her to come through the stile.

"I have just had a letter from America."

"About the money?" she said.

"Yes, about the money. But I shall have to go over there."

He stood looking at her, seeking for words; and she guessed from his embarrassment that what he would say to her was that he would have to go to America before they were married.

"Do you mean, James, you will have to go at once?"

"Yes," he said, "at once. But I shall come back in time to be married in August. It will only mean delaying our marriage a month."

They walked on a little way talking, and every step he took James felt that he was a step nearer the Bowery slum.

And when they came to the gate Bryden said, "I must hasten, or I shall miss the train."

"But," she said, "you are not going now—you are not going to-day?"

"Yes, this morning. It is seven miles. I shall have to hurry not to miss the train."

And then she asked him if he would ever come back.

"Yes," he said, "I am coming back."

"If you are coming back, James, why not let me go with you?"

"You could not walk fast enough. We should miss the train."

"One moment, James. Don't make me suffer; tell me the truth. You are not coming back. Your clothes, where shall I send them?"

He hurried away, hoping he would come back; he was not sure. He tried to think that he liked the country he was leaving, that it would be better to have a farm-house and live there with Margaret Dirken than to serve drinks behind a counter in the Bowery. He did not think he was telling her a lie when he said he was coming back. Her offer to forward his clothes touched his heart, and at the end of the road he stopped and asked himself if he should go back to her.

He would miss the train if he waited another minute, and he ran on. And he would have missed the train if he had not met a car. Once he was on the car he felt himself safe—the country was already behind him. The train and the boat at Cork were mere formulæ: he was already in America.

He felt the thrill of home — the thrill that he had sought for in his native village and had not found. The smell of the bar, the roar of the crowds in the bar-room, were delicious to his ears and in his nostrils, and he offered up many a thanksgiving for his escape from life in that western town land. A month after he and his friend had purchased the bar-room, and at the end of the year he and his partner discovered from their accounts they were doing remarkably well. James married. His family grew up; his wife died; property came and went. One day the thought suddenly struck him that the only thing he really possessed in the world was a memory. The desire to see Margaret again was intense, so intense that he often thought he would go back. But he did not go back. He often wondered why. He was too old. Every one has a personal life that none knows but himself, and James Bryden's personal life was his memory of Margaret Dirken; and what he saw most clearly was the green hill-side with the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it sinuous lines of wandering hills.

Midsummer Music-making

See page 1102

THE dog-days are upon us, and the official musical season of 1901-2 is a fast-fading memory, but still the voice of the music-maker is heard in the land. At the Circle Auditorium Mr. Kaltenborn and his orchestra hold forth nightly; a few blocks away the prodigious Duss dispenses brazen sonority and arctic temperatures to the patrons of the St. Nicholas Rink; at Terrace Garden one may hear opera in English acceptably performed by competent singers; and there are nightly band concerts in the public parks: so it will be seen that, musically, there is vigorous life in us yet, despite the darkened auditoriums of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan.

It would, of course, be fatuous to deny that these enterprises appeal to a totally different public from that which patronizes the concerts of the regular winter season; but if it is a public less exacting in its demands, it is probably, in the main, not less intelligent—certainly, in the case of the *clientèle* which the Kaltenborn concerts attract, it is responsive in a gratifying degree to a legitimate musical appeal; and this appeal Mr. Kaltenborn makes, deliberately and successfully. Criticism of the orchestra's work would be wholly beside the point; it is sufficient, in the circumstances, to note that at the Circle Auditorium one may, if one wishes, listen to excellent music earnestly performed, at the cost of a comparatively small admission fee;—nor is the human interest lacking, if one has a discerning eye for the more delicate issues, and will turn it, now and again, upon the audience. Go to the Circle on a "symphony" night; Mr. Kaltenborn is playing Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique," and as that miraculous lament attains its most poignant climax, a young woman in a flamboyant picture-hat ceases her whispered chatter with the man sitting next to her and listens silently until the music has finally come to its sobbing close. In the next row an ingenuous enthusiast listens with his eyes bent upon a miniature edition of the orchestral score which he holds in one hand, while he pulls contentedly the meanwhile at a straw imbedded in clinking ice and a poisonous-looking "soft" drink—the only kind one can buy in the building. There are cigarettes and cigars for sale in the lobby, and one may smoke quietly in one's seat during the performance. It would be a pleasure, by-the-way, to see more frequently on Mr. Kaltenborn's programmes such admirable and infrequently heard works as, for example, Horatio Parker's "Northern Ballad," or Mr. MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" and "Indian Suite," or Mr. Van der Stucken's "William Ratcliff." Mr. Kaltenborn devotes one of his evenings to "Miscellaneous" works; why should he not devote it instead, wholly or in part, to the music of native-born composers? and in so doing, honor not only them, but himself.

At Mr. Kaltenborn's old stamping-ground, the St. Nicholas Rink, Mr. Duss—whom we have heard exquisitely described as "the W. J. Bryan of orchestral conductors"—plays music of every order, from Englander to Richard Strauss, with the vigorous assistance of a brass band of amazing plangency. Mr. Duss is an accomplished histrion, and has refined and developed to the last degree the art of combining the methods of the circus-ring with the conventions of the concert-hall. He will conduct for you with his back to the band, or in any other than the traditional manner long since rendered tame and jejune by a too conservative practice; or he will give you a burlesque rehearsal, with a stubborn cacophony on the part of the instrumentalists; or he will play you his "Battle of Manila," which, for realism of effect, puts Richard Strauss ignominiously to the blush.

Should one yearn for opera in English, one can hear "Fra Diavolo," or "The Mascot," or "The Grand Duchess," sung by the Terrace Garden Opera Company. During the intermissions the orchestra adjourns to the open-air garden and plays Waldteufel and Stromberg, while the audience invades the tables and orders beer. There are colored lights, and real trees and plants, and it is cool, and illusively remote from the street; and if one act of "Fra Diavolo" has sufficed, you need not go back into the auditorium, but can listen to the opera from the terrace, with the sky over your head.

As in former summers, there are nightly band concerts in the parks, with especially elaborate Sunday programmes; and there is an unexpected and quite vivid pleasure in hearing, as one occasionally does, a passage from a Grieg suite or a Beethoven symphony borne faintly to one's ears above the roar and tumult of Broadway at Twenty-third Street, or from among the trees beyond the Washington Arch.

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Alice in Summerland

III

WE DECIDE TO HEAR SOME MUSIC

"WHITHER are we bound to-night?" asked the Hatter, as we rose from our dinner the following evening.

"Some place, I hope," said the Duchess, "where we shall see something more elevated than the vaudeville we got last night."

"Hoh!" jeered the March Hare. "That vaudeville was elevated enough for me. I'd hate to have to climb up seven or eight flights of stairs to see it again."

"You are a silly sort of Hare," retorted the Duchess. "If you were my hare I'd have you parted in the middle, for your impudence to a lady of exalted rankness. When I said elevated I meant in tone, character, moral effect, and perspicuity. I did not refer to it in the sense that it was atmospherically high or etherially 'way up."

"Well," said I, after giving the matter a moment's thought, "in summer, you know, your Grace, we don't go in much for tone, character, moral effect, and perspicuity. We leave all that sort of thing for the people at the sea-shore and the summer hotels. The city is apt to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thoughtlessness in summer-time. For the most part, the solider elements of the community depart for a period of relaxation from the cares of winter; while the rest of us stay here in town and try to show our satisfaction with our hard lot by assuming an aspect of gayety and carelessness, whether we feel that way or not. Our summer mood, like our clothing, is of the lightest texture, and we should as soon think of wearing heavy under-clothing and fur-lined overcoats in August as to entertain ourselves with elevating things. It's a devil-may-care existence," I added, with a sigh, "but it's all-pervasive. With the churches and the theatres closed, and the roof gardens and race-tracks wide open, what can you expect?"

"Seems to me it's just the season when the ministers ought to be on hand," said the Duchess. "When man becomes chivalrous—"

"Don't you mean frivolous, dear?" asked Alice, timidly.

"It's all the same these days," said the Duchess: "but if you prefer the word frivolous, I'll use it. When man becomes frivolous and light-headed, it's the physiological moment to keep an eye on him."

"If you mean psycho'logical, I agree with you," said the Hatter, "though I haven't the slightest idea what you mean in either case. But I like it just the way it is. And as for a clergyman staying at home to keep his eye on a man, it wouldn't help the man and might injure the clergyman's eye. Most clergymen have trouble enough with their eyes as it is."

"Nobody cares what you think," said the Duchess, scornfully. "You're nothing but a Hatter—a plain ordinary English Hatter."

"Well, that isn't as bad as being a fancy extraordinary Panama Hatter," laughed the Hatter, good-naturedly. "They're common as all out-doors. I can't help my business, and these days, next to the telephone, my goods are the best things to talk through going."



Ice not used for skating in the summer

"It seems to me," suggested Alice, desirous of avoiding the wrangle which was likely to follow, "that we are getting away from the question. What are we going to do to-night?"

"That's it," put in the Dodo, fanning himself with his right wing. "That's it. Where are we going to go to see what, and why?"

"We care not for the Hatter's way,
Nor for the uses of the hat.
We'd rather have you promptly say
Where we shall spend the evening at,"

said the March Hare.

"Well," said I, "I had thought of taking you up to the Skating Rink to hear some music."

"To the which to hear what?" demanded the Duchess.

"To the Skating Rink to hear some music," I repeated, supremely uncomfortable.

"I'd rather go to a music-hall and get some skating," said the Dodo.

"Why on earth do they have music in a skating-rink?" asked the Duchess. "Haven't they got a Concertina Hall in this city?"

"No, madame," said I. "They really haven't. Fact is New York spends so much money on music in winter that she hasn't any left for a first-class concert-hall for summer use. But they do very well with the rink—"

"I suppose the band plays sliding scales," suggested the March Hare.

"Well, I move we hurry up and go," said Alice, "for, really, I'm interested to see how it works. But isn't New York topsy-turvy, Duchess?"

"It beats Wonderland all ho'low," said the Duchess, "and makes Looking-Glass Town seem sensible."

And with that we started out.

IV

WE GO TO THE ST. NICHOLAS GARDEN

An hour later we were seated in a box in the balcony of the St. Nicholas Skating Rink, where the eminent Mr. Duss of Pittsburg was installed with his orchestra. The rink had been floored over, and was filled with people, tables, and waiters. At one end was the band, armed to the teeth with instruments of brass and wood; at the other, two huge ventilators were busily engaged in blowing cooled air through the building. When the band was playing, the ventilators stopped; when the band ceased playing, the ventilators began again, thereby lending pertinence to the remark of the Dodo:

"Another continuous performance, eh?"

"It's a good programme," said Alice, as she glanced over the numbers. "I'm particularly fond of 'Semiramide,' 'Narcissus,' and the 'Rondo d' Amor.'"

"I like skating better," said the Hatter. "I wonder if I could go down in the ice-box and skate while you people take in the music."

"No," said I, shortly. "You can't. They use the ice for other things in summer."

"I thought as much," said the Duchess. "There go some of 'em now," pointing to a waiter who was carrying three Remsen coolers and a bottle of sarsaparilla to one of the front tables.

"Hush," said Alice. "They are beginning the 'Semiramide' overture."

"Who's that man trying to stop 'em?" asked the Dodo, pointing at the leader.

"'Sh!" I whispered. "That's Mr. Duss. He owns the band."

"Don't he want 'em to play?" asked the Hatter.

"Of course he does," I whispered, impatiently. "He's showing them how. He's the leader."

"What's he got his back turned to the enemy for if he's a leader?" demanded the Dodo.



"This is more like ping-pong than anything I've seen yet"

"I think he's bully," said the March Hare. "This is more like ping-pong than anything I've seen yet. Just see him return that crash to the fellers with the ventilators—"

"Those aren't ventilators," said I, with a laugh. "They are French-horns."

"What are they in English?" asked the Dodo.

"I wish you'd keep still," said the Duchess. "I'm trying to find it."

"Find what?" asked the Dodo. "Tell me what you are looking for. Maybe I can help you find it."

"'Semiramide,'" said the Duchess. "I thought I had it a minute ago, but it's gone again."

I discreetly held my tongue. I am not a musical critic, and was in no mood for an altercation with her Grace. Just then the orchestra wound up the first number, and the audience applauded vociferously. Mr. Duss bowed vigorously, and produced an encore.

"Did you hear it, Alice?" asked the Duchess.

"Well," said the little maid, "there was a little of it here and there, but it wasn't 'Semiramide' as I'm used to hearing it."

"I guess I know what was the matter," said the Hatter. "The band made so much noise you couldn't hear it."

It seemed a proper explanation to the rest of us, and we turned our attention to other things.

The next number was Nevins's "Nar-

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cissus" march,—or so the programme stated.

"I wonder whoce disarrangement that was," said the Duchess, when the orchestra had finished.

"I guess it was a Dussarrangement," said Alice. "He certainly has original ideas, that leader, but I think he ought to be more careful with them. He can do anything he pleases with the old things, like 'Semiramide' and 'Lohengrin.' They can stand it; but 'Narcissus' is too young yet to be handled so vigorously. Still, you know, Duchess dear, this is a brass band, and you can't expect the same delicate modulation from wind-instruments that you get from strings."

"That's true," said the Duchess. "A canal-boat that is towed along by a rope always runs smoother than a big schooner before the fury of the gale."

"But wasn't it fine and loud?" said the Dodo. "Why, I can hear it yet."

"Me too," vouchsafed the Hatter. "Indeed, I haven't finished hearing that first one yet — what was her name, Semi-demijohn? He certainly is the loudest musician I've ever heard. He gives you your money's worth in noise all right."

The following number was an original composition by the leader himself, "The Trolley March." In this the composer describes, "as near as time will permit, a ride from the suburbs of the metropolis to the St. Nicholas Garden. At one time a poky individual is suddenly put off—the conductor rings the bell, of course, but the car never stops—and later, when the merry trolley party are half asleep to the purring of the wheels, they receive a sudden jolt, the car having struck a rock which had been thrown on the track owing to the operations incident to the construction of the Subway." It was a tender little morsel of descriptive writing, and was listened to twice with rapt attention by the vast audience, for its first rendering was so spirited that it received an encore.

"Well, I declare!" said Alice. "Who would ever have thought of reducing a trolley-car to music!"

"Might as well try to make a symphony out of a blast-furnace," said the Duchess.

"Or a nocturne out of a bottle of cod-liver oil," said the Hatter.

"Or a fugue out of a boiler explosion," remarked the Dodo.

"That's what I thought it was," said the March Hare. "Either that or an automobile collision."

"It struck me as being descriptive," said I, rather nettled by the superiority of my guests. "Particularly the jolt."

"He left out one fine point, though," said the Dodo. "He could have made a corking reed-tone effect there, showing the sly conductor knocking down fares."

And so the concert proceeded, until the band essayed Westerhaut's very charming little "Rondo d' Amor," at the close of which Alice rose up with tears in her eyes.

"I—I'm ready to go home," she said, her lip quivering. "I—I was always *so* fond of that."

"Well, never mind, dear child," said the Duchess, as we departed. "Never mind. Perhaps it will recover. You never can tell. There was a little of it left when Mr. Duss was through with it, and possibly with tender nursing through the winter it will blossom forth as flagrant as ever."

We walked moodily home in a dejected procession.

"The music was all right, and the band was all right," said the Dodo. "The thing I didn't care for was the combination."

"And it was a bully rink!" said the Hatter.

"Yes, it was," agreed the Duchess, "and, after all, I think we'd better suspend judgment on the place until we've tried the skating. Don't you think so, Alice dear?"

But poor Alice said never a word. The treatment accorded the tender little "Rondo d' Amor" had broken her heart, and I sympathized with her mood, for, to tell the truth, I felt very much the same as she did myself.

Mr. Duss should stick to Trolley Marches and other lusty numbers, wherein he is almost the equal of Sousa. In the more delicate branches of musical art he suggests the advent of a runaway automobile in the window of a bric-à-brac shop.



"The Trolley March"

To be Continued.

Hot Weather and Man

WITH the heat has come upon us certainly an extraordinary increase of irrational acts of violence, that fill the columns of the daily papers with stories of suicide, murder, arson, and miscellaneous outbursts, generally appearing to be without adequate motive — in short, the ordinary so-called "epidemic of crime." Have these facts any common line of relation, and has the hot weather really any possible influence as a cause?

For the ordinary man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, life and its many occupations have at the present time this peculiar feature, that they are filled with complications that could not have been imagined fifty years ago. Once a clever New-Yorker postulated the principle that it required more brains to get safely across Broadway than it did to be a justice of the peace up in the country; and just as the Broadway of that time was full of complications compared to things in the rural regions, so is every phase of life in city or country at this time far more complicated, intricate, puzzling, difficult, than it was in the earlier days even of the present generation. Men labor in their occupations to keep up with this ever-increasing complication, and it puts upon them a permanent strain. That tries them to the last degree; for the man's mind and physical force represent a definite quantity, and the exactions of the day's duties and the definite quantity and the equilibrium are not stable.

Then comes the fearful heat with its physical and mental consequences in nervous wear and tear; there are loss of appetite, loss of sleep, loss of force, irritation, and the man goes to pieces. He is unequal to the strain of life except in his best physical state, and the heat puts him far below that state; and extravagant outbursts follow, arising equally out of the great and the small difficulties of daily life.

In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

VI

A Cirkis that came to Grief

ETHEL and I certainly were undergoing an unexpected experience of country life.

"If we had—hadn't left the city and come out here to live on this old farm," she said, a tremor in her voice, "the children would be safe in bed now, and as it is they may be lost, or killed, or mangled horribly!"

"Oh, nonsense, my dear!" I expostulated. "We'll find Beeby and Buzzer in a little while—why, we've only looked down the lane here, and old Squire Springger and Jason have got lanterns already. See! They're waiting for us there by the barn."

At sight of the glimmering lights Ethel cheered up immediately, and we hastened toward them.

"Here we are!" called the Squire, "and in half an hour your little boy an' gal 'll be snorin' like cherubs in their trundle-beds!"

"Oh, do you think so?" Ethel cried.

"Sartain, sartain! Ain't thet so, Jason Stafford?"

"I think you've hit it," our hired man replied, and with such confidence that I mentally blessed him on the spot.

"Now," Squire Springger continued, as if he were a general disposing of troops, "Jason an' I'll take one of these here lanterns an' go canvassin' through the orchard, while you, Jedge Lathrop, an' th' missus, make a circle round th' house, lookin' in under the hedge an' bushes everywhere, gettin' th' circle wider 'n' wider, so to speak. When any of th' sep'rate an' sing'lar scoutin' parties gits news—good, bad, 'r indiff'rent—let 'em jest let out his voice an' soul in three howlin' hollers!"

So it was agreed, and so the parties of searchers separated, Jason and the Squire starting up the steep, dark hill-side to beat their way through the undergrowth of the neglected apple-orchard, while Ethel and I walked anxiously around the house. The night was black, excepting for twinkling stars far above, and often, in spite of our lanterns, we stumbled over rocks or hummocks of sod. At last, after we had peered into every corner and under every bush, and after I had gone on hands and knees the whole length of the hedge, Ethel sat down. I stepped quickly to her and put forth a supporting arm.

"Oh, I'm not going to faint—not now, anyhow," she said, reassuringly. And I was amazed to see how little excited she was and how nervous I had become. It's no fun to be the distracted father of two little children who have suddenly and completely disappeared in the country late at night.

"The first thing to do," Ethel added, as calmly as if she were discussing a picnic, "is to consider the matter scientifically, assigning, if possible, a reasonable psychological reason as to why Buzzer, aged nearly six, and Beeby, aged four, have vanished. What did they run away for? They never ran away previous to this time."

I sat down on the opposite side of the path, and gazed at Ethel, wondering whether she had suddenly been bereft of her senses—whether the shock of our lost children had crazed her. But she continued to speak in the most rational way.

"That is the question. What motive impelled our little son and daughter to disappear to-day instead of yesterday? What has come into their lives—"

"I have it!" I cried, jumping up and clapping my hands. "Old Squire Springger came into their lives—and ours, too, only to-day. He came up the road in his rickety

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old buggy, driving an antediluvian mare with a colt at her side—"

"And a cow, tied on behind the buggy, followed by a calf!" Ethel agreed enthusiastically, rising to her feet.

"And chickens in boxes under the buggy—"

"And a miserable old dog leading the procession," I added, seizing the lantern.

"Which teaches us," Ethel added, starting around the house, "that the place to look for our babies is near the barn, where all these animals are tethered and roosted—"

"What Buzzer called a 'home-made 'nagerie'!" I cried, joyfully, as we trotted and stumbled and slid along the rough path. In a few minutes we had reached the barn, and by the dim lantern-light descried various dark forms in the grass—chickens roosting on stakes surmounted with cross-pieces which the Squire had driven into the ground; the ramshackle old buggy; the scrawny cow, Deuteronomy Perkins, making vain efforts to get loose from the rope which held her to a fence-post; and Martha Washington, the rusty mare—rustier than ever in the night—struggling at her halter.

"Beeby! Buzzer!" called Ethel, and listened; but there was no response. "Bee-by! Buz-zer!" she repeated, and not even an echo answered. A moment later, however, we heard the sound of crashing undergrowth on the hill-side, and saw a lantern swinging among the trees; and then Squire Springger and Jason Stafford reached us.

"They hain't up in th' orchard, anyhow," the Squire remarked; "but we'll find 'em pretty soon," he added, cheerily.

"We thought possibly they might be down here with your animals," I suggested.

"That's so!" he rejoined. "Good idee. Looked about much?"

"No," Ethel responded; "we just got here."

Before she had ceased speaking Squire Springger was tramping over to the spot where his live-stock was quartered. He stood in silence for a moment, bent low, peering this way and that, scratching his head. Then he straightened up and shouted:

"Hornets an' honey-bees! Th' calf's gone—an' th' colt too! . . . An' my b'loved dog Isaac Watts!" he cried, joyfully. "Yes, Jedge Lathrop, they've sorter vanished like the wind which bloweth where it whistleth—an' I'll bet hoss-shoes to hogsheads them young scamps 've vanished with 'em!"

"Oh, do you think so?" Ethel cried in alarm.

"Sure on it! Sure on it!" the Squire replied, confidently. "An' now it 'll be easy to find 'em." He turned to Jason, and added, "Which way did they turn outer the lane when you seen 'em go a couple of hours back?"

"To the left—down the road to'rds Bear Ridge," Jason answered.

"Then come along, all of ye, an' see me prove thet I've got th' finest dog in New York State!" the Squire replied, setting off down the lane so rapidly that we had hard work keeping up with him. Ethel followed, I went after her, and Jason brought up the rear. We left the lane and proceeded along the road to a little rise, where we halted and looked around. To the right, beyond a stone wall, rose a hill sprinkled with rocks and surmounted by a fringe of trees. To the left were broad fields of grass sweeping down in gentle declivity to a small stream, on the banks of which were other trees.

"Le's try here," the Squire remarked. He set his lantern down in the road, loosened his shirt around his throat, placed his hands on his hips, and leaned back until his eyes faced the stars above. The rest of us formed a circle around him, and waited and wondered. We were madly curious to know what he would do next; but not one of us dreamed of asking. It would have been little short of sacrilege to interrupt such awe-inspiring preparations. But the Squire himself soon gave the answer. Taking a great, full breath, he chanted loudly, in solemn tones:

"Plun-nged—in a gulf o-of darkdespair,
We-e wre-et-ched sin-ners la-a-ay,
Withoutone cheer-r-rful beamofhope,
Or sparkof glim-m-merin' da-a-ay."

And from far away came faintly a mournful howl.

"Thet's it!" the Squire shouted, gleefully. "Thet's Isaac Watts a-answerin' me! Ain't it a marvel—little short'er a mirakle, I say. . . . Now jest wait till I tackle him again."

Once more he took a full breath; once more he opened wide his mouth; once more, reverberating from hill-side to hill-side, came his joyless chant:

"Whv-y shouldwestart an' fe-ear to die?
What tim'rous wor-r-rms wemor-talsare!
De-ath isth'gate of eendless jo-oy,
An' yetwedread to en-n-ter thare."

And now we plainly heard the dog reply from away off to the left. We scrambled over the stone wall and hurried across the field a hundred yards, and stopped again for the Squire to uplift his voice a third time:

"Should sud-den vengeance seizemy brea-ath,
I must pro-nou-ounce it just in dea-ath;
An' ifmysoul were sent to he-l-l-l,
The rightjus law-w-w ap-provesit wel-l-l."

The miserable, sad brute responded as before, and on we went, guided by his voice, which echoed his master's.

"I guess it likely you'll find them enterprisin' citizens of yours campin' down thar in them trees," he remarked to Ethel, who thereupon darted forward, calling for me to hurry with the lantern. I followed her as fast as I could, but did not catch up to her flying figure until we ran into a mass of broken rocks and tangled underbrush halfway across the field. There she stopped, quite suddenly, and an "Oh!" of amazement escaped her lips.

"What is it?" I called, holding the lantern high up, and clambering over the stones to her.

"Here's the colt!" she replied, "and the calf, too!" she added, a moment later.

"What's that?" the Squire shouted, quite unnecessarily, I thought, for by this time he had reached my side. "Well, of all things!" he continued, gleefully. "If there ain't them benighted animals stuck fast in the bushes an' briers an' slipped down among them busted rocks!"

When Jason came up with the second lantern all four of us worked our way through the outer barrier of underbrush, and found the colt and the calf standing stolidly, and facing each other. They were tied together by a piece of clothes-line, which was fastened around their necks, and they had succeeded in winding the slack part of it so tightly around an old tree-trunk that neither could move. There they were, motionless as statues, gazing at each other with unblinking eyes.

"The Two Orphans—poor leetle creeturs!" Squire Springger murmured, sympathetically. Then he stooped down and seized a smaller object and lifted it from the ground, exclaiming: "Why, Isaac Watts! You here? That's good—now I *know* th' children ain't far off. Where be they, I. Watts?" he demanded, dropping the dog, which at once disappeared, brushing past Ethel as he went. She followed at once, and I after her, around a big bowlder; and there, by the flickering light, we saw Beeby, snuggled down in a little hollow wherein a nest had been made of dried grass. Her head was pillowed on a pile of leaves, and a tiny jacket had been carefully laid over her feet.

"It's Buzzer's coat!" Ethel whispered. "He must be here somewhere."

The old Squire touched my arm, and pointed to one side. There, seated on a stone and leaning against a tree, was Buzzer, head thrown back, mouth open, eyes tight shut, snoring lustily. In his chubby hands was still grasped a stout club.

The Squire gently lifted Beeby, who smiled in her sleep, but did not waken. And I took Buzzer in my arms, saying,

"Never mind the club now, dear son; father's here."

"Aw' ri—" he grunted, sleepily. "Fought wild beast might—eat—sister. . . ."

We turned and started homeward, Jason leading the way. My walking roused Buzzer momentarily.

"Don' forget th' cirkis—" he murmured. "They's anchored somewhere by th' rocks—an'—th' doggy—too—"

To be Continued.

Strike Paralyzes Coal-handling

See page 1097

ENTIRELY apart from the mining and transportation of coal is the matter of handling it on a large scale for the great consuming markets. The miner excavates the coal, and his work is ended. The transport companies carry the coal to the suburbs of great markets and drop it—and their work is ended. Then comes the problem of coal-storage on a vast scale and transmitting it to the retailers as their needs require. Coal is stored in heaps of 10,000 tons each. A storage-ground with a capacity of several hundred thousand tons requires a large acreage. Naturally, there is no room in the limits of great cities for these enormous stores of coal. New York city, for instance, consumes annually some twelve million tons of anthracite, a great factor in the local consumption being steam-vessels. It stands to reason, then, that in normal times there must be stored for New York from two to five million tons. There are many of these storage-places on radial lines from the City Hall, such as South and Perth Amboy, Quaker Street, Oneonta, Hampton Junction, Port Jervis, etc. When a strike occurs, these great coal-heaps are soon denuded and the storage-places left entirely bare. At the time of the present strike there were some two million tons stored for New York, which was reduced to 50,000 tons within two weeks. After that New-Yorkers were compelled to skirmish for fuel and accept the druggist's substitute, which in this case happened to be bitumen. From these coal-heaps cars and vessels are reloaded. Coal is trimmed and reloaded by trimmers and reloaders (see illustrations), each with a capacity of two tons per minute. As soon as a strike takes place all the labor employed in supplying local demands is laid off, the great machinery plants become idle, and hundreds of families are made to suffer because of a difference of opinion in which they have no part. It is impossible to estimate the loss in dollars, and it is to be hoped that these innocent bread-winners find other occupation for the time being.

Moral hygiene leads us, therefore, to true morality, which is the science of sovereign Good. What is this sovereign Good which yields us both happiness and virtue?—*Janet* and *Séailles.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—*Shakspere.*

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Finance

NOTWITHSTANDING a widely prevalent belief that all hopes of an aggressive August bull campaign in the securities markets must be abandoned, prices have ruled steady. Instead of the usual fortnight's activity this month, Wall Street had a month's almost uninterrupted rise in July. It seemed premature at the time, but the self-confident Western operators did not think so. The public participated in the movement, but only to a limited extent. Midsummer dulness has settled upon the Stock Exchange, and current price-fluctuations are unimportant and uninteresting. There seems to be no very good reason why stocks should rise much further at the moment; and no very good reason, on the other hand, why a substantial decline should commence at once. Such being the case, all discussions on things financial are concerned not with to-day, but with some weeks, or even months, hence; and in considering the future, only the professional tipsters can disregard general conditions.

There is every indication that the public at large, either because it realizes the uncertainties of the situation in sundry particulars, or because it is too busy attending to its legitimate vocations, takes only an academic interest in speculation. People see no reason why they should buy to-day at very high prices the same stocks they were unwilling or unable to buy much cheaper months ago. But it is also evident that those who did buy stocks then, and have held them ever since, are loath to dispose of them. Their investments have increased in market value, and they do not find it an easy matter to sell, since they would then be compelled to seek other investments, and nearly all securities have risen to practically the highest figures on record. It is only here and there that some unusually cautious man, disturbed by the prevailing high level, has begun to sell and to hoard his surplus funds in cash, to be ready for a possible "bargain-day" in Wall Street. But while the public's speculative commitments are extremely light at the moment, the syndicates are still heavily burdened with unmarketed securities. The public has not lightened their loads, and as it is in the money-market that the chief uncertainty lies, the ability of the syndicates and managers of deals to continue to carry their loads indefinitely excites natural interest, not to say anxiety. So far as the present is concerned, the fact that the great bulk of the stocks is in so-called "strong hands"—either investors or powerful financial syndicates—has prevented declines of importance. More than once professional Wall Street has endeavored to depress prices by means of bear tactics, which in the past were wont to prove successful when "outside buying" was nil. But the supply of stocks available for bear manipulation, by reason of the conditions shown above, has been too small, and the absence of such bear leaders as Addison Cammack, and James R. Keene as he was five years ago, has crowned with failure such bears as had the courage of their convictions. Apathy from the outsiders, forced inaction from the syndicates, logical timidity from the professionals, confront the market.

There is little doubt that the chief deterrent to bull speculation on the part of the public just now must be found in the very high prices at which stocks are selling. There can be no question that many securities have "discounted" all the value-making benefits likely to accrue to them from the continuation of the present prosperity this year and next. But of the greatest importance in its bearing upon the course of the stock-market during the remaining months of 1902 is the monetary situation. Last year the loans of the Associated Banks in July decreased some $24,000,000. This year during the same month they showed an expansion of somewhat in excess of that sum. Going further back than last year, we find the tendency of the loan account in July in the past has been toward a contraction. In August, the bank loans normally increase. The money-market to-day, therefore, is confronted by the certainty that the demand of money from the West for crop-moving purposes will come this year when the banks have not strengthened their surplus reserves, and that when the time comes lenders of money on call will resort to the usual, and indeed to the inevitable, expedient of calling such loans, diverting the funds from the field of stock-market speculation to that of legitimate business. We will not have the drain from the demands of the Federal Treasury, but, on the other hand, neither need we expect such relief as came last fall from the same source in the shape of government purchases of bonds. It is obvious that money available for stock speculation will not be abundant, and without the sinews of war no bull campaign can be undertaken. This is of interest as concerns the likelihood of a revival of outside interest in stock-gambling. But of far greater interest are the difficulties that may beset the financial syndicates, carrying huge loads of unsold stocks, borrowing large amounts of money, which is now tied up in deals not yet "floated." No man can estimate accurately in what sum we are indebted to Europe. A guess coming within fifty millions of the actual sum may be considered close. Various "authorities" have placed the amount at from $200,000,000 to $500,000,000. The former estimate is certainly too low: the latter is probably too high. However that may be, the interest lies more in the extent to which our coming exports of agricultural products will go toward settling our bankers' obligations to the foreigners, and again in the willingness of the latter to continue to lend money here.

No opinion of value can be vouchsafed touching the first. With an abundant corn harvest there should be no such falling off in the value of our exports as took place in 1901 by reason of the disastrous drought and consequent shortage of corn. In regard to the decrease of manufactures, the detailed figures issued by the Treasury Department put a less gloomy complexion on the matter than pessimistic observers have insisted on. The total exports of manufactures for the fiscal year fell off some $8,200,000, despite the fact that exports of iron and steel decreased $18,700,000 and of copper $2,000,000. The contraction in the former was obviously the result of the unusual domestic consumption, which absorbed practically the entire output—surely no unfavorable sign. As to the further extension of credits by Europe, the outlook is less promising, if the predictions of European bankers regarding the likelihood of an increased demand at home are fulfilled. It is thus impossible to determine at the moment how much or how little difficulty will attend the syndicates' task of carrying their burdens until the securities-buying public shall be in a more complaisant mood. But there is always the danger of some unexpected disaster which may produce a strain beyond the power of the syndicates to withstand. This possibility has been magnified into a probability, and has been reflected in the hesitancy of the more timid speculators.

The leaders of the world of finance themselves are not so apprehensive. They have learned patience, and patience is at times the highest form of financial wisdom. Great though the abuses have been in the way of over-capitalization and wholesale conversion of stocks into bonds, of which the penalties may have to be paid when hard times come again, there can be no doubt that the financial powers of the country have in the main endeavored to build solidly, and that, moreover, their most important plans will yet require years—and, by implication, prosperous years—to carry out. Notwithstanding this, it is little surprising that capitalists of experience and ability, familiar with basic conditions and with every phase of the industrial and commercial situation, should to-day differ as to the legitimacy or reasonableness of the means by which prices of securities have reached their present altitudinous level. The most powerful influence in last month's rise was that of the Western operators, the latest stock-market millionaires. The popular impression that these men are mere plungers, utterly lacking in conservatism or financial fear because the growth of their vast fortunes has been too rapid to permit of their proper appreciation of the value of money, such as men who have grown rich laboriously possess, is not entirely justified. They are not, in point of fact, men who look upon the stock-market as a species of Monte Carlo, "with the limit to the roof." They have gone onward boldly where others have hesitated, and they have paid prices for securities that have seemed over-high to the majority, because they believe that the East has failed to appreciate the solidity of the situation and the permanency of the change which has been wrought in railway affairs. They believe that while business cannot be expected to continue forever at the present tremendous rate, the country at large has grown so enormously that in the next period of depression the railroads will have much more traffic to handle than during the last "hard times," and that, moreover, by reason of improvements and increased efficiency of operation, such business will be handled more cheaply than ever before. Since for these reasons they do not believe there will be such decreases in earnings as were witnessed eight or ten years ago, they cannot look for such declines in values as then occurred. The oscillations of the stock-market pendulum, they believe, will grow slighter as our railroads approach the conditions affecting, for example, the English railways, the price fluctuations of whose shares are no longer violent. This is all to some extent true. But we are still far enough from the non-fluctuating stage to justify conservatism on the part of the average investor. Our prosperity, the expansion in our industries, our foreign trade, great though they be, are of no mushroom growth. But it is not reasonable to expect them to continue unabated forever.

It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed neither to blame another nor himself.—*Epictetus.*

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—*Landor.*

Knowledge and wisdom are different. We may know many things without an increase of wisdom; but it would be a contradiction to say that we can know anything new without an increase of knowledge.—*Landor.*

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Banking House - - -	545,796.92
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He turned his lantern on her face, and recoiled from her with a clumsy spring

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XIII

JUSTIFICATION NUMBER FOUR

TRIX TREVALLA was at Barslett. To say that she was in prison there would be perhaps a strong expression. To call her sojourn quarantine is certainly a weak one; we are not preached at in quarantine. Mervyn came down twice a week; the Barmouths themselves and Mrs. Bonfill completed the party. No guests were invited. Trix was to stay a month.

No ordinary pressure had brought Trix to this. It dated from Beaufort Chance's attack; that had rendered her really defenceless. She remembered how she drove away with the Barmouths and Mervyn, the ominous heavy silence, the accusing peck of a kiss that her future mother-in-law gave her when they parted. Next morning came the interview with Mervyn, the inevitable interview. She had to confess to prevarication and shuffling; nothing but his grave and distressed politeness saved her the word "lie." Her dealings with Fricker were wrung from her by a persistent questioning, a steady adherence to the point that neither tears nor wiles (she tried both) could affect. She had no strength left at the end. She wrote to Fricker to sell her Glowing Stars, to send the money to the bank, to close the transaction finally. She did not know where she would be left; she obeyed, and, broken in spirit, she consented to be deported to Barslett as soon as her letter was posted. Mrs. Bonfill was procured; the Barmouths made the sacrifice (the expression was Lady Barmouth's own); Mervyn arranged to run down. Never were more elaborate means taken to snatch a brand from the burning.

Yet only at Barslett did the real discipline begin; from morning prayers at nine to evening lemonade at ten-thirty, all day and every day, it seemed to last. They did not, indeed, all belabor her every day; the method was more scientific. If Lord Barmouth was affable, it meant a lecture after lunch from his wife; when Mrs. Bonfill relaxed in the daytime, it foreboded a serious affectionate talk with Mervyn in the evening. One heavy castigation a day was certain—that, and lots of time to think it over, and, as an aggravation, full knowledge of the occurrence manifest in the rest of the company. Who shall say that Beaufort Chance had not taken rich revenge?

Trix tried to fight sometimes, especially against Mrs. Bonfill. What business was it of Mrs. Bonfill's? The struggle was useless. Mrs. Bonfill established herself firmly *in loco parentis*. "You have no mother, my dear," she would reply with a sad shake of her head. The bereavement was small profit to poor Trix under the circumstances. Yet she held on with the old tenacity that had carried her through the lodging-houses, with the endurance which had kept her alive through her four years with Vesey Trevalla. This state of things could not last. With her marriage might come a change. At any rate, the subject of her sins must show exhaustion soon. Let her endure; let her do anything rather than forfeit the prospects she had won, rather than step down from the pedestal of grandeur on which she still sat before the world.

Another hope bore her up. Beneath the Barmouth stateliness was a shrewdness that by no means made light of material things. When she was being severely lectured she had cried once or twice, "Anyhow, I shall make a lot of money!" Fresh reproofs had followed, but they had sounded less convinced. Trix felt that she would be a little better able to stand up for herself if she could produce thousands, made under the hated auspices of Fricker; she would at least be able to retire from her nefarious pursuits without being told that she was a fool as well as all the rest of it. She waited still on Fricker.

"I shall never do it again, of course," she said to Mrs. Bonfill, "but if it all goes well I do think that no more need be said about it."

Mrs. Bonfill made concessions to this point of view.

"Let us hope it will be so, my dear. I think myself that your faults have been mainly of taste."

"At any rate, I'm not silly," she protested to Mervyn. "You mayn't like the man, but he knows his business."

"I certainly hope you won't have to add pecuniary loss to the other disagreeable features of the affair," said Mervyn; and a few minutes later, apparently as an after-thought, he asked her carelessly how much she would make on the best hypothesis. Trix named a moderate figure but a substantial one.

"And I suppose the rogue 'll make twice as much himself!" There was reluctant envy in Mervyn's tone. It gave Trix courage. Could she brandish winnings in their faces, she felt sure that the lecturers would be less severe and she less helpless before them.

Meanwhile, with the impulse to make a friend among her

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gaolers, with her woman's instinct for the likeliest, she was all dutifulness and affection towards Barmouth. She made way with him. The success helped her a little, but less than it would have because of his reverence for his son.

"How such an affectionate, well-mannered young woman could be led so far astray is inexplicable to me—inexplicable," he observed to Mrs. Bonfill.

"There is good in her," he announced. "She will respond to Mortimer's influence." And the good gentleman began to make things a little easier for Trix within the narrow sphere of his ability.

Lady Barmouth was inexorable; she was Mervyn's outraged mother. She had, moreover, the acuteness to discern one of the ideas that lay in Trix's mind and stiffened it to endurance.

"Now is the time to mould her," she said to Mrs. Bonfill. "It would not perhaps be so easy presently."

Trix had received a brief note from Fricker, saying that he was doing his best to carry out her instructions, and hoped to be able to arrange matters satisfactorily, although he must obviously be hampered in some degree by the peremptory nature of her request. Trix hardly saw why this was obvious, but, if obvious, at any rate it was also quite inevitable. She certainly did not realize what an excellent excuse she had equipped Mr. Fricker with if he sold her shares at a loss. But apparently he had not sold them, at least no news came to that effect; hope that he was waiting to effect a great *coup* still shot in one encouraging streak across the deadly weariness of being imbued with the Barmouth feeling about things.

It was a beautiful July evening when his letter came. Trix had just escaped from a long talk with Mervyn. He had been rather more affectionate, rather less didactic than usual; something analogous to what the law calls a Statute of Limitations seemed gradually to be coming into his mind as within the sphere of practical domestic politics; not an amnesty, that was going too far, but the possibility of saying no more about it some day.

A footman brought her two letters. One was from Peggy Ryle, a rigmarole of friendly gossip, ending with, "We're all having a splendid time, and we all hope you are too. Everybody sent their love to you last night at supper."

The other letter—it was from Fricker! Fricker at last! A hasty glance round preceded the opening of it. It was rather long. She read and re-read, passing her hand across her brow; indeed she could hardly understand it, though Fricker was credited by his friends with an unrivalled power of conveying his meaning with precision and nicety. He had tried to obey her instructions. Unfortunately there had been no market. Perforce he had waited. He had been puzzled, had Fricker, and waited to make inquiries. Alas, the explanation had not been long in coming. First, the lode had suddenly narrowed. On the top of this calamity had come a fire in the mine, and much damage to the property. The directors had considered whether it would not be wise to suspend operations altogether, but had in the end resolved to go on. Mr. Fricker doubted their wisdom, but there it was. The decision entailed a call of five shillings per share—of course Mrs. Trevalla would remember that the shares were only five shillings paid. The directors hoped that further calls would not be necessary; here Fricker was sadly sceptical again. Meanwhile, there was no chance of selling; to be plain, Glowing Star shares would not just now be a welcome gift to any one, let alone an eligible purchase. So, since sale was impossible, payment of the call was inevitable. Then came the end. "Of course mines are not Consols, nobody knows that better than yourself. I regret the unlucky issue of this venture. I cannot help thinking that things would have gone better if we had been in closer touch, and I had enjoyed more ready access to you. But I was forced to doubt my welcome, and so was, perhaps, led into not keeping you as thoroughly *au fait* with what was going on as I should have liked. I cannot blame myself for this, however much I regret it. I gather that you do not intend to undertake any further operations, or I would console yourself and myself by saying 'Better luck next time!' As matters stand (I refer, of course, to your last letter to me), I can only again express my regret that G'owing Stars have been subject to such bad luck, and that I find myself, thanks to your own desire, not in a position to help you to recoup your losses." A postscript added, "For your convenience I may remind you that your present holding is four thousand shares."

The last part of the letter was easier to understand than the first. It needed no re-reading. "You've chosen to drop me. Shift for yourself, and pay your own shot." That was what Mr. Fricker said when it was translated into the terse brevity of a vulgar directness. The man's cold relentlessness spoke in every word. Not only Beaufort Chance, not only the Barmouths and Mrs. Bonfill, not only Mortimer Mervyn, had lessons to teach and scourges wherewith to enforce them. Fricker had his lesson to give and his scourge to brandish too.

Again Trix Trevalla looked round, this time in sheer panic. She crumpled up Fricker's letter and thrust it into her pocket. She saw Peggy Ryle's in her lap—Peggy, who was having a splendid time. Trix got up and fairly ran into the house, choking down her sobs.

Ten minutes later Mervyn strolled out, looking for her. He did not find her, but he came upon an envelope lying on the ground near the fountain—a long-shaped business envelope. It was addressed to Mrs. Trevalla, and at the back it bore an oval impressed stamp "S. F. & Co."

"Ah, she's heard from Fricker. That's the end of the whole thing, I hope!" He felt glad of that, so glad that he added in a gentle and pitying tone, "Poor little Trix, we must keep her out of mischief in future!" He looked at his watch, pocketed the envelope (he was a very orderly man), paced up and down for a few minutes, and then went in to dress for dinner. As he dressed a pleasant little idea came into his head; he would puzzle Trix by his cleverness; he meditated what, coming from a less eminent young man, would have been called "a score."

At dinner Trix was bright and animated; Mervyn's manner was affectionate; the other three exchanged gratified glances—Trix was becoming imbued with the Barmouth feeling about things, even (as it seemed) to the extent of sharing the Barmouth ideas as to a merry evening.

"You're brilliant to-night, Trix—brilliant," Lord Barmouth assured her.

"Oh, she can be!" declared Mrs. Bonfill, with a return to the "fond mother" style of early days.

Lady Barmouth looked slightly uneasy and changed the subject; after all, brilliancy was hardly Barmouthian.

When the servants had gone and the port came (Mervyn did not drink it, but his father did), Mervyn perceived his moment; the presence of the others was no hindrance; had not Trix's punishment been as public as her sin? If she were forgiven, the ceremony should certainly be in the face of the congregation.

"So you heard from Mr. Fricker to-day?" he said to Trix.

He did not mean to trap her, only, as explained, to raise a cry of admiration by telling how he came to know and producing the envelope. But in an instant Trix suspected a trap and was on the alert; she had the vigilance of the hunted; her brain worked at lightning speed. In a flash of salvation the picture of herself crumpling up the letter rose before her; the letter, yes, but the envelope? In the result Mervyn's "score" succeeded to a marvel.

"Yes, but how did you know?" she cried, apparently in boundless innocent astonishment.

"Ah!" said he, archly. "Now how did I know?" He produced the envelope and held it up before her eyes. "You'd never make a diplomatist, Trix!"

"I dropped it in the garden!"

"And as I was naturally looking for you, I found it."

He was not disappointed of his sensation. The thing was simple indeed, but neat.

Trix had postponed making up her mind what to say; she did not mean to mention Fricker's letter till the next morning, and hoped that she would see her way a little clearer then. She was denied the respite. They all waited for her answer.

"Oh, don't let's talk business at dinner! I'll tell you about it afterwards," she said.

Mervyn interposed with a suave but peremptory request:

"My dear, it must be on our minds. Just tell us in a word."

Her brain, still working at express speed, seeming indeed as though it could never again drop to humdrum pace, pictured the effect of the truth and the Barmouth way of looking at the truth. She had no hope but that the truth—well, most of the truth anyhow—must come some day; but she must tell it to Mervyn alone, at her own time; she would not and could not tell it to them all there and then.

"It's very good," she said, coolly. "I don't understand quite how good, but quite good."

"And the whole thing's finished?" asked Mrs. Bonfill.

"Absolutely finished," assented Trix.

Lord Barmouth sighed and looked round the table; his air was magnanimous in the extreme.

"I think we must say, 'All's well that ends well!'" Trix was next him; he patted her hand as it lay on the table.

That was going just a little too far.

"It ends well—and it ends!" amended Mervyn with affectionate authority. Lady Barmouth nodded approval to Mrs. Bonfill.

"Oh yes, it ends," said Trix Trevalla.

Her face felt burning hot; she wondered whether its color tallied with the sensation. Despair was in her heart; she had lied again, and lied for no ultimate good. She rather startled Lady Barmouth by asking for a glass of port. Lord Barmouth, in high good-humor, poured it out gallantly, and then, with obvious tact, shifted the talk to a discussion of his son's public services, pointing out incidentally how the qualities that had rendered these possible had in his own case displayed themselves in a sphere more private, but not, as he hoped, less useful. Mervyn agreed that his father had been quite as useful as himself. Even Mrs. Bonfill stifled a yawn.

The end of dinner came. Trix escaped into the garden, leaving the ladies in the drawing-room, the men still at the table. Her brain was painting scenes with broad rapid strokes of the brush. She saw herself telling Mervyn, she saw his face, his voice, his horrified amazement. Then came she herself waiting while he told the others. Next there was the facing of the family. What would they do? Would they turn her out? That would be a bitter short agony. Or would they not rather keep her in prison and school her again? She would come to them practically a pauper now. Besides all there had been against her before, she would now stand confessed a pauper and a fool. One, too, who had lied about the thing to the very end! In the dark of evening the great house loomed like a very prison. The fountains were silent, the birds at rest; a heavy stillness added to the dungeonlike effect. She walked quickly, furiously, along one path after another, throwing uneasy glances over her shoulder, listening for a footfall, as though she were in literal truth being tracked and hunted from her lair. The heart was out of her; at last her courage was broken. What early hardships, what Vesey Trevalla, what Beaufort Chance himself could not do, that Fricker and the Barmouths had done—Fricker's idea of what was necessary in business relations and the Barmouth way of feeling about

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things. There was no fight left in Trix Trevalla.

Mervyn seemed hardly surprised at not finding Trix after dinner. He agreed that the next day would serve, and went to read papers and write letters; by doing the work to-night he would save a post. Lord Barmouth put on a woollen cap, wrapped a Shetland shawl round his shoulders, and said that he would go for a stroll. This form of words was well understood: it was no infrequent way of his to take a look round his domains in the evening; there were sometimes people out at night who ought to be in-doors, and, on the other hand, the fireside now and then beguiled a night-watchman from his duties. Such little irregularities, so hard to avoid in large establishments, were kept in check by Lord Barmouth's evening strolls—"prowls," they were called in other quarters of the house than those occupied by the family itself.

The night-watchman was asleep by the fire in the engine-room. Justification number one for the excursion. Her ladyship's own maid was talking to Lord Mervyn's own man in a part of the premises rigorously reserved for the men who lived over the stables. Justification, cumulative justification, number two. Lord Barmouth turned into the shrubbery, just to see whether the little gate leading on to the highroad was locked, according to the strict orders given. It was not locked. Justification, triumphant and crowning justification, number three!

He turned back at a brisk pace; he had no key to the gate himself, the night-watchman had: the night-watchman did not seem to be in luck's way to-night. Lord Barmouth's step was quick and decisive, his smile sour: leaving that gate unlocked was a capital offence, and he was eager to deal punishment. But suddenly he came to a pause on the narrow path.

Justification number four! A woman came towards him, hurrying along with rapid, frightened tread. She was making for the gate. The nefariousness of the scheme thus revealed infuriated Barmouth. He stepped aside behind a tree and waited till she came nearer. She wore a large hat and a thick veil: she turned her head back several times, as though to listen behind her. He flashed his lantern on her and saw a dark skirt with a light silk petticoat showing an inch or two below. He conceived the gravest suspicions of the woman—a thing that perhaps need not be considered unreasonable. He stepped out on the path, and walked towards her, hiding the light of the lantern again.

"Who are you, ma'am? What are you doing here? Where do you come from?"

She turned her head towards him, starting violently. But after that she stood still and silent.

"I am Lord Barmouth. I suppose you know me? What's your business here?"

She gave an account of herself; with trembling ungloved hands she raised her veil. He turned his lantern on her face, and recoiled from her with a clumsy spring.

"You?" he gasped. "You? Trix? Are you mad? Where are you going?"

Her face was pale and hard-lined; her eyes were bright, and looked scarcely sane in the concentrated glare of the lantern.

"Let me pass," she said, in a low shaken voice.

"Let you pass! Where to? Nonsense! You're—"

"Let me pass," she commanded again.

"No," he answered, barring her path with his broad squat form. Decision rang in his tones.

"You must," she said simply. She put out her arms and thrust at him. He was heavy to move, but he was driven on one side: the nervous fury in her arms sent him staggering back; he dropped his lantern and saved himself with his spud.

"Trix!" he cried, in helpless rage and astonishment.

"No, no, no!" she sobbed out, as she darted past him, pulling her veil down again and making for the gate. She ran now, sobbing convulsively, and catching up her skirts high over her ankles.

"Trix! Trix!" he shouted imperiously, and started in pursuit of her. She did not turn again, nor speak again. She rushed through the gate, slamming it behind her.

"Good God!" said Lord Barmouth, helplessly staring after her.

He stood there till he could neither hear nor see her; then, leaving the gate ajar, he wrapped his shawl closer round him, picked up his lantern, and walked slowly home.

The great façade of the house was dark, save for two windows. Behind one Mervyn worked steadily at his papers. Behind the other, lights flared in the room that had belonged to Trix—flared on the disorder of her dinner gown flung aside, her box half packed and thus abandoned, Fricker's letter torn across and lying in the middle of the floor.

CHAPTER XIV

A HOUSE OF REFUGE

PEGGY RYLE was alone in lodgings in Harriet Street, near Covent Garden. Elfreda Flood had gone on tour, having obtained a part rich in possibilities, at a salary sufficient for necessities. Under conditions that lacked both these attractions, Horace Harnack had joined the same company; so that, according to Miles Childwick, the worst was expected.

The lodgings wavered between being downright honest lodgings and setting up to be a flat—this latter on the strength of being shut off from the rest of the mansion (the word found authority in the "To let" notices outside) by a red-baize door with a bolt that did not act. This frail barrier passed, you came to Elfreda's room first, then, across the passage, to the sitting-room, then to Peggy's on the right again.

Needless to say, the lodgings were just now the scene of boundless hospitality; it would have been sumptuous also but for the char-woman's immutable and not altogether unfounded belief that Peggy was ruining herself. The char-woman always forgot the luxuries; as the guests never believed in them, no harm was done. Peggy flitted in and out to change her frock, seldom settling down in her home till twelve or one o'clock at night. She was in a state of rare contentment, an accretion to the gayety that was hers by nature.

That night, in Lady Blixworth's conservatory, she had refused the hand of Mr. Stapleton-Staines (son of that Sir Stapleton who had an estate bordering on Barslett, and had agreed with Lord Barmouth that you could not touch pitch without being defiled), and

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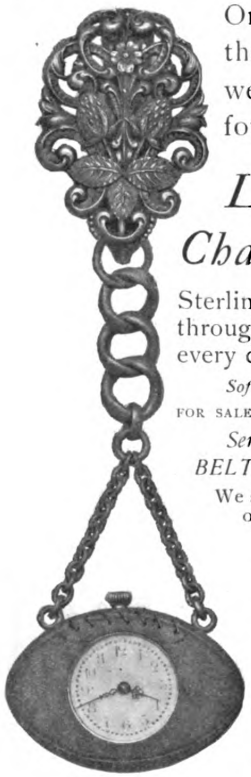
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she drove home with hardly a regret at having thrown away the prospect of being a county gentlewoman.

On her door-step sat two gentlemen in opera hats and long brown coats. They were yawning enormously, and had long ceased any effort at conversation. They had the street to themselves, save for a draggled-looking woman who wandered aimlessly about on the other side of the road, a policeman, who seemed to have his eye on the woman and on them alternately, and a wagon laden with vegetables that ground its way along to the market. Peggy's hansom drove up. The two men jumped joyfully to their feet and assumed expressions of intense disgust; the policeman found something new to watch; the draggled woman turned her head towards the house and stood looking on.

"Punctual as usual!" said Miles Childwick encouragingly. "Eleven to the moment!"

The clock of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, struck 12.30.

"Here's the key," said Peggy helpfully. "Have you half a crown, Tommy?"

"I have a florin, and it's three-quarters of a mile."

Peggy looked defiant for a minute; then she gave a funny little laugh. "All right," said she.

They went in. The policeman yawned and resumed his stroll; the woman, after a moment's hesitation, walked slowly round the corner and down towards the Strand.

Arrived upstairs, Peggy darted at the table; a telegram lay there. She tore it open.

"They've done it!" she cried exultantly.

"What church?" asked Childwick resignedly.

"I mean they're engaged."

"When?" inquired Tommy, who was busy with soda-water.

"Six forty-five," answered Peggy, consulting the stamp on the telegram.

"They might have waited till the hour struck," remarked Childwick.

"Isn't it splendid?" insisted Peggy.

"You say something proper, Tommy, old boy." Childwick was ostentatiously overcome.

"Is it a—an enthusiastic telegram?" asked Tommy, after a drink.

"No. She only says they're the happiest people in the world."

"If it's no worse than that, we can sit down to supper." Mr. Childwick proceeded to do so immediately.

"And how was our friend Lady Blixworth?" asked Tommy.

"She looked tired, and said she'd been taking Audrey Pollington about. She's the most treacherous accomplice I know."

"She's like Miles here. Nothing's sacred if a good gibe's possible."

"If only the lobsters—" began Peggy plaintively.

"I do not believe in the lobsters," said Childwick firmly.

"Then she asked me after Trix Trevalla—Why, there's a knock!"

It was true. The policeman had at last approached the woman with a step that spoke of a formed decision. To his surprise she suddenly exclaimed in an impatient voice, "Oh, well, if they're going to stay all night, I can't wait," and crossed the road. He followed her to the door-step.

"There's a woman on the door-step—and a policeman!" cried Peggy, to her companions; she had run to the window and put her head out.

"Now, Tommy, which has come for you and which for me?" asked Childwick.

"Stay where you are," said Peggy. "I'll go down and see."

In spite of Tommy's protests—Childwick made none—she insisted on going alone. The fact is that she had two or three friends who were habitually in very low water; it was just possible that this might be one who was stranded altogether.

The men waited; they heard voices below, they heard the hall door shut, there were steps on the stairs, the red-baize door swung on its hinges.

"She's brought her up," said Childwick. "Where are our hats, Tommy?"

"Wait a bit; we may be wanted," suggested Tommy.

"That's why I proposed to go," murmured Childwick.

"Where have they gone? Into one of the bed-rooms, I suppose."

The door opened and Peggy ran in. Her eyes were wide with astonishment; excitement was evident in her manner; there was a stain of mud on the skirt of her best white frock.

"The whiskey!" she gasped, clutched it, and fled out again.

"Now we know the worst," said Miles, turning his empty glass upside down.

Peggy reappeared with the whiskey. She set it down on the table and spoke to them. "I want you both to go now and to say nothing."

They glanced at each other and turned to their coats. In unbroken silence they put them on, took their hats, and held out their hands to Peggy. She began to laugh; there were tears in her eyes.

"Good-night—and I should like to kiss you both," said Peggy Ryle. "You're not to say anybody came, you know."

They nodded, and went into the passage.

"I shall come and see you soon," Peggy told Tommy Trent, as she shut the baize door behind them. Then she turned into Elfreda's room. "Come and have some supper now," she said.

Trix Trevalla caught her by the hands and kissed her. "You look so pretty and so happy, dear," she sighed; "and I'm such a guy!"

The term hardly described her pale, strained face, feverishly bright eyes, and the tangle of brown hair that hung in disorderly masses around her brow.

"I didn't tell them who you were. And, anyhow, they wouldn't say anything," Peggy assured the wanderer.

"Well, who am I?" asked Trix. "I hardly know. I know who I was before dinner, but who am I now?"

"Tell me about it."

"I can't. I ran away. I think I knocked Lord Barmouth down. Then I ran to the station—I knew there was a train. Just by chance I put on the skirt that had my purse in it, or— No, I'd never have gone back. And I got to London. I went to my flat. At the door I remembered it was let. Then—then, Peggy, I went to Danes Inn." She looked up at Peggy with a puzzled glance, as though asking why she had gone to Danes Inn. "But he was out—at least there was no answer—and the porter had followed me and was waiting at the foot of the stairs. So I came down. I told him I was Airey Newton's sister, but he didn't believe me." She broke into a weak laugh. "So I came here, and waited till you came. But those men were here, so I waited till — till I couldn't wait any longer." She lay back exhausted in her chair. "May I stay to-night?" she asked.

"It's so lucky Elfreda's away. There's a whole room for you!" said Peggy. She got a low chair and sat down by Trix. But Trix sprang suddenly to her feet in a new spasm of nervous excitement that made her weariness forgotten. Peggy watched her, a little afraid, half sorry that she had not bidden Tommy Trent wait outside the baize door.

"Oh, that time at Barslett!" cried Trix Trevalla, flinging out her hands. "The torture of it! And I told them all lies, nothing but lies! They were turning me into one great lie. I told lies to the man I was going to marry—this very night I told him a lie. And I didn't dare to confess. So I ran away. I ran for my life—literally for my life, I think."

This sort of thing was quite new to Peggy—as new to her as to the Barmouths, though in a different way.

"Weren't they kind to you?" she asked, wonderingly. It was strange that this was the woman who had made the great triumph, whom all the other women were envying.

Trix took no notice of her simple question.

"I'm beaten," she said. "It's all too hard for me. I thought I could do it—I can't!" She turned on Peggy almost fiercely. "I've myself to thank for it. There's hardly anybody I haven't treated badly; there's nobody I really cared about. Beaufort Chance, Mrs. Bonfill, the Frickers—yes, Mortimer, too—they were all to do something for me. Look what they've done! Look where I am now!"

She threw herself into a chair, and sat there silent for a minute. Peggy rose quiet-

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ly, shut the window, and drew the curtains.

"They all believed in me in their way," Trix went on, more quietly, more drearily. "They thought I should do my part of the bargain, that I should play fair. The bargains weren't a good sort, and I didn't even play fair. So here I am!"

Her desolation struck Peggy to the heart, but it seemed too vast for any demonstration of affection or efforts at consolation; Trix would not want to be kissed while she was dissecting her own soul.

"That's what Fricker meant by the letter he wrote me. He's a swindler. So was I. He didn't swindle me till I swindled him. I lied to him just as I lied to Mortimer—just in the same way."

"Do go to bed, dear. You'll be able to tell me better to-morrow."

"I know now," Trix went on, holding her head between her hands—"I know now why I went to Danes Inn. I remember now. It came into my head in the train—as I stared at an old man who thought I was mad. It was because he made me think I could do all that, and treat people and the world like that."

"Airey did?"

"Perhaps he didn't mean to, but it sounded like that to me. I had had such a life of it; nobody had ever given me a chance. He seemed to tell me to have my chance, to take my turn. So I did. I didn't care about any of them. I was having my turn, that's all. It's very horrible, very horrible. And after it all here I am! But that's why I went to Danes Inn." She broke off and burst into a feeble laugh. "You should have seen Lord Barmouth, with his shawl and his lantern and his spud! I believe I knocked him down." She sprang up again and listened to the clock that struck two. "I wonder what Mortimer is doing!" She stood stock-still, a terror on her face. "Will they come after me?"

"They won't think of coming here," Peggy assured her soothingly.

"It's all over now, you know, absolutely," said Trix. "But I daren't face them. I daren't see any of them. I should like never to see anything of them again. They're things to forget. Oh, my life seems to have been nothing but things to forget! And to-night I remember them all, so clearly, every bit of them. I wanted something different, and it's turned out just the same." She came quickly up to Peggy and implored her, "Will you hide me here for a little while?"

"As long as you like. Nobody will come here." The contrast between the gay, confident, high-couraged Trix Trevalla she had known and this broken creature seemed terrible to Peggy.

"I came here because—" A sort of puzzle fell upon her again.

"Of course you did. We're friends," said Peggy, and now she kissed her. All that Trix was saying might be dark and strange, but her coming was natural enough in Peggy's eyes.

"Yes, that's why I came," cried Trix, eagerly snatching at the word. "Because we're friends. You're friends, you and all of you. You're not trying to get anything, you'd give anything—you, and Mr. Trent, and Airey Newton."

Airey's name gave Peggy a little pang. She said nothing, but her smile was sad.

"And at Barslett I thought of you all—most of you yourself. Somehow, you seemed to me the only pleasant thing there was in the world; and I was so far—so far away from you." She lowered her voice suddenly to a cautious whisper. "I must tell you something, but promise me to repeat it to nobody. Promise me."

"Of course, I promise," said Peggy, readily.

"I think I'm ruined," whispered Trix. "I think Fricker has ruined me. That's what I didn't dare tell Mortimer. I had a letter from Fricker, but I've lost it, I think, or left it somewhere. Or did I tear it up? As far as I could understand it, it looked as if he'd ruined me. When I've paid all I have to pay I think I shall have hardly any money at all, Peggy. You promise not to tell?"

Peggy was more in her element now; her smile grew much brighter.

(Continued on page 1125.)

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Chimmie Fadden: An Unanswered Question

The Auctioning of Mr. Paul

DE fun of yacht racing is not being in de race. Only one yacht can win de race, and it's a long shot you won't be on de winner; but any old yacht dat isn't in de race can be in all de fun dere is going, or coming. Dat's de reason we went to de race in Mr. Paul's steam yacht.

"When I was younger and foolisher," says he, "I boddered me head about load water lines, sail areys, lapsed time, and allowances. I always raced in de schooner class, and dat give witty gents lots of chances to say comic paper tings about me not wanting to have anyting to do wit a sport dat didn't have to do wit a schooner. Note: a schooner is a large drinking vessel; diagrams wit full particulars furnished upon application to de joker. Odder killing wits had deir cut-ups about my load being more dan de handicap committee called for. Dere is a note goes wit dat one, also; but I see dat your sides is aching wit unconcealed laughter as it is."

"I tink it is all very stupid," says Miss Fannie.

"Paul hasn't told de whole trut," says Whiskers. "He quit racing because he never won. Every man dat ever bought or traded a schooner off Mr. Paul won wit it."

"Maybe dat's it," says Mr. Paul. "I knowed dere was a joke somewhere, but I never was quite next to where de laugh come in. If it came in on me, dat's de usual ting. I wasn't born a winner. I was unlucky in war, but not lucky in de odder ting dat de proverb tips off I was to be lucky in."

"What's dat?" says Widdy, who is always looking for to get a rise out of him.

"Unlucky in war, lucky in love, is de saying, ma'am. But look at me!" he says. "Goils of any marriageable age, from sixteen to sixty, flee from me like scared deers. Only yesterday I met a sweet young ting at a garden party, and she asked me didn't I tink it was just too mean for dear Mr. Travis to lose de mug. I says to her, says I, 'Miss,' I says, 'de laws of change is immutable. No matter wit what celerity and dexterity de individual may paste de gutty trou de long green, gradual ossification makes its insiduous presence felt, aye, and seen, in de shortening flight of his drives and seconds. Yout, buoyant, bubbling, busting yout, must have its fling; and a James or a Beyers hikes along de pike, and pokes his brassie into a carry-trou, unretarded by de phenomenon of ossification, and, lo! Travis is in de soup.' When I'd made dis simple and short response to her question she fled from me side, and started a report dat I'd been drinking so hard I was delerious. I could have loved dat lass!"

"It's too bad," says Miss Fannie. "But have hope. I've invited some nice goils for your yacht race party, and I'll post 'em in advance not to be frightened if your mind wanders at times; to wait for lucid moments, and dey'll find you an easy catch."

"Many tanks," says Mr. Paul. "I'm de silliest fish in de pond, and de one dat hooks me foist won't need no landing net: she can just reel me in, and I'll not even bend her rod."

Well, we had de yacht race party all right. Miss Fannie chappy-rooneyed a flock of goils from a house party in de Westchester tall timber, and dey was doisies for fair to de last one in de bunch. Miss Fannie stood 'em all in a row on top de house and fetches Mr. Paul to give him a knockdown to 'em. Den she says, "Now, young loidies, dis is a love lorn yout. He is old enough to know better, broke to ottermobiles and subway blasts, has been driven single all his life—"

"By a woman," chips in Mr. Paul.

"—and could easily be broke to double harness or saddle; is fond of children and dogs; fairly intelligent, and is offered at a sacrifice only because owner is going away."

"You forgot to mention dat he is a light feeder, but requires a box stall," says Mr. Paul.

"Is he a jumper?" says one of de goils, piping Mr. Paul off, sober as a judge.

"No," says Widdy, who'd butted into de game wit Whiskers. "He refuses every jump offered. He can't even jump at a chance."

"Will he stand witout hitching?" says anodder goil, poking at Mr. Paul's shoulders wit her parasol.

"He's never been hitched in his life," says Miss Fannie.

"And has stood everyting," says Mr. Paul.

"Fairly good chest and shoulders," says one goil, looking at Mr. Paul trou a pair of marine glasses, "but radder pinched in de barrel."

"Have I a bid? What's offered to start him?" says Miss Fannie.

"I don't tink anyting would start him," says one goil.

"Try a small bottle," says anodder.

"Won't somebody take him on trial?" says Miss Fannie. "A mont's trial free!"

Den dey began chipping in free-for-all: "Looks like he lacked spirit"; "Gaited for a family doctor"; "No action"; "Stall-fed—should be offered for beef"; "Suspect he's a roarer"; "Might sprint, but couldn't go de distance."

"Will any one take him as a gift?" says Miss Fannie.

Wit dat a bunch of lads what had been below comes up; each lad takes a goil, and dey marches off singing "Tell me, Pretty Maiden."

"It was a very pretty comedy," says Duchess, who'd been watching it wit me.

"What's de answer to it?" I says.

"*Mon Dieu!*" says Duchess, "do you tink everyting a woman do is a question?"

"Isn't it?" says I.

"Did not Miss Fannie look as young as any of dose goil? Certainly. But did Mr. Paul look as young as any of dose boy? Certainly not. Who knows? Maybe Miss Fannie make a comedy to ask M'sieu Paul if he tink he is as young as he was five year ago. I do not know. You ask foolish question. Answer him yourself, *mon enfant*."

If I was to try an answer, if it was up to me to put you wise on how de game lays, I cop it dis way: Mr. Paul has a streak of yellow in him. He made a play for to get Miss Fannie, once, and she give him de trun down. He loves her too much to take a chance for de final knockout. Dat's de way I sizes it up.



The immutable law of change

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(Continued from page 1123.)

"Yes, I promise, and you needn't bother about that. It doesn't matter a bit. And, besides, I've got lots of money. Airey's got a heap of money of mine."

"Airey Newton?" She stood silent a moment, frowning, as though she were thinking of him or of what his name brought into her mind. But in the end she only said again, "Yes, I think I must be ruined too."

It was evident that Peggy could comfort her on that score hardly more than with regard to the troubles that were strange and mysterious. Indeed, Peggy was almost at her limit of endurance.

"If you're miserable any longer, and don't go quietly to bed, I think I shall begin to cry and never stop," she declared, in serious warning.

"Have I said a great deal?" asked Trix wearily. "I'm sorry; I had to say it to some one. It was burning me up inside, you know."

"You poor old dear, come to bed," said Peggy.

Peggy herself was not much for bed that night. After she had seen Trix between the sheets, and dropping off to sleep in exhaustion, she put on a dressing-gown and came back to her favorite chair. Here she sat herself Turkwise, and abandoned the remaining hour of darkness to reflection and cigarettes. She was to become, it seemed, a spectator of odd things, a repository of secrets; she was to behold strange scenes in the world's comedy. It was by no seeking of hers; she had but gone about enjoying herself, and all this came to her; she did but give of her abundance of happiness, and they brought to her trouble in exchange.

Dawn peeped through the curtains, and she tore the hanging folds away that she might greet its coming and welcome the beauty of it. As she stood looking, her old confident faith that joy cometh in the morning rose in her. Presently she turned away with a merry laugh, and, shrugging her shoulders at Nature's grandmotherly ways, at last drove herself to bed at hard on five o'clock. There was no sound from Trix Trevalla's room when she listened on the way.

Her night was short; eight o'clock found her in the market, buying flowers, flowers, flowers; the room was to be a garden for Trix to-day, and money flew thousand-winged from Peggy's purse. She had just dealt forth her last half-sovereign, when she turned to find Tommy Trent at her elbow; he too was laden with roses.

"Oh!" exclaimed Peggy, rather startled, and blushing a little; looking down, too, at her unceremonious morning attire.

"Ah!" said Tommy, pointing at her flowers and shaking his head.

"Well, you've got some too."

"I was going to leave them for you—just in acknowledgment of the lobsters. What have you bought those for?"

"They're for her," said Peggy. "I shall like to have yours for myself."

"Nobody ever needed them less, but I'll bring them round," said he.

They walked together to her door. Then Tommy said,

"Well, you can tell me?"

"I can tell you part of it—not all," said Peggy.

"Who is she, then?"

"Nobody else is to know." She whispered to him, "Trix Trevalla!"

Tommy considered a moment. Then he remarked,

"You'll probably find that you've got to send for me."

Peggy raised her brows and looked at him derisively. He returned her gaze placidly, with a pleasant smile. Peggy laughed gently.

"If Mrs. Trevalla is so foolish, I don't mind," she said.

Tommy strolled off very happy. "The thing moves, I think," he mused, as he went his way. For the more love she had for others, the more and the better might she some day give to him. It is a treasure that grows by spending; such was his reflection, and it seems but fair to record it, since so many instances of a different trend of thought have been exhibited.

To be Continued.



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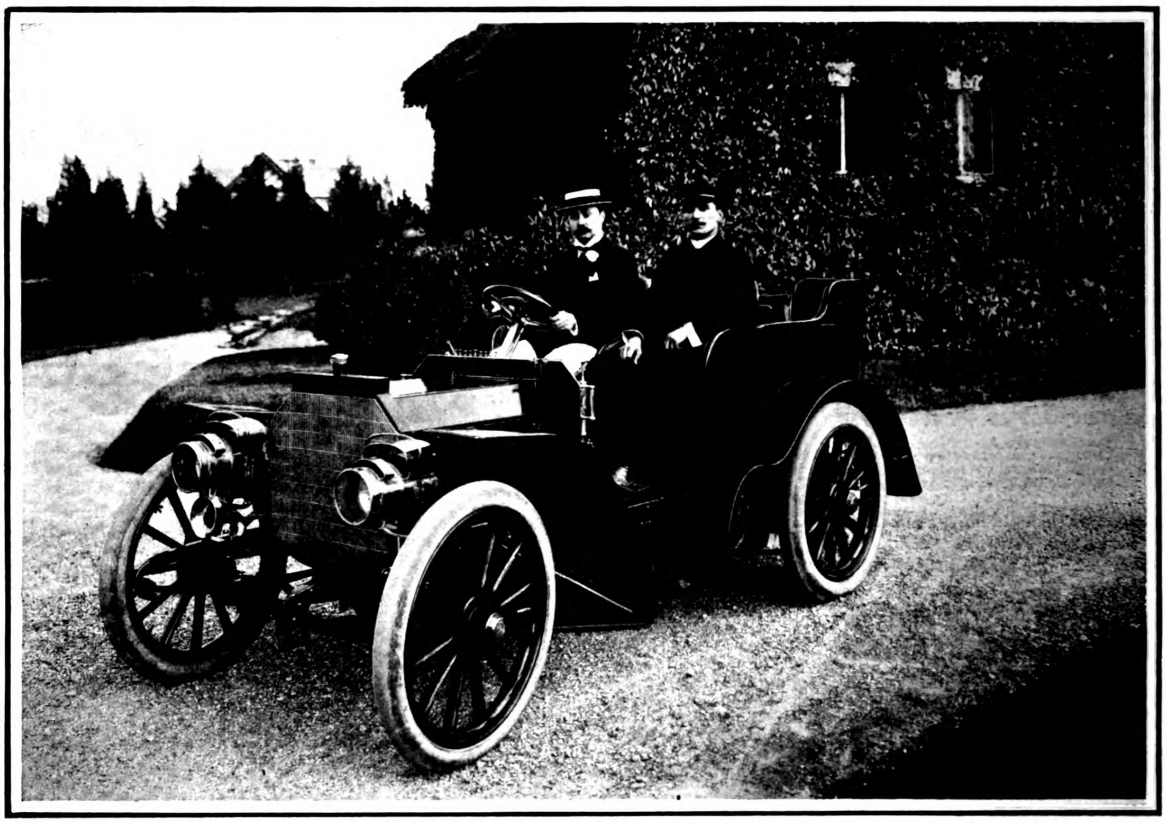
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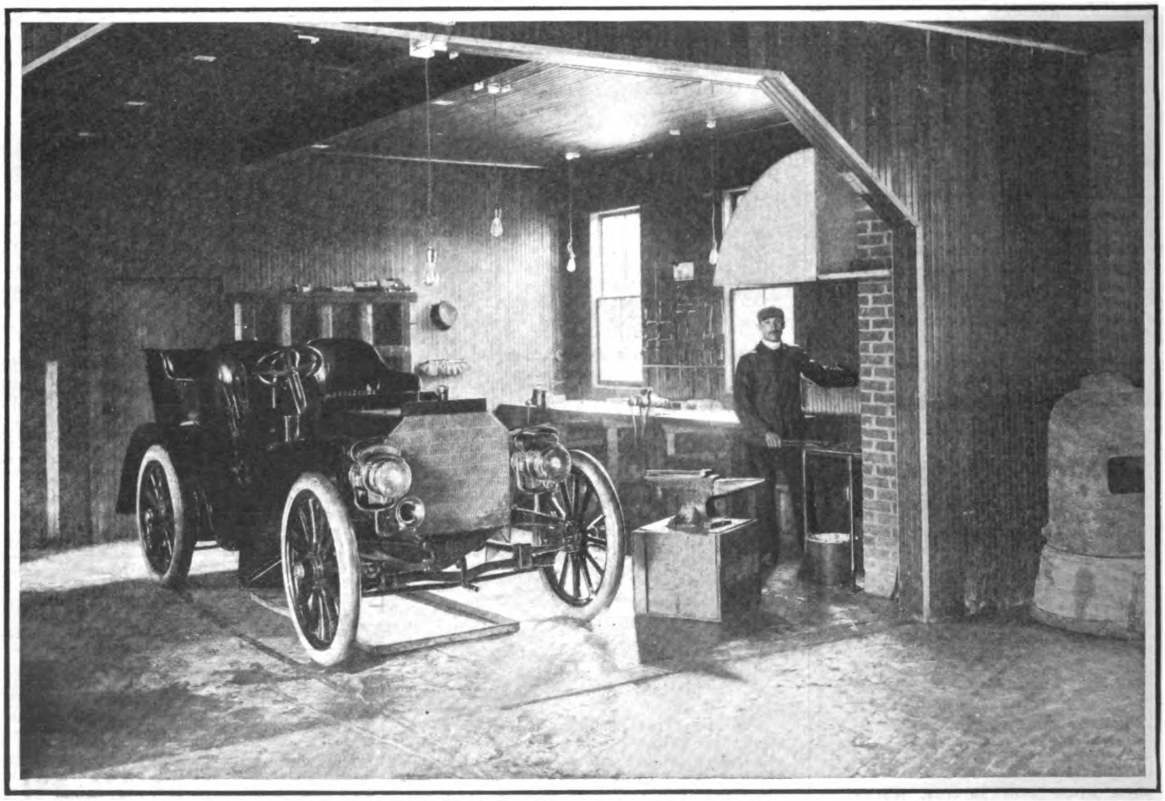
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Mr. Talbot J. Taylor, of Cedarhurst, Long Island, has recently added to his automobiles one of the most modern Mercedes machines, which is pictured above, with Mr. Taylor at the "wheel." It is a forty horse-power 1902 make, and is capable of making seventy miles an hour. Mr. Taylor runs into New York nearly every day, and with this powerful motor he could easily beat the train, if the speed laws did not prevent. The advantage of a high-powered motor lies in its hill-climbing capacity.



Owners of motor vehicles are beginning to find that a necessary adjunct for the proper care of their machines is a private repair-shop. One of the best-equipped private "garages" in this country is that built by Mr. Taylor for his own machines. The illustration above is from a photograph of the machine-shop, which has all necessary appliances for satisfactory repairs. Besides the machine-shop the building contains a storage-room for visitors' motors or for extra machines, and a washing-room.

MR. T. J. TAYLOR'S NEW "MERCEDES" AND HIS MOTOR HOUSE

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The Oyster Industry

See page 1099

NINETEEN States and Canada have, within a few years, boosted the oyster industry from something over five billion bivalves annually to a production of over twelve billion. At an average retail price of one half cent per oyster, it will be seen that it probably costs us at least $60,000,000 per year to indulge in the luscious sea-fruit, particularly when most of us have to pay twenty-five cents for a "stew" or "shell" of six oysters.

Delaware Bay, by-the-way, has apparently wrested the oyster championship for production from Chesapeake Bay. Therein the oyster-grounds cover over 220 square miles, engages over 600 vessels, and employs over 7000 men. Every acre of Delaware oysters is estimated to pay an annual profit of $69, so your Delaware oyster-farmer sniffs contemptuously at his brother of the ox and the hay, and invites Edwin Markham to write another poem. The capital of this industry is fitly called Bivalve, with Venetian streets, all débouching on water-fronts, wharf-lined, and covered with steel rails by railways which wrest what traffic they can from the sail and steam craft. Most of these "farmers," however, use little sloops and luggers of their own. If the wholesaler doesn't compete actively enough for the product at the wharf, he loads his oysters, hoists sail, and takes to Philadelphia for best prices. If the prices are unsatisfactory, why, he stores his goods in floats, or dumps them overboard, where he can fish them out again when the market booms. Your oyster goes right on growing and fattening, like a hotel bill which works all the time, so what cares he of the sea? New Jersey built up its oyster industry from the bottom, so to speak. First, it laid out its natural oyster-beds to supply seed for all its citizen growers: then it staked off the remaining areas, and leased them to growers. The grower takes his seed from the natural beds between April 1 and June 15, in accordance with the terms of his special State license, and transplants them on the grounds he has leased. The seed-oyster is a little fellow, but in ten months has grown sufficiently to be transplanted into deeper water, where it remains, sometimes for as many as three years, or until it achieves the proper commercial size and weight.

New York is naturally the largest oyster-market in the world, both as a consumer and a universal supply depot. It necessarily handles the crops of most of the Atlantic coast, besides having five or six million human mouths to feed in city and environs. It handles millions of bushels of oysters and clams annually. The State waters supply the most noted varieties of oysters in the world, such as "Blue Points" and "Rockaways," the near Jersey shore assisting with "Shrewsburys."

Connecticut, which revolutionized methods of oyster-culture, leases upwards of 75,000 square acres for the purpose, and holds its own with other States. Rhode Island fosters its shell-fish industry, and utilizes every square inch of water areas, in which it resembles Holland. Its total oyster area, however, is less than 4000 acres. In Massachusetts the industry is new, but growing, and the demand for its very salty-tasting "Cape Cods" and "Buzzard Bays" is greater than its supply, so that at times its bivalves have brought as high as $12 per barrel. Cape Cod is the northern limit of the oyster-culture in the United States.

Louisiana, where oysters are cheaper than elsewhere, realizes about one million dollars annually from the industry. Its experts claim, however, that capital refuses to interest itself, and lets 130 million dollars' worth of oysters annually go to waste. They claim that there are 450 square miles of oyster-grounds never raked over, and vast ledges or deposits of them never touched except by inhabitants of the deep. In these subtropical waters the oyster is self-propagating, large and fat, and capable of existing for weeks on the sands in the sun without water. In Florida, hundreds of miles of coast are similarly unutilized, although a growing industry has been established. The other Southern coast States have each their industry, culminating in Virginia's crop of 4,600,000 bushels annually, used mostly for canning.

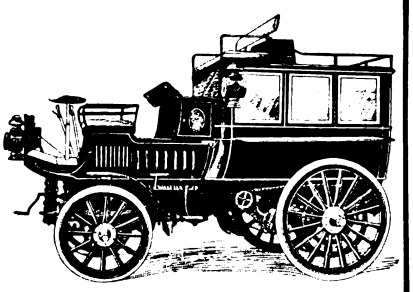
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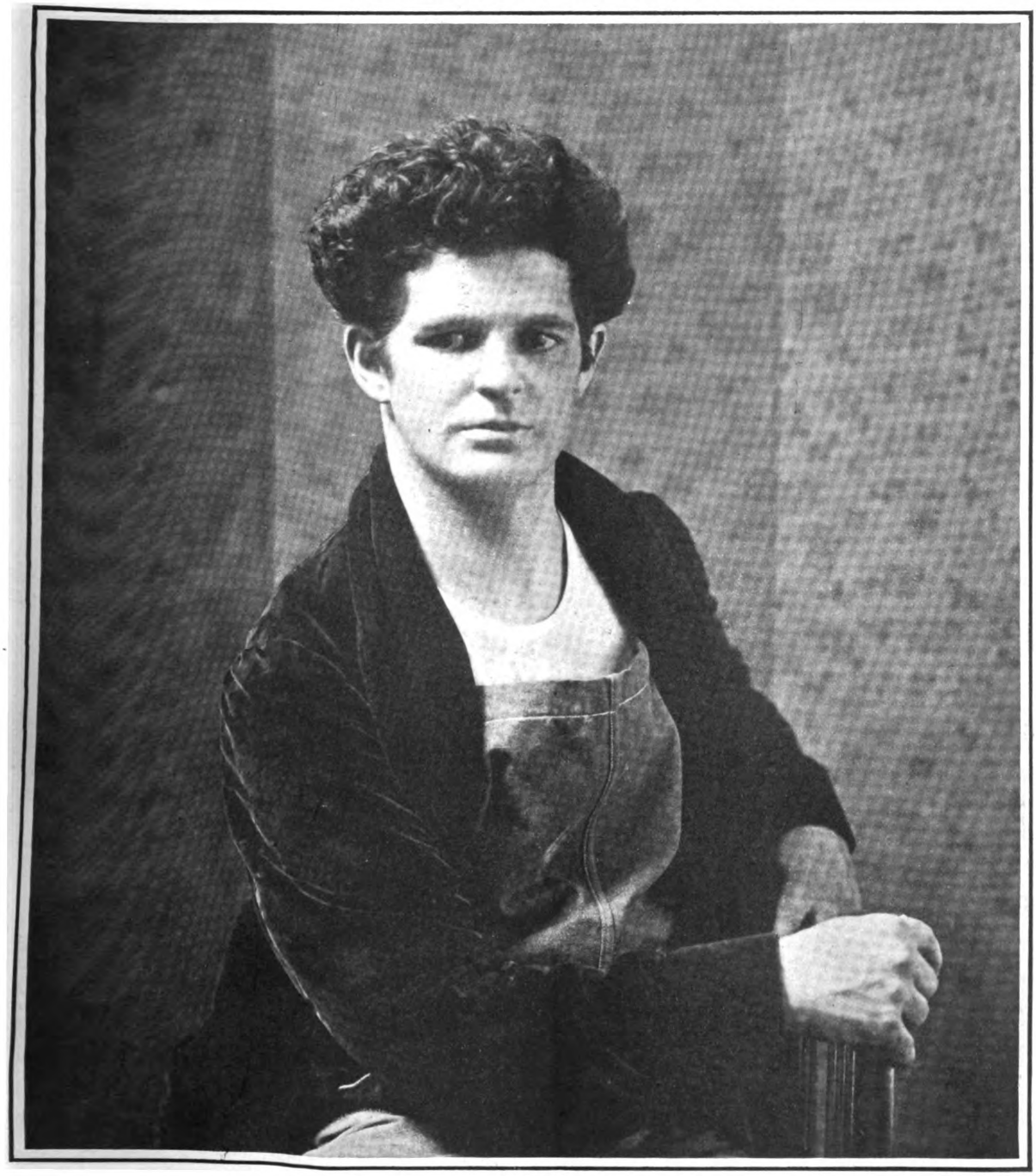
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. New York, Saturday, August 23, 1902—Illustrated Section NO. 2383

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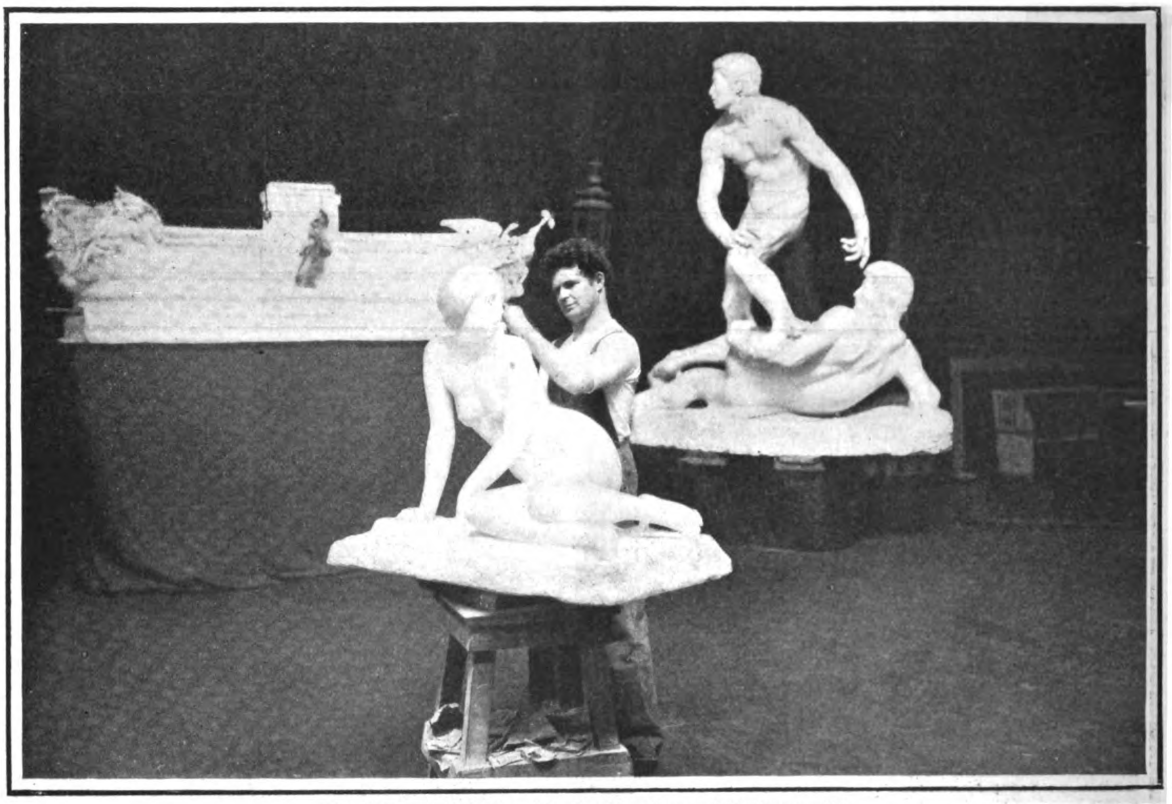
IV.—GEORGE GREY BARNARD, *AET. 39*

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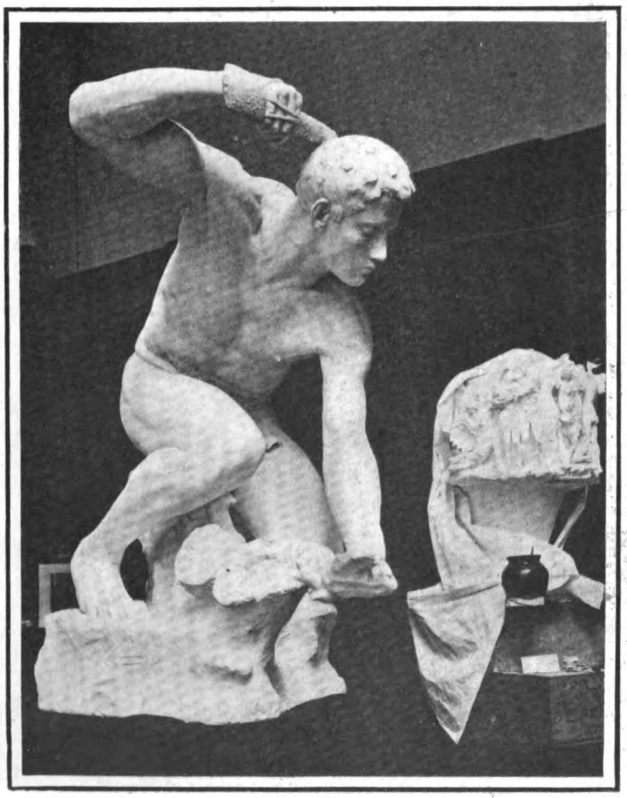
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Mr. Barnard finishing his Marble Figure "Maidenhood"

At the right is the plaster cast of his largest work, "The Two Natures," of which the finished group, in marble, is in the new wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the left is a plaster sketch for a monument



"The Hewer."—By George Grey Barnard

This colossal figure, in marble, is one of a proposed group of over twenty nudes, to embody the sculptor's conception of "Primitive Man"



Clock. By George Grey Barnard

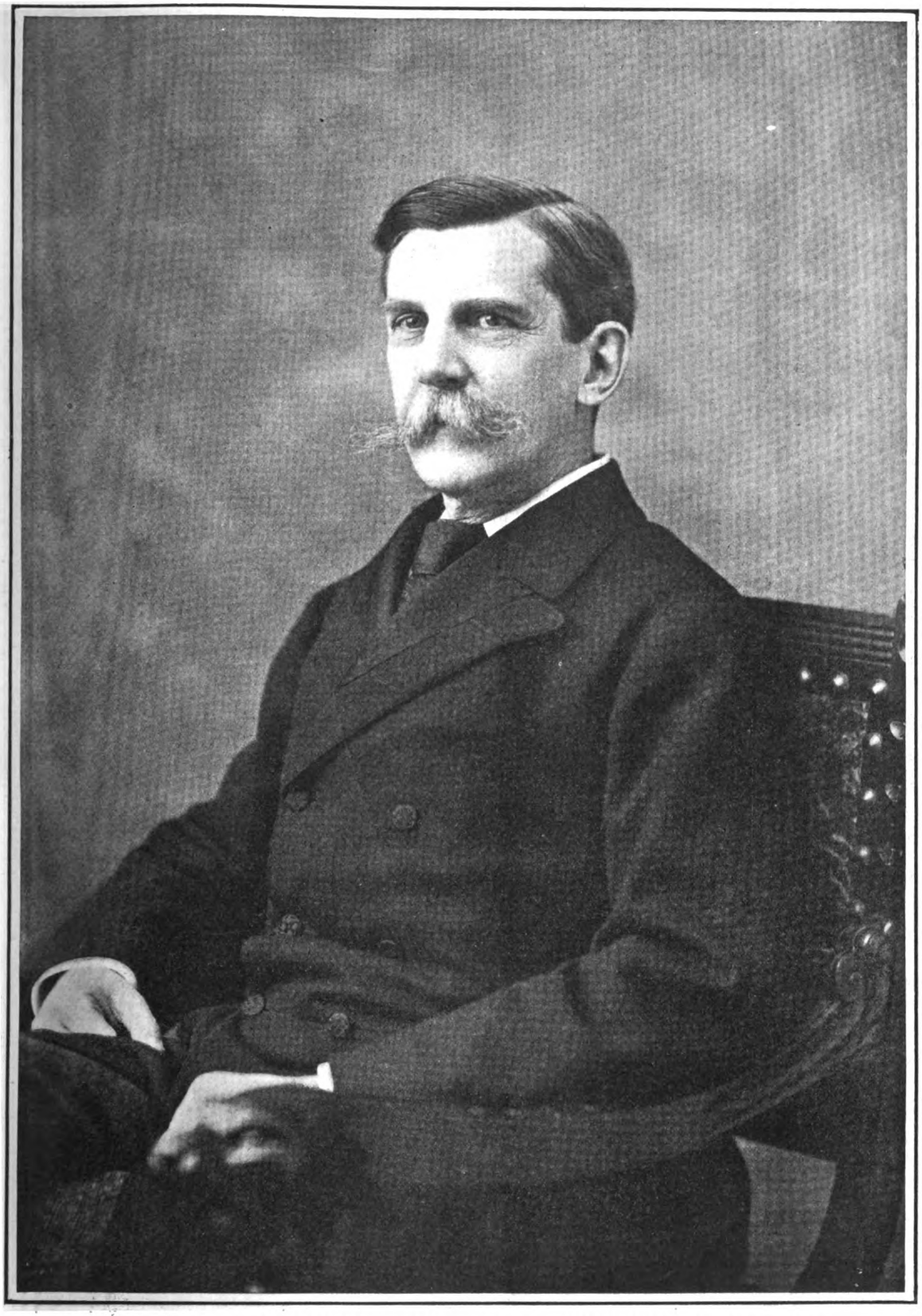
Carved in oak, twelve feet six inches in height, illustrating a Norwegian legend,—man's struggle with the primeval serpent Hidhoegur

GEORGE GREY BARNARD AND HIS WORK

Mr. Barnard, the young American sculptor, has just signed a $300,000 contract to furnish the sculpture to be used on the new State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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THE NEW JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, the son of the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," was born in Boston in 1841. After graduating at Harvard he entered the law, and then took active part in the civil war. In 1882 he became Associate Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and in 1897 became Chief Justice. He has just been appointed by the President to succeed Justice Gray as a member of the United States Supreme Court

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THE NEW METHOD OF RANGE-FINDING IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

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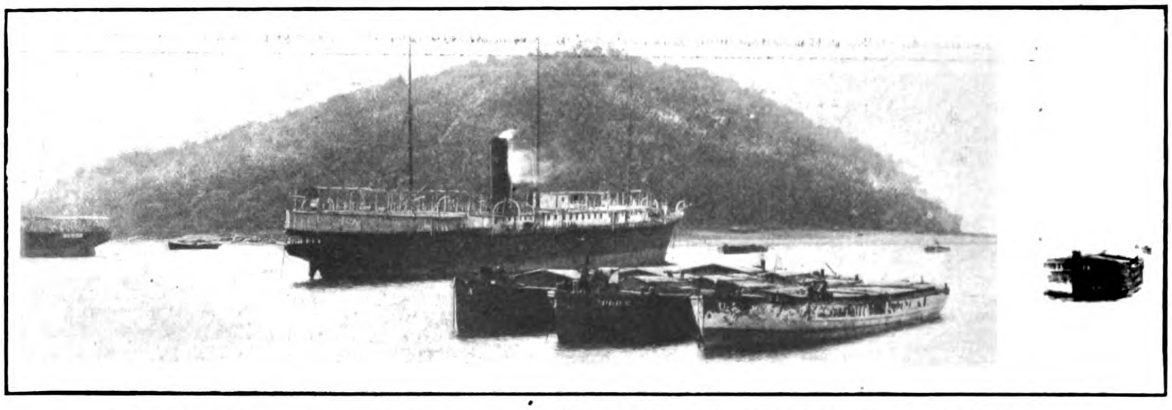


Sir Chentung Liang Cheng Prince Tsia Chen

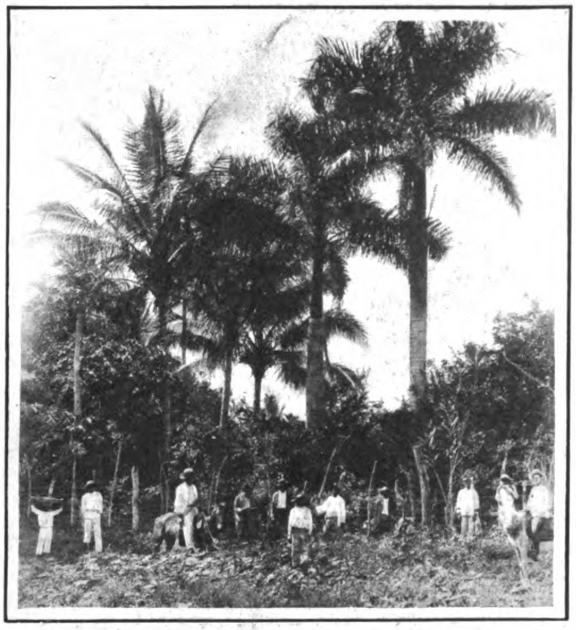
THE DISTINGUISHED CHINESE VISITORS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Sir Liang Cheng is to succeed Mr. Wu as Minister to the United States, and Prince Chen, of the reigning dynasty in China, is on a visit to the United States

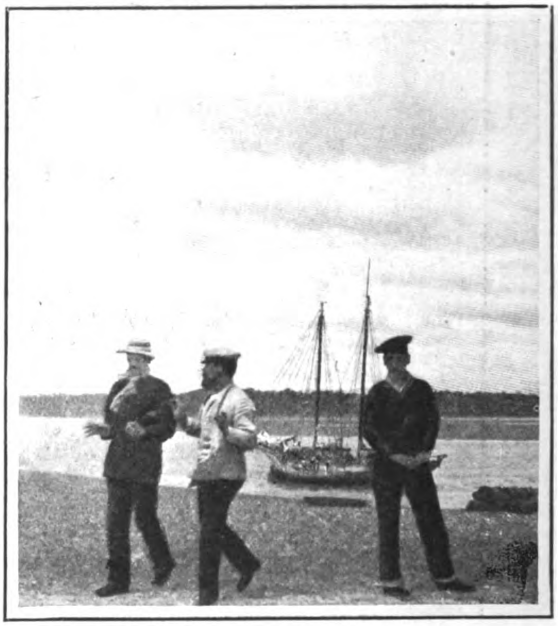
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Entrance to Panama Bay, where the American War-ships now lie, and where the Canal will begin



Colombian Insurgent Soldiers near David



General Herrera, Commander of the Revolutionary Forces



The main Street of David, the principal Town of Chiriqui Province, where the Fighting is going on

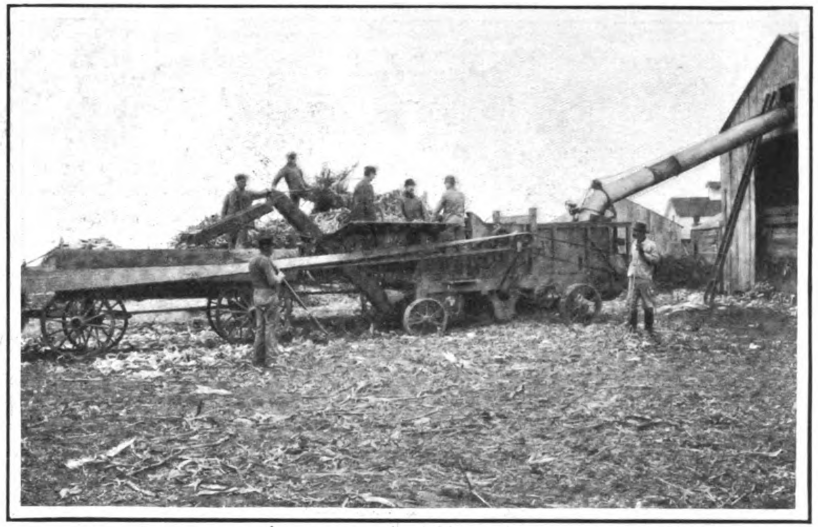
THE COLOMBIAN REVOLUTION

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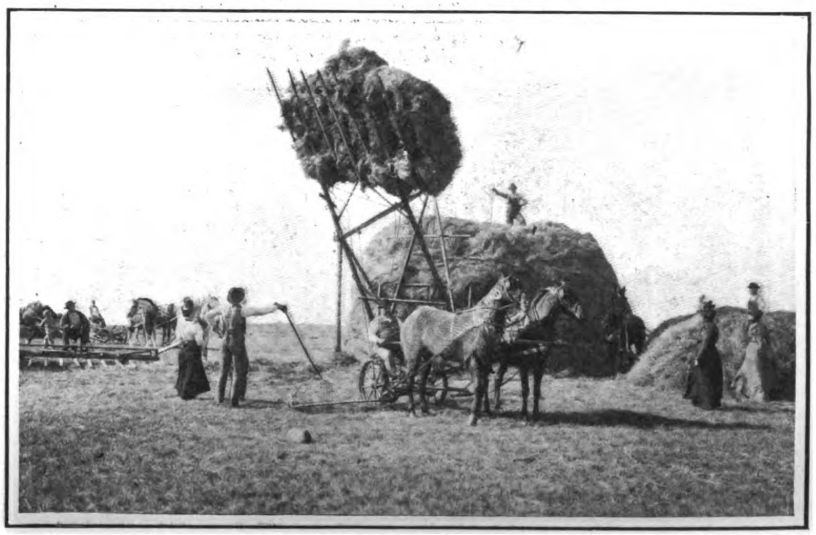
A Corn-thresher at Work



Shredding and husking Corn



The Machine which gathers and heads Wheat



The Way they load Hay on the Plains

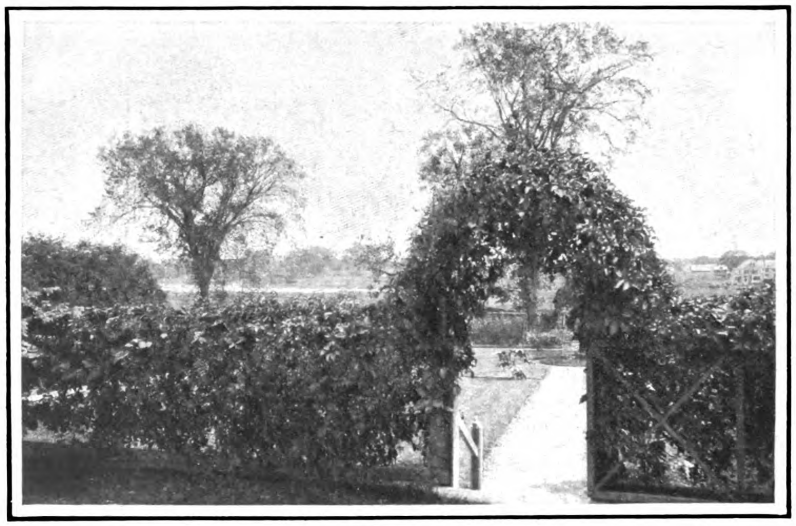
HOW THE AMERICAN FARMER IS GATHERING HIS $2,000,000,000 CROP

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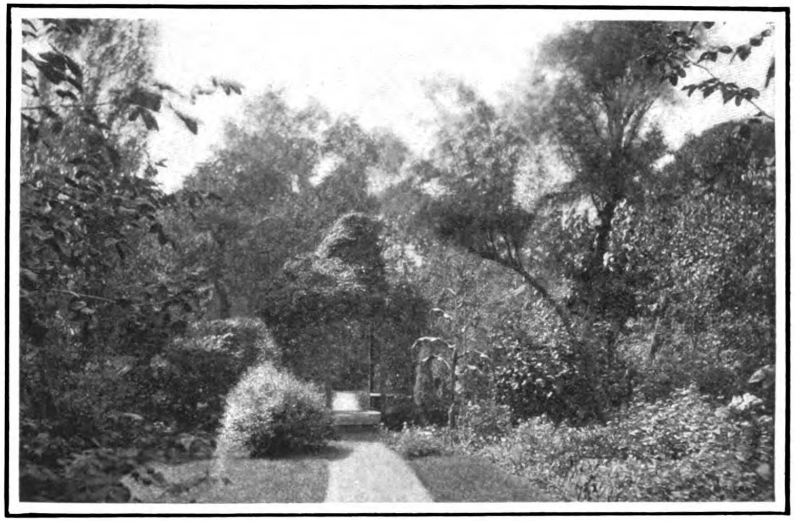
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Gateway Arch of American Ivy, which also covers a Wire Fence on either Side
Through the arch may be seen beds of ornamental plants backed by a trellis of sweet-peas



A Concession to Nature's wilder Moods
Masses of hardy perennials growing unrestrained on either side of a well-kept walk



Beds and Borders of various hardy Perennials
Edged with box and California privet

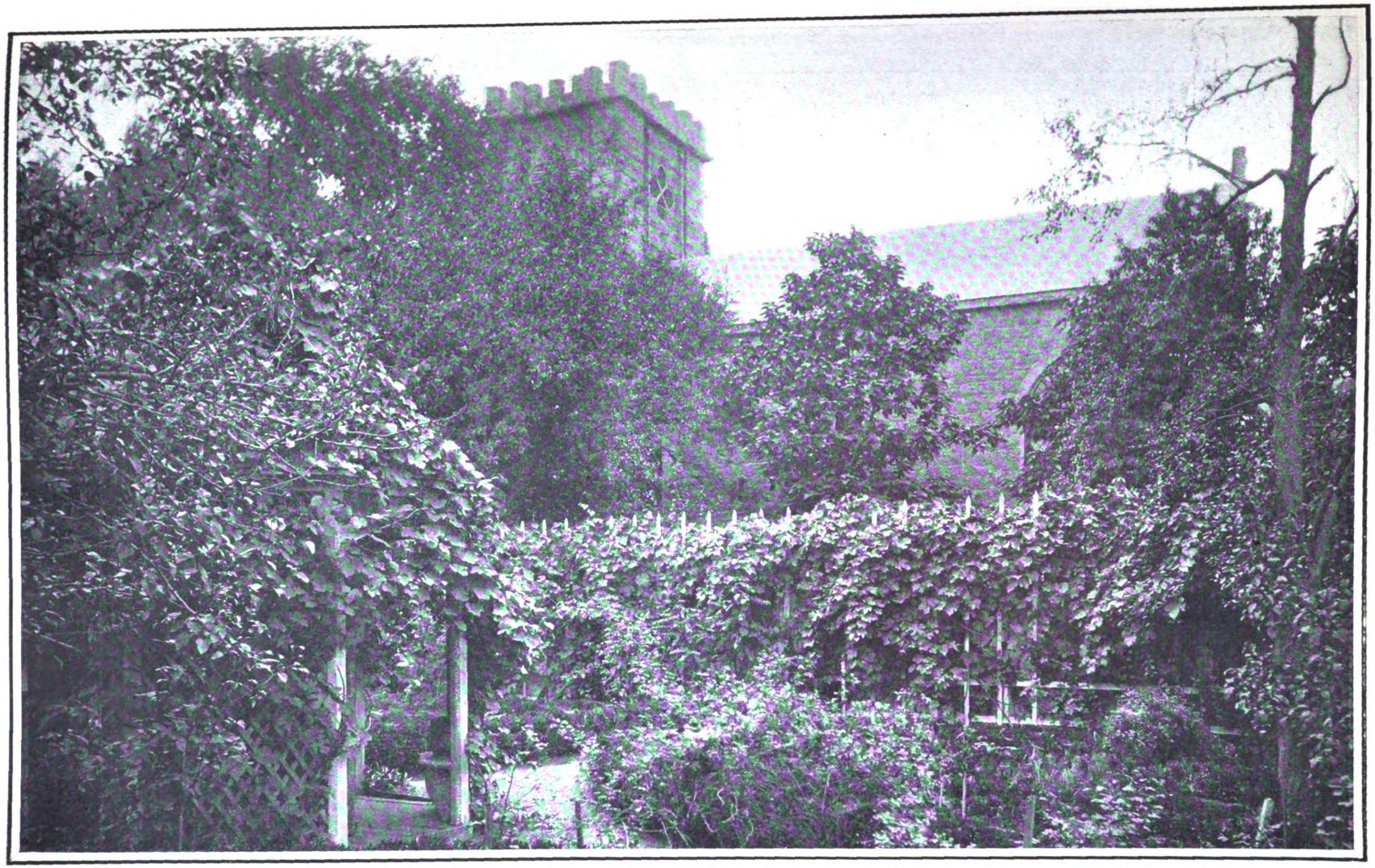


An Arbor supporting Branches of various Trees
In the background are massed hardy perennials; in the foreground are groups of day-lilies

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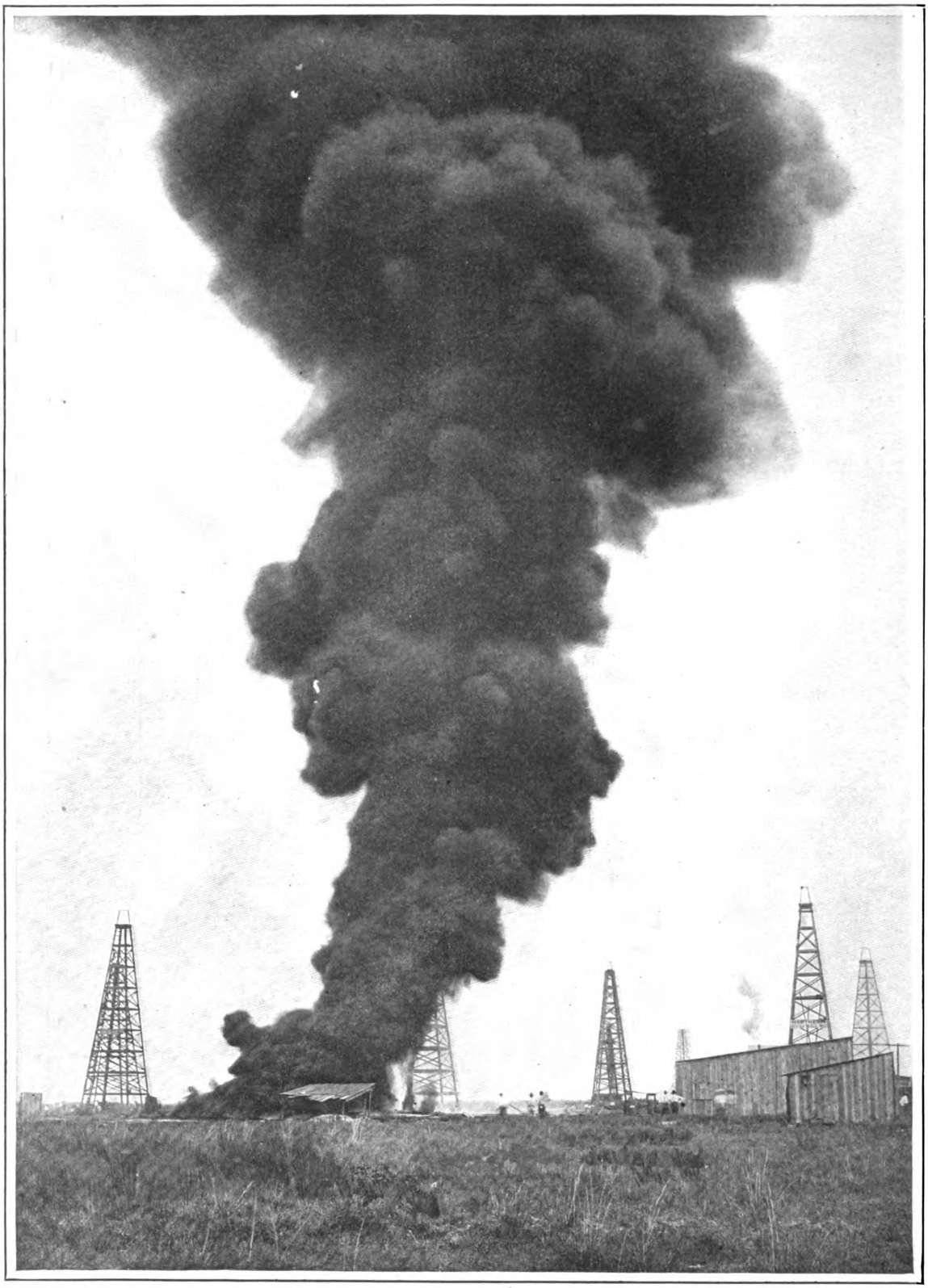


AN ARBOR AND FENCE ALMOST HIDDEN BY THE VINE OF THE WILD-GRAPE

In the foreground are tangled masses of old-fashioned flowers, such as bleeding-heart, old clove-pink, sweet-alyssum, zinnia, clarkia, etc.

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AN OIL-GUSHER ON FIRE

This well, in Louisiana, caught fire from a stroke of lightning on July 15, and burned one week before it was finally blown out by jets of steam forced from a dozen boilers set up in the vicinity

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending August 23, 1902

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COMMENT

THE laying of the Pacific Ocean cable by the Commercial Cable Company is one more great world event of our busy and interesting day. It will also settle the vexed question of a government cable, which was prominently before Congress at its last session. The President has granted the necessary power, so far as he can, and the company, it is understood, will begin preliminary operations immediately, although the concession granted must, it is said, receive the sanction of Congress before it will be entirely valid. This new cable will connect this country with its new possessions in Asia, and with China also. It will run from San Francisco to Honolulu, a distance of 2600 miles, thence to Manila, stopping at Guam, the entire length of cable being 8000 miles. The government imposes a condition that the company shall lay a cable from Manila to some port in China to be determined on hereafter. The rates to be charged are stipulated to be not more than those set forth in Report No. 568 of the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress. From that report it appears that the rate is to be fifty cents a word from San Francisco to Honolulu; and thirty-five cents a word within two years after the completion of that part of the cable; not exceeding $1 a word from San Francisco to Manila, or from San Francisco to China. The government is to pay half-rates. The cable is not to touch any but American soil between terminals. The company is to agree to sell the cable line and its property to the United States at any time upon an appraisal by five competent disinterested persons, two to be selected by the President, two by the company, and one by the four. Cable telegrams between the different departments of the government are to be transmitted at rates fixed annually by the Postmaster-General. The government business is to have priority, the right to take the line for war purposes, and other natural privileges. The line to Honolulu ought to be completed next year, and that to the Philippines in 1905. It is not only the completion of a great enterprise which seems to be assured, but the government secures all that it desires, or can possibly need, without the expenditure of a single dollar of its own capital.

Secretary Shaw is doing better as an executive of the government than as a spokesman of the administration. With Secretaries Hay and Root he is applying principles of ordinary common-sense to the management of his department that operate wholly in the interest of the highest justice, and in his rulings affecting the customs duties when issues have been raised he appears to be the first absolutely sane Secretary of the Treasury that we have had for many years. There has been a great working of injustice at the Custom-house in the matter of re-entry into American ports of articles which have already once paid duty. Heretofore the department has held that no matter how many times an article of foreign manufacture was brought into this country it must pay duty upon each entry, a course which for the discouragement of the smuggler has inflicted enormous monetary punishment upon the innocent. In meeting the question of the justice of such a course, Secretary Shaw has applied common-sense doctrines, and after due consideration he has decided that the privilege of free re-entry may be properly allowed to all articles of foreign manufacture or production, under proper safeguards for the protection of the revenues, provided the articles so admitted shall not have been advanced in value or improved in condition while abroad. The article is to be registered with full description at the Custom-house on exportation and a certificate issued to the owner, and on its return must be fully identified as the article exported. The Secretary has issued instructions to the Collector at New York in accordance with this decision. It is proper to note that the direct cause of the Secretary's decision was an appeal raised by an American automobilist against the rulings hitherto in operation. In eliciting a construction of Treasury law that ranks with some of the best judgments of Solomon the automobilists have rendered the country a service which should count to their credit at a time when they are not universally popular.

We have had something to say about General Bragg and his unfortunate break concerning Cuban society; now on top of this comes a dispute between Minister Squiers and the Cuban police, in which the minister is absolutely in the wrong, but triumphs in his contentions in spite of the fact. There may be much in Cuban society that General Bragg dislikes, and that any other reasonable man would dislike, but these things exist, and General Bragg is not there to reform them, but as an official officially to pretend to like them. He has no personal option in the premises for so long a time as he is an official and not a person. His only choice is to resign if he finds the situation unbearable. Similarly with Minister Squiers. It is quite possible that he will find many ordinances in the city of Havana that are irksome to him, but he has no right to break them none the less, and when he secures the degradation of police officers for enforcing them he commits an indiscretion which casts suspicion upon his fitness for the post he occupies. The Cuban ministry is not one of the great prizes of our diplomatic service, but at this particular moment it is one the proper care of which requires an unusual delicacy. The people are strange to us; they have their ways which strike us as peculiar, just as we have our ways that do not always seem to them all that they should be; and to get along amicably and well with them, which is, or should be, an ambassador's business, requires an unusual sense of the niceties of the situation, a vast amount of tact, and no end of patience. Consul-General Bragg has demonstrated clearly that he has none of these qualities; and Mr. Squiers, by permitting the violation of the city ordinances by his family, and securing the punishment of the officers who attempted to stop it for merely

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performing their plain duty, has made his fitness for his office a matter of serious doubt. A little shake-up is due at Havana, and two American citizens now in an uncongenial climate might be allowed to come home and think things over.

The King of England has at last been crowned, and the forebodings of the superstitious have been shown to be futile. It is curious how strong a hold superstition has upon certain minds, and in the immediate case in question so much has latterly happened to confirm it that the culmination of the events of the past eighteen months—since the death of Queen Victoria—in the actual crowning of Edward the Seventh is very greatly to be welcomed. That his Majesty should himself, at his age and in the peculiar temperamental condition in which he must have been, not have found the qualms of the superstition that he would not live to be crowned a serious obstacle to his recovery is little short of remarkable, and the English people have reason to admire and even wonder at the marvellous vitality of their King. It is possibly the brightest side of what has for some weeks been a dismal and anxious picture that the excessive trials through which his Majesty has successfully passed are an assurance of an unusual vigor. In ancient times, when kings went personally into the wars, their physical prowess found ample opportunity for its display; and men were satisfied to have over them those who by knightly deeds of daring had demonstrated at least their physical superiority to their fellows. To-day, when it is the council-chamber or the social realm that forms the most absorptive field of a potentate's endeavor, rather than the strenuous paths which try the endurance of a ruler, it is no small element in the establishment of the British monarch's kingliness of person that he has withstood the pains of his attack, the agonies of the surgeon's knife, and the trials of the convalescence. In his fortitude and wondrous vitality he has shown himself every inch a king. We congratulate him and his people, and wish for both a long, brilliant, and prosperous reign.

We can congratulate the British further. They have an excellent foundation for future peace in the pleasure which the Boers are taking in visiting and being entertained by their nominal conquerors. One of their generals, the late Lucas Meyer, incurred, just before his sudden death, the displeasure of the venerable President Kruger by his acceptance of several dinner invitations from Lord Kitchener, and this is a case where one can blame neither the aged leader of the Boer people, sitting in sadness in the watery Netherlands and brooding on his country's misfortunes, nor the younger fighting-man, who hoped for a free career for his fellow-soldiers on the veldt and in the mart. The Boers are certainly being very cordially treated by the English whenever they come in contact. This does not mean that all bitterness is past, any more than the spectacular embraces of the famous "arm-in-arm convention" at Philadelphia in 1868 meant that all rancor between North and South was then and there buried forever. Yet it does signify, as such demonstrations as that did, that the basis for an entire and fraternal understanding exists, and can safely be built upon. The South-African people promise to be greater than ever under the new conditions. They are not going to forget their traditions, any more than our Southern people have forgotten theirs. They are likely to cling to all the rights they have succeeded in defending, and to revive as rapidly as possible some that have gone under in the fight. But they are unlikely to attempt to regain their independence. They are "accepting the situation" with excellent grace and sense, and in spite of the intention of their brothers who took refuge in Holland and remain "unreconstructed."

A more generally satisfactory appointment than that of Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts, to the Supreme Court bench has rarely if ever been recorded. It is not only that as a jurist the newly appointed justice possesses to an eminent degree all the qualifications which best fit a man for the service that he is to render, but that Judge Holmes is to a singular extent the type of man that the country delights to honor. The able son of a distinguished father, even in his college days he was conspicuous among his fellows for his own fine attainments of character, and his record as a soldier in the civil war was of real distinction. At the Massachusetts bar he made an early and marked success, and as the editor of the twelfth and standard edition of *Kent's Commentaries* he allied to his own professional endeavor the same keen scholarship that lent such unusual distinction to his father's career in the medical profession. Rich in experience, a man of quick discernment, knowledge of the world, and of a temperament wholly judicial; erudite in the law, the possessor of a graceful and lucid literary style strongly tinged with wit,—this new honor falls upon Judge Holmes as a signally fit crowning of his career; and if one alludes to his almost ideal fitness for the ermine, it is not in any spirit of undue enthusiasm that this is done, but rather the mere recording of an easily demonstrable fact.

An alarming cry of the defencelessness of our national defences has gone up, and has the more piercing effect because it is emitted in the dull season. The occasion of the latest disclosures is the premature return to Washington, before its work was completed, of a board of officers detailed, at the instance of legislation, to determine by observation and practical trial the relative value of the disappearing and the barbette types of carriages used as mounts for the guns of our coast forts. The controversy, of arid technicality, over the disappearing carriages is some two years old, and has the durable quality of problems engaging the opposing views of equally plausible experts. Congress tired of a question left for the politicians to settle, and sought a solution by means of a board, upon which sat three artillery officers, an ordnance officer, an army engineer, a naval officer, and a civilian civil engineer. The board was to visit various well-equipped forts where the armament afforded an opportunity of comparing the rival gun-carriages. The findings of the board have an importance as affecting the future policy of, and directing the expenditure of large sums for, a vital part of the ordnance of the seaboard fortifications. The board found much to criticise at the forts it visited, and returned without a final opinion on the object of its investigations. The regulations relating to artillery fire must be changed to make them accord with new conditions; the likelihood of accident to valuable mechanism must be diminished; the methods of practice must be improved, the subcalibre system adopted for economy proving inadequate; the guns and carriages must be kept in better condition, and the officers and men must be more thoroughly trained. These are some of the discoveries of necessities unofficially prescribed by the board and likely to be adopted ultimately as a remedy for existing defects. It was evident, too, that a board of critical observers must visit the forts periodically, and expose the faults of system and incompetency of personnel. There were no startling disclosures, and nothing to justify terror or warrant indignation over the waste of public money. At forts where competent officers and well-trained men were on duty the results were satisfactory; at other places where officers were listless or indifferent—one such fort impressed the board particularly—the opportunity for complaint was obvious. There are, however, no weaknesses calculated to engage public horror or to furnish Congressional campaign capital. The fortifications appropriations have not been squandered, and our defences really defend.

The Alaskan boundary question has caused heated feeling on two continents. It has also enkindled certain over-fervid imaginations. One of these belonged to a contemporary which recently published an interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, wherein that distinguished statesman was made to say that the dispute was a menace to the peace of the United States and Great Britain. It now appears that this was rather a subjective impression, a pious opinion of the interviewer, who, in his grave concern over the matter, his dread of international discord, his apprehension and dismay, was led to attribute his own misgivings to the Canadian Premier, who does not share them. This was unfortunate; as was also the fact that our contemporary, overwhelmed with confusion over its error, very modestly hid away the disclaimer so completely that we were unable to discover it. We were thereby misled into fathering the pessimism of the interviewer on the optimistic Premier of Canada. However, the situation is redeemed by the generous interposition of the Ottawa *Citizen*, which kindly points out our error, and then, in a spirit of humorous banter, accuses us of incendiarism, malign plotting, and hatching schemes of international strife. We appre-

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ciate the correction, and we like the imaginative and humorous way in which our Ottawa friend conveys it. It is pleasant to know that American humor, with its genial urbanity, its playfulness and lightness of touch, quite ignores the forty-ninth parallel.

Meanwhile Canadian and other colonial questions continue to be debated by the Premiers in conference, without much positive result. Neither Canada nor Australia has taken kindly to the scheme of imperial defence, which has its warmest advocates in the Colonial Secretary and Mr. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier. The colonies are willing to equip local forces, but they wish to keep them under local control rather than subordinate them to the central imperial authority. Nor does the question of the Pan-Britannic Customs Union seem to be greatly advanced. The North Leeds election has served as a warning to Mr. Balfour's cabinet that the British working-man has very decided views on the subject of dear bread and meat, and is altogether unwilling to pay for closer imperial ties by an import duty on the staff of life. Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist policy has therefore very small prospect of realization at present, and the plans of imperial federation which he based on it must for the present be laid aside. In our view, by far the most important result of the conferences of colonial Premiers was the vindication of constitutional government in Cape Colony, due largely to the vigorous protests of the Australian and Canadian Premiers. The greatest promise lies in the proposal that these conferences should be repeated in the future, at intervals of three or four years. This seems to us wise, and a forward stride towards the federation of the world.

Mr. Balfour has decided, under stress of adverse circumstances, to hold over the education bill until next session. By vigorous use of the "Guillotine" he has succeeded in forcing the bill forward to a fairly advanced stage. Several important amendments have been passed, and very interesting debates have been evoked. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the bill has damaged the government in popular esteem. That remarkable and potent factor in English politics, the Non-conformist conscience, is thoroughly aroused by the proposal to tax all denominations for the maintenance of Anglican schools, and the provision that the board of managers shall have an overwhelming majority of Anglican members has added fuel to the flames. Many distinguished Non-conformists, like Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Parker, Dr. Robertson Nichol, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. White, M. P., have entered into a solemn league and covenant binding them not to pay rates under the new bill should it become law. Like John Hampden's refusal to pay "ship-money," this may be the straw which marks the tide of a rising Liberal revolution.

Mr. Balfour's cabinet-making goes on apace. It is now announced that King Edward has approved the appointment of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, son of the Colonial Secretary, as Postmaster-General, in succession to the Marquis of Londonderry, for whom the new office of Minister of Education has been created. This liberal move accords ill with the restoration of sectarianism by the education bill; and the Marquis of Londonderry, who is gifted and vigorous, full of advanced ideas, and in his way a captain of industry, will be placed in a rather ambiguous position, being asked, on the one hand, to bring English education up to the German standard, while, on the other, he is called to assist at the revival of mediævalism in the Anglican schools. The Earl of Dudley becomes Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but without a seat in the cabinet, though that honor is conferred on his chief secretary, George Wyndham. This is one of the curiosities of the new cabinet, as is the presence in it of the two Chamberlains, father and son. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's place as Chancellor of the Exchequer is taken by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, who won golden opinions at the Board of Trade. Mr. A. Akers-Douglas, who was long the senior Whip of the Conservative party, becomes Home Secretary, with Earl Percy as his under-secretary. A large number of minor appointments are announced; and as, on accepting office, ministers must seek the endorsement of their constituents by re-election, we shall have a series of opportunities to gauge the feeling of the country on the bread tax and the education bill.

General Firmin continues to make history in Haiti; indeed, events proceed almost more rapidly than we can chronicle them. A few days ago we were told that his commander-in-chief, General Jumeau, had started for Gonaive, some thirty miles from Port au Prince, as that point was threatened by the troops of the provisional government. Further came the news that the forces sent to take the town of Petit Goave had revolted and given in their allegiance to General Firmin. Finally, we are informed that M. Jeremie, the provisional government's Minister of Foreign Affairs, had very prudently handed in his resignation. Now comes the news that General Firmin has established a government of his own, in alliance with Admiral Killick, who was recently described as a "pirate" by the provisional government. The gallant admiral is Minister of War and the Navy to the new government, which at present bears the title of Provisional Government of Artibonite and the Northwest, but hopes soon to establish its claims to a more extensive title. Of course we cannot guarantee that one or two more rival governments may not announce themselves before this reaches our readers. Things move so rapidly nowadays in Haiti.

President Castro of Venezuela has again taken the field. So far his campaigns have been singularly free from casualties to either party,—a fine precedent which it is hoped he will live up to. He has now gone forth to do battle with the revolutionists who are entrenched at Orituco, some seventy-five miles from Carácas, and has taken twenty Krupp mountain-guns with him. The troops at Orituco are said to be commanded by General Mendoza, and probably form the advance-guard of General Matos, who hopes to persuade President Castro to resign the Presidency in his favor. With another party of revolutionists, said to number ten thousand, at Barcelona, it is evident that President Castro has plenty of opportunity for strenuousness in the immediate future. The numbers of the Barcelona revolutionists are given by another authority as only eight hundred; and we can sympathize with General Castro if he is relying on these telegrams for a knowledge of the movements of his opponents. Barcelona is now in the hands of the revolutionists under General Platero, but as President Castro's garrison in that city was said to number only two hundred, it was hardly likely that the town would be able to hold out long. Here again, however, we are by no means certain that several more Presidents-presumptive, with huge armies, may not be in the field by the time this is printed.

An aged Frenchman in threadbare clothes not only of the fashion but of the actual production of the year 1860 dodged all his countrymen through many years in Rome. A few of these knew that his name was Auguste Dutuit, and he was known to be so desperately stingy that the opinion gained currency that he was rich. Through an old woman servant some prying people also ascertained that the old man was starving himself to death for the want of decent food that he could well enough afford to buy. But it took him a long time to complete the process; he was ninety years old when at last he gave up the ghost—and he had lived in Rome very much in this way, seeing generations of his curious countrymen come and go, for sixty years! When at last he did die the fact came out that he was a multi-millionaire—in francs—and had bequeathed to the city of Paris, his native city, a collection of pictures, medals, prints, manuscripts, bibelots, books, and other things valued at three millions of francs. And he had given not only these things, but money enough to install them, and property enough to take care of them and provide them with a curator and custodian; and also large bequests to the city of Rouen, where his parents came from, and to Marseilles, where he made most of his money. All these unsuspected years he had been spending, spending at Rome, to amass his collections, and saving, saving, in order that he might spend more largely. He provides in his will that the museum which he bestows on Paris shall be freely accessible to all the people. Therefore all Paris rings now with the name of Auguste Dutuit, of whom it never heard before. But Paris wonders at a temperament which led a man to live thus scorned, despised, as a miserable self-torturing fool, for the

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sixty years that he spent in getting things together to add to its instruction and pleasure.

The death of the escaped convict and wholesale murderer Tracy, by his own hand, when surrounded by a sheriff's posse, will have the baleful effect to raise up another heroic-criminal figure for the worship of ill-guided youth, to whom the words "outlaw" and "desperado" suggest something weirdly stirring, terribly brave, and grewsomely admirable. Probably everybody can remember a time when those words, if they meant anything bad, meant to him something grandly, alluringly bad. Both words were doing their full mischievous duty during the time that intervened between Tracy's escape from the penitentiary and his death. The man was a horrible and base murderer. The majority of the crimes he committed were cowardly. Yet he managed to surround himself with a lurid cloud of glory at the end, and this will go on enveloping his name in the future. Every newspaper story about him has been the possible seed of another Tracy. It is lamentable; but what is society to do about it? What may possibly be done about such cases sometimes is to prevent by law the publication of copious details of crimes, of pursuits, of trials, and the like. It is all wretchedly unprofitable stuff to print from the point of view of the public good. It is a terribly systematic sowing and watering and cultivating of tares. Yet the press ought to be free—must be free. How is the public advantage in the possession of a perfectly free press to be reconciled with what might be its equal advantage in getting rid of the glorification of the Tracys and Youngers and Jesse Jameses, with the consequent new crop of deliberate emulators? It is a hard nut to crack. But we have not observed that the press of this State is any the less outspoken about things in general, or that it is in the slightest degree less the palladium of the people's liberties, than it was before it was prohibited from printing the details of executions.

The brigands of southeastern Europe are unusually busy this summer, and have captured and held for ransom several persons in Albania, and, recently, four more in Rumania. Moralists are pointing out that the successful extortion of a huge ransom for Miss Stone has stirred the cupidity of these outlaws, and made them realize the excellent possibilities of their vocation. The inference apparently is that Miss Stone ought not to have been ransomed; but that, even from the point of view of thrift, may be a premature conclusion. Brigandage is one of those diseases that have to be worse before they can be better. If the brigands in Rumania and Albania only work hard enough at their trade the chances are that they will become so serious a nuisance that a real effort will be made to clear them out. The end of the Miss Stone episode has not been told yet. An old saying may yet be revised so as to read—"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first egg on to steal a missionary."

Is an estimable accomplishment sufficient excuse that the world owes its possessor a living? The question is suggested by the statement, apparently well founded, that some clever New York artists are unable to sell their paintings for more than the cost of the frames, and that even the frames must sometimes go at less than their price to save the artists from starvation. Yet who is to blame? It would be gratifying to all lovers of pictorial art if the mass of intelligent and well-to-do could become so interested in paintings as to welcome with appropriate numbers of dollars the entire output of all meritorious artists. But the artistic sense is not one of the basic virtues to which all men should conform; it is merely a phase of refinement. Love of beauty as expressed by art is general, but no one has the right to demand that it shall follow the direction of his own calling and for his personal gain. It manifests itself in many ways, two or three of which are as many as can be followed by any one who has affairs of his own to look after. From wall-paper and woodwork to paintings and poems there is a variety of subjects that are being treated artistically, and among which the taste of the individual may be gratified and refined. Except, perhaps, music, there is no art that demands more effort for its comprehension than that of the painter; so it would seem that the impecunious painter should, according to his disposition, blame either his profession or the impulse which forced him into it before he had counted the cost. Fortunately, the true artist has one abiding support in his times of business depression; it is the "courage of conviction," which, though it never filled a stomach or paid a washer-woman, has sustained millions of unrewarded men in callings not artistic, yet quite as honorable as his own.

The type of man who takes matters about him into his own hands—who manages all the people within his reach if he can, and does it by the aid of a large and attractive idea—always interests the world. The man who has an idea as a nucleus, and has also a masterful or hypnotic personality to push it with, can keep adding men to his following, as one rolls a snowball larger and larger in clinging snow. Only one of two things is likely to stop him: the end of his life or strength, or a collision with a personal power still stronger than his own. There is a man now at work in Wisconsin rolling up a political snowball which has attained considerable magnitude, and which may grow bigger. His name is La Follette, and he is the Governor of the State. His nucleus-idea is the direct exercise of a dominant political power by the plain people, and especially the country people—a very old idea, but no doubt all the better on that account. Of his hypnotic power over a great many people there seems to be no doubt. When an American citizen has risen so high as Governor La Follette has already risen, at the age of forty-six years, and has succeeded in overmastering every element in his own State, it would be quite impossible to prevent the question from being asked whether he is not going to rise to the Presidency of the United States. In fact, the question has already been asked a number of times with regard to the Governor of Wisconsin. No doubt it devolves on Mr. La Follette to answer it, yes or no, by the success or the failure of his snowball-rolling. If a harder and heavier snowball than his, propelled by a stronger hand, encounters it, it will go to pieces. It must be owned that while Governor La Follette's ball is very large and promising, it does not yet seem to be as solidly constituted as it might be.

The American farmer is the greatest man in the world. A "combine" with a capital of $1,000,000,000 is a great thing because it is a combine; but $1,000,000,000 relatively to the capital of money, brain, and brawn invested in the agricultural industry in this country is not at all a great thing. Figures simply stagger and fall down when they attempt to represent the real foundation wealth of America, which is agricultural. We are all, when we attempt to contemplate that wealth, very much in the position of the Irishman who had to look several times in order to see the tall building—taking it little by little. One section of the view is the information, entirely accurate, that the farmers of Minnesota and the Dakotas have received $300,000,000 for their products this year. Another is that the corn crop of the State of Kansas this year will be 260,000,000 bushels. Still another, that one million dollars, at the lowest estimate, fell in one soaking rain in the single Territory of Oklahoma the other day—the rain having checked the growing menace of a fortnight's dry spell. In a single year the milch-cows of the United States yield a product equal in value to one-half of the capital of the Steel Trust—and there are more cows at the beginning of the new year than there were before. Behind the agriculture is the agriculturist, and the American farmer is gaining in intelligence, in mastery of his soil, and in fitness for political power quite as rapidly as his products are increasing in magnitude. He may be merely waiting to be organized into a vast and irresistible public force. Or, again, he may be slowly and sadly reconciling himself to the knowledge that he is a passive force only—like his own fertile acres, which, by intelligent cultivation and exploitation, are made to yield rich crops for those who know how to get them.

The anarchists in the anthracite-coal district were, of course, the enemies of organized labor, for they made themselves appear to be the champions of the United Mine Workers in the effort of the latter to force the operators to yield to their demands. There is nothing that so often undeservedly hurts reputation as the getting into bad company. The decent and intelligent miners were in this predicament, and, what was worse for them, the bad company was composed of men of

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their own trade and their own organization. The consequence of the acts of violence which have been committed in the mountains and woods of the coal region was that the sentiment of the country set even more strongly than before against the strike, which, besides, was and continues to be felt injuriously in every home in which anthracite coal is used for fuel. The strikers were apparently doomed to defeat from the first, but that ending of their effort was assured by the murders, outrages, and persecutions of which participants in the strike were guilty. As soon as violence reigned in the coal regions, the State of Pennsylvania was bound by her obligations to society at large to put down and punish the strikers, and by the intelligent and experienced agency of General Gobin she seems to have done her duty very well. Civilization must be preserved, but it must succumb to brutishness when the murder of men and the terrorizing of women and children become natural accompaniments of labor movements. Twenty-five years ago these coal mountains of Pennsylvania were dominated by a band of criminals known as the Molly Maguires, and for months these criminals maintained a reign of terror. Nightly murders, mysterious, occurring now here and now there, made life in the coal region a shuddering horror. Franklin B. Gowen, with the aid of a detective who joined the order for the purpose of betraying it, put an end to this distressful time, and one day seven convicted assassins were hanged at Mauch Chunk. The Molly Maguires were not all miners. Desperate criminals took advantage of the occasion to join this order and to carry on their war against society with tenfold violence because they pretended to have enlisted under the banner of organized labor. Pennsylvania then had a bitter lesson, and learned that she could not afford a repetition of the experience.

Two classes of the community in the coal regions have failed to do their duty in the strike. Mr. Mitchell's reason for the strike we shall not discuss, contenting ourselves with the remark that the strike has never been popular, and that the public does not like to have its coal bills increased. Yet Mr. Mitchell advised against a sympathetic strike in the bituminous regions because such a movement on the part of the men would involve the violation of contracts, and for this action of his the whole country should be grateful, because it is a great moral advance beyond the theory and action of the United Mine Workers in 1900. But despite Mr. Mitchell's temperateness, the community seemed terrorized by his order, and, as was to have been anticipated, the terror absolutely paralyzed those timid souls the politicians. We often ask ourselves whether democracy is up to the task of governing municipalities, but we know that democracy, as a governing force, disappears from the Pennsylvania coal regions the moment a strike is declared. In this instance, when the sheriff was threatened at Shenandoah, and when his son was actually beaten to death in defending his father, the politicians of the town, with one honorable exception, so far as we have been informed, refused to ask the Governor to send troops to the scene of disorder, giving as an excuse that they would be boycotted if they did. This is the same as saying that they feared the loss of their offices if they did their duty in them, and is therefore one of the most shameful confessions that can be made by public servants. The other class that failed to do its duty at the trying time is composed of the intelligent and skilful miners, who have permitted themselves to be frightened by the lower orders of their craft, mostly men from southeastern Europe, the most dangerous and enterprising of whom are the Poles. The intelligent miners are usually opposed to strikes, but they have weakly yielded to the foreign element, and have finally permitted themselves to be driven downward into a position where they are incapable of good citizenship. The sort of gelatinous civic morality which pervades the coal regions is something shameful to our civilization. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the strike question may be, there is no doubt that self-government is greatly discredited in certain counties in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Bryan, in one of his halting declinations to be considered a candidate for the nomination in 1904, observes that it is a greater honor to be a private citizen than to be President of the United States. As usual, Mr. Bryan is wrong. It is not a greater honor to be a private citizen than to be President, or than to be candidate for President. It is no honor at all to be a private citizen, for any one can be that by merely being born here, or by being naturalized, and any one so born or naturalized can remain a private citizen by continuing to breathe. Private citizenship is not dishonorable, of course, but a particular private citizen, like Harry Tracy, for example, may dishonor it. Indeed, the recent existence of Tracy sweeps Mr. Bryan's foolish utterance off the table and into the crumb-tray of those minute follies in which light-weight politicians are so prone to indulge. It is not even so much of an honor to be a fairly good citizen as to be President or a candidate for the Presidency. The man who is President is selected by his countrymen to hold the highest office in their gift. He therefore receives from them the highest honor or distinction which they can bestow, while the candidate for President receives the highest honor or distinction which his party can bestow. A private citizen may adorn his station by his personal virtues, and thus win for himself great honor by reason of the esteem of his fellows. He may thus win even higher honor than that of the mere Presidency, for character is nobler than station; but private citizenship *per se* is not an honor at all, while the Presidency *per se* is. Mr. Bryan's remark is but another instance of his incapacity for clear thinking.

The Iowa Republicans having declared that no tariff duty should be permitted to remain on the statute-books the moment after it has become a shelter for monopolies, a violent discussion has broken forth on the question of tariff revision. Senator Cullom has thrown a trifle of oil on the flames by saying that the question of tariff revision will soon have to be met and answered by the Republican party. Secretary Shaw has also participated in the young debate, and has announced that the Republican party would attend to this business itself, just as it attended to it in 1882 and 1883. It is a wonder that he did not add, just as it attended to it in 1870, when Senator Allison was threatening to move towards free trade. Immediately upon the publication of the Iowa plank, the party organs in the East rang out in unison, warning the rash and heady brethren of Iowa that protection must not be abandoned by the Republican party. Judging from some of these utterances, it would seem as though there were actual danger of the party's moving into the deserted camp of the Democrats, out of which Bryan so wisely led the host whose only victories during a quarter of a century had been due to their contention for lower tariff taxes. There is, however, no harm threatened to the doctrine of protection, or to its extreme expression in the Dingley bill, by the Republican party. If Secretary Shaw were familiar with history, he would know that the protection sentiment in his party did not yield to the clamor of 1882 by a reform in 1883, but that it was strong enough to prevent the reforms recommended by the Tariff Commission, whose bill the Secretary strangely supposes to have been adopted. It is now strong enough to defeat any effort at reform which may be made in Iowa, in Minnesota, or anywhere else. The truth is that this year, as it did in 1882 and in 1870, the so-called tariff-reform movement in the Middle West comes from the people, and threatens, not to change the fundamental principle of the party, but to decrease the number of Republican Representatives in Congress. It therefore becomes the proper party tactics to bend and avoid the blow. This only is what is done in the Iowa platform. So long as a protective tariff exists, so long will the Republican party object to a general reduction, either by statute or by reciprocity treaty.

Chicago despatches say that cars are to be put in motion this week on the new electric railroad between Aurora, Batavia, Elgin, Wheaton, and Chicago. Mr. Pratt, the assistant general manager of the road, is quoted as saying that when the road is in good running order its cars will be capable of a speed of 130 miles an hour. They are to be propelled on the third-rail system, the power being furnished by three 2200 horse-power engines. To begin with, the speed will be kept down to about seventy-five miles an hour, which is about as fast, the general manager thinks, as passengers will care to ride at the start. No doubt he is right, for seventy-five miles an hour is pretty fast terrestrial travel. But if the cars can go nearly twice as fast as that, no doubt exhibitions will be given of their speed capacity, and we shall hear about it.

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There is doubtless a point where the average traveller's regard for his own safety gets the better of his desire to save time. That point has not been reached yet in steam travel. In 1900, the statisticians say, 7855 persons were killed and 50,320 injured, on the American railways, but our population showed no desire to slow up. We have faster trains this year than we had two years ago, and at less cost of life; for expectation, based on reports covering the first three months of the year, is that our railroads won't kill more than 3250 persons in 1902, nor injure more than 40,000. Nearly nine-tenths of the killed and wounded are railroad employees, and doubtless it would be found that slow trains—especially freight trains—do most of the damage.

The most agreeable feature of the recent international tennis tournament—unless it be retaining the Davis Cup—was the admirable attitude of the players and the onlookers throughout the entire series of matches. It is always easy, of course, to be indulgent in applause for the other fellow when our side is ahead, as was the case in the first two days of the series. But the conspicuous fairness—more than fairness, hospitality—of the large audience during Friday's contest when the British Messrs. Doherty were defeating the American Messrs. Ward and Davis in the doubles, in many ways the most important match of the series, showed that the crowd, as well as the players, were animated by the true feeling of amateur sport as well as being aware of the conventional requirements of sportsmen. As an illustration: During an exciting period of the match, which afterwards proved to be, as most of the audience feared at the time, the turning-point of the international championship in doubles, the elder Mr. Doherty, in a supreme effort to return one of the erratic Mr. Davis's brilliantly placed smashes, ran far out of the court, and although obliged to snatch up one of the linesmen's chairs with his free hand, he succeeded in returning the stroke, but lost the point, as it happened, when the ball came back once more. Technically, it seemed as fairly lost, certainly as fairly won, as any of the other inaccessibly placed smashes of the interesting contest, but instantly from all parts of the crowd there was a loud demand to "play it over," and it was played over. The international significance of such little incidents lies in the fact that the feelings visiting athletes take home in their hearts are more important than the trophies in their trunks.

The papers lately noted the return to New York of Vereschagin, the battle-painter, who had been to Santiago "to study the foliage of a red-leaved tree at San Juan Hill, that he will put into a painting of the battle there." There was a painter, familiar to readers, who agreed to paint the Hebrews crossing the Red Sea for a mean rich man who beat him down in his price. The painting showed nothing but the sea, and the painter explained to his angry patron that the Hebrews had all passed over, and the Egyptians were all drowned. If M. Vereschagin were a prudent man and wished to avoid controversy, he would take a leaf out of that painter's book, and paint San Juan with the red-leaved trees on it, but with the Spaniards invisible in retreat and the Americans invisible in pursuit. But that seems not to be his plan, for we are told that "the Rough Riders, including President Roosevelt, will be conspicuous in the painting, which will be completed in November, and exhibited first in the Astor Gallery at the Waldorf-Astoria." It will make an interesting exhibition, and if duly supported by affidavits may constitute an important contribution to our military history, especially if it includes General Hawkins, who seems to have been in that fight along with the Rough Riders and their Colonel and the red-leaved trees.

And speaking of San Juan, Washington despatches record the surprise of Pension-Commissioner Ware at the number of applications for pensions based on service in the Spanish war. The survivors and relatives of deceased members of the Eighth Ohio Regiment, which went to Cuba 1330 strong, have sent in 705 pension claims. Precisely the same number is credited to the Ninth Massachusetts. The Northern and Eastern volunteers are found to feel the need of government help most strongly. Fewer applications, relatively, come from the South, and fewer still from California. It is noticed as evidence of the superior economy of employing regular troops that the Seventh United States Infantry, which lost thirty-four men killed and ninety-nine wounded, has filed only about 500 claims, as against the 705 of the two volunteer regiments above noted. Commissioner Ware, who has a sanguine nature, believes that many claims were filed by volunteers who were ill at the time of filing, but have got well since.

Are decorations—stars, garters, crosses, ribbons, all the various insignia of the so-called orders of chivalry—to be classified, not in jest, but in the serious language of the law, with children's toys? An issue on this point was made in the German Reichstag a few days since, and the ponderously minded men of that ponderous body were duly horrified at the scandalous nature of a proposition which in this country would perhaps receive a very general assent if a serious answer were ever called for. Alexander Pope was, however, ahead of the Berlin legislators in making this classification, and melodiously setting forth that while the child was "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," the "toy" of his later years was equally empty as to any quality save that of its appeal to his perverted fancy. Following him, the ribald muse has wellnigh laughed out of the field of serious consideration decorations of all sorts and styles. And yet if a man has distinguished himself from his fellows by doing better than all the others in some great sphere of human activity, is it not well that authority should signify this to the world at large? And if it is, what more convenient way is there to do this than that of the "decoration"? With the case presented in that form perhaps the most vitriolic cynic would admit that the decoration is a useful and commendable part of our social machinery. Shakspere appreciated it justly. He said,

> Signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
> On all deservers.

And in his customary way he put his finger on the real point in the case in that word "deservers." There is where the ribaldry gets in its knife, for in about seven cases in ten the decoration is given without any regard whatever to desert; and the commonest thing in human experience is for desert to be neglected. Ordinarily the deserver does not clamor for reward. He is apt to be a proud man, a reserved man, a man with perhaps a rather extreme sense of his personal dignity. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. Having done his part in some perhaps magnificent achievement, he is satisfied, and maybe does not care for ribbons. Or if he gives any thought to them, he leaves that to authority; and authority, glad enough to be left to itself, gives him the go-by and bestows its next decoration upon her Majesty's dentist, or upon the man who has invented the perfumery that pleases the crown-prince, or upon the great chiropodist without whom the royal feet would be impossible. This is the trouble with decorations, and this is why men sneer at them, and justly contemplate them as trivial baubles whose main purpose is to please shallow-minded persons.

The recent earthquake on the Pacific coast has emphasized the new position of the college president as the universal oracle. The terrified citizens of Los Alamos appealed to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, to tell them what they should do to be saved. Dr. Wheeler appreciated the requirements of his position. He telephoned to the Los-Alamitans to quit their town as soon as possible. He added that all doors should be left open, so that the people in the houses could escape without delay in case of further trouble. His message was promptly communicated to the people, and his advice about the doors was acted upon. The beauty of all this is that President Wheeler's specialty is not geology, but Greek. He has written an entertaining history of Alexander the Great; but if he ever learned the difference between an earthquake and a subway explosion, it was not in the line of his professional studies. Going as an Eastern "tenderfoot" to an earthquake country, he has been respectfully besought by the natives to give them the benefit of his seismic wisdom, and has graciously acceded to their request. Plainly this is a tribute not to his personality, but to his office. There has come to be something sacerdotal about the position of a university president—some divine assurance, as in the case of the Pope, that when

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he speaks *ex cathedra* he shall be exempt from error. This inspiration attaches to the office, not to the man. It is a fortunate thing, perhaps, that in an age and a country so painfully deficient in reverence a new centre of intellectual authority should be thus spontaneously developed.

Mr. Booth Tarkington is suffering the penalty of greatness. He has taken his place among the leading writers of this country; he has begun work as an eminently successful playwright; he is practically a prominent political factor in Indiana politics; and he has just been married. All this makes it worth the while of the daily journals of this country to interview him, and set before the American public what he has to say on literature, drama, politics, or the life of the home. And if the newspaper cannot get at him for the interview, then the newspaper makes up the interview. That is just as interesting to the public, and it irritates no one but Mr. Tarkington. So it was done, and we read not only of the young author's views on society, that he was tired of people, and was going out on a farm to weed his vegetable-garden and think great thoughts, but that he was going to propose in the Legislature a bill to offer prizes on the part of the State for the best Hoosier poems and essays. That may amuse the newspaper reader, but it does irritate the private citizen named Tarkington. The whole thing is untrue. Mr. Tarkington is not going to weed gardens, and while we have no doubt that he will think great thoughts because he is one of the coming men of our day, he certainly does not say so himself. Furthermore, he never had any such ridiculous idea as to propose a measure for State prizes of the sort mentioned. Indeed, that looks a little as if some friend had been interviewed—some friend with a genius for practical joking.

As book-reviewing is largely in the hands of men and women of mature age, it may well be asked whether criticism ever really represents even the cultivated sense of the time for which it assumes to speak. This misgiving is precipitated by the discovery that the present cultivated generation is bored by "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." The current critical acumen approves of this genial work as entertaining. Yet if any critic will take a group of young college people, all of whom have come of reading parents, and who themselves like to read books and talk about them, he will probably find them all confessing that they were "stuck" in "Autocrat." That it is so is not the Autocrat's fault. He is as good as ever—if only in the wireless telegraphy of intellectual sympathy your receiver is exactly keyed with his transmitter. That is apparently not the case with the generation whose sheepskin is marked with the figures 1902. It is possible that the sympathy is really latent there, and that the failure to connect is due to the obstructive circumstance that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" is a "required reading." However, as other books of the same intellectual epoch, like *My Summer in a Garden* and *The Reveries of a Bachelor,* seem to be singularly lacking in ideas that are concrete to the young mind of the day, the surmise must be warranted that the Yankee wit of the mid-nineteenth century is already obsolete. The panorama has moved on, and the portion of the picture which was once so clear, being in everybody's exact foreground, is now out of focus. If criticism has not taken note of this circumstance, the failure to note it seems to justify a conclusion that need not be stated, since this paragraph was introduced with it.

The principal address before the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, which met on August 5 in Boston, was made by President Eliot of Harvard, who talked not about more parks for the people, but more people in the parks. The whole history of park reservation in this country goes back no more than sixty years. There were no public parks in America sixty years ago, and there were very few thirty years ago. But a great work in land reservation and park-making has been done in the last twenty years, and now it is estimated that the cities of the United States own about 75,000 acres in park lands, and spend eleven millions a year for improvements and maintenance. Dr. Eliot, who has been greatly interested and concerned about all this park-making which is still going on, thinks that the Americans as yet show only moderate appreciation of their park privileges. Most of the new parks are as yet pretty much abandoned in winter, and are not yet as fully used in summer as they should be. Dr. Eliot wants us to imitate the city-dwellers in Europe and live more out-of-doors. He admires the Parisian habit of eating and drinking out-of-doors on the broad sidewalks of the boulevards, and the like propensity of the Germans to eat, and drink beer, and smoke in beer-gardens that are really gardens. The same out-door habit prevails all over middle and southern Europe, and it takes sharp cold or really bad weather to drive the people in-doors. To the end that like wholesome habits may spread here Dr. Eliot calls for more restaurants in our new parks, and for every possible encouragement in the way of cheap and pleasant transportation to get families to carry their dinners and suppers out to the public reservations, and spend five or six hours there at a time. Undoubtedly this habit is growing in our cities, and the immense increase of trolley lines helps it vastly, but it is comparatively new, and can spread to great advantage. It can be helped in the parks, Dr. Eliot suggests, by provision of simple foods, an ample water-supply, and convenient shelters from sun or rain. These suggestions apply chiefly to the larger new parks in the outskirts of cities, where there is abundant room for all comers.

The relic of St. Anne, at the church of St. Jean Baptiste in East Seventy-sixth Street, New York, has been working cures again, and the papers have printed many reports of them. Among these cures occur a good many cases of crippled children, whose relatives take away the mechanical supports which have supplemented their defective strength, after the children have kissed the relic and been proclaimed well. Protest is made from time to time against the suffering and harm that in very many cases this procedure involves. For, of course, a good many of these cures—to put it very moderately—don't last; the little victims come quickly to need the supports they have put aside, and what the final result is—whether increased infirmity or a renewal of surgical help—the city's doctors know, and occasionally they tell. Miracle-working and examinations by medical men go rather ill together, but a reasonable regard for the protection of childhood would surely warrant some skilled oversight of these cases of crippled children, and some restraint of the impulse of too hopeful parents to see permanent relief in what turns out too often to be a mere passing effect of temporary excitement.

It is announced that one of the features of the St. Louis fair next year—that is, if St. Louis is able to hold it next year—is to be a sort of farewell engagement of the Indian people in a genuine and representative congress of the tribes. The suggestion calls up a sad picture. There was an "Indian Congress" at the Pan-American, but it was a mere wretched shred of a Wild West show, with a "lecturer" who enlightened the crowd concerning his bedizened charges in true dime-museum fashion. St. Louis, being nearer the field, and having, apparently, set out to organize the matter in a more serious way, has an opportunity to do better. But the best that it can do will be melancholy. We are reminded that the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition will probably be the last opportunity that will ever exist to present, at a great American exhibition, a comprehensive view of the Indians as a distinct people. The tribes are either approaching an actual extinction or else are being so affected by the infusion of European or African blood that they are either more white or black than they are "red." The progress of Europeanization is extremely rapid with the Western tribes, which are surrounded by whites, and have to a considerable extent adopted white men's ways—more rapid, indeed, than it is in the case of the few tribes in New York State and Maine, which have succeeded in clinging to the tribal system and to pagan religious practices. It would be a rather curious freak of history if the Indians of the wild West should yet have to yield, in the matter of the purity of their aboriginal blood, to Senecas, Onondagas, and Passamaquoddies. The Cherokees and Choctaws have long since gone by the board as a distinctly Indian people, and the great Sioux race is rapidly following in the same path—not of extermination, but of amalgamation. To the proud spirits of the old irreconcilable war chiefs of the forest—to the Metacomets, the Tecumsehs, the Blackhawks—it must be a sorrow's crown of sorrow that their descendants are truly to walk the ways that once were theirs to the remotest times, but not as red men.

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The United States and Cuba

THE proposition of the Cuban republic to borrow $35,000,000 has caused an intensity of excitement which has evidently incapacitated editors, correspondents, and other statesmen for clear thinking, and has thus far prevented them from consulting the statute on the subject. One question involved is, whether the Platt amendment on this subject is workable. The condition of the law is this: The United States, in the Army Appropriation bill for 1902, agreed to keep its promise, formulated in the Teller resolution of 1898, and leave the island to its people, whenever Cuba should do certain things which had not been agreed upon when the United States made the promise. In 1901, the United States decided that it would not go until Cuba had established a government under a constitution which contained "substantially" the Platt amendments. The second of these amendments was as follows: "That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking-fund provision for the ultimate redemption of which, the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate."

This provision has been incorporated in the constitution of Cuba. But what does it amount to? What kind of a constitutional, institutional, or statutory contrivance is it? It is not a formal treaty, although it is doubtless an agreement on the part of Cuba to refrain from doing something in consideration of the keeping of its promise to quit the island which was made by the United States. Let us assume, then, that it has the sanctity of a treaty, although it was not the intention of Congress that such should be the case, for provision was made in the eighth of the Platt amendments for embodying all the other amendments, including, of course, the second, in permanent treaties to be subsequently negotiated. Still, assuming that the second amendment is in the nature of a treaty, what will the United States do if it holds that Cuba has violated it?

Let us grant that the loan is unconstitutional under the Cuban constitution. Our courts have no jurisdiction to declare it so. Our Congress cannot pass a law making the loan illegal. Our Executive cannot prohibit its flotation. So far as the lenders are concerned, the loan will be perfectly legal if the Cuban courts sanction it.

What, then, can we do about it if Cuba persists? For the President may warn her that she is violating her obligations to us, and she may nevertheless persist. In that event, there is nothing left for us to do but to choose between dropping the subject or going to war, just as we would be obliged to do in the case of any other power which has broken a promise to us. Are we ready to go to war upon Cuba for borrowing money to aid the planters whom we have injured? Will the American people stand behind Congress if the legislative branch of the government declares war on the ground that the Cuban government is in danger of bankruptcy, in violation of its promise to remain solvent? Does any politician suppose for a moment, especially in view of recent expressions of popular and party opinion on the refusal of Congress to permit reciprocity, that he would dare vote for war under such circumstances, and thus emphasize the cruelty of the beet-sugar Senators and Representatives? War, however, does not begin with the legislative action contemplated by the Constitution; peace or war rests with the President. Does any one imagine, in view of Mr. Roosevelt's struggle for justice to Cuba, that he will so strain our relations with the island that war must follow upon the latter's insisting on the attempt to borrow this money? Such a supposition would do Mr. Roosevelt rank injustice.

If Cuba persists, it is incumbent on the United States to keep hands off. By reason of our conduct the game is now in the hands of the young republic. We cannot cure the evil by accepting the suggestion to annex the island. We cannot be the first to speak of annexation; the invitation to that must come from Cuba. Above all else we must abide by the law, for one of our highest duties to the new government is to teach respect for law. That law is as we made it. It is in the form of an inchoate treaty; but choate or inchoate, it can only be enforced against unwilling Cuba by force of arms.

There is one way out of the difficulty, in the pursuit of which, however, both governments must work together, with the common purpose of restoring the international amity, which has been sadly shaken. Cuba has already shown her disposition to give us an opportunity to repair our blunder before taking her questionable financial plunge by postponing the offer of the loan for six months. Within that time, either by treaty or by statute, we may make the loan unnecessary. The incident as it stands ought to carry a lesson to Congress. Our own nation is so strong in every material sense that it can withstand Congressional assaults upon the money standard, and Congressional trifling with the revenues and taxes; but it is different with Cuba. Cuba is young, and has been weakened by a terrible war. We must be careful in our dealings with her, and, in its legislation touching her interests, Congress should take some thought for the morrow.

The Newer Meanings of Wheat

CONSIDERABLE comment is being excited by an unusual movement of money to the newer wheat-growing districts of the Northwest. In ordinary years, following the harvest of small grain, there is active request for short-time loans to be used in handling the crops; and this is cause for no remark. In the present case, however, the demand began very early in the season; thirty days in advance of the accustomed time it had developed great strength, and there was also a variance from its wonted character, in that it was a return to the long-time farm-mortgage-loan basis. For the most part, it is Western money that is finding this investment. There is no necessity for extending a call abroad, inasmuch as the prairie banks are plethoric with funds, accumulated through several profitable years. According to the Dubuque *Times*, millions of dollars have been withdrawn from Iowa banks within a few weeks, in answer to the new demand; and the same condition obtains in Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, and other neighboring States.

The object of this withdrawal is to enable the people of the older and better settled regions to invest in the comparatively cheap wheat-lands of South Dakota, Minnesota, and Canada. The *Times* says further that "this movement naturally follows the high prices of recent years for agricultural products, recent crop results in South Dakota, the decline in interest rates, and the success of the Illinois farmers who settled on cheap lands in northwestern Iowa after closing out their Illinois properties at about $100 per acre."

This condition calls attention afresh to the phenomenal developments of late years in wheat-growing as a scientific and highly specialized industry, and to its broader significance as a factor in the economic and political life of the nation. It is but another step toward the inevitable centralization of grain-growing on the great Western prairies, where physical conditions are such as to preclude competition from less favored regions. The occupation of those wide, unbroken expanses directly stimulated the perfection of modern farm machinery — machinery which greatly cheapens every process, but which cannot be used to advantage in the narrower fields of the East. The production of one bushel of wheat, by the most modern methods, requires the labor of one man for ten minutes; while in 1830, with primitive means, three hours were necessary. Because of fixed physical limitations in the East, there is to-day, and must always be, a kindred superiority in the productive efficiency of Western farm labor, sufficient to compel the surrender of this industry to the West. In 1900 the United States produced one-fifth of the world's wheat crop, or something over 500,000,000 bushels, 340,000,000 bushels of which came from the prairies of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. In Kansas alone the yield was equal to that of all New England, Middle, and Southern States combined. It is quite clear that the prairies must ever be the national wheat-field.

The sudden and spirited quest for new lands in the Northwest is an extension and not a change of the home of the industry. The older districts are already fully occupied, and the new generation must have new fields; hence the movement into the farther Northwest, where tentative trials have proven very successful. Northern Minnesota and the Dakotas are being rapidly settled, and there is also a strong exodus to the broad spaces of Manitoba. It seems probable that emigrants from the Western States will soon be in control of the Canadian fields. The effects of such control will be rather intricate, and quite as much political as industrial; the interests at stake will be, not those of Canada, nor those of the United States, but those of America, in the broadest sense.

The time has gone by when the full meanings of a wheat crop can be stated adequately in tables of statistics. That may have been possible so long as the industry was still in an experimental stage,—when the people were engaged in discovering what their lands were capable of doing; and in that day the West fell easily into the fashion of measuring its achievement merely by volume, ignoring those other and subtler considerations which gave it real significance. The production of fifty million bushels of surplus wheat in a single year means very little as an isolated fact; regarded as an end it is important. Before the surplus gains value, it must be used to link the producer into profitable relations with the world's markets. Through this wholesome dependence comes true independence. For a long time the prairies annually grew their millions of bushels of grain, growing steadily poorer by the operation. While that continued, the surplus was an incubus. Time was necessary for the discovery and adjustment of means whereby it could be turned to profitable account. This has come about only within the last ten years.

The Chicago *Tribune* refers to the fact that the amount of freight entered and cleared at the port of Chicago in 1901 was 1,744,000 tons less than in 1893; and this although there has been a vast increase in the total volume of Western commerce and in the traffic of the Great Lakes. The evolution of events has effected a marked decline in Chicago's former supremacy as a market for Western grain; wheat in particular is

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finding other and more logical avenues of outlet. That from the northern fields—Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas—goes to the nearer port of Duluth, and is shipped thence East through the lakes; while that from Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, and other States in the southern district is handled more and more by the Gulf ports — New Orleans, Galveston, and Port Arthur. So long as Chicago was the sole Western market, shippers were practically powerless against the exactions of the railroads; but the multiplication of markets and the strong rivalry amongst them have gone far toward removing this difficulty. There has also been a substantial growth of the milling industry in the heart of the wheat country, thus bringing the market close to the fields. Minneapolis alone, according to the *Tribune*, sends abroad a carload of wheat-flour for every ten minutes of day and night throughout the year, the product of its own mills; and the industry is assuming large proportions in other cities of the prairies. Within the past five or six years the growers have for the first time in the history of the West been sure of realizing a profit on a normal crop. It is this new independence, this new certainty, that has stimulated the present incursion into the farther Northwest, through Minnesota and the Dakotas into Canada.

The fields of Manitoba, which now yield about 25,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, are capable of producing at least ten times as much. Their full development, which will be accomplished within a few years, will present new economic and political problems. Foremost will be that of reciprocal commercial relations with Canada; and thus will an opening be afforded for a rational readjustment of tariff schedules. Without such reciprocal relations, the wheat of western Canada will be as effectually isolated as was that of our own Western States ten years ago. It is self-interest, more than abstract political philosophy, which will dictate this reform; for not only will our own people be raising the wheat, but our mills will be desirous of turning it to account. The Chicago *Tribune* says, editorially:

"As the volume of Canadian wheat increases, reciprocity sentiment in the Northwest will increase. At present none of the Canadian wheat is made into flour in the United States, but goes to England and English millers. As it is thrown upon the market there as fast as it can be shipped, the price of competing American wheat is much more seriously affected than it would be if the duty on Canadian wheat were removed and considerable of it entered this country to be held here till the foreign demand warranted its shipment."

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, voicing the sentiment of that part of the West, speaks to the same effect, declaring that the growing demand for reciprocity is not political, in the restricted sense, but economic, following a more exact knowledge of our true industrial status and our needs.

Under present conditions an import duty upon wheat effects nothing to the advantage of our own growers. The United States is never an importer of wheat for home consumption; on the other hand, one-third of our annual product is sent abroad in the raw state, to say nothing of the exports of flour. An import duty, therefore, has nothing to do with determining the prices received by our theoretically protected farmers; those prices are fixed in the broader markets of the world. Were the duty removed entirely, as matters now stand we should reap only benefit.

Such is the issue which the wheat-growers of the West will soon present for settlement.

Impressions of America

By Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.

LOOKING back upon my late visit to America, a few things stand out sharply and distinctly in my mind:

The effect of the great commercial trusts and the conditions of the South.

Probably the United States has undergone greater changes during the last five years than she had previously done since the civil war. There were trusts five years ago, such as the Standard Oil Trust, which is the oldest of them all, and the Sugar Trust. The new trusts are different: they have greater scope, they appeal to the imagination of the public, they have one convincing quality, which is an offset to many of their dangers.

The first trusts formed aimed at absorption, at complete control of individual businesses, at centralization, which was likely to choke individual effort and cripple or retard the genius of personal enterprise. The secret of the new trusts—notably the Steel Trust—is that of federation under one controlling policy which governs output, therefore controls prices, which pursues what is practically a national industrial policy.

A great trust like the Steel Trust is, in brief, a federal government. The individual enterprises remain; they work in sympathy with the general controlling policy. If they fall, they do not fall alone. Right or wrong, these great trusts make for simplicity in the government of industries.

Though the West will not acknowledge it, the trusts have concentrated commercial interest in New York.

The New York Stock Exchange is practically the centre of the industrial and financial life of the United States. New York itself has become the Mecca of the Western millionaire. Twenty years ago there was practically no New York beyond Fifty-ninth Street. Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth Street for two miles, is now an avenue of palaces—neither more nor less. There are sovereigns of Europe who live in less imposing and less beautiful houses than those which flank the eastern side of Central Park.

New York grows more powerful every day. It never was very provincial; it is now altogether metropolitan. And with its increase of wealth and importance is coming a greater steadiness to the life, commercial and social.

I cannot speak of the political life of New York itself; but one thing is certain, that the political life of the whole country is affected by the enormous power of these great commercial organizations. It could not well be otherwise. It may be a grave danger, but there it is.

In these great trusts you have enormous commercial administrations, with their commercial consuls, their representatives in every capital of the world, who are in touch with all political and commercial movements throughout the world, and who represent a commercial government, as our consuls represent us nationally in the ports and capitals of other countries.

The very pick of the genius of America goes into its commercial life.

The youngest is trained to think commercially. I do not mean of dollars alone, but of what may be called commercial invention, commercial policy, commercial combination, the variations in the working of industrial, financial, and commercial laws.

It is somewhat the custom, I know, to bemoan a lack of culture among American men; but what they lack in *belles-lettres* and the humanities they make up in general knowledge, in the information gained by travel, and in great broad-mindedness.

A knowledge of literature and forms of social life somewhat different from those of England does not necessarily mean a lack of true gentlemanliness. Most Britishers who visit America discover that in due course.

By the—shall I call it?—immigration of the Western rich man and millionaire into New York you have something added to the beauty of the city by their beautiful private palaces, and an ever-increasing concentration of commercial power in Wall Street.

It is greatly to the credit of these very rich men in the United States that they give of their wealth freely and abundantly to philanthropic and to educational purposes; and, if one may say it without offence, unlike some rich men elsewhere, whose philanthropy is more brilliant by the ever-brightening prospect of a peerage in the distance.

I spent some time in the South.

I yielded myself to it—and the fact that the yielding was almost in spite of myself was one of the reasons why of the heavy-footed progress of the South. It is much a matter of climate, and yet that appears not to hold when one remembers Australia, where heat and sand and desert and tropical life should breed the same sort of—shall I say?—subdued energy. Still, I think it is much a matter of climate. The very air of the far South is a sedative.

But Americans must not talk of "twenty years behind the times" to us. The journey I made from Washington to Aiken, South Carolina, was a demonstration of how that massive energy which is the birthright and practice of the American people may be dispersed, dissolved before your eyes.

From scenes of thrift and vigor and almost painful activity — fiery industries, pushing commerce, smart, new, well-to-do towns and villages and houses and farms, with an air of thrift and comfort—you were carried with wrenching suddenness into "de perished lands," as I heard a negro say. Lands exhausted long ago by sugar and cotton, and never renewed; houses and businesses made bankrupt long ago, and never made solvent since!

Yet here and there the "tall chimneys" of manufactories rose, now and then a town bustled with the ambitions of the North, only to be succeeded again by "de perished lands." It is, however, a fact that after these thirty years Southern apathy has been pierced, and the energy of the North gains foothold in the South day by day.

Exhibitions, such as that held at Charleston, show the "vital spark" alive again in the generations that cannot remember "before de war, sah!" How vital that spark must be which will fire the South one can only judge who has sojourned in such a place as Aiken. South Carolina—serene, seductive, and of perfect climate, on its pine plateau over one thousand feet above the level of the sea.

There you shall see the real South if you have a mind. The hunt of the red fox, the gray fox, and the deer; the hunt breakfast in the pine woods, and the barbecue, and songs that were sung before the war.

So far as the progress of the South is concerned, the trouble is ever and always "the negro." He is there in millions, and he has not the energy and the ability of the white man. The Southerner does not recognize him to-day as a "fellow-citizen" any more than he did forty years ago. The negro race insulates the power and activity of the white man. He is a non-conductor. The white man is all but borne down by that ever-present ignorance, apathy, and non-effective citizenship of the negro.

The South is awakening to the fact that the solution is in technical and industrial education. There is no other solution . . . and it will be a tiresome road to travel.

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Alice in Summerland

IV

"WELL, Duchess," said I, the other day at luncheon, "how have you enjoyed your morning in the city?"

"Hugeously," she replied; "but, mercy, what a place it is! What are they trying to do with this town, digging it all up this way?"

"Spades are trumps in New York all right," put in the Dodo.

"It's horrid," sighed the little maid. "I had heard that New York was a beautiful city, but it's hardly more than a great hole in the ground, and so dirty and noisy!"

"It's the march of improvement," I explained. "We are going to have a great railway system—"

"Running to China?" asked the Duchess. "Judging from some of the holes I looked into they must be nearly there by now."

"They want some place where a man can get about without being run over by an automobile, I guess," suggested the March Hare. "And maybe it will be cleaner travelling underground than up on the surface where the soft coal is."

"My! Isn't that soft coal awful!" cried the Duchess. "When I was walking past the enervated railway—"

"Elevated, Duchess dear," said Alice.

"Well, whatever it is, enervated or elevated, when I was walking by it this morning, if the soot hadn't been black I'd have thought it was snowing," the Duchess continued. "If I hadn't had my parachute with me to keep it off, I should have looked like a chimney-sweep. As it is, I've breathed in so much of it that my lungs feel like a coal-bin."

"We shall have to remedy that," I said, in full sympathy with the old lady's sensations, for under prevailing conditions the effect of New York air upon one's windpipe is suggestive of a clogged-up flue. "If you will put on your wraps we'll take a run down to Coney Island."

"Cooney Island? What is that?" asked the Duchess.

"Nobody knows until he has tried it," said I. "Will you come along?"

"Industrially," replied the Duchess, by which I presumed she meant indubitably, and we were off.

V

It was a beautiful sail in one of the Iron steamboats down through the sparkling waters of the bay and out into the sea, and every point that we passed elicited an enormous amount of interest from my friends.

"Who's the big brown lady?" asked the Hatter, as we passed the Statue of Liberty.



"It's the march of improvement"

I informed him.

"Thought Liberty was a white woman," said the Dodo. "Did you ever know that Liberty was an Ethiopian, Duchess?"

"I never thought anything about her," retorted the Duchess, "though I'm not surprised to find her a Darkeyopian. Never approved of her, anyhow. As the poet said, *'Oh, Libertine, Libertine! What times are domesticated in thy name!'*"

"Look at the cheese-box," cried the Hatter, as we passed Castle William. "What do they use that for, Mr. Man?"

"Nothing," said I.

"It looks as if it might be good for that," observed the Dodo, eying it critically. "But, say, Uncle Jab, why don't you trot out that island of yours? I want to see Cooney Island, not a statue of Liberty defying the lightning, or a stone cheese-box to demonstrate a nation's mite."

"Well, you'll get it," said I, and the event proved the truth of my prophecy. Indeed, we all got it, for to my visitors it was so full of novelty that none of the many attractions of that wonderful aggregation of side-shows was left untried.

"Hold on a second," said the Dodo, pausing in front of a palmist's booth. "I want to have my fortune told."

"Tena da cent," said the Fortune Teller.

"What's that?" demanded the Dodo.

"Tena da cent," I explained, "is Anglo-Italian for a dime. She charges ten cents for telling your fortune."

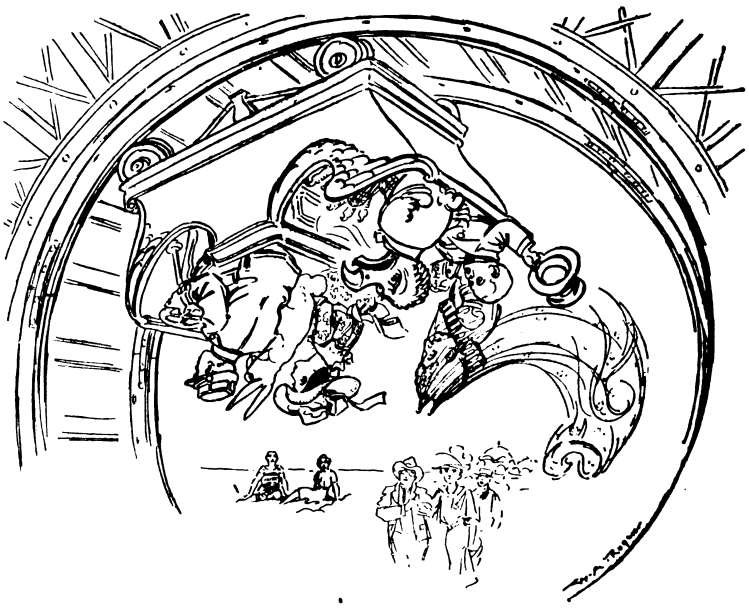
"Tena da nothing," cried the Dodo. "If I had as much money as that I could tell my own fortune."

Meanwhile the Hatter and the March Hare had wandered off and got themselves into woful trouble at the Aunt Sally booth. In the excitement of the moment they mistook one of the policemen for the Aunt Sally, and when I arrived were busily engaged in pelting him with clubs.

"Hold on there!" the policeman was calling to them. "You can't do that!"

"Just watch us and see if we can't!" the Hatter retorted, letting drive a good stout stick with all too accurate aim at the policeman's middle.

The result was as might have been guessed. The two strangers were taken into custody,



Looping the Loop

and it required all my cigars and powers of persuasion to convince the irate bobbie that there was no criminal intent in my friends' action. The offenders apologized profusely, and were allowed to go free after a lengthy altercation, in which the Duchess took her customary part.

"Leave them to me, Mr. Officer," she begged. "I'll see that they get what they deserve when I get them home again," which the policeman, observing the glitter in her Grace's eye, concluded it was best to do.

Happy to escape, Alice led the way to the merry-go-round, where for a half-hour the whole party enjoyed the roundabout ride, with the exception of the Dodo, who found the motion too much for him.

"Makes me seasick," he said as he dismounted from the back of the griffin he had essayed to ride. "If we'd only had a shuffleboard and a fog-horn I'd have thought I was on an ocean greyhound.'

"Shall we try the chutes?" I asked the Duchess.

"No, I don't think so," the lady replied. "Fire-arms always make me impervious."

"Nervous, dear," said Alice.

"Nervous, then," said the Duchess. "I am always afraid of things that go off with a bang."

I explained the fact that chutes were shot not with fire-arms, but in cars. "You start at a very high point of a scaffold," said I, "and go sliding down a sort of alleyway into a pond of water."

"And me with my coronation robes on?" demanded the Duchess. "Never!"

"I'd be more afraid of my coronation neck," said the Hatter.

"No harm will ever come to either," I guaranteed. "It is safe, and exhilarating."

"All right, then," said the Duchess. "But if I get drowned it's your fault."

"He apologizes in advance, don't you, Mr. Man?" said the Hatter.

"I do," said I, laughing.

"What more can the lady ask?" grinned the Dodo, and the chutes were shot, even unto the fifth time.

"I'd like to buy one of those," said the Duchess, when we were through, "for my country estate. Did you say everything here costs a dime?"

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"It's a great come-down for a Duchess," suggested the Dodo.

"It's a great come-down for anybody," cried her Grace, delightedly. "If I were not of noble extrication I should go into the chuting business for a business. Then I have a few friends at home I'd like to send down one of those into my stone-quarry. I must have one. They can send it C. O. D."

"Well, I wouldn't buy it yet," I advised. "Wait until you have Looped the Loop."

Having tested the delirious gayety of the chutes, the Duchess and her followers were quite ready for the Loop, and once tried they sought for no more of Coney Island. It seemed to be the acme of delight to them all, and I do not exaggerate when I say that ere the sun went down the whole party had tried the circular railway a dozen times, and others besides. I had difficulty, indeed, in getting them to leave, and it was only because I warned them that the last boat back was about to start that they consented to depart.

"Well," said the Duchess as we reached home, "that was a great circus, eh?"

"Indeed it was," said Alice, enthusiastically.

"I enjoyed it," said the Hare, "especially when the fortune-teller told me I'd have good luck because I had a rabbit's foot."

"Well, as for me," said the Dodo, "give



The whole party enjoyed the roundabout ride

me the Loop the Loop. It made me forget my bill and reminded me of the dear old days before I got civilized and could fly."

"It was my favorite also," acquiesced the Duchess. "But, say, Mr. Man—did you notice how dizzy it made everybody? I saw eighteen men going aboard the boat who couldn't stand up they were so dizzy."

I never enlightened the dear old lady as to her error on this point. I had noticed the men as she had, and it is true that they were wofully dizzy—there is a deal of dizziness at Coney Island—but there were indications that it was not so much the looping as some deleterious substance that had got into their soda-water that had temporarily embarrassed their footsteps. Freed from this element Coney Island would be as great a moral show as Barnum's ever was, but as it is—

While I was finishing the above sentence the Hatter crept softly up to my side.

"Do you know what I liked best of all?" he whispered.

"No," I whispered back. "What?"

"Coppering the cop," said he, gleefully.

After all, there is a good deal of human nature in that Hatter, and he very, very seldom talks through his product.

To be Continued.

In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

VII

Buzzer Decides to Buy a Horse

BUZZER and Beeby came racing along the road from Mr. Pagent's farm, just beyond us, and burst through our gate in a state of great excitement. Buzzer's face was red, and he was so anxious to tell us something startling that all he could do was to sputter incoherently. Beeby's blue eyes opened to their widest extent, but she did not attempt to speak at first; she was saving her breath for a final dash up the path to the spot where Ethel and I were under the great trees in front of our door-step. As the children came careering toward us Ethel sat up in her chair and said,

"Well, little folks, what is it now?"

"Mis' Pagent,' she sgotanew!" cried Buzzer, ending his information with a snort.

"Mrs. Pagent has what?" queried Ethel.

"Oh, muvver! You'll never dess—*never!*" Beeby averred with great positiveness. Meanwhile Buzzer had managed to inhale sufficient air for life and articulation; so he began again:

"She's got a new hired girl."

"Maid," Beeby corrected, with lofty mien.

"Hired girl," Buzzer reiterated insistently.

"*Maid*," said Beeby, with emphasis; and then they commenced practice with vocal rapid-fire guns.

"Hired girl—"

"*Maid*—"

"Hired girl—"

"*Maid*—"

"Hired girl—"

"Children!" Ethel interrupted, and they ceased instantly. Beeby cuddled up to me and felt for my watch, while Buzzer stood on one foot, his brow wrinkled, an expression of martyrdom in his eyes. After a moment he added dismally,

"*Any*how, that's what Mrs. Pagent said she was—"

"Never mind," Ethel remarked. "When did she come?"

"Jessnow," Beeby replied, slipping down from my knee with celerity. "An' her name's Shusan, an' she's awful nice. Come on, Buzzer," she concluded. "Le's go see her again—maybe dey not all gone yet."

"What are not all gone yet?" Ethel called, for the youngsters, even in so short a time, had danced down to the gateway in the hedge.

"Pepp'mints!" Buzzer shouted with glee; and seizing Beeby's hand. he vanished with her. And that is how I came to buy the horse.

This last remark may seem somewhat irrelevant, but really it is not. It is a plain statement of fact. To be sure, I hadn't the faintest idea of investing in Job by way of Sally Pagent's new servant Susan; but then things never do come out as you expect them to, in this world. For instance, when Ethel and I were engaged, some nine or ten years ago, we decided to spend June, July, and August of each summer on the Long Island coast somewhere, and live during the rest of the year in a cozy little apartment, with every imaginable convenience, overlooking Central Park; to be "in the heart of life," as we expressed it. And now, here we are, settled in an old farm-house two miles from a railroad station and more than thirty from New York; without gas or electricity, bath or furnace, but comfortable as the family of kittens in a basket under our kitchen stove. Yes, after all, considering how the best of plans go agley, it's not surprising that we bought a horse through Susan. In fact, ever since we came up here on the farm, weeks before, we knew we'd have to have one. And when old Squire Springger came along in his ramshackle buggy, with his rusty mare and rustier colt, with his cow and his calf and his dog and his chickens, it settled the matter. The very first day after his arrival the Squire invited Ethel to take a drive, but she escaped by way of pressing household duties. That evening she told me of it, with horror in her voice.

"To think of going along these roads in that antediluvian ark!" she exclaimed, with a fine disregard for historical accuracy. "We'd be sure to meet people from country places all around here in their traps and coaches and automobiles. It's simply awful."

"Oh, never mind," I said, soothingly. "You needn't go, you know."

"Arthur!" she exclaimed, tremulously, "Squire Springger 'll ask me every day he's here, and I *can't* refuse always. He wants me to 'jog around' with him, he says, while he's trying to find a girl to marry him. Says he wants my judgment on 'em."

It was a serious matter. I knew that from Ethel's anxious manner; so I swallowed a chuckle, and said we'd buy a horse forthwith. After supper that evening I casually mentioned to our man, Jason Stafford, the fact that I wanted to buy a horse, and he said he could go down to the village and make inquiries. So I told him to go. The Squire went with him; and while we were breakfasting the next morning two men and one woman arrived at the farm, each driving a horse. One of the men and the woman had buggies; the other man had a buckboard. All three were very impatient to get away. It seemed that each one had extremely urgent business somewhere, and only came up to the farm as an accommodation to me, anyhow. Each was perfectly willing to leave horse, harness, and wagon here and let me pay for same the next week, or the next month; or sometime during the coming autumn or winter. They didn't care particularly when I paid, so long as I gave a note for the outfit. The prices ranged from two hundred to five hundred dollars.

Ethel and I examined the horses very carefully, while the owners expatiated upon their superior qualities, their beauty, and their intelligence. While we were looking at them Jason arrived from the fields and Squire Springger appeared from the barn. As these new-comers hove in sight the three strangers grew more urgent. Their time was getting short. In fact, one of the men jumped into his buggy and drove away, saying he'd see me again in the afternoon.

"Squire," I called, "you know what I want in the way of a horse. Would you mind looking at these?"

"Not at all, Jedge Lathrop," he replied, cheerfully. He glanced at the woman's horse a moment, stepped in front of it, took a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, and suddenly waved it in front of the horse. The brute reared once; then came down on its fore feet with a jolt, and began to plunge and kick desperately. Ethel jumped back, and Jason and I started to seize the bridle, but the woman in the buggy was too quick for us. She snatched her whip out of the stock and larruped that animal as never horse was whaled before.

In a minute or two he was subdued, and she drove down the lane, highly indignant.

"I think you're a set of sharpers!" she exclaimed, wrathfully. "The idee of tryin' to scare a good hoss plumb crazy!"

"Ta-ta!" said the Squire, waving his hand after her, while an appreciative grin overspread his face. Then he turned to me, and added: "Thet's Satan, thet hoss is, Jedge Lathrop, an' well named, too. He's

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the wickedest cuss in this part o' the kentry. They've ben tryin' to sell him for years, an' can't. He's known over th' hull lan'scape."

"Well, there's only one left," I responded, walking over to the buckboard. The man sitting in it had been an amused and silent spectator. Now, however, he roused up.

"My name's Smith," he said, "and here's as safe, willin', reliable family horse as there is in the State of Noo York. Ain't afeard o' nothin'. Can't scare him a mite. Try him, Squire," Mr. Smith urged cordially. "Wave that there pirate's flag under his nose, or close to his face—he won't even wink."

Ethel and I became interested at once. If all this were true—or only half of it—we might be fortunate indeed. So we eagerly watched the Squire as he prepared to repeat the experiment. But we were doomed to disappointment. The Squire glanced at Mr. Smith's horse, and then winked solemnly and expansively.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Smith inquired anxiously.

"Do you take us," the Squire began, with an all-embracing gesture—"do you take us for a lot o' bloomin' oculists?"

"Hey!" said Mr. Smith, and Jason snickered appreciatively.

"Or," the Squire went on, leaning comfortably against a tree, "are you figurin' on a sorter supposition-like thet Jedge Lathrop here's startin' a museum of weird an' sensational curios'ties, so to speak?"

"I don't understand what they're getting at," Ethel remarked, her forehead puckering a little, as it does when she's puzzled.

"Squire Springger means the horse is stone-blind," said Jason.

"So he is, so he is," Mr. Smith added with enthusiasm. "That's the beauty of him—can't see a mite, an' nothin' can't scare him. Now take a hoss with two eyes," he went on with confidential manner, "an' he's liable to be scared half to death at anything—and usuerly he is, too, sometime. An' take a hoss with one good eye and one that he can see out of—"

"One *what?*" Ethel interrupted.

"One eye he can see out of," Mr. Smith repeated, "an' one good eye—that is one eye he *can't* see out of—and no conscientious, self-respectin' accident-insurance company'd give ye a policy. Why?" he cried and waved his arms at us.

By this time we had formed a circle around the buckboard, in which Mr. Smith was standing and addressing us as if he were a stump-speaker haranguing a political meeting. The Squire was the first to reply.

"Snapdragons an' snow-shoes!" he exclaimed. "Blamefino! Why not?"

"Because," Mr. Smith replied, with graceful condescension, "a hoss with one good eye an' one bad one is sartin sure to be skeered into vi'lent insanity every time he looks at anything. Now," he went on, lowering his voice until its tones were wonderfully persuasive, "you take a fine-bred, intelligent animal of proud spirit an' noble aspirations like this here valuable Artazercksеez, an' he is reely th' most satisfactory hoss in th' world. Any child kin' drive him anywhere. . . . Get in an' try him, Judge Lathrop," he concluded, stepping down to the ground.

I did so, and picked up the reins, holding them loosely. Then I said, very gently,

"Get up."

"G'lang there!" Ethel added, and Artazercksеez g'langed, very sobery and sedately. He was headed straight for a clump of bushes, and Mr. Smith offered a suggestion:

"Better hold them reins a little tighter."

I smiled and let them hang loosely until Artazercksеez walked into the bushes and came to a full stop because he couldn't go any further. Then I jumped to the ground and approached the others, saying,

"Suppose those bushes had been a deep ditch?"

"Or a child in the road?" Ethel added.

"Or a f'rocious tiger!" exclaimed Beeby, as she appeared with her brother.

"Or a dead man's bo-o-nes," Buzzer concluded, rolling his eyes and grating his little teeth frightfully.

Mr. Smith backed Artazercksеez out of the bushes and aimed him at the gateway of our lane.

"Well," he said, as he started off, "I guess we can't make a swap?"

"No," said Buzzer, "I guess we can't."

Nevertheless, in spite of temporary discouragements, I finally did succeed in purchasing a horse that very evening, although I didn't know it until the next morning. And Buzzer conducted the negotiations. He and Beeby went down to Mrs. Pagent's as soon as they had eaten their evening meal of bread and milk, and hardly had they reached there when Susan's brother drove up in a nice new buggy, bringing a huge valise filled with Susan's clothing. He had come a long distance and his horse Billy was tired. Buzzer instantly struck up a friendship, which was firmly cemented when Susan's brother let him lead Billy down to the barn for water.

"Nice horse, this," said Buzzer, looking critically at the animal. "Want to sell him?"

"Well, I dun'no'," said Susan's brother. "I guess I would if anybody wanted him pretty bad."

"My fother 'll buy him," Buzzer rejoined, confidently. "He wants a horse jus' like him, and a cawwaige too."

Susan's brother looked interested. He was a prudent person who could scent a possible trade from afar, and he didn't propose to let an opportunity slip by.

"Will he pay two hundred dollars?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said Buzzer. "At least, he'll give you all the money he's got, anyhow."

Susan's brother scratched his head as if in doubt.

"Bring Billy-horse over an' let fother see him," Buzzer suggested.

"By Hickory!" exclaimed Susan's brother, "I b'lieve I will."

He was so interested that he entirely forgot his own supper. First he washed the buggy, brushed it out, then wiped off the harness, and finally spent the best part of an hour in rubbing Billy's black coat. Finally he lifted Buzzer into the buggy, and stepped in beside him, and drove over to our farm and up the lane. Nora heard the sound of the wheels, and came to the door.

"Mister Lathrop around?" asked Susan's brother.

"No," said Nora. "They has all gone off walkin', but Squire Springger and Jason; an' they do be down to th' store."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Susan's brother. Then he added, "Do you know whether Mr. Lathrop wants to buy a horse?"

"He do," said Nora. "He do be lookin' at horses all day."

"Fother 'll buy him," Buzzer remarked, positively. "Jus' you put him in the barn."

Susan's brother chuckled a little. A brilliant idea struck him.

"I got to go back home to-night," he said, "but I can walk to the deepo and go by train. Then your papa can let me know. I'll tell Jim Pagent about it—I guess Billy an' the buggy 'll be safe enough here for a day or two."

So he unharnessed Billy, bedded him down with some straw he found in the barn, hung up the harness, rolled the buggy under a wagon-shed, and went off to tell Mr. Pagent that he'd left his horse with me for a few days' trial.

Now, of course, I did not know anything about these negotiations until some time afterward, when I learned of them from various sources. Ethel and Beeby and I came home that evening to find that Nora had put Buzzer to bed, and he did not awaken until about five o'clock the following morning. At that hour, when birds were singing, and the earliest of little sunbeams reached down and drank from dew-brimming petals, Buzzer hurled himself out of bed and came prancing into my room, insisting that I get up at once and see the new horse.

"But we haven't a new horse," I remonstrated. "Father didn't buy one."

"Oh yes, we have, fother!" the boy cried. "He's down in the barn, an' his name's Billy, an' I buyed him for you."

I looked Buzzer squarely in the face, and said,

"Is this a joke, little son, or are you in earnest?"

"It's twue!" he exclaimed, lapsing from excitement into his babyhood vernacular. "He's in the ba'n, an' I buyed him fwom Shusan's bwother!"

I arose forthwith, and fifteen minutes later Buzzer and I, holding each other's hand, walked into the barn. As we did so there sounded a whinny of welcome, and Billy stretched his head over the manger and rested his nose contentedly on my shoulder. I unfastened the halter, and took him out in the barn-yard. To me he was a splendid animal—heavy, powerful, sleek, and black as coal, excepting for two white feet. After he had swallowed all the water he wanted I put Buzzer on his back and led him up and down. Never did horse step so gently and carefully; never did little boy go so nearly crazy with delight. Never was parent prouder or happier.

Before long Ethel came out to say that breakfast was ready, and when she saw her little laddie perched on Billy's broad back her eyes grew deep and her cheeks red. After a moment she said,

"Do you think you'll keep him, Arthur?"

"Yes," I said, "I guess we will. I feel as if we could trust him."

And we never regretted our decision either; not even, a week later, when we asked Squire Springger to rename him because Beeby didn't like his real name.

"Well," said the Squire, meditatively, "I think you'd better call him 'Job'; he's the only other livin' creature as patient as this here hoss is; an' I 'low th' hoss was born 'bout th' same time as Job."

To be Continued.

Aristotle is careful not to condemn any pleasure that is not definitely harmful. . . Still, there are kinds of pleasures which ought not to be pursued, and occasions and methods of seeking them which are improper and perverse. Therefore the Reason must be always at hand to check and to control; and the ultimate test of true worth in pleasure, as in everything else, is the trained judgment of the good and sensible man.—*Dickinson.*

The preservation of health is the first good and the foundation of everything else that is good, for even the mind depends so strongly on the temperament and disposition of the organs of the body that, if it is possible to discover some means of making men generally wiser and abler than they have hitherto been, it is in medical science that those means must be looked for.—*Descartes.*

This is philosophy, to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last.—*Landor.*

O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!—*Madame Roland* (at the scaffold).

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George Grey Barnard, Sculptor

See pages 1133 and 1134

AMERICAN records show no clearer triumph of the art instinct over conditions apparently unpropitious than the career of George Grey Barnard, the New York sculptor, to whom has been awarded the most important single commission yet given out in this country. The man who expects to spend the next five years in conceiving and executing eleven colossal groups for the new Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg has just passed his thirty-ninth birthday, but in emotional experience, which is the truest measure of such a life, he is much older. Yet so buoyant and fresh is his outlook upon the world, as reflected in his art and in his appearance, that one might readily take him to be in the early thirties. A man of intense creative energy and deep spiritual as well as physical insight, a personality of strong impulse controlled by an indomitable will, and a being of singular courage, this essentially American sculptor, who is about to enter upon a task without precedent in this country, is still but superficially known to the public.

This, too, in spite of the fact that he has done much important work. His colossal group in marble, "The Two Natures," was given five years ago to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by the estate of the late Alfred Corning Clark, but until the new wing is opened it will remain inaccessible to visitors. His single figure, "The Hewer," which most fully, perhaps, represents his art, is still at Mr. Barnard's studio; his bronze god Pan, formally presented to the city of New York in 1897 by Mr. Clark's estate, has not yet been placed, although its conspicuous site before the Pan-American Exposition art gallery at Buffalo made it familiar to many. Other works in Mr. Barnard's studio are a gigantic clock, carved in oak, its figures inspired by a legend of Norse mythology; a marble figure, "Maidenhood"; an early example, "The Sleeping Boy"; and "Brotherly Love," modelled after a tomb he executed in Norway, showing two figures half imbedded in their stone envelope, their hands seeking each the other's through the intervening rock. At Tampa, Florida, there was lately set up a large fountain, whose marble figures were adapted from one of his two colossal groups on the façade of the Electric Tower at the exposition in Buffalo; and at Cairo, Illinois, another fountain from his hand, typifying the union of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, is soon to be erected. A young girl's draped figure, for a tomb in Iowa, is one of the sculptor's most pleasing compositions. Of sketches, there is one of epic proportions, embodying the artist's conception of primitive man; to this proposed group of over twenty nude figures belongs "The Hewer." Portrait busts must also be placed to his credit, including those of Abram S. Hewitt, Collis P. Huntington, the sculptor's father, and others. Mr. Barnard is now completing an urn, with many figures, to contain the ashes of the late Anton Seidl, and several other projects await his attention, besides the $300,000 commission for the Capitol at Harrisburg, in which building, designed by Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia, Edwin A. Abbey is to execute the mural decorations, at an allowed cost of $150,000.

George Grey Barnard's life has been a steady evolution. Born in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, his boyhood, except for a brief period in a suburb of Chicago, was spent in Muscatine, Iowa. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman whose means were straitened, art seemed an unlikely factor to enter his experience. The boy's first marked interest, outside the ordinary phases of childhood, was aroused by an old sea-captain's collection of shells, given to the six-year-old lad as fast as he learned their names. The captain next gave him Dana's book on geology, which he studied earnestly. But while searching for stones and fossils, his eyes were opened to the world of living creatures in the Iowa fields and woods; he caught and tamed a deer, a pelican, and a colony of squirrels. He became so expert at stuffing birds that at fifteen he was made taxidermist to the Iowa State Academy of Sciences.

Barnard's career, however, had already settled itself in his mind. An evening course of drawing at the Chicago Art School, followed by discouraging advice from Leonard Volk, a sculptor, led irrevocably to art. His engraving, with its assured means of support, became from that moment a closed chapter in his life. Rather than take the time to turn back to it, after beginning his absorbing study of sculpture at the Chicago school, the quixotic youth endured actual hunger for long periods. He lived a year on $100 saved from his engraver's pay, but his enthusiasm was not dimmed. The next turn in his fortunes came when a Chicago lady paid him $350 for a bust of her child. With this Barnard boldly set out for Paris.

Tales of the fanatic young American soon drifted about the Latin Quarter—of his amazing talent, his omniverous thirst for art knowledge, and his unwillingness to waste time or money. Also, his uncanny power of using his eyes separately, in scrutinizing his work or the model, was much discussed. His lodging was four miles from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, but by eight in the morning he was at work; in the evenings he painted at Colarossi's; late at night, in his room, he studied architecture, occasionally securing small commissions in making drawings. This forcing process continued for over three years, most of the time on a diet of two meals a day, with rice and milk as the staple menu, and the hard French loaves as a luxury. But even $350 will not last indefinitely, and the situation was desperate, when one of his own countrymen, Alfred Corning Clark, of New York, knocked at the door of his studio in an obscure *impasse* in the Latin Quarter. He had heard that Barnard had modelled a remarkable figure of a sleeping boy; before leaving, he paid the sculptor 1500 francs for it on account.

This worked a revolution in Barnard's prospects. Then came the order from some Norwegians in Paris for a tomb, which led to a commission for a tall porcelain stove for a club-house in Norway. The club disbanded, but the sketch was used for the oaken clock already mentioned. Portrait busts and other small works followed, but the group that made his phenomenal Paris success, at the Champ-de-Mars Salon of 1894, was "The Two Natures."

The sculptor's Salon success of 1894 ended his Paris career. The jury hailed with amazement the six pieces sent by this unknown man, and gave them a position of honor. Rodin commended them warmly, and they were the sensation of the exhibition. Thiebault-Sisson, in *Le Temps*, wrote with enthusiasm of the "new-comer, who possesses all the qualities of a great master." A certain elderly princess, whose hotel was long a centre of art and fashion, ordered the young American brought to her, lectured him for hiding himself for ten years, and made him guest of honor at a reception. He was elected an Associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and told that if he stayed in Paris his fortune would be made. But this was just what Barnard had determined not to do. After a decade abroad he felt the need of living once more in his own country, and he left Paris, with its plaudits still ringing in his ears.

How the Western Farmer is Gathering his Crop

See page 1139

Now that we know the crop of 1902 is to exceed any other in the history of this country, it is interesting to see how the Western farmer is gathering it. Two general classes of machines are used in modern wheat harvest—the header and binder. The self-binder is a familiar implement. It cuts the grain, gathers the bundle, ties it with twine, knots the cord, and throws the bundle to the ground. The header, a Western machine, lifts its knives high, seeking only to cut the straw of the grain a few inches below the heads. It is pushed ahead of four horses, the driver riding on a tiller behind the team and guiding the machine as does the pilot a ship—his rudder being a single wheel at the end of a long tongue of wood extending backward. The swath is twelve feet, instead of five or six as on the binder. The platform on which falls the grain has a moving carrier, lifted and projecting at one side. Beneath this projection is driven a wagon with a large box to receive the grain. When one wagon is loaded, it is hurried away to the stack, while another takes its place. Thus the work goes on from sunrise to sunset, and when the field is covered it is shorn and clean, ready for the ploughs that are to begin the preparation for another crop. It is swift, economical, and especially adapted to the harvesting of grain too short in the straw for the effective use of a binder.

The coming of the modern threshing outfit to work upon the farm is impressive. Ahead is the traction engine with wide wheels and powerful movement. Over the engineer's head is a gay canopy, and he steers the whole with a glistening wheel. Next is the red separator, and behind that a small house on wheels (the cook-shanty of the crew). A water-tender is yet in the rear, and that completes the line. Where, as is the case in some sections, gasolene takes the place of coal as a fuel for the engine, there is no need of a fuel-wagon.

The modern separator does automatically several things that were for many years done by hand. Once a band-cutter stood beside the feeder, clipping the band that held each bundle together. Then the feeder, taking the bunch of straw, slowly fed it into the roaring mouth of the machine, careful that he did not meet with injury from over-recklessness or the sudden spewing out of a piece of iron or a stone by the whirring cylinder. Now the bundles are pitched from the stack into the self-feeding apparatus, which cuts the bands and distributes the straw into the opening of the machine.

Formerly, the straw was carried up an open slideway by an endless line of slats and dumped in one place as long as the machine was not moved. The modern machine has at the rear end a huge pipe or funnel, extensible to twelve or twenty feet, with a curve at the end. It is the "wind-stacker." At the base, where it joins the machine, is a rapidly revolving fan that creates a strong blast. On the current of air that is blown through the tube goes the straw, and the funnel is moved from point to point, doing much of the work of the stacker. It is a most welcome innovation to the farm lad whose duty it was to fight for breath at the gulping mouth of a straw-carrier.

Another thing: the weigher. Of old, the farmer stood beside the machine and watched the filling half-bushel measures, emptying them and tallying the number. Now the red stream of grain is caught by a small carrier, weighed, the record made, the wheat lifted to the height of a wagon and poured

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into the wagon-box. From the time when the bundle is pitched into the feeder, the hand of man does not touch it. Going to the elevator in town, the wagon is dumped by a tilting platform; machinery carries the grain to the bins, cleaning it on the way, and at last pours it into the car for shipment. Where the threshing is done in the harvest-field, the process from standing grain to a swaying car-load bound for the city may occupy but a half-dozen hours.

On the Pacific coast, where everything is on a large scale, and where the owners of great farms are impatient of even the above methods, harvesting is done with vaster appliances. Huge gang ploughs, pulled by as many horses as one man can control, prepare the ground. The harvesting is done by a mighty machine, propelled by a steam-engine, that cuts, threshes, and sacks the grain, leaving, when it has passed over the field, only the empty straw and the plump bags of wheat. The latter are gathered in wagons, a fire sweeps over the stubble, and all is in readiness for the start of another crop. In the dry, equable climate of the coast region, the sacks may be heaped out-of-doors for weeks and suffer no injury.

The hay crop is an important one. To handle it and its brother, the alfalfa, are new machines. The mower is lighter; the rake carries the hay in larger bunches, the gatherer hauls the hay to the stack without the touch of a hand, the lifters by the power of a team of horses place the whole on the top of towering stacks—quite different from the weary pitchfork days of old.

Sharing the throne with King Wheat is King Corn. Of late years certain improvements have been applied to machinery for taking care of this crop. The farmer formerly cut the corn-stalks with a long sabrelike knife and carried them together in shocks ready for husking. The new method is to drive up each row with a harvester that cuts the stalks, binds them into bundles, and throws them off to be picked up later.

Then, when the farmer is ready for placing the grain in his barn, comes a yet more interesting process. With a machine arranged for the purpose he works a wonder with the product. The bundles are thrown into its mouth and rapidly threshed. The ears are husked and carried to a wagon. The stalks and husks are shredded and crushed into a fine, palatable fodder that resembles hay, and this is carried by a "wind-stacker" tube into the loft of the barn or to a stack. There is economy in this process, as it utilizes every portion of the corn growth. Other conditions being favorable, an acre will produce from two to four tons of this fodder-hay.

Finding the Enemy

See page 1136

SUCCESSFUL gunnery practice depends on the proper blending of *accuracy* and *rapidity* of fire.

The primary steps towards securing the first of these essentials is to ascertain the enemy's distance and set the sight on the gun for the distance or range indicated; and, next, to lay the gun so that the sights point directly at the target at the moment of firing.

The various methods for measuring ranges are as follows:

First.—By what is known as the horizontal base system. That is, two instruments placed a known distance apart—the distance being technically known as the base-line.

The most familiar system of this type is that invented by Lieutenant Fiske of the United States navy. Here the base of the triangle is the length of the ship, at each end of which a telescope is located. The two telescopes are electrically connected with an indicator which registers the range in yards when the telescopes are so trained as to converge on the target.

The stadimeter, a later invention of Lieutenant Fiske, was extensively used by our vessels in the war with Spain, and gave excellent results. It operates on the principle of the sextant, and measures the angle subtended by an object of known height.

Second.—By the "vertical base system" (the Lewis type), in which the base of the triangle is the height at which the instrument is placed above the surface of the water.

Third.—By trial shots.

Fourth.—By the velocity by which sound travels, through noting the elapsing time between seeing the flash of the enemy's gun and hearing the report.

The Lewis depression position-finder has been adopted as the service position-finder for all of our sea-coast fortifications which permit of an altitude for the instrument of forty feet or greater. These instruments are designated as type "A."

The type "A" is a substantial instrument, weighing about 650 pounds, provided with a specially designed telescope of an unusual power and field. A complete automatic device, known as a replotter, is carried on the table of each instrument, by the use of which the observer can instantly convert the range and direction of the target as read from the position-finder into the corresponding range and direction from the gun itself.

The telescope is provided with cross-wires, and is properly pointed when the vertical wire is on the desired object and the horizontal wire coincident with its water-line. A single observer is all that is needed to operate the instrument, and he simply depresses the telescope until it aims at the target. There is no computation or correction to be made, since the range in yards and the direction in degrees and minutes, of the target, *from the gun*, are read directly from the dial of the instrument. By an ingenious telegraph system this information is transmitted to the officers at the guns. As can be seen, this method permits disappearing guns and mortars entirely out of view of the target to be aimed with precision.

Careful official tests made by the United States War Department, extending over a period of several years, have shown a remarkable accuracy. The error in range at a distance of nearly six miles is only one per cent.

One of the best arguments for the installation of an effective scheme for directing the fire of our sea-coast guns is the great cost of each shot. The saving of one round, from any of the largest guns, is almost sufficient to cover the cost of the range-finder. The armor-piercing shell for the 12-inch gun weighs 1000 pounds, and costs the government nearly $500, while the charge of smokeless powder costs nearly one dollar per pound. To these figures must be added a percentage of the cost of the gun, which would make the total expense of each round about $1000.

In the joint manœuvres to take place in August between the army and navy, the new range-finding system will have its baptism in conditions simulating actual warfare.

The history of past engagements between ships and forts records the almost unvarying success of the ships when they have attempted to merely run past the forts and not silence them. The reason can be readily understood when it is remembered that the guns did well if they fired one shot in from three to five minutes; that many shots were wasted in obtaining the range; that although firing at a moving target, the guns were slowly trained, and even if the enemy was hit, many shells were required to inflict any serious damage.

All of these conditions are now changed, and it is safe to predict that hereafter the fleet will find the passage of the forts to be a more serious proposition.

The Colombian Revolution near Panama

See page 1138

THERE are two parties in Colombia, Liberals and Conservatives. The latter have been in power for some time, although it is said that all Colombians are now revolutionists and that there is no government. The Liberals complain of the church run by Jesuits, lack of schools, high taxation, and general mismanagement. The present revolution has been running about two and a half years. The population of the country is some three and a half millions, of which one-third only are males. Some 20,000 soldiers are maintained by the "government." There are at least five rebels to one Conservative, and boys of ten and upwards carry arms. The revolutionists are very strong, and the wonder is that they have not run the government forces into the sea.

Chiriqui Province, now involved with the United States by reason of the seizure of American coffee, comprises the west end of Colombia, and may make mischief when we take possession of the canal. The recent trouble arose as follows:

Chiriqui Province is nearly all owned by American coffee-planters. The revolutionists seized the coffee crops. Thereupon the Governor of Panama, General Salazar, sent the gunboats *Chucuito* and *Boyaca* to capture the insurgent vessels which should attempt to export the produce. The insurgents hid their prize and refused to be caught in such a trap. Next, Consul-General H. A. Gudger addressed a note to the revolutionary General Herrera at David, demanding satisfaction. Not receiving a prompt reply, such as the present American strenuosity demands, the United States war-ship *Ranger* was ordered to proceed by river to David, capital of Chiriqui Province, and headquarters of the revolution, and take such measures, drastic or otherwise, as its captain may find necessary. It is needless to surmise that the insurgent forces will be found, if at all, out of gun-range, and that the result will be a *casus belli* if Uncle Sam feels disposed to punish the existing government.

The bloodiest scenes of the revolution have been enacted in the Chiriqui Province, from which the government troops have been expelled at each of their attempts to take it. So bitter and brutal have been the revolutionists that non-combatants have been mercilessly slain with machetes. Neither the aged, women, nor infants have been spared. In the city of David alone, more than fifty people who would not declare for either party have been slain. As a result several thousand non-combatants have climbed into the mountains out of harm's way. Every native carries a machete, from the youngest to the oldest. When sober, the natives are peaceful, but when intoxicated with secco (white rum), are quarrelsome, and slash each other with machetes. Many are expert fencers, carrying machetes deeply notched during drunken encounters. Many are scarred worse than German students. While they do not fear a knife or machete, they are mortally afraid of a big Colt revolver. All are expert riders. At the last attempt to take David, a government captain was alone left to fight for his life. He sought

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safety in the antique tower of that city, and slew twelve revolutionists. Thirteen was his fatal number. As he reached for the heart of the thirteenth revolutionist, a well-aimed cannon ball decapitated him.

Seven years ago, a small colony of thirty people from Stockton, California, cut a trail through the heavy forests and made large clearings at an altitude of 5000 feet. Many houses were built, and many thousands of coffee-trees were planted. The tracts selected proved to be the best, and the coffee-trees began bearing when four years old, yielding the best bean. While their trees were growing many went home, their capital being exhausted. As they did not sell out, they now returned to find large crops awaiting them, which the revolutionists seized as soon as gathered. Coffee-trees, as a rule, mature in seven years and produce for fifteen years. In consequence, new trees are planted annually. The great forests surrounding are rich in big white and black cedars, mahogany, etc. In addition to the above, are many other great American plantations and industries.

The white population comprises Spaniards and other foreigners. The Colombians are a mixture of Spanish, Indians, and negroes, and have the negro crimp of hair. They have negro blood enough to make them lazy, and Spanish blood sufficient to make them mean. Among the poorer classes the women do most of the hard work of agriculture and cattle herding. Since the revolution commenced some thousands of non-combatants have taken to the mountains through almost impossible trails, where they cannot be molested, and are awaiting the cessation of conflict. The women carry to market the products packed on small horses tied to each other by their tails, the gentlest leading. The horses never kick. Lariats are thrown over horns of cattle, which are tied to the horses' tails and dragged to market. The poorer the family, the more the dogs and children. The dogs are of all colors and breeds, half starved and vicious. The natives cut off one ear, saying it makes them good hunters. A yellow dog with a black mouth is especially prized as a good hunter.

There is nothing in all these omens, except that the natives think there is. The people make pets of all kinds of wild animals, such as peccaries, sloths, monkeys, tiger-cats, deer, bears, and of macaws, parrots, and native birds. Snakes are abundant, including those poisonous. The natives, when bit, cut off the tail of the snake and smoke it in their pipes, saying it is an antidote. The lowlands near the sea swarm with crabs of many species, which enter the camps, burrowing deep holes, throwing up hills of sand and destroying everything unprotected, from bread to boots. There are millions of ant pests, but as you ascend the highlands you gradually leave behind all pests. The mountains are full of lakes and streams well stocked with fish. Higher still are myriads of the most prized orchids of the world. Mount Volcan produces the rarest and most beautiful species, which have been sent all over the world.

The mountains are rich in minerals. Gold exists in paying quantities; iron is everywhere. Rich copper deposits have been located in the highest altitudes, and even tin is there. There is an abundance of both black and red rubber. On the coast pearl-fishing is the principal industry, and the finest pearls are obtained. While diving-suits are common, the natives still continue to make primitive head plunges from thirty to forty feet in the water, all of them being more or less scarred by sharks.

Such is the country that Uncle Sam, it is said, can have for the asking of the insurgents.

Finance

MANY months ago, commenting upon the probable course of the securities markets, it was stated in this column that, granting average crops, which would insure the continuation of the country's prosperity for at least another year, the one doubtful feature was the money-market. When, after the May panic of last year, the situation generally was shown to be sound, the belief was rather widely held that, in the absence of another corn-crop failure, a fresh "boom" in stocks might follow the remarkable prolongation of the period of prosperity. We have since seen prices rise to the highest average level in our financial history, but there has been no boom. Stock values have steadfastly shown, to an amazing degree, what some people are fond of calling resiliency. Operations for the decline have yielded no profits to speculators. The stock-market did not respond to such bear manipulation as was indulged in, and, on the other hand, the—in some instances—manufactured advances have not induced the eager buying by the outside public which is popularly, but erroneously, believed to follow sustained rises in stock prices. Values have, indeed, kept pace, in their progress upward, with the further improvement and expansion in general business. But there has been no "boom," and now the speculative community, cheered by the prospects, amounting almost to a certainty, of excellent crops, confident in an undiminished volume of business in iron and steel, witnessing the almost incredible continuation of railway earnings on a tremendous scale, perceiving few, if any, bear factors in the situation, is inclined to believe that a still further advance in the stock-market might be looked for were it not for the doubtful outlook of the money-market. Bull manipulation has, notwithstanding, been carried on in especial stocks, which have thereby risen daily to higher price levels, but in the main the course of speculation has not been upward. Neither has it been definitely downward, up to this date. The trading in stocks has been desultory in character, sluggish, indeterminate.

In the absence of an abnormal falling off in business anywhere, and considering the excellent crop report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, the hesitancy of the security markets clearly reflects the feelings of the financial community in regard to the monetary outlook. The surplus reserves of the banks have been dwindling at a time when they should have been increasing, in anticipation of the usual fall demand. At this writing the reserves of the New York banks are at the lowest level in ten years for this season. The contention heard a few months ago that the West would be able to move its crops without calling on the East for money has proven fallacious. The Western banks are already recalling their deposit balances held in New York, and the metropolis, as the financial centre of the country, will this year, as usual, ship money Westward. The Western banks have, indeed, much money, but they also have extended credits on an unprecedented scale, owing to the business activity prevailing in all sections, and to the great number of local enterprises started and carried out with local funds. The crops will be enormous. Speculation in stocks has been light in volume, and the only heavy stock-market commitments are those of the great syndicates. A pinch in the money-market late in August would not precipitate a panic, and none is apprehended. It would not be followed by a widespread throwing over of weakly margined accounts, since the public is notoriously "out" of the market. But the most optimistic cannot see a bull factor in tight money this fall, especially since the probable attitude of European lenders remains an unknown quantity.

To be sure, the syndicates are enormous borrowers of money, both at home and abroad, by reason of the vast deals and consolidation which have signalized the present bull market. But it is to be borne in mind that there has also been an enormous expansion in trade in this country, involving huge "legitimate" loans, in contradistinction to the "illegitimate" requirements of "stock gamblers" and nefarious "pools" of which so much is heard. But time and again during the past twelve months it has been pointed out in this column that the chief source of the trouble lay with the Federal government and its absurd fiscal system. So long as the Treasury Department continues its unbusinesslike practice of carrying on its own banking business, taking money out of circulation when it is most needed by the business community, there must be trouble from time to time. There is scarcely enough money in the country to carry on the increased volume of "legitimate" business, without having the supply diminished by the Treasury Department. The repeal of the war taxes affords but partial relief, even slighter than had been hoped, since the reduction in the internal revenue has been accompanied by an increase in the receipts from customers. If ever a campaign of education was needed, it is in connection with the vexatious Treasury problem and the urgent necessity of reform in that quarter.

In the mean time the foreign exchange situation is beginning to feel the indirect influence of the government report of crop conditions on August 1. We are certain to show an increase in the exports of agricultural products during the coming months. Whether these will be sufficient to offset the enormous sums borrowed by our bankers from their European confrères cannot be told, for even should the final grain yield come close to the present estimates, there is no way of ascertaining the extent of the syndicates' obligations. But it is significant and not altogether reassuring that American finance bills are offering in large quantities in London, showing that our bankers are once more engaged in securing credits abroad.

The figures of the government's crop statistician were all that could be expected. The report was gratifying, and while it is not wise to accept definitely figures which may yet be modified by unusual weather, the probabilities are strongly in favor of abundant harvests in wheat, corn, and oats. In corn especially it is gratifying to note that there is good reason to expect a bumper crop.

There was considerable improvement in condition in the most important corn States, though there was a falling off in the South. The condition of corn on August 1 was 86.5, as compared with 87.5 on July 1 and 54 on August 1, 1901. The average for ten years was 84. Winter-wheat improved, and the condition of spring-wheat was materially above the ten-year average. The indicated yield of corn was 2,561,490,000 bushels, compared with last year's harvest of 1,522,519,891 bushels, and the previous "high record" of 2,283,875,165 bushels in 1896. The acreage, as was natural in view of last year's disastrous failure, increased enormously. The indicated total wheat harvest is placed at 652,590,000 bushels, exceeded but twice, in 1901 and 1898, with harvests of 748,460,218 and 675,-148,705 bushels, respectively. Rye, barley, and oats also showed better condition than a year ago.

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Financial

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FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
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GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
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HARLEM BRANCH,
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XV

NOT EVERYBODY'S FOOTBALL

LORD BARMOUTH was incapable of speaking of it—incapable. He said so, and honestly believed himself. Indeed, it is possible that under less practised hands he would have revealed nothing. Lady Blixworth, cordially agreeing that the less said the better, extracted a tolerably full account of the whole affair.

"She did, she actually did," he assured her, as though trying to overcome an inevitable incredulity. "I was standing in the middle of the path, and she"—he paused, seeking a word—something to convey the monstrous fact.

"Shoved you off it?" suggested Lady Blixworth, in no difficulty for the necessary word.

"She pushed me violently aside. I all but fell!"

"Then she scuttled off?"

This time he accepted the description. "Exactly what she did—exactly. I can describe it in no other way. She must have been mad!"

"What can have driven her mad at Barslett?" asked his friend, innocently.

"Nothing. We were kindness itself. Her troubles were not due to her visit to us. We made her absolutely one of the family."

"You tried, you mean," she suggested.

"Precisely. We tried — with what success you see. It is heart-breaking—heart—"

"And what did Mortimer say?"

"I didn't tell him till the next morning. I can't dwell on the scene. He ran to her room himself; I followed. It was in gross disorder."

"No!"

"I assure you, yes. There was no letter, no word for him. Presently his mother prevailed on him to withdraw."

"It must have been a shock."

"I prefer to leave it undescribed. Nobody could attempt to comfort him but our good Sarah Bonfill."

"Ah, dearest Sarah has a wonderful way!"

"As the day wore on, she induced him to discuss the Trans-Euphratic Railway scheme, in which he is greatly interested. He will be a long while recovering."

Repressing her inclination to seize an obvious opening for a flippant question, Lady Blixworth gazed sympathetically at the afflicted father.

"And your poor wife?" she asked, in gentle tones.

"A collapse—nothing less than a collapse, Viola. The deception that Mrs. Trevalla practised—well, I won't say a word. I had come to like her, and it is too painful—too painful. But there is no doubt that she wilfully deceived us on at least two occasions. The first we forgave freely and frankly; we treated it as if it had never been. The second time was on that evening itself: she misrepresented the result of certain business matters in which she had engaged—"

"And ran away to avoid being found out?" guessed Lady Blixworth.

"I think—I may say I hope—that she was for the time not responsible for her actions."

"Where is she now?"

"I have no information. We don't desire to know. We have done with her."

"Does Mortimer feel like that, too?"

"Don't do him the injustice—the injustice, Viola—of supposing anything else. He knows what is due to himself. Fortunately, the acute position of public affairs is a distraction."

"Do tell him to come here. We shall be so glad to see him, Audrey and I. She admires him so much, you know, and I—well, I've known him since he was a boy. Does Sarah know nothing more about Trix's reasons for behaving in such a fashion?"

"In Sarah's opinion Mrs. Trevalla has ruined herself by speculation."

Lady Blixworth was startled from artifice by the rapture of finding her suspicions justified.

"Fricker!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"There is every reason to believe so—every reason." There was at least one very good one — namely, that Mrs. Bonfill had pieced together Mr. Fricker's letter, read it, and communicated the contents to Lady Barmouth. Lord Barmouth saw no need to be explicit about this; he had refused to read the letter himself, or to let Mrs. Bonfill speak to him about it. It is, however, difficult for a man not to listen to his wife.

"Well, you never were enthusiastic about the match, were you?"

"She wasn't quite one of us, but I had come to like her." He paused, and then, after a struggle, broke out candidly, "I feel sorry for her, Viola."

"It does you credit," said Lady Blixworth, and she really thought it did.

"In a sense she is to be pitied. It is inevitable that a man like Mortimer should require much from the woman who is to be his wife. It is inevitable. She couldn't reach his standard."

"Nor yours."

"Our standard for him is very high, very high." He sighed. "But I'm sorry for her."

"What does Sarah say?"

Lord Barmouth looked a little puzzled. He leaned forward and observed confidentially, "It seems to me, Viola, that women of high principle occasionally develop a certain severity of judgment—I call it a severity."

"So do I," nodded Lady Blixworth, heartily.

Barmouth passed rapidly from the dangers of such criticism.

"It is probably essential in the interests of society," he added, with a return of dignity.

"Oh, probably," she conceded, with a carelessness appropriate to the subject. "Do you think there's another man?"

"I beg your pardon, Viola." He was obviously astonished, and inclined to be offended.

"Any man she liked or had liked, you know."

"She was engaged to my son."

That certainly sounded final, but Lady Blixworth was not abashed.

"An engagement is just what brings the idea of the other man back sometimes," she observed.

"We have no reason to suspect it in this case. I will not



Peggy looked at her with meditative eyes

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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suspect it without definite grounds. In spite of everything, let us be just."

Lady Blixworth agreed to be just, with a rather weary air. "Do give my best love to dear Lady Barmouth, and do send Mortimer to see me," she implored her distressed visitor, when he took his leave.

The coast was clear. If she knew anything of the heart of man—as she conceived she did—the juncture of affairs was not unfavorable; ill-used lovers may sometimes be induced to seek softer distractions than Trans-Euphratic or other railways. She telegraphed to Audrey Pollington to cut short a visit which she was paying in the country. At any rate, Audrey would not have ruined herself nor run away. In a spirit not over-complimentary either to Audrey or to Barslett, Lady Blixworth decided that they would just suit each other.

"The marriage arranged, etc., will not take place." When a lady disappears by night, and sends no communication save a telegram, giving no address, and asking that her luggage may be consigned to Charing Cross station, "to be called for," it is surely justifiable to insert that curt intimation of happiness frustrated or ruin escaped; the doubt in which light to look at it must be excused, since it represents faithfully the state of Mervyn's mind. He still remembered Trix as he had thought her, still had visions of her as what he had meant her to become; with the actual Trix of fact he was naturally in a fury of outraged self-esteem.

"I would have forgiven her," he told Mrs. Bonfill, not realizing at all that this ceremony or process was the very thing which Trix had been unable to face. "In a little while we might have forgotten it, if she had shown proper feeling."

"She's the greatest disappointment I ever had in my life," declared Mrs. Bonfill. "Not excepting even Beaufort Chance! I needn't say that I wash my hands of her, Mortimer." Mrs. Bonfill was very sore; people would take advantage of Trix's escapade to question the social infallibility of her sponsor.

"We have no alternative," he agreed, gloomily.

"You mustn't think any more about her; you have your career."

"I hate the gossip," he broke out, fretfully.

"If you say nothing, it will die away. For the moment it is unavoidable—you are so conspicuous."

"I shall fulfil all my engagements as if nothing had happened."

"Much the best way," she agreed, recognizing a stolid courage about him which commanded some admiration. He was facing what he hated most in the world—ridicule; he was forced to realize one of the things that a man least likes to realize—that he has failed to manage a woman whom he has undertaken to manage. No eccentricities of sin or folly in her, no repeated failures to find anything amiss in himself, can take away the sting.

"I cannot blame myself," he said more than once to Mrs. Bonfill; but the conviction of his blamelessness yielded no comfort.

She understood his feeling, and argued against it; but it remained with him still, in spite of all she could say. He had always been satisfied with himself; he was very ill-satisfied now. Some malicious spirit in himself seemed to join in the chorus of ill-natured laughter from outside, which his pride and sensitiveness conjured to his ears. Beaufort Chance had walked the streets once, fearing the whispers of passers-by saying that he had been proved a rogue. Mervyn walked them, and sat in his place in the House, imagining that the whispers said that he had been made a fool. But he faced all. Barslett bred courage, if not brilliancy; he faced even Beaufort Chance, who sat below the Gangway, and screwed round on him a vicious smile the first time he appeared after the announcement.

On the whole he behaved well, but he had not even that glimmer of pity for Trix which had shone through his father's horrified pomposness. The movements of her mind remained an utter blank to him; why she had lied, an unsolved mystery. Amid all his humiliation and his anger, he thanked Heaven that such a woman would never now be mistress of Barslett; the affair constituted a terrible warning against experiments in marriage. If the question arose again—and in view of Barslett it must—he would follow the beaten track. In the bottom of his heart—though he confessed it to nobody, no, not to his parents nor to Mrs. Bonfill—he had something of the feeling of an ordinarily sober and straitlaced young man who has been beguiled into "making a night of it" with rowdy companions, and in the morning hours undergoes the consequences of his unwonted outbreak; his head aches, he is exposed to irreverent comment, he is heartily determined to forswear such courses. Mervyn did not dream of seeking Trix, or of offering an amnesty. To his mind there was no alternative; he washed his hands of her, like Mrs. Bonfill.

Society took its cue from these authoritative examples, and was rather in a hurry to declare its attitude. It shows in such cases something of the timidity and prudery of people who are themselves not entirely proof against criticism, and are consequently much afraid of the *noscitur a sociis* test being applied to them. Even in moral matters it displays this readiness to take alarm, this anxiety to vindicate itself; much more so, of course, in the case of conduct which it terms, with vague but unmeasured reprobation, "impossible." Trix's behavior had been "impossible" in the highest degree, and there could be but one sentence. Yet, though society was eager to dissociate itself from such proceedings, it was not eager to stop talking about them; its curiosity and its desire to learn the whole truth were insatiable. Trix was banned; her particular friends became very popular. Lady Blixworth held *levées* of women who wanted to know. Peggy Ryle's appearances were greeted with enthusiasm. Where was Mrs. Trevalla? How was Mrs. Trevalla? Who (this was an after-thought, coming very late in the day, but demanded by the facts of the case) was Mrs. Trevalla, after all? And, of course, the truth had yet to be told? Society held the cheerful conviction that it by no means knew the worst.

Any knowledge Lady Blixworth had she professed to be at the disposal of her callers; she chose to give it in a form most calculated to puzzle and least likely to satisfy. "There was a difference, but not amounting to a quarrel." "So far as we know, she has not left London." "She was certainly alone when she started from Barslett." Utterances like these wasted the time of the inquirers and beguiled Lady Blixworth's. "I'm going to stay with them soon," she would add, "but probably anything I may hear will be in confidence." Such a remark as that was actively annoying. "Oh, Audrey goes with me, yes," might be a starting-point for conjecture as to the future, but threw no light on the elusive past. More than one lady was heard to declare that she considered Lady Blixworth an exasperating woman.

Peggy's serene silence served as well as these ingenious speeches. With an audacious truthfulness, which only her popularity with men made it safe to employ, she told the affronted world that she knew everything, but could say nothing. An assertion usually considered to be a transparent and impudent mask of ignorance compelled unwilling belief when it came from her lips; but surely she could not persist in such an attitude? It cut at the roots of social intercourse. Peggy was incessantly abused and incessantly invited. She had frocks now to respond to every call, and at every call she came. She went even to houses which she had shown no anxiety to frequent before, and which seemed to offer the reward neither of pleasure nor of prestige for going.

"That child is up to something," opined Lady Blixworth, after a week or two of this; and one day, at her own house, she kept Peggy back and took her firmly by the shoulders.

"What is it you want?" she asked, squarely. "Why have you been going to the Moresby-Jenkinses' and the Eli-Simpkinsons's, and places of that sort?"

Peggy looked at her with a shrewd kindness, weighing the advantages of still more candor.

"I want to meet Mr. Fricker," she confessed at last.

"That means you're in communication with Trix?" An inspiration came upon her. "Heavens! I believe she's living with you!"

"Yes, she is. She said I might tell you if I liked, though she doesn't want it generally known. But can you help me to meet Mr. Fricker?"

"Are you Trix's ambassador?"

"No, no. She knows nothing about it. She'd be furious."

Lady Blixworth released her manual hold of her prisoner and sat down, but she kept a detaining eye on her.

"Are you going to throw yourself at Fricker's feet, and ask him to give Trix's money back?"

"Do you know about—?"

"Yes, Lord Barmouth told me; and very much I've enjoyed keeping it to myself. I can feel for Trix; but if you want a lesson, my dear, it's this—the world isn't everybody's football. You won't do any good by clasping Fricker's knees, however pretty you may look."

"Haven't the least intention of it," said Peggy, coolly. "I shall go purely on a business footing." She paused a minute. "Trix sent you her love, and would like to see you in a little while."

"I'll write to her from Barslett." Lady Blixworth smiled reflectively.

"And about Mr. Fricker?"

"It's a business matter—ask him for an appointment."

"I never thought of that," said Peggy, ignoring the irony. "That's the simplest thing, isn't it?"

"Really, I believe, the way you'll do it, it 'll be the best. And you might try the knees, perhaps, after all. He's got a heart, I suppose, and an ugly wife I know. So he must be accessible."

"You're quite wrong in that idea," persisted Peggy.

"Of course, you could get a card for something where he'd be easily enough, but—"

"The appointment for me! Thanks so much, Lady Blixworth. Without your advice I should have been afraid."

"Give Trix my love, and tell her I think she deserves it all."

"You don't know what a state she's in," urged Peggy, reproachfully.

"A thoroughly unscrupulous woman—and, bad as times are, I'd have given a hundred pounds to see her shove Lord Barmouth out of the way and skedaddle down that road."

"You'd be nice to her, but everybody else is horrid."

"She deserves it all," was Lady Blixworth's inexorable verdict.

Peggy looked at her with meditative eyes.

"Her obvious duty was to marry him, and please herself afterwards," Lady Blixworth explained. "We must have our rules kept, Peggy, else where should we be? And because we were all furious with him for marrying her, we're all the more furious with her now for throwing him over. Nothing is more offensive than to see other people despise what you'd give your eyes to have."

"She didn't despise it. She's very unhappy at not having it."

"At not having it for nothing, I suppose? I've no patience with her."

"Yes, you have—and lots of understanding. And you're rather fond of her too. Well, I shall go and see Mr. Fricker."

Peggy's doubts as to how far Lady Blixworth revealed her own views about Trix Trevalla may be shared, but it cannot be questioned that she expressed those of the world, which does not like being made a football of unless by the very great or (perhaps) the very rich. The verdict came in the same tones from all

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quarters. Lord Glentorly gave it to Mrs. Bonfill when he said, "She was a pirate craft; it's a good thing she's at the bottom of the sea." Sir Stapleton Stapleton-Staines ventured to suggest it to Lord Barmouth himself by quoting, with delicate reticence, half of that proverb of which he had before approved. Fricker did not put it into words, but he listened smiling while his wife and daughter put it into a great many—which were very forcible and did not lack the directness of popular speech. All the people whom Trix had sought, in one way or another, to use for her own purposes pointed to her fall as a proof, first, of her wickedness, and, secondly, of their own superiority to any such menial function. In face of such an obvious moral it seems enough to remain approvingly silent: to elaborate it is but to weaken the force of its simple majesty.

And the sinner herself? She sat in Airey Newton's room in Danes Inn, and owned that the world was right. She was no more the draggled, hysterical woman who had sought refuge with Peggy Ryle. Her boxes had been called for at Charing Cross; her nerves were better under control. She was chaffing Airey Newton, telling him what a failure her sally into society had proved.

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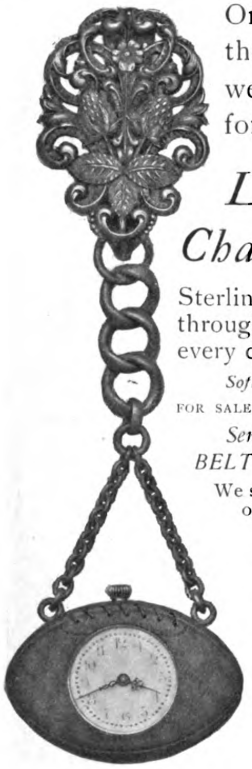
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declaring that on the strength of his advice at Paris she held him responsible for it all.

"You gave me a most selfish gospel," she laughed. "I acted on it, and here I am, back on your hands, Mr. Newton."

He was puzzled by her, for he could not help guessing that her fall had been severe. Perfect as her self-control now was, the struggle had left its mark on her face; her gay manner did not hide the serious truth that lay behind.

"Oh, it's no use beating about the bush," she declared, laughing. "I've played my game, and I've lost it. What are you going to do with me?"

"Well, I suppose life isn't altogether at an end?" he suggested.

"We'll hope not," smiled Trix; but her voice was not hopeful.

"You were engaged, and you're not. It seems to amount to that."

"That's putting it very baldly. A little bit more, perhaps."

How much more she did not tell him. She said nothing of Fricker, nothing of ruin; and no rumors had reached Danes Inn. He saw that her vanity was wounded; he guessed that perhaps her affections might be; but he treated her still as the well-off, fashionable woman who for a whim came to visit his poor lodgings, just as she still treated him as the poverty-stricken man who might advise others well or ill, but anyhow made little enough out of the world for himself.

"Well, you seem quite happy without these vanities," she said. "Why shouldn't I be?" She leaned back and seemed to look at him with a grateful sense of peace and quiet. "And you don't abuse me! You must know I've been very bad, but you greet me like a friend."

"Your badness is nothing to me, if you have been bad."

"Is that indifference—or fidelity?" she asked, lightly still, but with a rather anxious expression in her eyes.

For a moment he was silent, staring out of his big window into the big window opposite. In the end he did not answer her question, but put one in his turn:

"So you hold me responsible?"

There must have been something more than raillery in her original charge, for when he put his question gravely she answered it in a like way.

"You touched some impulse in me that hadn't been touched before. Of course you didn't mean to do it. You didn't know the sort of person you were talking to. But I thought over what you said, and it chimed in with something in me. So I went and —and had my fling."

"Ah!" he murmured, vaguely, but he turned now and looked at her.

She had meant to give him no confidence, but he drew it from her.

"I've been very unhappy," she confessed. "I was very unhappy a good deal of the time, even when I was prosperous. And I've—I've told a lot of lies."

The blunt statement wrung a passing smile from him.

"And if I'd gone on I must have told many more."

"My responsibility is evidently heavy." He paused, and then added, "There are a good many things that make one lie."

"Not in Danes Inn?" She laughed a little.

"Yes, even in Danes Inn," said he.

"I don't think so, and I'm glad to be here," she said. "And some day, when I've more courage, I'll make a full confession and ask you to be friends still. I often thought about you and Peggy and the rest."

He had begun to smoke, and did not look at her again till the long silence that followed her last words caught his attention. When he turned, she sat looking straight in front of her; he saw that her eyes were full of tears. He put down his pipe and came slowly over to her.

"It's been a bit worse than you've told me, Mrs. Trevalla?" he suggested.

"Yes, a little bit," she owned. "And—and I'm not cured yet. I still want to go back. There, I tell you that! I haven't told even Peggy. I've told her all my sins, but I've not told her that I'm impenitent. I should like to try again. What else is there for me to try for? You have your work; what have I? I can't get my thoughts away from it all."

She regarded him with a piteous appeal as she confessed that she was not yet chastened.

"You can go back and have another shot," he said, slowly.

Trix would not tell him why that was impossible.

"I'm afraid the door's shut in my face," was as definite as she could bring herself to be.

"Well, we shall have the benefit, perhaps."

"If I told you all about it, I don't think you'd want me here."

"If we all knew all about one another, should we ever pay visits?"

"Never, I suppose. Or face it out and live together always! But, seriously, I should be afraid to tell you."

"Don't idealize me."

The words were curt, the tone hard; there was no appearance of joking about him. There was a dreary, disheartened sadness on his face, as of a man who struggled always and struggled in vain, who was suffering some defeat that shamed him. He had come near to her; she reached out her hand and touched his.

"Don't look like that," she begged. "I don't know why it is, and you make me more unhappy."

He turned a sudden glance on her; their eyes met full for an instant; then both turned away. But the look that passed between them had held something new; it made a difference to them; it seemed in some sort to change the feeling of the dingy room. Their eyes had spoken of a possibility that had suddenly come into the minds of both and had surprised the chance of expression before they could hinder it. Henceforward it must at least be common ground with them that the unhappiness of each was a matter of deep concern to the other. But both crushed down the impulse and the longing to which that knowledge seemed naturally to give birth. Trix was not penitent; Airey's battle still ended in defeat. Their pretence was against them. She was of the rich. How could he bear to change his life for hers? She looked round the dingy room. Was this the existence to which she must come, a woman ruined, and content with these four walls? They were not boy and girl, that the mere thought of love could in a moment sweep all obstacles away. Each felt chains whereof the other knew nothing. It was not hope that filled them, but rather the forlorn sense of loss—that for them, as they were, such a thing could not be; and they were ashamed to own that the idea of it had been interchanged between them.

Trix ended the constrained silence that had followed on the speech of the eyes.

"Well, we must take the world as we find it," she said, with a little sigh. "At least, I've tried to make it what I wanted, and, as you see, without success." She rose to go, but rose reluctantly.

"Is it ourselves or the world?" he asked.

"We're the world, I suppose, like other people, aren't we? I don't feel too good to belong to it."

"If we're a bit of it, we ought to have more to say to it," he suggested, smiling again.

Trix shook her head.

"It's too big," she objected, sorrowfully. "Big and hard, and, I believe, most horribly just."

Airey stroked his beard in meditation over this.

"I'm inclined to think it is rather just. But I'll be hanged if there's an iota of generosity about it!" said he.

She held out her hand in farewell, and could not help meeting his eyes once again; those deep-set, tired, kindly eyes had a new attraction for her since her wanderings and adventures; they had the strong appeal of offering and asking help all in the same look. She could not prevent herself from saying,

"May I come again?"

"You must come," said Airey Newton, in a low voice.

He was left resolved that she of all the world should never know his secret. She went back saying that of all the world he at least should never learn how sore a fool she had been. Because of that glance between them these purposes were immutable in both.

To be Continued.

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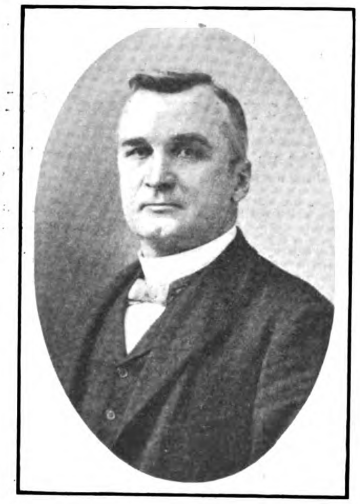
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Dr. George M. Edebohls

The Latest Triumph of American Surgery

THE sinister malady which has for years been carrying off so many eminent and useful men, and which has been described in medical books as "incurable" and "fatal," was named Bright's disease, after the distinguished English physician who first described it. The daring surgical operation by which it is now proposed to effect a cure of chronic Bright's disease—nay, by which a number of cures have already been effected—is called the Edebohls operation, after the New York surgeon who originated and elaborated it, and who has been performing it with astonishing success for several years.

To thousands of sufferers all over the country the news of this newest triumph of American surgery has spread, by its intrinsic importance, and in spite of the fact that it has been published only in medical journals. No authoritative announcement had been made to the general public of what the operation is and what it may be expected to accomplish. But there is a deep pathos in the tone of the letters which are nevertheless pouring in on Dr. Edebohls, letters of entreaty, inquiry, and appeal. No one man, certainly no surgeon in active practice, could undertake the task of answering them all. But there is not one of them whose writer may not profit by the statement of the facts hereinafter made, for the benefit of humanity at large, gathered at first hand and from the substance of replies made by the doctor to the inquiries of sufferers who have recently consulted him.

Dr. George M. Edebohls is Professor of the Diseases of Women at the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, surgeon to St. Francis' Hospital in New York, and consulting gynecologist to St. John's Hospital, Yonkers, and to the Nyack Hospital. There is no record in medical literature of an operation performed for the cure of chronic Bright's disease prior to a publication by Dr. Edebohls in the *Medical News* of New York, April 22, 1899. That publication also contains the first proposition ever made to the profession to treat chronic Bright's disease as such by the knife.

In a more recent article in the *Medical Record* of December 21, 1901, Dr. Edebohls details at length his accumulated experience in the cure of chronic Bright's disease by operation. The discovery that a cure could thus be effected was made in an interesting way.

For the purpose of relieving the usual symptoms due to floating kidney, as it is commonly called, the doctor operated, on November 29, 1892, on a patient in whom he had also discovered well-marked chronic Bright's disease. This operation, styled

(Continued on page 1165.)

MRS. EDWARD VAN PELT

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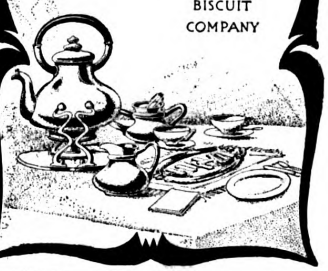
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Chimmie Fadden: Of Society Phenomena

The Willie Boy and the Silly Ass

FOR de plain, old-fashioned Willie Boy I has notting up me sleeve but me elbow. Maybe he isn't to de good, but he isn't to de bad. A Willie Boy is born so.

Say, tings is queer, anyhow. Because a Willie Boy don't know notting about de woild; because he can't be put next to a game, unless you use a club on him; because you can't make him wise on de simplist graft dat grows, even if you tried a million years to learn it to him—dat's de reason, I suppose, dat a Willie Boy tries so hard to look knowing, to seem to be next, to bluff at copping all de graft dere is. He's just a Brownie, but he'd die happy to be mistook for real devilish.

A town cut-up, from de tall timber, could get a rise out of a Willie Boy; but if de Willie was as wise as he tries to look, a Headquarters fly cop wit felt shoes couldn't get on de same city block wit him.

A real Willie Boy sometimes gives me a tired feeling, but he never gave me no pain. I has doctored him right, when he has tried to smoke a real cigar; has put him to bed, on de quiet, when he hasn't finished more dan half a bottle; has put him wise, when some bounder was parting him from his velvet at pool or ping-pong; I has done him fair, always, and he always tips liberal.

A Willie Boy, wit a income-producing sack, copper rivited, so dat he can't tear out de lining, makes a good enough citizen for a district dat has a sure majority de odder way; makes a good enough husband for de kind of goil dat marries him.

What am I talking about? Someting else; de Silly Ass. He has come. He has landed on our shore, from de land of de fee and de home of de knave. De imported article has been improved on by de home push; and de Silly Ass has settled in our midst like a fly in a plum pudding.

I've been piping off de Silly Ass for a couple of years—more dis year dan last—and was up against it for to make out where he started from. I knowed it couldn't be from de West or de Sout'; for good men still carries guns in dose parts, and uses 'em. I was on, dat he wasn't no Nordern nor Eastern patent; for I pipes off what Mr. Paul calls "human worry-us" in dese parts, and none of 'em ever growed up here.

So I tells Mr. Paul de trouble on me mind, and he says to me, says he, "Chames," he says, "you is on. De American Silly Ass is not a gradual growt: he's a fungus. We got his seed in England, from where we get so much good—advice.

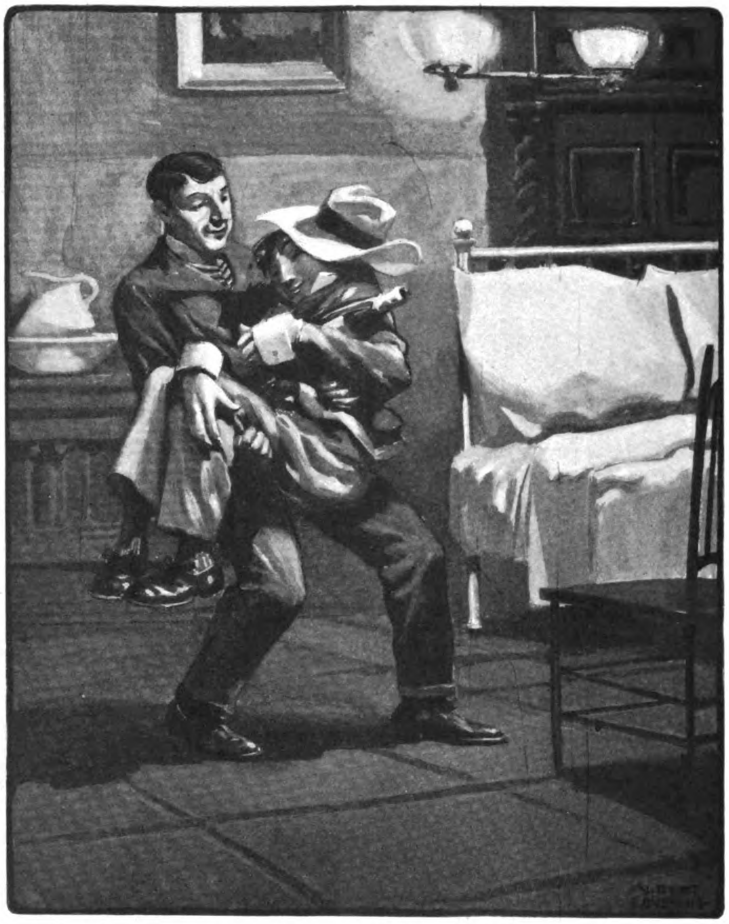
"A few years ago," he says, "dere was a gang in London what was smart—what we call bright—for fair. Dey had real wit. But it suited de kind of badness dey was up to for to pretend to be sissies, or æst'ects. Dey got along fairly well till one of 'em got in jail. Dat was when de police sent deir boss away for a few years, where he could have de right kind of audince for his pomes and plays.

"But, Chames, dere was anodder bad lot in London; mugs what hadn't any wit, but plenty of wickedness. A hundred years ago dat kind done very well: so well he got into most of de novels; eider as hero or villian—according to de novelist's view-point. In good Victoria's day dat character was made to back up out of sight. Folks was on to his graft; so he tumbled to himself, shed his tapering white fingers, his mel'choly eyes, his sad smile; did a lightening change act, and, lo! dere bloomed in society de Silly Ass.

"I know of no character dat makes me knuckles itch so, as does his. A wolf in lamb's cloding is a danger signal, alongside of him.

"But de Silly Ass grew and trove. He got so well known on de London stage, to-day, dere is a line of parts called 'Silly Ass,' as dere is leading man, juvenile, and so on.

"We escaped him for a long time; but de field here was too rich not to attract de beast, and witin a few years we has got some imported Silly Asses, most of 'em wit handles to deir names. Dey was sure a good ting—for society gossip, and de divorce lawyers.



"Has put him to bed, on de quiet"

"As you has obsoived, Chames, de American beast copied de English original: his giggle, his bangles, his hugging in de waltz, his gambling and welching, his scandal mongering, his borrowing, his bribetaking for pushing wine and snobs into de foist coicles of de brass-band set. All dis de native fungus does wit de giggle and air of saying: 'I'm such a silly ass it doesn't matter what I do.'

"Bless me, Chames! I has become serious. Bad form. I forgets meself at times. De Silly Ass has his uses, and should be encouraged.

"A man who writes good stuff once showed dat de misuse of drink—intemperance—was a natural and benificent means of ridding society of de unfit: dat de intemperate do not fail because of intemperance, but are intemperate because dey are predestined failures. Dey arrives where dey is due; and de rum route is de shortest line to deir station. Doubtless, also, dere is a number of fools destined to be trapped, tricked, robbed, smirched, on deir blundering hunt for dat notoriety which for dem spells pleasure; and doubtless, too, de Silly Ass plays a natural and benificent part in de plan for getting dose fools to deir station by de shortest route—on de line of least resistence."

I had to make a hurry skip just den, for de cat was chasing one of Little Miss Fannie's pet chicks, de bull pup was chasing de cat, Little One was chasing de dog, Miss Fannie was chasing Little One, and Duchess was chasing Miss Fannie. I headed off de whole bunch just in time to keep 'em all from running down de terrace into de Sound, what was high tide.

Little One was crying wit rage, and calls de chick a silly ass.

"Excuse me, Kiddie," I says, "de cat's de Silly Ass: de chick's a Willie Boy. I'll put de chick in de coop, where de cat can't get it."

"No," says Duchess. "It is de cat what must locked up be. He have torn all de lace on Madam's dress. *Ce diable!*"

"*N'importe*," says Miss Fannie. "It is a bit spiteful, but such a cunning little ting."

"Sure," says Mr. Paul. "De lace-makers must live, somehow."

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(Continued from page 1163.)

nephropexy, or fixation of the kidney, was not performed with any idea of influencing or relieving the Bright's disease. Its object was to anchor the kidney. To the doctor's surprise, the symptoms of Bright's disease disappeared gradually after the operation, along with those of floating kidney. By April, 1897, five similar operations had been performed by Dr. Edebohls, three out of the five patients beng restored to perfect health.

But if Bright's disease complicated by floating kidney could be cured by the knife, why could not Bright's disease be cured by the knife in the absence of any complication?

Dr. Edebohls's sixth operation, the first deliberately undertaken to cure chronic Bright's disease, was performed January 10, 1898. A radical and permanent cure resulted. The operation has now been performed by Dr. Edebohls on forty patients—twenty-three women, one child, and sixteen men, six of whom were themselves physicians. The recoveries have been gratifying. The danger to a patient is not in the operation itself—which is not so difficult as that for the floating kidney, in which Dr. Edebohls has met with a mortality of one per cent. The patient's peril lies chiefly in the changes the disease may have already caused in the heart and circulatory system. The danger to life will also vary with the skill of the particular operator, and with his familiarity with kidney surgery in general.

The Edebohls operation is renal decapsulation, and consists in denuding the kidney of its capsule proper, a membraneous covering intervening between the kidney and its fatty capsule. This affords free opportunity for the formation of new blood-vessels between the denuded kidney and its fatty capsule. The new circulation thus created leads to the gradual absorption of the inflammatory products and the liberation of the secretive structure of the kidney from their destructive pressure, thus allowing the gland to resume its functions. When the wound heals, adhesions, or bands, of connective tissue are found attaching the kidney to its surroundings. In these bands and running from them to the adjacent tissues many healthy blood-vessels are found. The newly formed arteries are found to predominate over the newly formed veins, and, most significant of all, the direction of the blood stream is towards the kidney. This indicates the method of cure by a plentiful arterial blood-supply. Surgery having thus given nature a chance, nature, by means of this new blood-supply, "absorbs the intertubular inflammatory products"—that is, obliterates the disease.

The well-known operation for the relief of some of the accidental complications of acute inflammation of the kidney, which consists in incising the capsule proper for the purpose of relieving renal tension, is entirely different from the Edebohls operation for the cure of chronic Bright's disease, in which disease the capsule proper never compresses the kidney, although it may adhere to it abnormally. The Edebohls operation, by a skilful surgeon, is not necessarily dangerous. The patient is placed face downward, by preference, for a lumbar incision. Ether, a mixture of nitrous oxide and oxygen, or cocaine applied locally, may be used as an anæsthetic, according to the condition of the patient.

Dr. Edebohls has sailed for Europe to bring the matter before the profession there. He will make it the subject of an address before the British Medical Association at Manchester. Major G. H. Forney, surgeon commanding the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, recently referred to Dr. Edebohls, for operation, the case of a gallant infantry officer. In the mean time surgeons throughout the country are deeply interested, and some of them are performing the operation. The German medical journals have republished Dr. Edebohls's papers from the American technical journals. The leading Canadian medical paper declares that Edebohls "has elaborated a working theory of the *restitutio ad integrum* of a nephritic kidney after its capsule has been stripped off, by observations made on the living bodies of patients cured by his operation."

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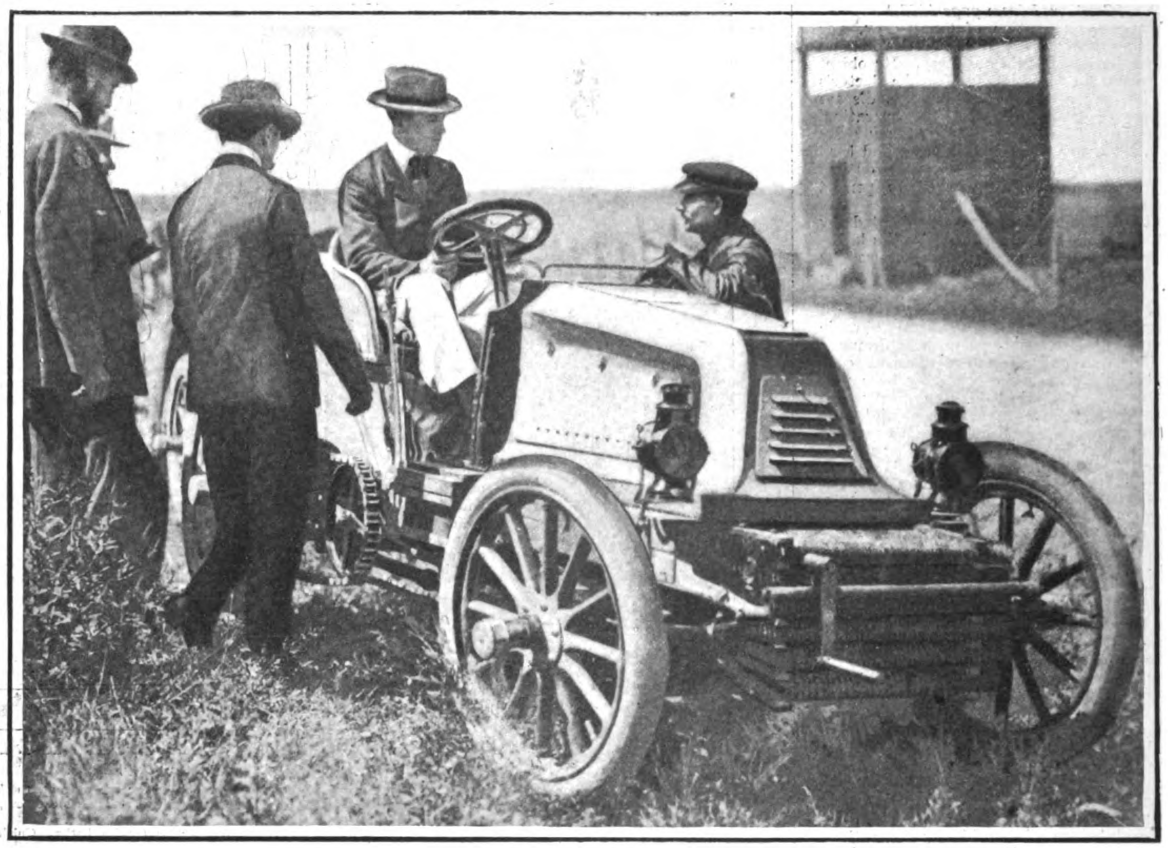
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Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and the Motor in which he lowered the fast Mile Record

Automobiling

IT appears that every possible kind of automobile has been invented, but the one thing that clamors most loudly to be brought into existence is still left to found the fame and fortune of some future genius. That iridescent, but, let us hope, not impossible, vision is a process for making gasolene odorless. Already every highway frequented by automobiles is more than faintly reminiscent of Forty-second Street when the subway excavators are shifting the gas-mains, and the nuisance must inevitably and rapidly grow more acute. Every auto leaves a trail of scent for at least a hundred yards behind. Obviously, if the machines follow each other on a hundred yards' headway, the odor must be continuous, and it must be doubled in intensity by the stream of horseless vehicles going in the opposite direction. There is no particular difference between the scent of gasolene and that of gas, which ranks next to carbolic acid in popularity as an agent of suicide. Gasolene vapor is employed by entomologists to kill butterflies and other insects. A few drops of the liquid are put with the victim into a "killing-bottle," and nature does the rest. If we allow automobiles to turn our streets into gigantic killing-bottles, perhaps we may get rid of our mosquitoes, but that benefit will be rather dearly purchased if we kill most of the people at the same time. Edison's storage batteries may be thought to offer a way out, but the protests of the patrons of the Thirty-fourth Street cars against the poisonous sulphurous fumes of the batteries on that line indicate possible disadvantages even in electricity. There really seems to be no sure relief except from odorless, innocuous gasolene, and the inventors might as well get to work on the problem without delay.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., accomplished a rather remarkable feat in lowering by three and two-fifths seconds the fast mile record of Fournier, the veteran chauffeur. When it is considered that the rate of speed was about seventy-five miles an hour, or one hundred and ten feet to the second, one must allow the possession of great nerve and skill in guiding the monster machine. The motor was a sixty-horse-power Mors, similar to that used by Fournier, and with few novel features of construction. On his return to this country Mr. Vanderbilt expects to bring over several of his racers, among them being the Renault machine which won the Paris-Vienna race. An American company is building a motor to lower the mile record by three seconds. The engine is to develop seventy-five horse-power, but it will be difficult to secure permission to use a suitable stretch of road unless a special straightaway mile course be made. In any case the abnormal speed of the motor racer seems of doubtful utility except as a matter of curious comment.

Algeria would hardly be considered, at first glance, an ideal country for motor-travelling, yet, according to the latest reports, the European population of Algiers, about fifty thousand in number, own nine hundred motor-cars and three hundred motor-cycles. The roads are excellent on account of the inadequacy of the railroads, which forces the population to depend almost wholly upon their wagons as means of transportation of goods and supplies. The necessity of rapid movement for the army has compelled the extension of military roads, which are kept in good repair. The grades are steep and unfavorable to bicycles, but offer no insuperable obstacles to motors. Owing to the preference given to France in customs and other ways, no other machines than those of French make have yet been sold there.

With characteristic energy the Automobile Club of America has been at work this summer along various lines. The Committee on Roads has elaborated an extensive scheme for posting the most travelled districts with sign-posts. With the co-operation of the road commissioners, Mr. A. Ward Chamberlin, of this committee, has posted the Hudson County Boulevard at all places where there is likelihood of the traveller needing guidance. Another useful plan of the club is a register of mechanics, which should be a trustworthy guide both for chauffeurs seeking employment and the owners of motors who wish a competent man. It is intended to keep a list not only of good men, but also of chauffeurs who have been proven incompetent or reckless, and special attention is to be paid as to whether the man is likely to take the machine out without the owner's permission. Nothing is more irritating to the owner of a machine than to see his motor dashing along at a high rate of speed filled to the limit with the chauffeur's friends, or to appear unexpectedly at the automobile storage only to find that the machine has been hired out by the chauffeur.

Mr. Butler, the secretary of the club, has returned from an examination of the route to be taken on the five-hundred-mile reliability run to Boston and return. He reports that the roads are in good condition, with the exception of about ten miles between New Haven and Meriden, and about eight miles of sandy road leading out of Springfield. It will be impossible, however, for the return to be made by a different route.

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Old-Fashioned Garden Flowers

See pages 1140 and 1141

In the more modern decoration of the home grounds, whether of large or small area, the tendency of the times is to the reintroduction of classes of plants bearing what are popularly known as "old-fashioned flowers." This is certainly a state of affairs to be commended, for during the past twenty years the newer introductions of what may be popularly called "modern plants" practically drove out of our gardens the old favorites, but did not replace them in point of beauty of coloring, variation in form, nor in delicacy of perfume. One by one, the owners of spacious grounds, perhaps with memories of their boyhood days strong within them, arranged, first of all, for the planting of classes and varieties such as they had known in their younger days. The old-fashioned Peony and its close relative the more modern Pæonia, the parti-colored perennial Phlox, the stately Columbine, the dainty Portulacca with its myriad shades, the beauteous Hollyhock, and the dozen and one of the old-time favorites have largely taken the places of the modern Coleus, the Achyranthes, the Begonia, the Geranium, and similar plants, so largely used for bedding during recent years. Of course, it will be understood that these modern plants have by no means been supplanted in the decoration of the home grounds, but they have been given second place, and are used in smaller quantities than formerly. In the classes of old-fashioned flowers, most of which belong to the hardy perennial division, it is possible to have a season of bloom from early spring until very late in the fall, and all of these classes of plants that are hardy or semi-hardy take on the colorings true to nature, neither subdued nor exaggerated, as is frequently the case with the tender plants which pass their early days in the unnatural atmosphere and temperature of the greenhouse. Then, again, with these old-fashioned flowers it seems possible to combine classes and shades of color to a very much larger degree than with the more modern soft plants. Indeed, I do not know of anything among modern plants that can be massed so effectively as the perennial Phlox, for example, nor is there anything of a decorative nature, tall in stature, that can compare with the old Yucca, with the possible exception of the Canna, and yet even here the older varieties are much more attractive, from a decorative stand-point, than those of later introduction. It is possible, with the use of the proper classes among the well-known plants, to mass them in beds and borders, with either the broad expanse of well-kept lawn or shrubs and ornamental trees as a background, and obtain a harmony of color almost impossible with the more modern plants: then, too, some of these old classes such as the Bachelor's-buttons can be utilized for beautifying bare places on the lawn, and as all plants of this class sow their own seed in the fall, it requires but a short space of time before the floral display is exceedingly attractive. The old-fashioned flowers also give to us the creeping plants, so useful in shady places. True, they are not very prolific in bloom, but the foliage is attractively formed and prettily marked. In the same family we have the classes like the Sedum, so useful in the ornamentation of rocks, or rough portions of the grounds where some drought-resisting plant is necessary in order to obtain attractive results. All of the old-fashioned flowering plants belonging to the hardy perennial class require little care after being once established, and increase in beauty and profuseness of bloom from year to year.

Plantsmen are going to considerable effort and expense to show the beauties of the old-fashioned flowers to the present generation, and it is to be hoped that the response will be general. At the World's Fair in Chicago, and at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, the decorations which attracted the most attention in the floral line were those formed of old-fashioned flowers, and in many cases they were of the simpler types. All things considered, the return of the old-fashioned flower to its former place in the hearts of the people is a matter for general congratulation.



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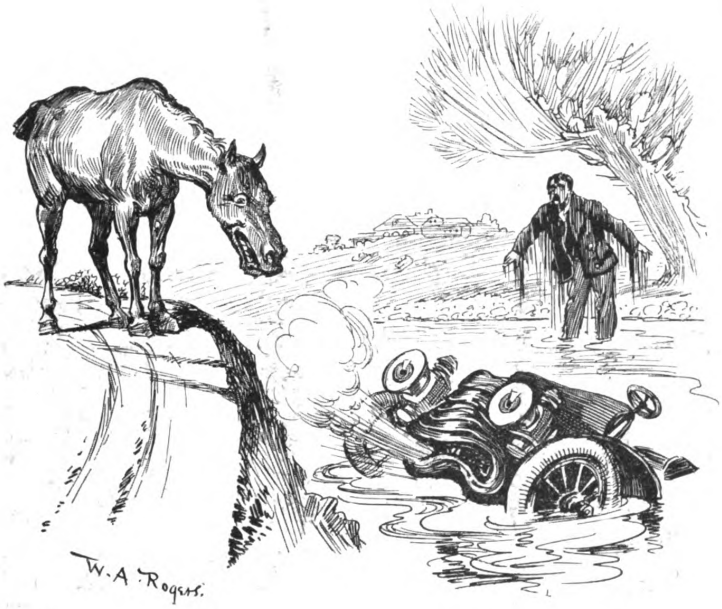
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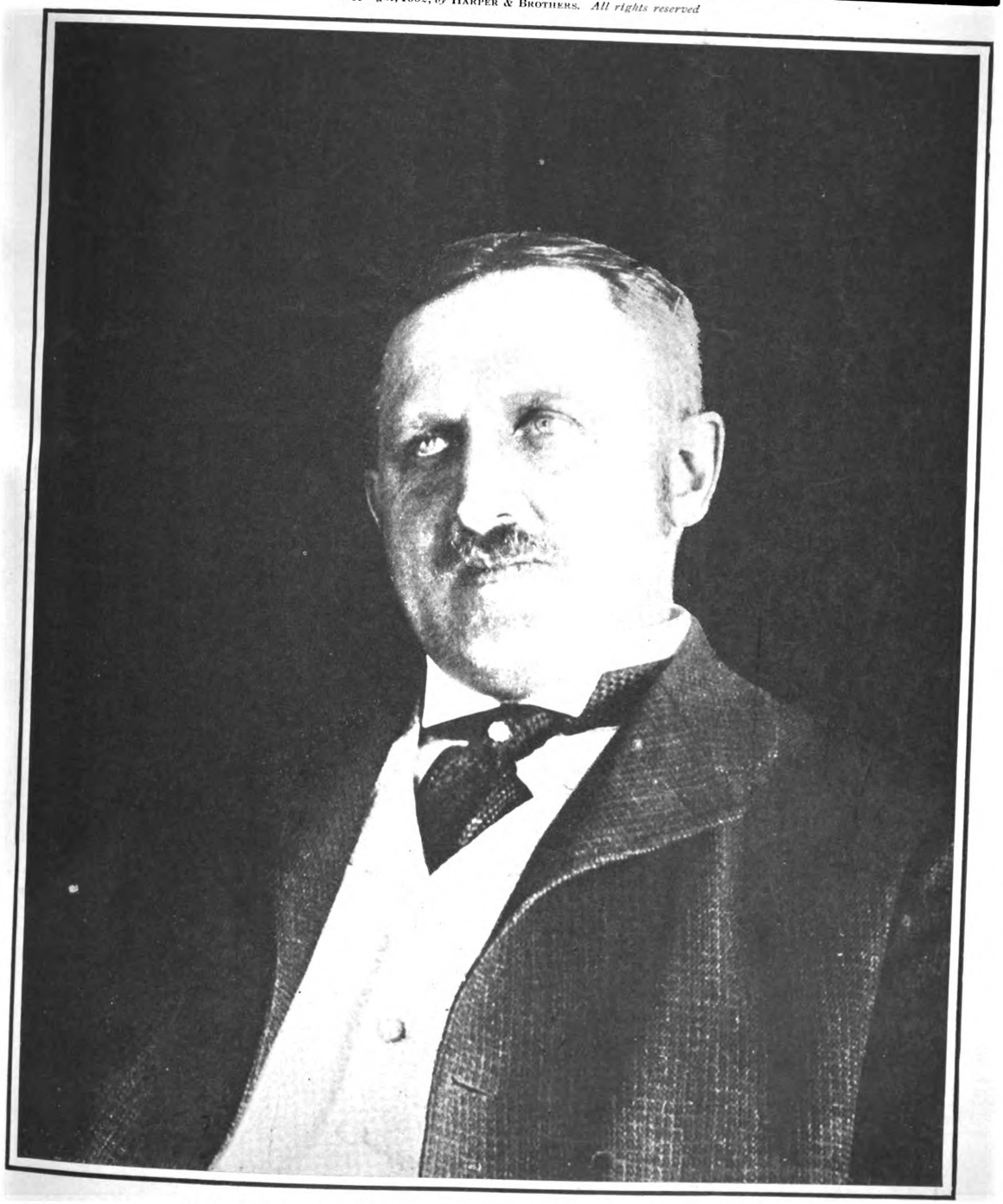
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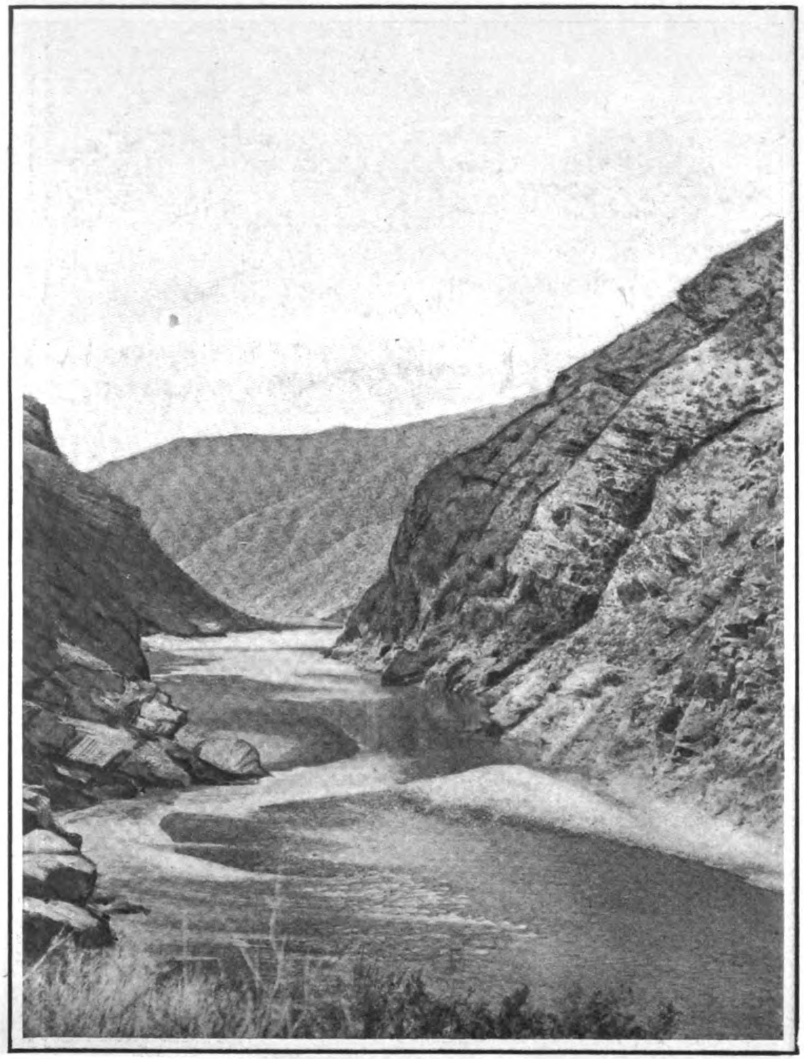
V.—HERBERT H. VREELAND, *AET. 45*

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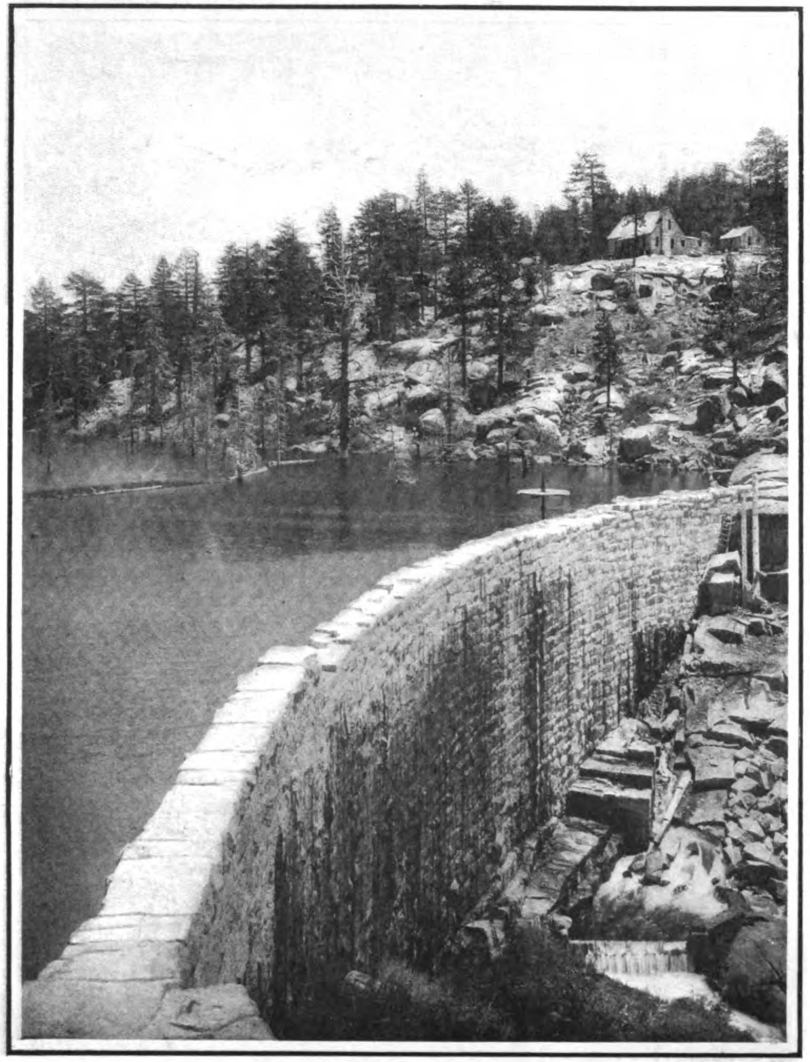
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Typical Site for Reservoir Dam

Canyon opens above into wide valley, which the dam will convert into a storage-lake



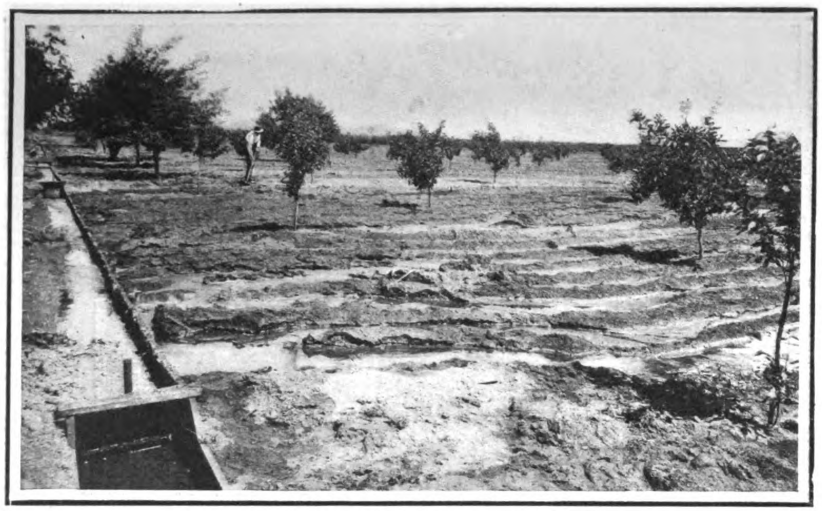
Bear Valley Dam

A typical masonry structure, on site such as is shown on this page, with water accumulated above

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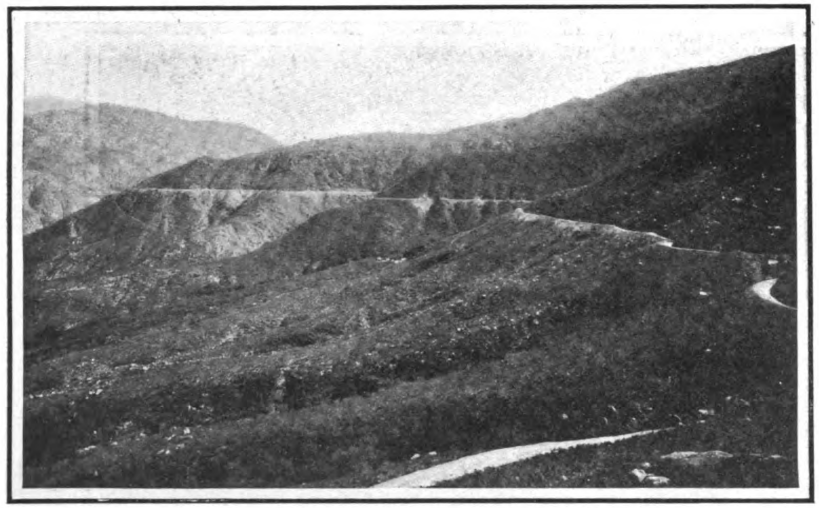
Orchard in Irrigated District near Phoenix, Arizona

Illustrates manner of applying water. This orchard is in the heart of what has been called the "Arizona Desert." Before ditches were constructed the soil was entirely barren



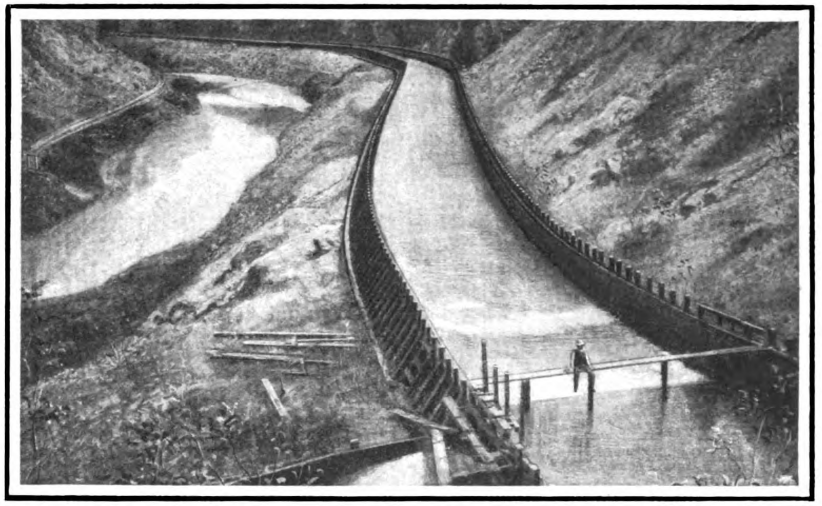
Almond Orchard near Phoenix, Arizona

Showing result of three years' culture under irrigating ditches. These lands are now more valuable than the best farming lands in the Mississippi Valley



Canal on Side of Rodriquez Mountain, California

An example of what has been accomplished by private enterprise. Canal carries water from reservoir in mountains to irrigable lands in lower valley



High Line Flume, Platte Canyon, Colorado

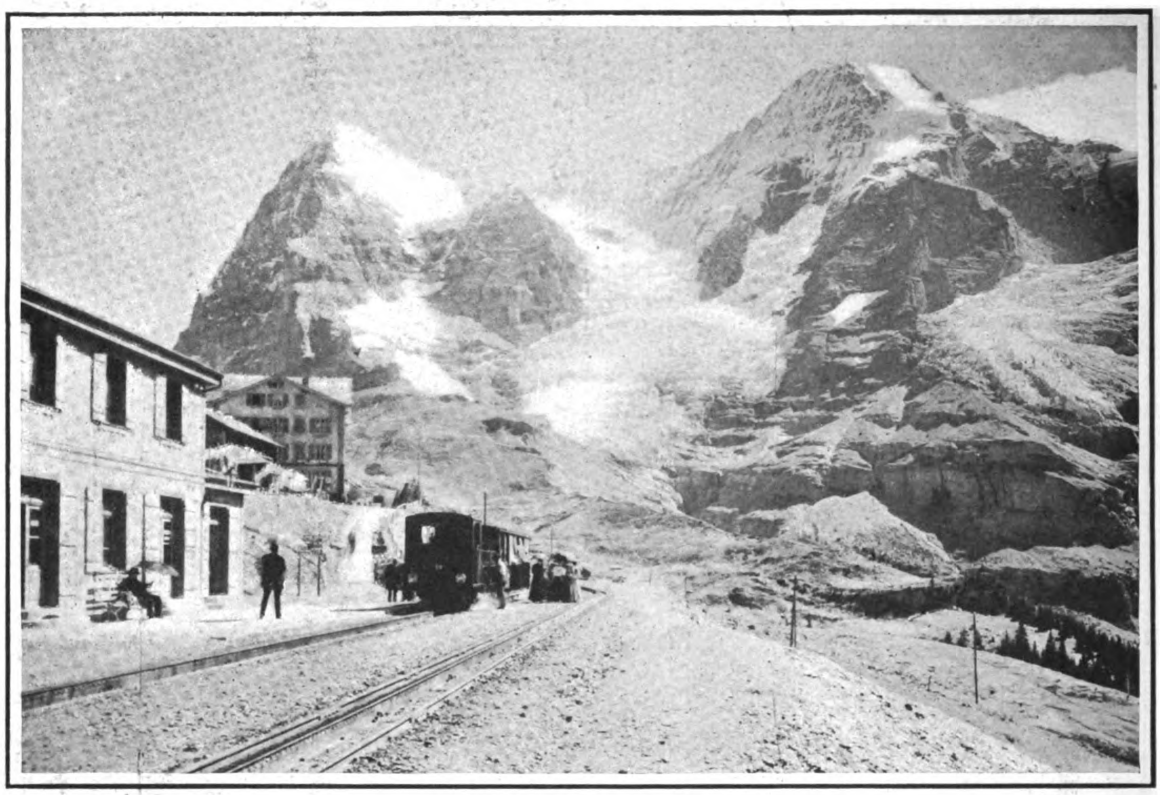
This flume, carrying water taken from Platte River, supplies the city of Denver and also the farming lands along its course

THE STATUS OF THE IRRIGATION IDEA IN THE ARID LANDS

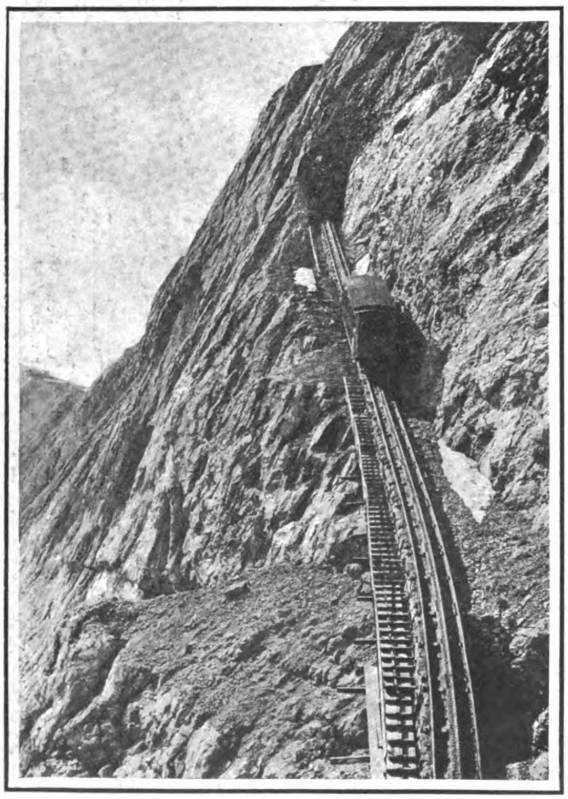
The broadening of the scope of irrigation made possible by the act of Congress at the last session

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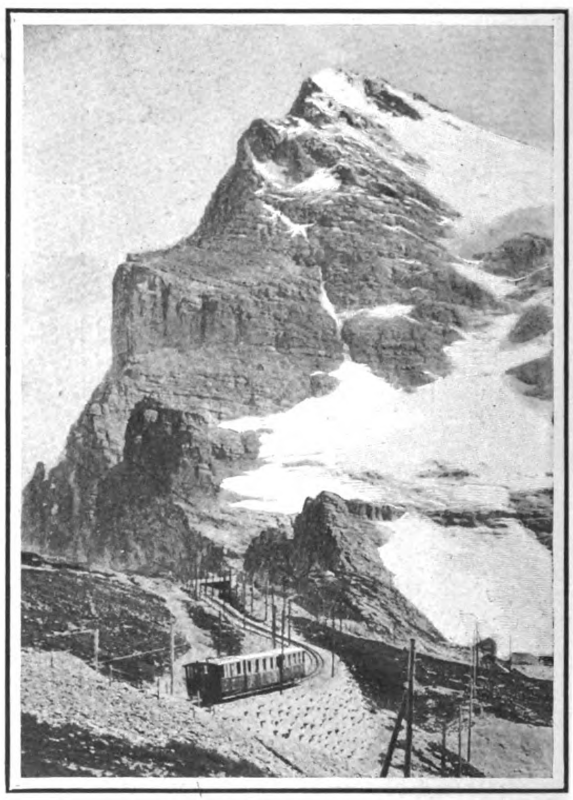
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Crossing the Wengern Alp
The cog-wheel railway at its terminal, showing the Eiger and Monch in the background



Mount Pilatus
Climbing the face of a cliff



The Jungfrau
Railway in course of construction to conquer the great Alpen peak

WHAT ENGINEERS HAVE DONE TO OPEN UP IMPASSABLE COUNTRY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending August 30, 1902

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COMMENT

THE state of warfare grows chronic in Haiti, Colombia, and Venezuela, and in the proportion that it becomes more nearly constant it is more bloody and relentless. The old-fashioned Central-American or West-Indian revolution consisted of the issuance of a large number of proclamations, the marshalling of some rival small bodies of barefooted troops commanded by magnificently uniformed generals, the firing of a few shots with little resultant harm, and then the successful assumption of power by a new junta of men, for a year or two. The proclamations and the small bodies of troops then reappeared, and a few harmless volleys were followed by another change of government. In all this care was taken not to interfere with the business of foreigners, who scarcely suffered a day's closing of their counting-houses. It need not be said that the sacking of Barcelona in Venezuela, with the looting of the foreign consulates and the murder of women and children, the bloody fighting at Agua Dulce, and the burning of Petit Goave in Haiti, with its immolation of living human victims, are quite a different matter from these old revolutionary promenades. They add to the burden of responsibility that rests on the government of the United States. If it were not for the Monroe Doctrine, the parallel between the Boxer outrages in China, with their menace to the foreign ministers and the necessity of joint intervention on the part of the powers, and the Venezuela outrage on the consulates, would readily suggest itself. As it is, there is danger of still another parallel being drawn. In principle, the situation of the European powers, with reference to the chronic disorder in the northwestern part of South America, is somewhat like that of the United States early in 1898, when we were demanding that Spain should put an end to the prolonged warfare in Cuba. We cannot admit that the parallel is at all close—nor can we deny that the hour seems to draw nearer when we shall have to establish, somehow, a better degree of security in those regions than is now enjoyed. We do not want to annex, but it is evident that we must control.

The change of dynasty in Venezuela seems increasingly imminent. From all points, whether in Porto Rico, Trinidad, or on the South-American mainland, come reports of reverses suffered by President Castro and the party in power. The revolutionists under General Penaloza have captured Barcelona, in the state of Bermudez, after three days' very severe fighting, and the government has lost General Ruperto Bravo and sixty men killed and wounded. Cumaná seems certain to go the same way. The revolutionists attacking number over twelve hundred, while the defenders of the town are not more than a third of that number. The revolutionists now hold the customs port of Angostura, or Ciudad Bolivar, some two hundred and fifty miles up the Orinoco River, as well as the ports of Guiria, Cano, Colorado, Coro, Carupano, and probably Cumaná. General Castro is being hemmed in from three sides at Caracas. General Matos, who is the moving spirit among the revolutionists, after capturing Ciudad Bolivar, advanced northwest to Orituco, about sixty miles south of Caracas, and a collision between his troops and the army of President Castro may take place at any moment. It was reported that Porto Cabello had also fallen into the hands of the revolutionists, though this has since been denied. The two most important strongholds of the government, outside of Caracas, the capital, are La Guayra and Maracaibo, the latter close to the Colombian frontier. General Monagas, who is in command of the revolutionists at Barcelona, is said to have stated that the revolutionists are divided into twenty-five sections, each containing 1000 men and upward; one division of 800 is at Orituco, awaiting an attack by President Castro, and apparently likely to go on awaiting it. General Monagas is further credited with saying that the revolutionists have many telegraph lines joining the sections of their forces, and are better informed of the situation than President Castro himself. The Colombian revolutionists are also said to have made some advance, the government gunboat *Boyacá,* with Generals Ortiza and Henao, besides supplies, munitions of war, and provisions, having fallen into their hands, and they are also credited with having taken a gasolene-launch, which will be a material addition to their resources.

Haiti's contribution to the revolutionary budget of the week is stormy and somewhat confused. Each party is trying to fix on the other the responsibility for the destruction of Petit Goave, which has caused so much needless suffering to the inhabitants; at present the evidence seems to point to General Firmin as the guilty party, he having destroyed the town because he believed himself unable to hold it against the government's forces. It is now announced that the important commercial centre of Gonaives has fallen into General Firmin's hands, though we have as yet few details of its capture. General Firmin seems to be making his way steadily towards Port au Prince, the capital and seat of the provisional government, with acting-President Velasquez at its head. Admiral Killick, the "pirate" and humorist of the Haiti revolution, recently brought his "fleet" of one gunboat round to Port au Prince and declared a blockade of that city; but no great results followed, and the blockade was presently abandoned. He should strengthen his "fleet" by borrowing the gasolene-launch whose capture by the Colombian insurgents we have recorded.

The Cuban government has practically served notice on this country that it will retaliate for the failure of Congress to enact reciprocity legislation for the relief of the Cuban sugar-planters. Not only has the new Congress proposed the contraction of a loan which appears to be in violation of a paragraph of the Platt amendment, and which we discussed at length last week, but it is also proposed to increase tariff duties on articles coming more largely from this country than from other countries, while, finally, the Congress has voted to refuse to lease or sell to the United States any of the forts or arsenals belonging to Cuba. The proposed increases in the

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tariff duties, which are reported to range from 10 per cent. to 150 per cent., are calculated to restrict trade with the island, and as we are by far the largest exporters thither, our farmers, merchants, and manufacturers will be the greatest sufferers. The Cuban politicians seem to be playing their part of the game with much more shrewdness than has been displayed by our beet-sugar statesmen and their allies who have aided them in support of the protective solidarity. They have now a distinct vantage-ground from which to negotiate with us. They can say to our government: "If you do not make such trade concessions to us as we deem best for our interests, we shall not make the treaties contemplated for carrying out the Platt amendment. We owe money, and we propose to pay our debts. We shall repay those who lent us funds for the support of our insurrection. We shall pay off the soldiers of the insurrectionary army; and we shall aid the sugar-planters whom you have ruined. We shall borrow money to effect this, and if the loan is contrary to our constitution, that is our affair and not yours. We shall not give you the coaling-stations which we promised you when we supposed that you were going to treat us fairly. And since you tax our sugar and tobacco at unreasonable and ruinous rates, we shall follow your example, and tax your products in like manner." And what are we to do about it when the Cubans take this attitude? We can either go to war with them and take their island away from them, or we can make a treaty with them on terms which they can more easily dictate now than they were in a position to do during the last session of Congress. Which course do the beet-sugar Senators believe will be the more acceptable to their fellow-Republicans who have recently been endorsing the President's Cuban policy? Do they not begin to see that their beet-sugar war on the President is likely to turn out an expensive luxury to American farmers and manufacturers?

The President being at Oyster Bay, the news from Washington becomes amusingly untrustworthy; the correspondents who are left behind seem to be expected to telegraph or mail something every day, and being hard put to it, they are wont to send to their editors any rumor that whispers in their ears. The other day it was announced that the President had determined to call an extra session of the Senate for the purpose of securing the ratification of a reciprocity treaty which Mr. Hay and the Cuban minister Quesada had about completed. This yarn had not the slightest foundation in truth. No treaty of the kind suggested is about completed, and, if it were, the President would not call an extra session of the Senate for the purpose of securing its ratification. The reason for not bringing the Senate together is twofold, and would suggest itself to any one intent on thought rather than on rumor-chasing. In the first place, a treaty ratified in December will benefit Cuba quite as much as a treaty ratified in November—the time fixed by rumor for the extra session. This is because aid granted to Cuba in December will be in ample time for next year's sugar crop, and also for preventing the consummation of the proposed loan. This is one phase of the matter which a little thought would have suggested. In the second place, the beet-sugar Senators, who have been hearing from their constituents, are in an humble frame of mind, and some of them are ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to square themselves with both their constituents and the administration. At the same time there is no reason why they should be dragged to Washington for the purpose of being exhibited as trophies of the President's popularity. The best course, since nothing of moment is involved in delay, is to permit the surrender to take place in due course, and not as a special and extra performance. The President is too tactful to hammer it in, when the hammered are Senators with a capacity and opportunity for getting even.

Another idle rumor is as to the President's intention to appoint Dr. David J. Hill, now acting Secretary of State, to be ambassador at Berlin. It is an amusing feature of this rumor that the President was first informed of his intention several days after the news of it had been published in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, the President has never had any such intention. Dr. Hill, who is a very accomplished man, will probably have the opportunity of accepting or rejecting a mission, but it is not the present intention to offer him an ambassadorship. Changes in our diplomatic corps in Europe are, indeed, in contemplation, as the readers of this Comment have been made aware. Mr. Andrew D. White has resigned, and his successor will be one of our representatives now in Europe, either Mr. Bellamy Storer, our minister at Madrid, or Mr. Charlemagne Tower, our ambassador at St. Petersburg. Mr. Storer will probably be deferred to, because his life in Spain has not been without its hardships, and he deserves well of the nation. If he is willing, he may go to Vienna or St. Petersburg, for the administration would doubtless like to gratify Mr. Tower's desire to be transferred to Berlin. If Mr. Storer is sent to Vienna, the post there being an embassy, Mr. McCormick, the present minister to Austria-Hungary, will go to St. Petersburg. It is also expected that Ambassador Meyer, now at Rome, will resign, thus giving the President the opportunity to carry out his wish to appoint Mr. Harry White, now first secretary at London, to the Italian post. These changes make a vacancy at Madrid, and it may be that the Spanish mission will be offered to Dr. Hill.

Canada apparently wishes to emulate Cuba in establishing a high-tariff wall against American exports. The manufacturers of the Dominion are disappointed, perhaps, at the failure of the Colonial Conference to materialize a Pan-Britannic Customs Union; at any rate, they are determined to do all that lies in their power to secure the hoped-for benefits in another way. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, recently in session at Halifax, Nova Scotia, carried strong resolutions in favor of reciprocal customs relations with Great Britain and the colonies,—a tendency which inspired the establishment of a new subsidized steamship line between Canada and South Africa. It is asserted that the association will make the tariff an issue in the next Canadian federal elections, thus once more raising a question which was thought to have been removed from the arena of Dominion politics. The great mass of the people seem to favor a low tariff, but we have evidence in this country that a united effort by the strong manufacturing interests is something which an administration finds it very difficult to withstand. It is prophesied that, should Sir Wilfrid Laurier's liberal cabinet stand out against the high-tariff advocates, the Manufacturers' Association will throw in its weight with the Conservative opposition, which may prove more amenable to its purposes. What these purposes are is shown by the wording of the Halifax resolutions. The association demands an immediate and thorough revision of the tariff "upon lines which will more effectively transfer to the workshops of the Dominion the manufacture of many of the goods now imported from other countries." The resolutions further advocate preferential rates for Great Britain and the colonies, always provided that "the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers." Coming on the heels of Minister de Witté's letter, these resolutions once more emphasize the necessity for a series of commercial treaties between the United States and other lands. Meanwhile there are two commodities which the United States has vainly tried to import from Canada—the principals in the Greene-Gaynor extradition case. Judge Caron of the Superior Court at Quebec has decided that the warrants issued by Extradition-Commissioner Lafontaine at Montreal were illegal, because they contained no dates of the alleged offences, whereas dates are essential, since the extradition treaty is valid only for a specified period, and it must be shown that the alleged offences fell within that period. Therefore Messrs. Greene and Gaynor were set free.

It is one of the greatest mysteries that Cuba, which is probably the richest land in the world in natural resources, with a soil and potency of production that laugh to scorn any similar area in the United States, should be so miserably poor. After we are told, and truly told, that the trouble is all due to the fact that practically the Cubans have but one crop, and cannot now market that except at a loss, the mystery only seems to deepen. Florida can raise neither sugar, nor tobacco, nor coffee, and Cuba can raise everything that Florida can; yet Florida prospers, though she has for the most part a soil so poor that in order to get one crop a year out of it almost as much value has to be put into it as is taken out. The fat Cuban soil yields three crops of corn and vegetables a year without fertilizing. Ten crops since the last war year —and starvation confronting the island! Who will say that here is not a mystery? It all seems to illustrate the fact that

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no part of the Western world now lives by what it produces out of itself and for itself, but by what it produces and sells to somebody else. We are all knit together in interdependence, and feed on the fruit of traffic. Florida has the market, and consequently its soil is a matter of secondary consideration. Porto Rico starved in the interim between her separation from the Spanish market and her connection with ours, and now wakens to a new and bewildering prosperity. All the rest of the West Indies groans with poverty, outside our magic circle. Whether the contrast is attributable to Protection or Providence would seem to be a suitable question for the boys in lyceums.

Mexico's adoption of the gold standard, which is now proposed, would be quite possible and practicable if it were accomplished in the same manner as that in which Japan has managed the matter—to wit, by splitting the gold peso in two, as the yen was split in two, and demonetizing the silver peso; which would be tantamount to declaring the peso to be permanently worth half a dollar in gold. The advantage gained would be a stable value for the standard coin. The effect on international transactions would apparently be *nil*, inasmuch as all exchange is now conducted on the basis of "two for one." The exchange is not so easy as it seems. If you go into a Mexican shop, quite new to the scene, you fancy you are to have no trouble at all in your reckoning, since it is easy to remember that all your American money is worth just twice as much in Mexican as its face value. Possibly you purchase a dozen oranges. The price? "Dos reales." You collect your senses, and remember that reals are "bits," or "York shillings," of twelve and a half cents each; and two are therefore a quarter of a dollar, Mexican. You present, say, an American half-dollar in payment, and receive in change one Mexican quarter, one American dime, four Mexican half-dimes, and one American nickel. If you are capable of determining, without the use of pencil and paper and some thought, the fact that you have received the proper change, you are quicker at reckoning than most people are. Transactions along the border, where both coinages are used indiscriminately, exact much mental agility in the reckoning. It is pleasanter to go from the United States into Mexico, so far as the sense of wealth is concerned, than to return; for your resources seem to be suddenly doubled at the going, and to be shrunk one-half in the coming. The adoption of the gold standard by Mexico on the proposed basis of the existing value of the peso would not affect this interesting financial circumstance. Nor would it reduce the sense of wonder, never quite overcome by custom, that the big, fat, heavy Mexican dollars, which throw our silver dollars into the shade in their look of substantiality and opulence, are merely of the value of half a dollar. The Mexican people would hardly appreciate an attempt to bring the silver peso to a parity with gold, with its resulting grave disturbance of prices.

The pleasing rumor is going about that Don Emilio Aguinaldo, now that by the provisions of the Philippine amnesty proclamation he is free to go wherever he chooses, is coming to the United States to lecture. He will be welcome, and whether his lecture is worth listening to or not, his tour, from a financial and educational point of view, cannot fail to be a success. The American people have either the vice or the virtue, whichever it may be, of curiosity. They are interested in pretty much everything that is going on, and they love, above all things, to see the men who have played a conspicuous part in the arena of life. However much they may approve or disapprove of a man they want to see him, and ascertain what manner of man he appears to be,—to size him up, as it were. From this point of view, then, the determination of the late Washington of the Pacific to come hither and show himself will be a wise one: educating to his audiences and of great enlightening value to himself. No man at war with the American people quite understands them. He is apt speedily to learn that under the soft garment of the peaceful toiler is the iron-chested warrior who is sternly inflexible in the face of an unarbitrable problem, but of the great open heart and generous spirit that lurk still further within he knows nothing. It is only the imperious side which he sees, and this he naturally confounds with imperialism, which irks him. A visit to these shores, and a tour such as has been suggested, therefore, should do our late captive good; and when he takes in the vast number of fine things the country will have to show him, and gets at the real temper of the people toward the Filipinos and their rights, it is not unlikely that he will regret having compelled us to wallop him into a state of friendliness, which, from the beginning of our Eastern troubles, has been the sole thing we have demanded of him and his followers. There will be pitfalls ahead of him, of course, but if he will follow the recent history of other heroes and will regulate his own behavior accordingly, there is little danger that he will fall into them. If he can only avoid the osculatory temptations of the West and the political seductions of the East, devoting his lips to the simple narration of his own story, dramatic enough without undue elaboration, he is sure to be one of the great successes of the platform.

It is evident that the Democratic party of the State of New York is under the control of David B. Hill. The ascendency of Mr. Hill was originally destroyed by the combined powers of Tammany Hall and ex-United-States-Senator Murphy. The history of the Democratic party in the Empire State demonstrates the power of the country Democrats over those of the city, especially over Tammany Hall. It was Mr. Murphy's alliance which gave Croker the power which he and his organization possessed in the State, and their standing in the national convention of 1900, for it is one of the idiosyncrasies of the Kansas City convention that there Tammany was first made welcome by the national Democracy. At previous conventions the Hall had been rendered conspicuous by the frankly expressed contempt of the honest folk, especially of those from the West and South. This year Tammany is disorganized; the effort to establish the old Venetian policy of the rule of three has failed, or rather it seems to be demonstrating the necessity of the return of Croker; and besides, and more important still, Murphy is no longer in Mr. Hill's way in the rural communities of the State. Therefore Mr. Hill is the power, and it is he who will select the Democratic candidate for Governor, unless the rural Democracy rise up and insist on some one else, something not likely to happen. Mr. Hill is further strengthened by a renewed alliance with Mr. McLaughlin of Brooklyn, who has ever been casting a sour side glance at Tammany. The natural result of the combination appears to be the nomination for Governor of ex-Comptroller Bird S. Coler, who is not nearly so strong as he was before he bent the knee to Tammany. Doubtless no Democrat can defeat Governor Odell this year, but Edward M. Shepard would probably be the strongest candidate for the party, and Democrats who have remained loyal to the party under great difficulties are talking as if they were intending to make a struggle to nominate him. It is shrewdly suspected that the reason why Mr. Hill overlooks Shepard is that the latter is large enough for Presidential timber, and that a display of strength by him at the coming Gubernatorial election would result in an unpleasant discussion as to the identity of New York's favorite son.

In Mayor Low's talk on the police situation in New York he laid the blame of present unsatisfactory conditions on the law which makes it possible for the force to defy the Commissioner. Mr. Partridge can "shake up" the officers, but he cannot dismiss them. Consequently the bad men on the force are contumacious. There is a good deal of time devoted to the discussion of details on this as on other subjects of public interest, which, for the sake of forming sound public opinion, might better be devoted to general propositions. There are several general propositions relating to the police in which the public should be educated. The first is that the policeman should be under as effective discipline as is the soldier, and that such discipline cannot be established and maintained without a system of summary justice for the speedy punishment of official offenders. The analogy of the court martial, without its very obvious defects, should be followed. In the second place, the excise laws should be so amended that the police would have no peculiar power over the liquor-sellers—that is, no power to grant them illegal privileges for bribes. In the third place, the police force should be as free from politics, bipartisan or otherwise, as the army and navy are supposed to be. In the fourth place, a community like New York should learn not to expect immediate improvements in its police force. The election of a reform Mayor

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has not changed the character of policemen who traded in vice when they were in partnership with Tammany's city government. There have always been good men on the force, but the bad men have given it its complexion, and they are still in the service. These bad men expect their old partners to return to power, and therefore they do not see any reason why they should stay their hands of vice. He who expects this of them betrays an unhappy ignorance of human nature. The community must wait, and must itself persist in its determination to be ruled by virtue rather than by vice. Several reform Mayors and some legislation are conditions precedent to any large improvement of a police force taught for years to understand that its profit lies in protecting the vicious and criminal for bribe-money.

We shall be much relieved when the strenuous and picturesque campaign of the Hon. William S. Devery for the Tammany leadership in his district is over. It is enlivening, to be sure, and has materially enriched the treasuries of eloquence with some very remarkable oratorical productions, but while it lasts one section of the city, at least, is kept in such a constant state of turmoil that Colonel Partridge's men are seriously overtaxed in their efforts to maintain order. The thousands of sound moral maxims that are daily dropping from the lips of the ex-Chief of Police are of little avail in the presence of the mob spirit which the situation invites, and it were far better for the general reputation of the city at this particular season, when visitors by the thousands are flocking into its gates on business bent, that it should go without the moral reflections of Devery than that a single case of garroting should occur on the highways within three blocks of that statesman's rostrum. The city of New York annually invites travellers from all parts of the country to visit its territory to inspect the good things it has to give and to sell. On a certain day of last week there were 30,000 of these buyers in town, and on the night of that day, not long after midnight, and in a by no means isolated section of the city, a man was set upon, choked, and robbed. It was a thing that ought not to have been possible, and under ordinary circumstances it is not a likely happening on a New York thoroughfare, and in the revival of a sort of crime that prevailed in the city in the days of Tweed, we are compelled to attribute its causes to the prevalence of the Tweed atmosphere in that precise locality. The parallel is a pretty complete one to those who watch the conditions closely, and the sooner it is over the better. If Messrs. Devery and Goodwin and Sheehan can be induced to hasten the decisive day it will be the better for all concerned, and the police can be relieved of a situation which perforce blinds them to other happenings of more serious influence upon the fair fame of the metropolis.

During the last year the court martial has not gained in public estimation as an instrument of justice. We have heard much of it, but what we have heard most about has been the cases where its findings have been disapproved. There have been a good many such cases in the Philippines, and of one of them, General Smith's, it seems that we have not yet heard the last. The fault that has usually been found has been that misconduct was too leniently dealt with. A very recent case gives an instance of the contrary sort. A San Francisco despatch, dated August 12, tells how Corporal Thornton, who kept accounts for Lieutenant Davis, quartermaster in the Hawaiian Islands, was tried by court martial on the charge of falsifying accounts. The court decided that Thornton was not guilty of crime, but found him guilty of conduct unbecoming his position and prejudicial to discipline. It ordered him to be discharged from the army, to forfeit all pay or fees due him, and to be confined at hard labor for two years. For a man not guilty of crime that seems a pretty severe sentence. So it seems to have struck Major-General Hughes, the reviewing officer. The counsel for the defence declared that the testimony in the case showed a condition of affairs that permitted of lax and careless methods. This assertion passed unchallenged by the court, and in it General Hughes found a warrant for declaring that the condition of affairs which the counsel's assertion indicated deserved severe reproof. Considering apparently that existing circumstances and methods were chiefly to blame for Corporal Thornton's misconduct, he revoked the sentence, and ordered Thornton to be reinstated in the army. So this court martial, for one, seems to have labored in vain. We all know that juries in our civil courts are fallible, and that the decisions of civil judges are often reversed, but the military courts are not doing much to demonstrate how the jury system might be bettered.

The newspapers have given us much interesting reading of late in their reports of certain legal proceedings in the Federal courts. It has been "as good as a play," to use a useful idiom, to sit back and observe the rapid succession of events in which the true nature of an organized strike on the treasury of a large corporate institution has, step by step, been uncovered, and its promoters sent scurrying to the woods for their own protection. There is no tale of piracy that we have read of late years so edifying as that which the newspapers have told so vividly in their verbatim accounts of the progress of the trial—the ship flying the black flag riddled and sinking, with its captain on the bridge vainly and tearfully calling upon his crew not to desert him, and every man jack of them hustling off into the boats and pulling for the shore of obscurity, there to hide until the storm blows over; the commander, once so imperious in his demands, now cringing on his knees and begging for mercy, and madly trying to shift the blame for his misdeeds upon "his owners," who darkly and not too convincingly disown him; and most pathetic of all, the poor little midshipmite, once so awesome a figure in the fight, all the more terrible because unseen, self-marooned on cold unhospitable shores, face to face with want, but whose chiefest fear is the home-coming to which others similarly situated have most eagerly looked forward! It is a strange picture in these twentieth-century days, but it is instructive. It begins to appear that on the seas of high finance the successful privateersman is a thing of the past; that on the highroads of commerce the Turpins and Sheppards of the day can no longer profitably ply their trade. The much-held-up wayfarer has turned in his wrath, and refuses longer to be victimized. It is a good sign, for the community has no more use for the highly organized banditti who have waxed too prosperous on their fat corporate pickings than it has for the second-story man, or the pickpocket who goes about his business on the sly, without backers, and with no attempt to cloak his iniquitous practices under a thin gauze of respectability. It is the psychological moment for an example, and we trust the issue will be fought to a finish, in which all the game, big and little—particularly the big—will be bagged and put in the way of learning some honorable occupation for their undoubted talents, under State supervision.

After all, the laws of nature are unchangeable, and it makes little difference in what direction man goes astray, the mere act of the going, sooner or later, automatically provides its own punishment. For centuries sermons have been preached and preached, and preached yet again, against the evils of intemperance, but it is the concrete example of the awful results of drink, not the spoken words or the seething philippic, that has brought man up standing, face to face, as it were, with his own possible future. So is it with the intemperate use of all other things. It is not in the use of alcohol alone that man gives too loose a rein to his intemperance, nor is overindulgence in drink the only excess that works its own punishment. We know to-day, through a sad but illuminating incident, that an abuse against which many bitter but futile fulminations have been directed carries with it the punishment of death, and in effect, without any pronouncement of the law of man, says to the world "That Shalt Not." The terrible accident in which Mr. and Mrs. Fair lost their lives, lamentable as it is in the sudden destruction of two young people who had much to live for, is not without mitigation. Regret as we must the loss of human life, it is a satisfaction in these days of futile preaching against a growing abuse to have the Frankenstein of the offender's own creation emphasize the admonition that we have all tried to voice since the automobile sprang into being. In every aspect the lesson of the tragedy is emphasized—the perfection of machines was the engine of destruction; the scene was possibly the most notably suited for the precise eventuation to be found anywhere in the world; the victims were persons of such distinction as to rivet every eye for the moment upon the disaster by which they were overtaken; the occasion was shorn

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of all the attributes which might make it appear exceptional; the abuse was being practised to its supremest degree, and the ruin was complete. Surely, with such a combination of circumstances, this tragedy cannot be considered a purposeless one. In the twinkling of an eye it has shocked the whole world into a realization of the exact conditions which it and its automobile enthusiasts must face, and it gives, as no man-made law could ever give, the answer to the so-called problem of over-speeding. This whole matter of speed on the public highways involves so much that affects the whole community, offenders as well as victims, that legislation which can and shall be enforced in restraint of those who abuse their privileges is an urgent need of the moment. There are asylums for the inebriates in alcohol; there should be some method by which the automobilist over-exhilarated by a love for fast going shall be equally protected from himself, even if the public itself has no rights to be conserved.

It is not recalled that any owner or driver of an automobile in this country has yet suffered serious inconvenience at the hands of justice as a result of any accident caused by his machine. Kind-hearted people who have run over children have had their feelings hurt, and others have been fined trifling sums for exceeding the lawful rate of speed, but no one as yet has been punished to hurt as a consequence of any accident. In Massachusetts, on June 7, Edward Brooks and Clarence and Charles Haag, of Reading, were run over by the cars and killed because their horse was frightened by the steam-automobile of Dr. Charles Gray, of Cambridge, and ran away, landing them on a railroad track in front of a train. Massachusetts justice, in the person of Judge McGuire of the Woburn District Court, has been looking into this case, and finds that Dr. Gray followed close after the carriage for a quarter of a mile, oblivious to the horse's fright, and at greater speed than the law allows, thus acting with reckless disregard of the safety of the occupants of the carriage. The judge finds that he was "the approximate cause of the accident." How serious a matter it may be in Massachusetts to be the approximate cause of a fatal accident is not determined yet, but the district attorney is considering it, and he may ask for the views of the grand jury.

The full beauty of a dual monarchy is once more illustrated by the very pretty quarrel between Austria and Hungary. Austria, or, to speak more truly, the Habsburgs, never had any twinges of misgiving as to the divine right of kings in general and themselves in particular; and as an institution they cannot be said to have worked conspicuously for the good of humanity and the increasing of loving-kindness and tender mercy. Generalizations are dangerous; but it is pretty safe to say that every constituent part of the Dual Monarchy, and pretty nearly every country along its borders, has quivered and shrunk, at one time or another, under the heavy hand of Austria's despotic house. One could easily unfold mediæval tales of measureless atrocities, records of red ruin scattered over all Europe—the struggle against the Reformation; the Spanish Inquisition; the fight against the Netherlands; the ravaging of Bohemia and Hungary; and, in recent years, the Italian tyranny, the fierce effort to suppress Hungary's rising nationality—all these are but a small part of the Habsburgs' account. And now that that mighty and sinister house has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf, that Italy is free, and Hungary an independent nation, we can summon up considerable fortitude to endure Austria's sorrows; we can calmly watch the Magyar screw slowly and surely tightening; the scale of destiny tipping ever deeper against the Habsburgs. Since 1866 it has grown more evident with every year that Hungary is the predominant partner; and the forced recognition of this has been gall and vinegar to the haughty rulers of Austria. But so demoralizing to both heart and head is the overweening vanity of a nation which believes itself divinely commissioned to domineer over others, that Austria has never had the sense to unite the Slavs with her as a counterpoise to the Hungarians. The true Austrian, if such there be, considers himself a divine being, compared to the coarse clay of Bohemians and Croatians, and howls with indignation and dismay whenever these Slavonic brothers claim the right to use their native tongues. Within the memory of men still living all educated Hungarian officials spoke Latin, because Magyar was prohibited, and they would not speak the German tongue of their oppressors. And now, more than a generation after Sadowa, the Austrians, hardened in their vain conceit, attempt the same despotic folly in Bohemia; and even while they are doing this their sceptre is slowly but surely being wrested from them by their former victims, the Hungarians. The Ausgleich—the Contract of Union between Austria and Hungary—requires to be reaffirmed at regular intervals, and every time, with praiseworthy persistence, Hungary takes the opportunity to wring concessions from her former tyrant. Austria resists, blusters, threatens, utters words of doom, and finally gives way, assuring herself and the world that she has gained a moral victory, while Hungary merely smiles, and pockets the proceeds. So it will be this time also, and every student of history and statecraft will call up much resignation in sight of Austria's woes.

Count von Bülow has recently enriched this Polish problem by an epigram. Said the count: "If I put ten hares and five rabbits in my park, next year I should have fifteen hares and a hundred rabbits. It is against such a phenomenon that we mean to defend German national unity in Poland." This emphasizes in a striking way what we recently said of the decline of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic fecundity, when compared with the prolific and swiftly increasing Slav. Russia was the Slav land we instanced, but Prussian Poland is not less a case in point. The Poles form a majority in four Prussian provinces; and other districts of East Prussia, where the German element was formerly dominant, are coming steadily under Polish influence. When a Pole marries a German, the children are Poles—the more fecund stock asserting itself in the offspring. The Polish birth-rate is higher than the German, and the hygienic regulations introduced by Prussian martinets are, curiously enough, one great cause of the Polish increase. It will be remembered that Prince Bismarck, not less fiercely opposed than the Kaiser to the Polish spirit, devoted twenty-five million dollars to a scheme of German colonization of the Polish provinces, hoping thus to check the spirit of Slav nationalism. This attempt has proved a disastrous failure. Desirable German colonists decline to settle in the Polish districts; those who make the attempt are boycotted and worried into quitting the neighborhood. Meanwhile the wealth of Polish Prussia increases steadily and rapidly. The nobles are learning the modern virtues of thrift and energy; the middle class grows stronger daily. Polish merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, mechanics, artisans, physicians, lawyers, and engineers are now in a majority, and dreams of a resurrection of Poland as a nation are stirring a population of nearly forty millions, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. It is evident that in Germany, as in Austria, the Slav upheaval is the phenomenon of the new century; the dominance of the Teuton is becoming a thing of the past. World politics must imperatively take the Slavonic race into account as one of the mightiest forces of our age.

The question "Are the coast defences of Long Island Sound and the advance-guard of the United States fleet capable of preventing the landing of an invading army?" may be answered in a purely academic way by the army and navy manœuvres, but it could be answered in a practical and conclusive way only by an actual hostile attempt—and that is something that is likely never to come. The defeat of the forces which are playing at defending the Sound must of course serve the public interest better than the repulse of the attack. We are sure to get some strategic or mechanical benefit out of the discovery of serious defects in our defensive system. This sort of "pretending" warfare has the advantage that its mistakes can be retrieved. At the best, our military manœuvres are very small when compared with those of the Old World. It is no uncommon thing in Europe to employ a hundred and fifty thousand troops in mock warfare. With us, not more than a few thousand soldiers are in any way disturbed by the simulation of an attack on our coast. So far as the army is concerned, it is the sketch of a manœuvre rather than a manœuvre itself. The real thing, for us, would be a rehearsal of the mobilization of State troops, of their transfer from State to Federal authority, of their concentration at coast points to be defended, and of their embodiment, disposition, and subsistence pending an attack. The military part of the present war game is necessarily only a foil for naval

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operations. Nevertheless, at least one thing is demonstrated—that our military commanders are vastly more experienced in the art of handling large bodies of men than they were four years ago. It was almost an unbelievable thing to the foreign attachés at Tampa in 1898 that extremely few of the regular soldiers assembled there had ever taken part in a regimental drill, and none at all in a brigade drill, and that the general in command had never handled a larger body of men than a regiment, even in mock war.

Invisibility in warfare is destined to be a factor in the stratagem of the battle-field and of the fleet. The development of the element of military surprise or confusion has been along the line of the unseeable. The prospect of victory has been in proportion to the absence of the visual. An attack which may be made without presenting a target for a foe gains accordingly in effectiveness. The conditions which make this possible in case of land combatants are clothing and smokeless powder. The apparel of the soldier is now of that color which best merges itself into the landscape, and furnishes the least discernible object for the gunners of the enemy. The olive-drab shade of the new field uniforms for our army was adopted for this reason after a practical test of the superiority of its invisibility over other hues in the garments of men. The use of smokeless powder leaves no trace of the sharpshooters and the gunners for the return fire of the foe, while at the same time it preserves an unobstructed view of the field for the continuance of the attack. In the fight at sea smokeless powder also plays an important part, although the ship does not lend itself to the convenience of cover possible in the force on land. The conflict in the water, however, has its element of the invisible in its machinery of war in the submarine boat, not yet, however, out of the theoretical stage where an assertion of value still takes the place of practical demonstration. The submarine craft is to the navy what the khaki suit is to the fighters in the field. It gives an opportunity to gain upon the enemy with the minimum chance of discovery in the approach. Its work, however, must be accomplished at the first blow without failure and always with the risk of destruction, with or without the success of its own projected attack. The principle of invisibility is coming to contribute an important feature to the plans of modern warfare.

Professor Hall of Clark University has, it appears, been agitating a conference of pedagogues at Chicago by his advocacy of slang as a desirable adjunct to the juvenile vocabulary. "Boys and girls," he is reported to have said, "need slang. It is good for them. Let them use it. It keeps them from becoming tongue-bound. If a youngster tells you of a 'hunch,' or a 'straight tip,' or a 'pipe,' do not correct him and give him a stiff substitute. He has found the right word." "This," protests our worthy contemporary the Baltimore *Sun*, "is very bad advice. The English language is not so poor as the Clark University professor seems to think. It abounds in words of good origin which will express accurately, graphically, and sensibly any idea which a man may desire to clothe in decent garb. If Professor Hall's advice were accepted by teachers generally, children would never learn how to speak with any degree of elegance. . . . It is true some slang is witty and picturesque in a way. But its use ought not to be encouraged, certainly not by those who teach the young idea how to shoot." In this matter our sympathies, we must admit, are rather with Professor Hall than with the Baltimore *Sun*. We are far from advocating an indiscriminate and merely wanton use of such pungent locutions as the Professor adduces; but we believe that there is a large proportion of current slang which is admirably vivid, expressive, and, in a sense, indispensable, and which is inevitably bound to incorporate itself, sooner or later, in the legitimate body of English speech. When the scholarly editor of a certain literary journal observed, not long since, that Mr. Henry James in his later fiction had become "woozy," he used a term for which there is no synonym whatever in reputable English, and which served his purpose with a precision, an eloquence, and a finality quite beyond praise. Mr. James was "woozy": that said absolutely all that there was to be said; it was the one inevitable word, selected with unsurpassable felicity and skill.

In an address at the Northfield conference of Christian workers on August 7 the Rev. F. B. Meyer, a London clergyman, said something out of the common order about intimacies between women. Surmising that there were girls in his audience who "had entered into an almost insane friendship with other girls," he went on to say that "it is very beautiful for woman to love woman, but that there are sometimes attachments between woman and woman that eat out all that is noble and unselfish and sweet." If there ever is a curse, he said, that comes into a woman's life, it is one of these exclusive friendships with another woman. He told his girl hearers that if they were cultivating one of these octopus intimacies that would drag them down, they ought to stand quit of it and cut it off. These remarks have stirred up much dissent and remonstrance, and letters to the newspapers have blamed the minister for "trifling with the sacredness of woman's sweet friendship for woman." It certainly is not a common defect in women that they love other women too much, and it is true that the love of woman for woman is in the main a sound sentiment, and has been at the bottom of some of the most beautiful relations that have dignified human life. But it is no Ruth and Naomi affection that our London brother decries. What he says is true. Women occasionally become infatuated with one another, and fall into exclusive intimacies which are ruinous to character and destructive to all usefulness. This misfortune sometimes befalls women who are by no means fools, but give every sign of being fit for better things. The intense friendships of some school-girls are not of this order. They result from propinquity and the comradeship of persons of like age and common interests who are thrown much together. Such early intimacies either commonly fade out or mellow into a sound and kindly affection which sweetens life. But the infatuations to which older women sometimes succumb are abnormal and disastrous. Luckily they are not common, and it may be that they are fitter to be studied by physicians than to be preached against by clergymen. But Mr. Meyer knows what he is talking about, and shows a closer acquaintance with life than his critics do.

The advice of Mr. Ralph Bullock, of Fort Hamilton, who celebrated his one-hundred-and-fourth birthday recently, is like that of all other centenarians who give counsel on the art of attaining the age of one hundred years. It is in substance this: "Have a good heredity, and don't worry." The secret of the thing is simple: first make a judicious selection of grandparents, and then choose conditions of life which are smooth, restful, never irritating or exhausting. These prime conditions fulfilled, it does not matter greatly what you eat or drink, where you live, or what occupation you follow. As a rule, it does not appear difficult to these admirably complacent old people to choose one's ancestors. They seem to think that they picked out theirs from all the world. It is rather a common characteristic of old people to assume at least a little personal credit to themselves for their forebears—to ennoble them by their own merits, according to the Chinese practice. The other half of the requirement—that we should, in order to live long in the land, choose calm and comfortable circumstances and surroundings—is easier to meet on the whole than the first half. We should elect to be at least moderately wealthy. Other things being equal, poverty should be eschewed. However, it is to be noted that the inmates of almshouses and other public institutions are continually attaining the age of one hundred years; and it should be observed that this means of avoiding care, worry, responsibility, and all nervous and creative endeavor also has its advantages. If it does not occur to us to choose a competence, let us by no means worry if the burden of our support falls upon the general community. Such seems to be the genial practical philosophy of the centenarian. If one does not see any particular advantage in living to be a century old—if one agrees with the Psalmist that the accumulation of years is the amassing of labor and sorrow—one will doubtless prefer to fight the battle of life somewhat strenuously, after the fashion of the time, with particular attention to acquitting one's self creditably while here, rather than to the attainment of extreme old age.

One of the notorious inconveniences of being heir to a throne is that it makes trouble during the continuance of the phase of human experience known as Love's Young Dream. Heirs to thrones ought not to fall in love without the concurrence of parents, prime ministers, and privy-councillors.

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Unluckily young princes are quite as susceptible as other young men, or possibly a little more so, since when such restraint as reasons of state impose upon them once gives way the result is apt to be torrential. If it is true that a young American girl has captured the young affections of the German Crown-Prince, the young gentleman and his near relatives, especially his father, are entitled to a considerable measure of public sympathy. It is some fun to fall in love, even with a girl who won't marry you. If the girl is willing to marry you, but circumstances forbid, the distress of the situation is gravely aggravated, but still the lover has a full set of emotions, and may be considered to have a run for his money. But the emotions of a parent whose son is bent on marrying the wrong girl have nothing to recommend, or even to extenuate, them. If the German Emperor is really engaged in detaching his eldest son's affections from a Boston girl, he is having a hard, disagreeable time, and the hearts of discriminating Americans ought to bleed for him. The young man we may regard with more philosophy and with confidence that he will live to smile again; and as for the young lady, we need not expend emotion on her, for she is doubtless having the time of her life.

The startling information has been received from Newport that a prominent social light there sojourning for the summer was thrashed by his butler for staying out too late at night. If the report is confirmed, we sincerely hope the victim will carry his case before some tribunal capable of deciding whether or not the butler acted within his rights. Admitting, of course, that Newport society is strongly in need of chastening discipline, in these days of domestic tyranny we find ourselves compelled to question the corrective authority of an upper servant in a household. It is the recognized right of a capable cook to terrorize her mistress; it is the privilege of a house-maid to be haughty and neglectful; we have become inured to the inviolability of a coachman's tenure of office under the civil service rules of the average *ménage;* and the right of a valet to the use of his employer's garments, while not established in the courts, has, by usage, become recognized. Bad service for good pay is the principle of the servants' union, and willy-nilly we have been forced to accept it, but that a butler should have the privilege of chastising the head of the house for putting off his home-coming until the thirteenth, the fourteenth, or even the twenty-fourth hour, is, we must confess, a new and disturbing proposition. The gentleman who, according to report, was the victim of the imperious master of the dining-room, should not content himself with a mere repudiation of the butler's further acquaintance, but for the sake of his fellows he should make a test case of the principles involved, lest in time the custom become so general as to constitute a prerogative of the butler's station. Much as we should like to see some of these Newport people soundly spanked and put to bed without their suppers, we should deplore the day when the punishment should be administered by their social inferiors as a matter of right. It is only the trouncing that comes from a recognized superior that leaves a lasting impression upon the punished, and punishment which does not correct is therefore mere brutality, and should be discouraged. There is a chance here for at least one Newport leader to prove that he is of real value to society, and we trust he will not let the opportunity escape.

The farmers down East are having a hard time this year; they always do. Sometimes the corn grows so high that people get lost walking between the rows, and silos are packed so full that they groan and would burst if they could and be done with it. But that means dry weather, poor pasturage, little clover, and pindling herds' grass; so the farmer shakes his head. Next year both corn and grass do pretty well, but there are no apples, or the bugs are in the maples, or there is too much or too little snow, or the hens won't lay; and the farmer shakes his head. This year the bugs forsook the maples, there was plenty of sap, and just enough snow for good sugaring; apples now hang many and low from the branches, the hens lay multitudinous eggs at twenty cents a dozen, and the corn is good, though somewhat late in ripening, *but,* alas! the grass grows so fast and the rain that makes it grow so fast comes so often that it can't be got into the barn; so the farmer shakes his head. There are just four times as many cows and not more than one-fourth as many mortgages in Peacham, Vermont, as there were twenty years ago.

There is great diversity of information about the health of Mr. Schwab. Maybe he has got nervous prostration; maybe he is just a bit run down. His physicians haven't taken the public into their confidence, but it seems clear that he has taken too much thought about too many things, and needs a rest, and he is going to Europe to take it. Mr. Schwab has been a lucky man, not merely in earning a great salary and making more money than most of us would know what to do with. Those are the incidents of his good fortune, not the thing itself. He has been fortunate in being born with excellent powers of mind and body, that have enabled him to plan and direct great enterprises, and render valuable services to civilization. He has been fortunate, not so much in becoming so rich, as in being so exceedingly useful. A mind of great natural vigor has enabled him from early youth to do things better than his fellows, and beat most of them in fair competition. He has been a sweet-tempered, active giant, liked by his associates, working with the least possible friction, excelling by dint of ability. To work as he has worked must have been a joyous experience, and no doubt it goes hard with him to have to stop. There seems to be no reason in sight why with due rest he should not recover his health and be as good as new again. Here's hoping that he may; but even if he has to get out of active business there is still a side of life which he has had little chance to test, and which offers very lively and remunerative interests to a solvent man who is only forty years old.

All the plans for bridges, subways, tunnels, and new surface lines that are broached nowadays in New York have reference, much more completely than ever before, to a general and connected plan. This is natural, since the planners of lines of communication seek out as nearly as they can the routes along which people are most likely to be waiting to be carried somewhere. Yet now, as heretofore, there is altogether too much assumption that people are always going to insist upon flocking to certain spots because under present arrangements they cannot avoid flocking there. The New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge is looked upon as the natural distributing-point of traffic, simply because so many hundreds of thousands of people are given no choice but to be taken on or put down just there. If the crowds had a chance to go on their way thence without "breaking bulk," there would be no especial congestion at that point. The new schemes propose to give a chance to a great many of these people to go on their way—which they will certainly do, rejoicing, if they have the opportunity. It is coming to be a question whether the new Subway terminal arrangements are not planned too much on the basis of the notion that all journeys naturally come to an end in the exact neighborhood of the City Hall.

The portrait we print this week in the series of young Americans who have done some and may do many things is that of Herbert H. Vreeland. He began his life-work as a brakeman on the Long Island Railroad, and continued it along various executive lines until he became, and is now, the real head of the greatest street-railway system in the world. He was fortunate, as Mr. Lamont and others have been, in coming within the range of vision of William C. Whitney at the very moment when he needed the only help a person of gumption ever needs, namely, an opportunity. This once obtained from the sagacious man to whom he doubtless is and ever should be more than grateful, he proved his capacity, not merely to take care of himself, but to grow to be as big and broad mentally as he had already become physically. He was smart enough to see that to fill the measure of possibilities he must be more than an operator and constructor of railways, however expert; so he studied and worked, and studied and worked some more, until he mastered the details of finance and corporate management as they applied to his business; then he was of real value to his associates, himself, and the community. Unless he be deluded by admiring friends into the notion that he has reached the top, he will be a very important and very useful factor in American development during the next twenty years. He is now forty-five.

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The Status of the Irrigation Idea

In the opinion of the West, the irrigation bill passed at the last session of Congress, although a compromise measure which fell short of Western desire, will prove to be of greater importance than any other industrial legislation of recent years. Its passage was not a mere political expedient, contrived to meet a condition of the moment; the question involved was too big and vital to serve as a plaything in party politics; the bill aims at substantial and enduring effects upon the broader economic development of the nation. There was and still is in some quarters an ill-judged disposition to regard it as of merely sectional interest; but in the true analysis its significance is national, not local.

For a long time the people of the so-called "arid West"—of all the trans-Missouri country, in fact—have been almost a unit in desiring Federal aid in the solution of the water problem. Eastern opposition, long sustained and reluctant to give way, was based upon a mistaken conception of Western motives in asking this intervention. It was thought that the West was invoking the dread spirit of "paternalism,"—evading risk by demanding that the general government conduct a lot of costly experiments which properly fell within the province of private or State enterprise, and that when these preliminary experiments were concluded and the soundness of the theory well established, the cunning West would step in and reap the rewards. The Western argument, offered in perfect good faith, was that the practice of irrigation as an adjunct to agriculture and horticulture had long since passed the experimental stage, but that certain large and undetermined questions in inter-State law and polity rendered impossible a comprehensive and consistent scheme of development save by Federal assistance in laying the foundations.

When Europeans first entered the region named the "American Desert," in the sixteenth century, several tribes of Indians were occupying the valleys and cultivating the soil by means of primitive irrigation-works—rude reservoirs amongst the rocks, filled by seasonal freshets, and still ruder canals for conducting the water to their little truck-patches on the lower sands. But for the industry of these people the Spanish adventurers would have had a hard time of it on their marauding errands. After three centuries and a half, a few of those canals are still in use. The Mormons gave a further demonstration of the value of irrigation when, upon entering the valley of the Great Salt Lake, they constructed rough log flumes, and with vast labor diverted the waters of the Jordan upon the arid waste adjoining, compelling it to yield according to their needs, and from that simple beginning evolving a proud commonwealth. In fact, irrigation in the American Desert has never failed of excellent results. Given a little water, at the right season, the sands are invariably richly fruitful.

It is true, however, that a considerable majority of irrigation development enterprises have entailed loss upon their promoters. Private capital has never been slow to engage in the work; many millions of dollars have been expended in many fields, from Nebraska to California, in the construction of elaborate systems of dams, reservoirs, canals, and ditches. But although hundreds of thousands of acres of once arid land have been reclaimed, the invested capital has earned no profit; instead, in the aggregate, it has suffered a disastrous shrinkage. The cause is not far to seek. It rests in part in ignorance of conditions which could not be determined forthwith; but chiefly does it rest in an inevitable conflict amongst rival companies and neighboring States over water rights, and in the confusion which affected the courts when they undertook to decide a multitude of questions for which there were no precedents, and to cover which no comprehensive scheme of jurisprudence had yet been devised. The Western States, one and all, had begun their political existence upon the basis of the English common law, whose theory of riparian rights was only vaguely applicable to the conditions obtaining in a desert country. A State might easily perfect legislation of its own, and exercise supreme authority over streams whose courses lay wholly within its boundaries; but those rivers which afford the most important sources of water-supply, like the Missouri, the Platte, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande, traverse several States. A quarter-century of litigation in many tribunals, State and Federal, each independently striving to reach a solution of the problem, has vastly confounded the original confusion. This greatly discouraged further private enterprise, and led to agitation for a general governmental control of those particulars which the States, acting separately, were powerless to handle effectually. There must be one central authority and a uniform scheme of judicature. That was the measure of Western desire; and that will be the final effect of the recent bill.

The benefits to be reaped by the country at large are many. One hundred million acres of land now barren can be brought under ditch service, and thus be made subject to the plough. This is an area more than equal to the combined surface of Kansas and Nebraska. Practically all the arable lands of the West, outside these new irrigation districts, are now occupied. Within a very few years there must have been serious difficulty in providing for the needs of new-comers. A hundred million acres will give homes for a million families, and afford sustenance for many times that number. The work of development will go on slowly, as necessity dictates and means are provided.

It must be remembered that under irrigation agriculture becomes almost an exact science. Twelve inches of water, intelligently distributed at the proper time, is sufficient to insure on the arid lands an abundant yield of the ordinary farm crops of that latitude. The writer has visited many farms under private ditches in Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, whose average annual yield per acre in wheat, potatoes, and various small fruits far exceeded that of the best farming districts of Iowa and Missouri. This certainty of results has strongly affected the value of irrigated lands. Notwithstanding remoteness from markets for products, an acre under water right in the very heart of the Arizona desert commands a higher price than an acre in the humid Mississippi Valley.

The practice of irrigation is a stimulus to intensive agriculture and a wholesome check upon the long-indulged Western appetite for large land-holdings. Water rates, under the most favorable conditions, must be so high as to discourage waste: a little experience will teach the farmer to make the fullest possible use of what he buys, by bringing his acres to the highest state of production. Wastefulness has always prevailed in the humid regions of the West; the low price of land has been a direct encouragement to easy, slovenly methods. Intensive cultivation of fifty irrigated acres will be more profitable than the farming of a thousand acres in the ordinary happy-go-lucky prairie fashion. This change will mean not only an increase of thrift, but also a closer occupation of every district, a firmer knitting together of the social and industrial fabric. The people will realize a more perfect community of interest than the West has ever known. This practical identity of industrial motive will render remedies for economic ills comparatively easy of discovery, and lessen the native Western inclination to political unrest and cabal.

Another and much-to-be-desired effect of the bill will be to check some present grave violations of Federal land laws on the high plains. So long as those lands are not under irrigation they have no particular value save for grazing purposes. But grazing is profitable only with a large herd, each head of which must have twenty-five acres of range for its year's food. In recent years, as the herds have multiplied, the cattlemen have been taking possession of vast tracts of these vacant lands, exercising a prescriptive control, and gaining color of title as chance offered. The homestead law, which governs in all that territory, provides for individual entry of no more than one hundred and sixty acres, and upon conditions impossible of fulfilment on arid levels. With the connivance of Federal officers, fraudulent entries and proofs have been made by employees of the ranchmen and in their behalf, to the exclusion of future *bona fide* homesteaders. It is very probable that under the new conditions, with a renewed interest centring upon the public domain, and an increased likelihood of actual settlement, this loose practice will be reformed. As it is, millions of acres have been fraudulently segregated.

The difficulties in the way of carrying the bill into effect are more imaginary than real. While the private enterprises of the past have not been profitable, for reasons already stated, they have still furnished valuable data for the service of the future. Preliminary engineering-work has been carried on for a long time, under the direction of the national government; many available reservoir sites have been surveyed, and the practicability of the idea involved in the new bill has been thoroughly demonstrated. To carry it out is merely a matter of executive detail.

The Army and Navy Manoeuvres

With the end of the present week begins the mimic war between the army and navy, or, better, the test of our coast defences and a trial of the relative skill and accomplishments of the officers of the two services. Incidentally, the navy will undertake to show that land defences, unaided by a fleet or squadron, are not to be depended on for the protection of our harbors, while the army will strive to prove that its forts are sufficient to keep out of bombarding-range the war-ships of an attacking force. The result of most importance that is likely to be attained is a demonstration of the efficiency or deficiency of the personnel of the coast-artillery branch of the army, and of the forts, and their guns and mounts.

The theory of the manœuvres is that, in anticipation of a declaration of hostilities, a strong fleet is to make a dash for the purpose of securing a naval base somewhere about Narragansett Bay or at the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound. If the reader will consult his map, he will see that the coast at this point is indented by many deep bays, where shelter may be had, and at the same time, while the mouth of Long Island Sound is wide, the presence of many islands narrows it for purposes of defence. On the other hand, the time chosen for the manœuvres is a season of fogs, and it has

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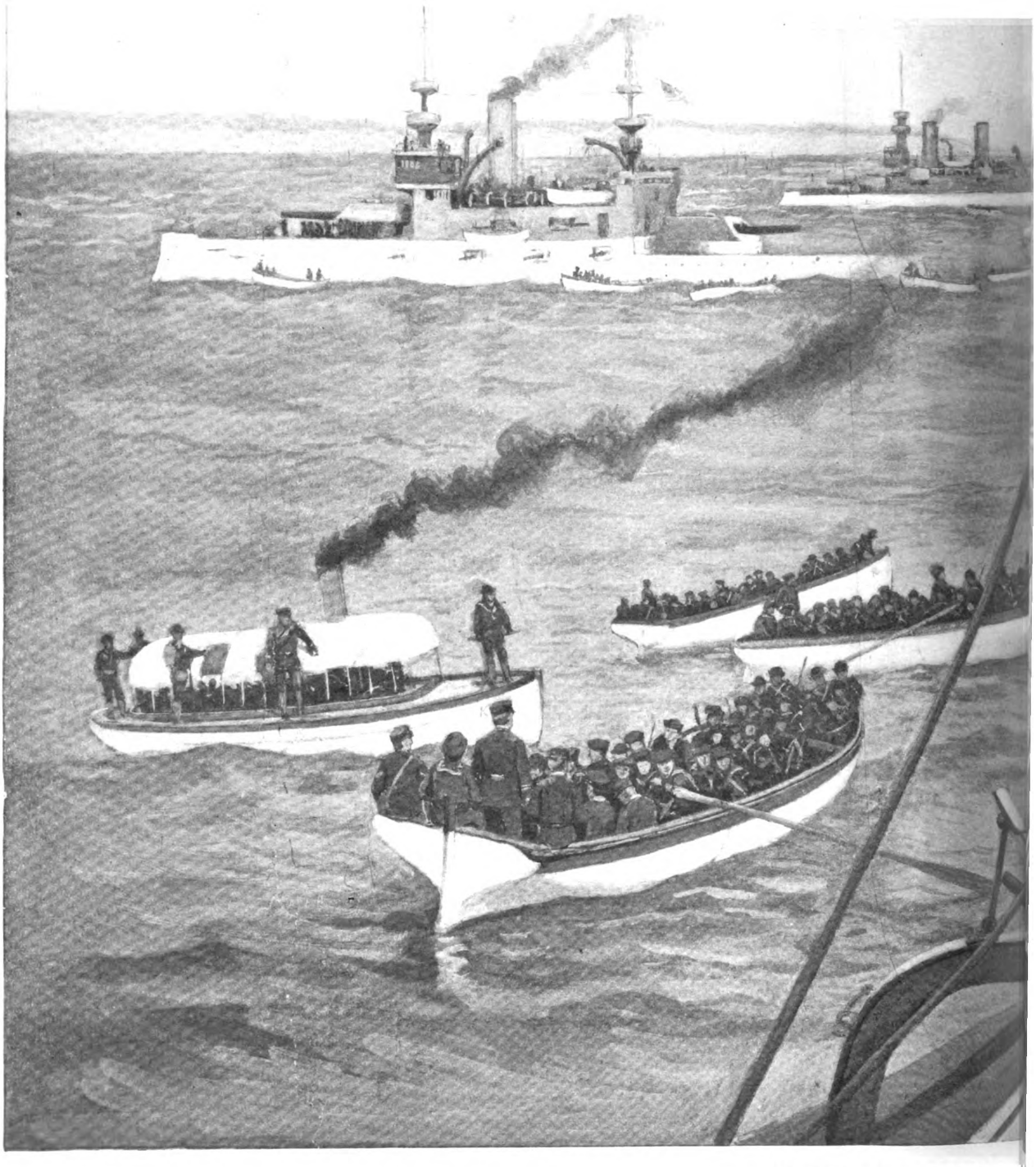
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"Alabama"

"Massachusetts"

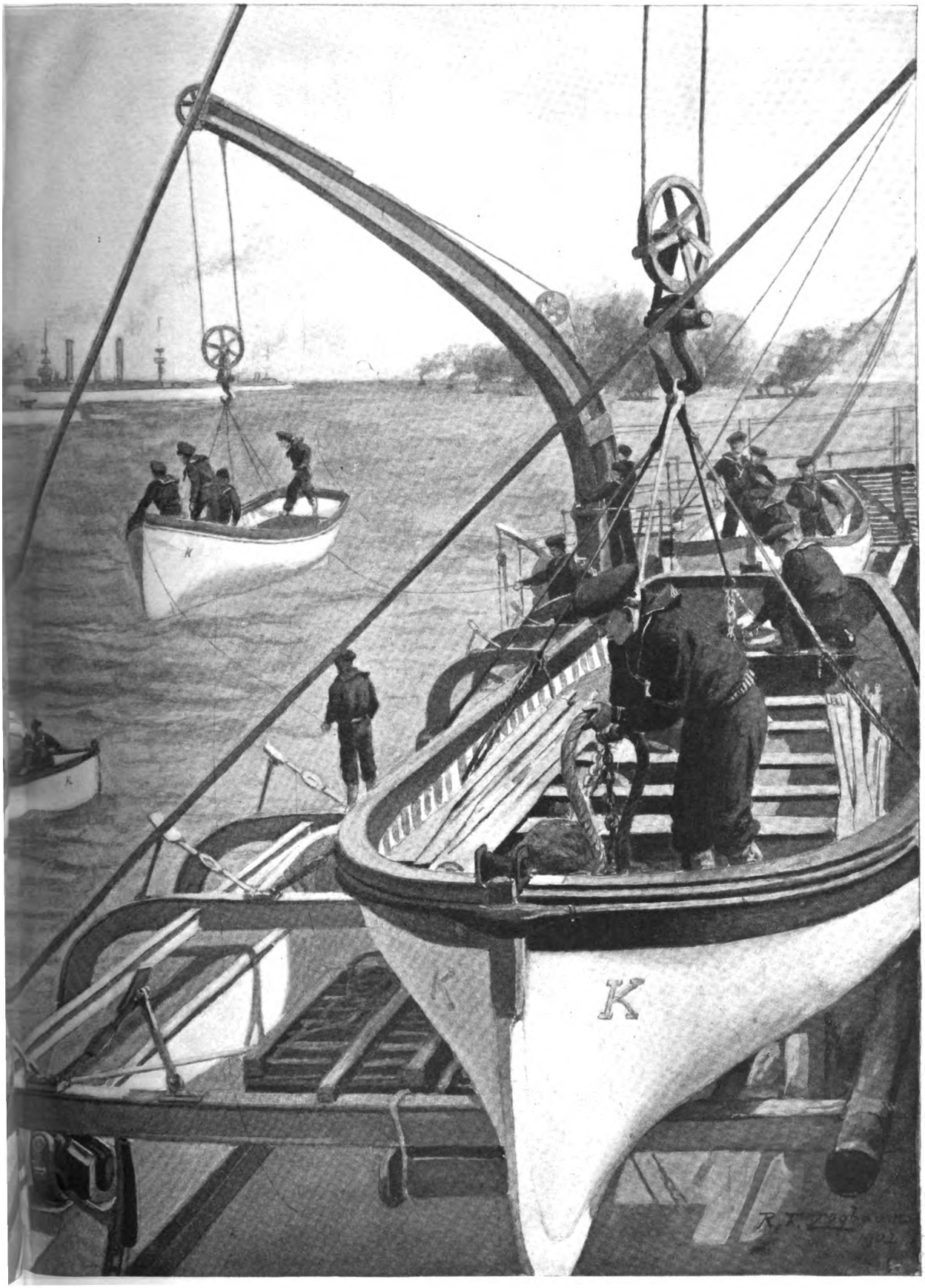


"ARM AND

Landing forces for distant service,—an important movement in the fleet during the U

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"Brooklyn" "Olympia" Torpedo flotilla coming in



"Kearsarge"

...AY, BOATS!"

...States Army and Navy manoeuvres which begin to-day in Gardiners Bay, Long Island

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always been the contention of the navy that its ships could slip in anywhere, barring submarine torpedoes, under cover of the dense fogs of autumn, which are common on our Atlantic seaboard. At the same time there is a general consensus of opinion that the southern gateway, or Narrows, of the city of New York is impregnable, and that any attack having New York for an objective would be made at the eastern end of the Sound. This, however, is not to be a naval attack upon the city. If it were, the ships would be obliged not only to pass the defences involved in these operations, but, after sailing up the Sound, would be obliged to overcome and pass the forts at the northern gateway to the city—Forts Slocum, Schuyler, and Totten, which, if properly garrisoned and worked, would also be impregnable.

The forts involved in the coming attack are as follows: Rodman, at Buzzards Bay; Adams, at Newport; Wetherill, at Conanicut Island; Greble, at Dutch Island; Mansfield, at Watch Hill; Wright, at Fishers Island; Michie, at Gull Island; Terry, at Plum Island.

The army will be under the command of Major-General Arthur MacArthur, who will have a score or more of companies of coast artillery, selected with some regard to their recorded efficiency in target practice. With them it is expected that the First Regiment of Massachusetts Militia, heavy artillery, will be joined. A detachment of the Signal Corps, under the command of General Greely, will try some interesting and perhaps valuable experiments in wireless telegraphy and with the telautograph. General Crozier will inspect the ordnance prior to the beginning of the manœuvres. The forts will be assisted by theoretical submarine mines.

The attacking force will be the North Atlantic Squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson, with Rear-Admiral J. B. Coghlan second in command. The fleet, which is now at sea, consists of the following vessels:

Battle-ships — The *Kearsarge*, Admiral Higginson's flag-ship, Captain J. N. Hemphill; the *Massachusetts*, Captain H. N. Maury; the *Alabama*, Captain W. M. Brownson; the *Indiana*, Captain W. H. Emory.

Armored Cruisers — The *Brooklyn*, Admiral Coghlan's flag-ship, Captain C. C. Todd.

Monitors — The *Puritan*, Commander A. G. Berry; the *Terror*.

Other Cruisers and Gunboats—The *Cincinnati*, Commander T. C. McLean; the *Olympia*, Captain H. W. Lyon; the *Newport*, Captain J. J. Hunker; the *Scorpion*, Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Brush; the *Panther*, Commodore J. C. Wilson; the *Prairie*, Commodore John E. Pillsbury; the *Montgomery*.

The regular force is to be assisted by naval militia from New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

A board of arbitrators will decide upon the issue. The army arbitrators are General Tasker H. Bliss and Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Story. The navy arbitrators are Rear-Admiral Philip H. Cooper and Captain William Swift. General MacArthur and Admiral Higginson are to select a fifth. At this writing the name of this fifth has not been announced.

The fleet must first be discovered by the fort attacked, and then the ships must be put out of action by the guns of the fort. Judgment will be based upon the time of fire, the direction in which the gun is aimed, and the position of the target or ship. If the gun is found to be trained on a ship, with the proper elevation, and if it is fired at the moment when the ship is within its field of fire, the ship will be declared out of action. The water in the vicinity of the fort is or should be plotted. The officer in command of the firing-station calculates the speed of the ship, the rapidity of his own projectile, and times the firing so that his shell will strike within the space covered by the vessel while she is in the plotted square. The damage done to the fort by the ship will also be calculated, but from data not nearly so full and satisfactory as that which will be possessed by the land defences.

The Passing of Great Wars

Addressing the West Point cadets last June, President Roosevelt said to them, among other things, "A soldier must not only be willing to fight; he must be anxious to fight." Any other kind of a soldier, he added, was not much good. Mr. Bryan has since pitched into him as a bloodthirsty man, who, by these remarks, had revealed a moral deformity. But the President was right. If we are going to have soldiers we want soldiers who are interested in their profession, and anxious to avail themselves of every lawful chance to practise it. When there is a war every trained officer whose health permits is deeply anxious to get a chance at it. That is at it should be. The great concern of soldiers should be to make war unpopular and dangerous. That is to be done not by keeping out of fights, but by going into them. The hope of universal peace, which is lively in these days in some minds, is based not nearly so much on a growing disapproval of war on moral and sentimental grounds, as on its increased destructiveness. If war can be made so appallingly destructive and costly that the world cannot stand it, there will come the end of it, and a good job done. But that seems likely to be accomplished not by preachers or moralists, but by soldiers who are intent on developing military efficiency.

The late M. de Bloch believed that this great work of compelling peace had already been practically accomplished. The last of his six volumes on *The Future of War* has lately been published in English by an American house. It contains his last words on the subject, and a summary of his whole argument. As most readers know, he was a Polish Jew, a banker, who made a great fortune because his brains worked better than other people's. He studied war and military concerns, and it is agreed that he studied to remarkably good purpose. His argument, which led to the Hague Peace Congress, was that the soldier had so perfected the mechanism of slaughter as to have practically put himself out of business. He costs so much that mankind can no longer afford to support him, and the efficiency of modern weapons has so increased his possible destructiveness that, M. de Bloch thought, a great war in Europe has come to be out of the question. Magazine rifles which send bullets for miles in a straight line, smokeless powder, machine-guns, and the enormous size of prospective European armies have done the business for war on a great scale, M. de Bloch thought. Little wars, like ours with Spain, or England's in South Africa, were practicable enough, he granted, but a great war in Europe—as between the Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance—he insisted years ago, was becoming more and more impracticable every day. The armies would be so great that they could neither be fed nor handled. Officers would be killed in such numbers that mere mobs of troops would be left without leaders. Non-combatants of the countries engaged would starve, even if the troops didn't, for there is hardly a country in Europe that can feed itself to-day in time of peace, and in war industry and commerce would fall off immensely, and the railroads would be busy hauling troops and their supplies. As a result of all the modern improvements in the military trade, M. de Bloch said, there is now scarcely a trace of a war party among the German officers. They have ceased to want to fight in a great war, because of their conviction that almost all of them would be killed before the war was over. If this is true, they fail to meet President Roosevelt's test of a good soldier, but their very failure is due to the results of their own professional ardor and efficiency. No soldier whose mind works normally wants to be killed. He wants to win, survive, and be promoted. If the chances are too much against him, he will still fight, of course, but he will not go far out of his way to find an opportunity.

M. de Bloch's book is prodigiously interesting. The great argument to the unfolding of which he devoted years of labor is not to be compressed into a column's space, but must be much more fully studied to be appreciated. If it is true, then the world's final court of appeal has broken down,—the instinct of self-preservation in nations will compel the invention of new machinery for the settlement of great disputes. Armies may still do police duty, as ours has done in the Philippines. It may take one more great war, or attempt at a great war, to determine whether their powers are to be limited to that.

As to Getting Married

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, formerly President of Brown University and latterly Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, has been giving a course of summer lectures at the University of Chicago. He has talked about marriage and divorce, and matters more or less associated with them, and such fragments of his remarks as have come Eastward in the news despatches have excited a good deal of discussion in the papers. Dr. Andrews seems to like to get out of the rut and express unexpected opinions, and though he seems not to have said anything very novel or startling, on this marriage question, he has been a little more vehement in setting forth some of his views than learned lecturers are used to be. The papers quote him as speaking very earnestly in favor of marriage; as saying that Providence intended that men and women should marry, that the world was made for the family, not for the individual, and that the unmarried individual of marriageable age has no place in society nor in the scheme of the universe. "The great men and women of the world," he says, "the ones whose lives were symmetrical and whose works were best for posterity, have been married." He discourages spinsters, and he is very hard indeed on bachelors, whom he considers a mischievous and disorderly class, and a detriment to society.

Almost all normal people believe in marriage in the abstract, and most of them make practical demonstration of the faith that is in them. The great majority of individuals who are fit to marry do marry, and a good many of the unfit also. There is no prevalent uneasiness, in this country, at least, for fear that the institution is losing its popularity. Religious motives still induce a good many Roman Catholics to dedicate themselves to a life of celibacy, but the number of persons so inclined is not ominous, nor is its ratio to the rest of the population increasing. To be sure, we have a good deal of trouble about divorce, but the complaint in connection with that is not that divorced persons revert to celibacy, but that they are

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over-urgent in marrying again. The real question about marriage seems to be not so much a question of whether to marry as when to marry and whom. Prudent couples who have come to regard each other with sufficient toleration to marry if the conditions are favorable, will still stay single until they think they have income enough to marry on. How much income it takes depends altogether upon the individuals. A dollar a day may seem enough. Twenty thousand a year may seem far too little. The general rule about it is that people who have got used to a certain standard of living don't like to give up living in that way, and will put off marriage a long time, and perhaps forego it altogether, rather than undertake to get along without the ordinary comforts and luxuries they have got used to. The lower the standard of living, the easier marriage is; the higher the standard, the more difficult it is, except for people of very large wealth. Thrifty people want to better themselves when they marry. Women school-teachers, and the like, who earn fairly good salaries, are not disposed to marry unless a man offers whose earnings are enough greater than theirs to make it possible for them to give their own salaries up without hardship. Girls whose parents have been able to maintain them comfortably and make life easy and pleasant for them shrink naturally enough from marrying into straitened circumstances where the problem of making both ends meet is likely to be harassing, and the older the girl is, and the more used she is to so many hats and gowns a year and to a good house in a good street, and a cheerful refuge for the summer, the more likely she is to be daunted by the prospect of a boarding-house or a cramped flat, and an unending succession of irksome economies. Even the extremely well-to-do have their troubles of this nature, for the sons and daughters of families which are used to big town houses and a variety of country houses, and to yachts and horses and journeys and sports, are prone to think that life without these embellishments would be tame, if not intolerable, and shrink from marriages which would involve any serious curtailment of luxuries.

If every one were prudent, and if the alternative to marriage were not pretty dreadful, there would not be nearly so many marriages as there are; indeed, there wouldn't be nearly enough. Happily the disposition which we call the tender passion is very apt to weaken, and even to upset, the business judgment, especially in the young. A man will see a girl who seems to him of more importance than most of his other pleasures. In order to marry that girl he will perhaps resign from his superfluous clubs, sell his horse, save money, and face a prospect which includes ready-made clothes and a small house in a suburb. A girl will see a man who is more to her than ease or fashionable raiment. They will get married, and if they have good stuff in them and their early training has not been too faulty, they will worry along and like it, and raise up children, who will agitate their declining years and make them interesting and probably laborious.

Of course rash and improvident marriages are a mistake, and are apt to lead to unhappiness and regret. But it is a mistake, too, to think that marriage is not worth some risks and considerable sacrifices. Persons who want a sure thing must be content with small dividends. Persons who put off marrying until they can marry without any inconvenience are very apt to put it off too long. Marriage is a deep-sea voyage, and should start betimes. As for the folks who want to hug the shore, let them hug the shore. No doubt it is safer, but the profit is less and the sport inferior.

Along "The Blue Juniata"

See pages 1178 and 1179

FIFTY years ago that idyllic little song, "The Blue Juniata," was known by every one. It is very simple, and yet the sentiment of the words and the gay, easily caught harmony of the music pleased the public fancy, and it was not only universally sung, but parents named their children after the heroine.

What always impressed me in this song was the river. Its beauty must be superlative—the *blue* Juniata and the *sweep* of the waters—how delightful! The rhythm of the river's name, too, made a strong appeal to my imagination; and it was these things more than anything else that impelled me to visit the stream toward the close of a recent summer. I did not get acquainted with its upper course, but kept to the hilly country through which it flows for many miles before it empties into the Susquehanna. On either side are frequent wooded ridges extending away at right angles, with pleasant farming vales between.

"No, it ain't blue just now," said a farmer on whose piazza I had taken refuge to escape a shower, "but it is usually. This year, though, we been having rains constant, and the river's been muddy all summer."

Speaking of the farms in the district as a whole, a middle-aged man, also taking a rest, said that while some ran up to two and three hundred acres, or even larger, a hundred acres was considered a fair-sized farm, and there were more under that figure than over. The tendency is for the farms to divide into smaller ones. The majority of them are mortgaged, and the farmers are just about able to meet their interest charges and other expenses and hold their own.

During my wanderings along the Juniata I went up several of the side valleys, and found them uniformly fertile and attractive. I wondered if my acquaintance at the railroad station was not mistaken about the prevalence of mortgages, but I was assured by others that he was not. Certainly the broad, smooth fields, and the numerous herds grazing on the after-math in the home lots, and the substantial houses and great barns were suggestive of comfort and plenty. The dwellings were in most cases wooden; but brick and stone were not infrequent.

Wheat was the leading crop of the region, and most barn-yards at that season contained a towering stack of straw somewhat undermined by the gnawings of the cattle. Indian corn was another heavy crop. The grain raised was nearly all ground locally, and every town had its grist-mill, usually a big stone structure in a vernal hollow with a placid mill-pond just above. These mills were delightfully rustic, and they had a pleasing air of age and repose.

A quarter of a mile down the road I found an old-fashioned cider-mill running full blast. It was a shaky little skeleton of a structure on the banks of the creek, with a blacksmith's shanty adjoining; and the mill and the shop between them drew a crowd.

Most of the cider the farmers were then making was to be boiled down for use in preparing a winter's supply of cider apple-sauce,—or apple-butter, as it was called. Apparently no family could do without this culinary luxury, and I saw the process of manufacture going on in many a back yard. It was essential that the cider should be boiled while it was perfectly sweet; and as soon as possible after it had been brought home a great copper kettle was set up in some convenient spot, and a fire built underneath. The rule was to boil the cider three-fourths away, and if the boiling was started early in the morning it would be completed by noon.

When the cider had been properly reduced, the pared and sliced apples were added and flavored—perhaps with cinnamon, or perhaps with allspice and cloves. The boiling of the apple-sauce would very probably continue into the evening. All through the afternoon the women took turns in keeping the contents of the pot stirring, for which purpose they used a wooden paddle with a very long handle inserted at a right angle. It was a relief to every one concerned when the apple-butter thickened and was pronounced done. Now it only needed to be taken up with a dipper and put into casks or earthen crocks, and it was ready to be set away.

Skirting the north bank of the Juniata was the ditch of an old canal. In the bottom was more or less stagnant water, but for the most part the hollow was overgrown with grass and weeds. Conspicuous among the latter were the sturdy, wide-branching jimson-weeds, set full of round spiny pods that were beginning to crack open and scatter their seeds. One day I came across a man hacking at these jimsons with his scythe. The sun was low in the west, and he was about to desist. "There's a heap to cut yit," he said. "I ought to 'a' started the job earlier."

I was less interested at the moment in jimsons than in finding lodgings for the night, and I asked the man where such shelter was to be had. He replied that I might perhaps stay with him—but he would have to see his wife first. Then, after mentioning that his name was Werner, he led the way up a stony lane to a tidy farm-house on a knoll well above the river. We went into a shed kitchen at the rear of the dwelling, where we found the farmer's wife and daughter busy drying peaches in the stove oven. They agreed that I could stay, and I sat down by the fire.

After supper the women cleared the table, washed the dishes and the milk-pails, and attended to the drying peaches. The boy went off to another room to study his algebra lesson for the next day at school. Mr. Werner and I sat and talked. "We have to work pretty hard," he said, "and we'd ought to keep a hired man, but we can't afford it. I've had bad luck this year. I lost a good young horse in the spring, and then, come July, I lost 'most half of my young cattle. The cattle was with other young stock from the neighbors out on a mountain pasture. We paid the owner of the land for the grazing privilege, and he was to look after the cattle; but he was careless, and a good many of 'em got into a ravine between two ridges and couldn't find their way out. There wa'n't no feed, and they et laurel. That poisoned 'em, and they died."

Across the river from the Werners' was a village, where I spent some time after my night's stay at the farm-house. Like the other hamlets I saw in the valley, this village had a look distinctly Teutonic and foreign. Its narrow streets, its stubby, cut-back trees, its paved walks and gutters, and general stiffness were reminiscent of Holland, yet it lacked Dutch cleanliness, and was tinged with an unthrifty decay and dilapidation. Among the wooden houses crowding close along the walks were many small stores and shops, which earned their proprietors a meagre living by serving the tributary farming region. The farm buggies and buckboards, carryalls, market and lumber wagons, came and went, but were never numerous enough to greatly enliven the place, or to very much disturb its tranquillity.

Indeed, I found little, either in the local life or in the appearance of the river and the country bordering, that recalled the wild, romantic flavor of that favorite song of a half-century ago, "The Blue Juniata."

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The Coronation

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *August 10.*

A CORONATION has its discomforts. Among other things it involves waking up and breakfasting at an hour which even in New York, the city *par excellence* of early risers, would be thought unseemly. I had received from the Earl Marshal's office, at the request of the American embassy, a pass into the triforium of Westminster Abbey. The gates were to be closed at nine o'clock. A hansom took me through a mile or two of the back streets of Westminster. Policemen stood at every corner, and challenged my right to pass, giving way, however, when they caught sight of my ticket. Eventually we pulled up in a mean street a quarter of a mile or so from the great pile. A peer's coach, magnificently gilded and emblazoned, with bewigged coachman, groom, and footmen, was stopped just behind me. The coachman had made a mistake and driven to the wrong entrance. I expected a "scene," but the peer and his peeress made the best of a bad job, got out of their coach, clutched their robes and coronets, and walked the rest of the way amid the cheers and laughter of the swarming gamins. I turned into Dean's Yard, usually the quietest of all the little havens in which London abounds, but now alive and brilliant with troops and coronation guests — admirals and generals and judges and court officials, and women with white plumes in their hair, and the lowest of low-cut court dresses, with gorgeous trains carried over the arm—and so passed into the cloisters, where a placard, hung over an opening in the wall, announced the entrance to the South Triforium. Through the opening I went, and up the seven-hundred-year-old corkscrewy stone staircase, so narrow that one brushed against the sides of it, and so dark that one had to feel for each step—up and up and round and round, until at last an usher, in white breeches and stockings and velvet coat with gold buttons, and a generous flummery of lace and ruffles, drew me courteously through an arch, and I found myself in the South Triforium, some hundreds of feet above the nave. It was then about 8.30, and as the King was not scheduled to start from Buckingham Palace till eleven, there was plenty of time to look around. The floor space of each transept was given up to gently rising tiers of seats, of Chippendale design, and upholstered in cream—the peeresses on the north side, the peers facing them on the south. Above them rose colossal stands extending to the floor of the triforium itself. These were reserved for members of Parliament and their families. Looking beyond the transepts and up towards the altar, one saw more boxes and galleries on each side. Long before the King arrived, all the seats were filled up, and the general *coup d'œil* had become firmly outlined. From the height of the triforium details were, if not lost, at least somewhat blurred, possibly to the advantage of the view. Craning over the westernmost edge, just above the door by which the royal procession was to enter, and gazing up the length of the Abbey, what did one see? First, a rich blue Worcester carpet stretching along the vista to the carven height of the choir screen. Then, on either side of it, the rows of guests in a mosaic of color. Here by the door a jumble of shimmering hues, a great glittering splash, that resolved itself under opera-glasses into a dozen or so Indian princes, with flashing turbans and ropes of jewels. Farther on, a long line of scarlet cloaks edged with miniver and hung with gold badges—provincial mayors these. Above them and among them, admirals in resplendent gold and blue coats over white breeches and stockings; army officers in scarlet and gold; Scottish chieftains in flowing dark green tartans; the Earl Marshal's officers showing people to their places, with crimson gold-tipped staves; and dominating all, the white plumes and dresses of the women. White was the supreme color, but many had experimented with exquisite results in pale blue and heliotrope, pink, and the lightest greens. It may have been the softened light or the merging influence of the old yellow-gray stones of the Abbey, but so far as one could see, not a wrong note was struck anywhere. Over the dark blue and amber hangings that covered the front of the galleries, the colors waved and sparkled at one as restfully as an April sea. Along the line of the boxes on the floor stood huge busbied Grenadiers as sentinels, alternating with Yeomen of the Guard dressed as in Queen Elizabeth's day. These and the yellow-gray pillars of the Abbey alone were motionless. All else went billowing and sparkling in long harmonies of shade and light. On the floor by the entrance the movement was incessant—anxious officials hovering in and out, little pages in fancy costumes trying to find the peers that belonged to them, aides-de-camp flashing in with messages at a pace that was as near a run as they dared to make it, and, above all, peeresses following one another in swift succession. English peeresses, in their robes of state, should never be allowed to sit down; they are so much more impressive walking. It was a quite wonderful sight to watch their entrance. In they came with their crimson fan-shaped trains, edged with ermine, spread out behind them on the carpet—looking, at least from the triforium, like majestic birds with shining crest, white body, and huge red tail. Their coronets they carried in their hands, and so passed resplendently up the nave and through the arch of the choir screen, where they were lost to view. At the same entrance came in the ministers and attachés and foreign ambassadors in a blaze of stars and ribbons; privy-councillors in white knee-breeches and silk stockings and blue and gold coat, jerked by the unaccustomed sword; judges and lords of Appeal in full glory of wigs and scarlet mantles; knights of the various orders in brilliant cloaks of all hues. Of all these perhaps the ones who caught the eye most surely were some of the great Indian rajahs, walking columns of silk and diamonds, opals and pearls, who flashed up the nave at a sharp military step and for the moment made all else seem colorless. These, with the peers and peeresses and the foreign ambassadors and colonial Premiers, passed through the choir screen to the privileged places beyond.

The screen made an excellent break as one's eye swept up the length of the Abbey. On the top of it were massed the orchestra, eighty strong, and the royal trumpeters, who sounded the fanfares on silver trumpets, and stood out gorgeously in their murrey and gold. Along the galleries at either end was placed the choir of four hundred picked voices. In the centre of the screen, a conspicuous figure, the conductor, Sir Frederick Bridge, in robes of brilliant flowing scarlet, waved his bâton. I walked eastward along the triforium to see what was beyond, halting just above the choir. Far below in shadow were the choir stalls, occupied by the ambassadors and ministers and rajahs whom I had seen enter. Above them a great splash of red marked the judges' gallery; then tier upon tier of women's dresses, interspersed with uniforms; then the north transept, a mass of somewhat heavy, unimposing scarlet, where sat the peeresses with coronets in their laps. Above them the colossal gallery for members of Parliament and their wives. Opposite, in the south transept, and therefore just below where I stood, the scene was duplicated, though the ermined shoulders of the peers broke the monotony of scarlet. Not many of the members of Parliament are in the regular army, yet nearly all sported a uniform of sorts. Only two or three at most appeared in ordinary morning dress. Together, the two transepts must have held nearly 2500 people. Looking beyond them, one's eye travelled over more galleries, past the exquisitely furnished royal boxes, reserved for the King's and Queen's private friends, until it rested on the altar, where all was glittering white and gold. In the space between the two transepts, called the theatre, stood the two thrones, facing the altar and set on a dais, the King's being to the right. Some five yards further on, still facing the altar, was the famous coronation chair. To the right of it, but some little distance, almost, indeed, under the shadow of an arch, stood two recognition chairs, facing northwards, with faldstools in a soft light blue before them. Down from the altar ran a magnificent Eastern rug over a blue-gray carpet.

Such, roughly, was the general setting. There was always something fresh to discover in it, and time went by easily. About ten o'clock the preliminaries began. The regalia were brought from the Jerusalem Chamber, laid on the altar, and dedicated. A procession formed, headed by trumpeters, followed by the choir, the subdean of Westminster, and the prebendaries in their crimson robes. Out bursts the splendid hymn, "O God, our help in Ages past," and with slow ecclesiastical pomp the regalia are borne down the nave and into the annex, there to await the coming of the King and Queen. They were hardly deposited before the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived and passed up the nave, the Prince to take one of three seats just in front of the rows of peers, the Princess to disappear into the royal box just behind the recognition chairs. After this it rained princesses for a while. All had huge ruby and purple trains, bordered with broad bands of gold, dragging on the carpet behind them; all were followed by their ladies, whose light gay dresses and trains of dazzling gold and white, or shimmering silver, or pale pink, looked a good deal prettier and more comfortable; all had an anxious moment as they reached the steps leading to the royal box and were called upon to negotiate three or four yards of train on a staircase with a turn in it. They did it to the stupefaction of all masculine lookers-on. I can't tell you how, but they did it. You saw a gathering in of "things," an active lady-in-waiting, the gleam of an arm—and then, the back view of a happy princess mounting upwards with her bundle.

At last! The guns are booming. The King has started from Buckingham Palace. Soon the just-caught sound of cheers outside the Abbey tell us within of his Majesty's arrival. There is a pause; their Majesties are robing in the annex. Excited officials scurry about the entrance door. Then slowly the procession enters. First, chaplains-in-ordinary, canons of the Abbey, prebendaries, and deans — a scarlet-hooded group; after them, heralds and knights and pursuivants in mediæval bravery, followed by officers of the great orders of knighthood in flowing purple—gold and the richest of blues their colors; then the standards of Ireland, Scotland, and England, borne by hereditary standard-bearers—golden-yellow and crimson; then, the four Knights of the Garter who are to hold the canopy for the King's anointing—Rosebery, Cadogan, Derby, and Spencer—each with his coronet carried by a page; behind them, Mr. Balfour in simply Privy-Councillor's uniform of blue and white, and on a line with

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him the Duke of Devonshire, more bored than ever in his heavy red robes. Then, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; the Archbishop of York in a dazzling cape of gold and white with touches of crimson damask; the Archbishop of Canterbury, magnificent in cream and blue and gold; then the Queen's regalia—the Ivory Rod, the Sceptre, and the Crown—and, lastly, the Queen herself. Her face I could not see; I am told it was tense with excitement. From the triforium one saw her well-known figure enter with dignity and steadiness, in spite of the tremendous train behind her. The train was so big—some six yards long—and so heavy—it took eight men and the Duchess ~~of Buccleuch~~ to carry it. ~~A suite of~~ six in red and white followed, and then came the four ladies in waiting, the four women of the bed-chamber, and the four maids of honor.

Another pause, and you could feel expectancy rising to a fever. We watched impatiently the beginnings of the second procession—the historic regalia, the great dignitaries with their little dots of pages behind them, the Duke of Marlborough bearing St. Edward's Crown. The King held all thoughts, and everything seemed wearisome till he appeared. At last he came, walking slowly, but with obvious firmness. A rustle and suppressed exclamation ran through the six thousand present. I thought they could hardly restrain a cheer. If one man had but raised his voice in greeting, the Abbey would have rocked with the answering thunder. But the tense moment passed in silence, and with the sincerest mingling of joy and sympathy and admiration his subjects watched their monarch pass up the nave to be crowned. All eyes followed him out of sight, barely turning even to notice the rest of the procession, though Lord Kitchener figured in it. At length the regalia were placed on the altar, the King stood up before the recognition chair facing northwards, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in harsh, resounding voice, put the fine old formula to the people: "Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the undoubted king of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you ready to do the same?" Whereon arose a great shout of "God Save King Edward," thrice repeated, and the silver trumpets broke into long and jubilant fanfare. Poor archbishop! It was the last time we in the triforium could hear his voice, near as we were. He is eighty-one years old, feeble and tottering, and very short-sighted. As the service went on, his voice grew weaker and more faltering, his steps more and more uncertain. He had to be guided by the hand of a brother bishop, and from moment to moment one expected to see him sink beneath the weight of old age and his manifold duties. Mercifully the service was comparatively short. Both the sermon and the litany were omitted, and we passed on at once to the taking of the oath. By straining round an arch I could see the archbishop addressing the King; I could hear a clear voice say, "I will." "I solemnly promise so to do," and then I saw the King's hand stretched forward and placed upon an open Bible, and heard the same clear voice, "The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me, God." Then the hand signed the oath, and the Bible was kissed and taken back to the altar. At the same moment a curtain on the north side of the altar parted, and four attendants bore into the centre of the area a gleaming cloth of gold, that even from the distance of the triforium, could not be looked at without blinking. They placed it over the coronation chair. The four Knights of the Garter, highest of all English noblemen, held it up as a canopy on four silver staves. The King is relieved of his crimson robes and cap of state, and in a few steps passes to the coronation chair. There, hidden from the view of all except those immediately in front and to the side of him, he is anointed by the archbishop on head, breast, and hands. (The ampulla, a golden oil-vessel in the form of an eagle, is borne back to the altar. The anointing spoon, a real relic—some six hundred years old—into which the oil is poured, is also carried back.) Suddenly with a flash the golden canopy is removed, and loud cries reach us of "God Bless the King," as greeting to the anointed monarch. He rises, and is invested by the Dean of Westminster with a long mantle of cloth of gold, hardly less brilliant than the vanished canopy—the sort of thing, one instinctively whispers, that kings should always wear. He sits again, and is presented with the spurs and sword with the full rites of fourteenth-century chivalry. The Lord Great Chamberlain touches the heels of the King with the pricks of a pair of golden spurs. They are at once laid on the altar. The archbishop then girds on him the sword of justice, praying that with it the King may "do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order." With that the chivalric investiture comes to an end. The King now assumes the emblems of his temporal power: first, the imperial mantle in heavy, glittering gold, then the armilla or bracelet, the world-famous orb, the ring, the sceptre with the cross—the ensign of kingly power and justice—the sceptre with the dove, which is the rod of equity and mercy.

Then came the great moment of the day. It was nearly spoiled by the archbishop's weakness. He took the crown, and standing in front of the King, prepared to place it on his head. He lifted it up and leaned forward, but whether he was afraid of overbalancing himself or had taken hold of the crown the wrong way, I do not know. At any rate, just when it was a few inches above the King's head, the archbishop swiftly withdrew it. The effect was curious. The choir, seeing the crown descending, and not seeing it withdrawn, burst into a tumultuous "God Save the King." From all parts of the Abbey came the thrilling response. The electric lights suddenly glittered into fulness: the peers and peeresses, with dazzling, simultaneous movement, put on their coronets—and the King, for the crucial second in which all this happened, remained uncrowned. Luckily at his second attempt the archbishop succeeded. The King rose with sceptre and orb in either hand, and, for the first time facing his subjects, passed over to his throne on the raised dais, there to receive homage. Princes and nobles gathered round him. The archbishop, kneeling at his sovereign's feet, swore to "bear faith and truth" to him, the rest of the clergy, also on their knees, repeating the same oath. Then the Primate, with great difficulty, arose, the King helping him, leaned over, and kissed the King on the left cheek, and so tottered away. The Prince of Wales stepped vigorously forward, took off his coronet, knelt, and did "become your Liege man of Life and Limb, and of earthly worship, and Faith and Truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of Folks. So help me God." The words reached us in the triforium, with their shrilling flavor of a thousand years of kingship. Who was speaking? George, Prince of Wales, or the Black Prince? Where were we—1902 or 1327? Representative peers of each of the five orders likewise do homage, and so amid blare of trumpet and beat of drum the great ceremony is consummated.

Alice in Summerland

VII

"BEFORE I came here," said the Duchess at breakfast the other morning, "I was told that you people had a form of amusement called the theatre, where you all sat in rows with your hats off and watched other people cutting up scandalous monkey-shines behind the feet-lights, amid all sorts of painted landscapes, and dressed in magnificent—"

"Great Scott, Duchess," cried the Dodo, "can't you give us that sentence on the instalment plan?"

"It runs like a historical novel in a bombazine," said the March Hare.

"Magazine, my dear," said Alice, with a smile.

"Well, bombazine or magazine," retorted the March Hare, "it seems like a historical novel complete in one number."

"It's more like a continuous performance to me," said the Hatter. "And without the music."

"Shut up—every one of you!" cried the Duchess, imperiously. "I'll make my sententiousness as continuacious as I please without insulting you people."

"Your Grace is perfectly right," I observed. "We do have a form of entertainment of the kind you mentioned, known to some as the play and to others as the 'drammer.' The audience does sit in rows and with its hat off, while all that you speak of goes on, not behind the feet-lights, but behind the foot-lights—"

"Ain't feet the plurality of foot?" demanded the Duchess.

"Yes," I replied, "but—"

"Then feet-lights is correct," snapped the Duchess.

"It's not important," said I, "and your Grace may have it so. Perhaps you would like to witness one of these performances. If so, I'll get you tickets for the only drama now playing in town."

The whole party expressing the wish to visit a real theatre, I obtained the seats, and we ventured out of the city for the nonce into the scenes made famous by "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a farm play in three rounds and six scenes.

Barring a little difficulty with an usher who was disinclined to assign his seat to the Dodo, the performance passed off pleasantly, the Hatter pulling his hat down over his eyes during the last two acts, and the March Hare curling up under his seat and sleeping whenever the curtain was up. Its effect on the Duchess and the Dodo may best be described in the conversation that took place upon our return to our apartment.

VIII

"So!" said the Duchess, as we sat about the dining-room table and consumed a small supper of anchovies and pickles. "That's what you call the drammer, is it?"

"Yes," said I. "The bucolic drama, as it were."

"It didn't imbue me with colic," said the Dodo. "I didn't feel quite so much doubled up as long drawn out. I began to think it wasn't never going to end."

"What is the object of the bucolic drammer?" asked the Duchess.

"Booh! What a question!" said the Dodo. "That was very evident. Here is a great big city with a lot of poor people in it who can't afford to go to the country, so this good, kind circus-man says, 'Here, I'll bring the country to them, and let 'em buy as much as they can afford.'"

"I fancy," said I, "that the Dodo has hit the nail on the head. The main advantage of the farm play is that it gives the

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dweller in urban scenes a glimpse of country life."

"At a dollar a glimp," said the Dodo.

"What good does it do 'em?" asked the Duchess. "I wouldn't give five cents to go off into the country and just sit still for four hours looking at a farm; would you?"

"Sometimes I think I would," said I, with a sigh. "After one has been cooped up for weeks in a hot and dusty city, full of noise and wearisome toil, the quiet of the farm is soothing, and to a contemplative soul is real tonic. I am a great admirer of the farm play — in summer-time — myself, and I think it does a lot of good. It brings us closer to nature."

"As a poem I once read says," said the Dodo, reflectively,

"To sit on a fence-rail a-watchin' a farm,
Has never did no one the least bit of harm.
To watch the dear chickens a-layin' their eggs;
To eye the strong plough-horse a-stretchin' his legs;
To list to the rooster a-singin' his psalms;
To take in the Nanny Goats tendin' their lambs—
Is mighty good fun for the Peasant or King
That happens to care for just that sort of thing."

"That's my case exactly," said the Hatter. "I love the farm play because I find it so restful watching others work."

"But," said the Duchess, "we didn't see any of those things. There wasn't a single soliloquy by a cow, or a dance by a lamb, or a sign of a horse. Nothing but a stout man from the city showing how much smarter he was than anybody else."

"The animals were left to the imagination, dear," said Alice. "You know, of course, that they were there."

"Well, I can imagine a horse sitting home just as easily as I can in a great big uproar house, and without paying a cent for it," snapped the Duchess. "What do folks want to go to the theatre to imagine a cow for—or a rooster?"

The question was unanswerable, so I merely ventured, "Well, Duchess, it is the human interest this sort of play aims at."

"What human interest is there in imagining a hen?" demanded the Duchess.

Even the Dodo was at a loss for a reply, and there was silence for a moment, broken only by the snores of the Hatter.

"I didn't think there was much in the story of the play, did you, Uncle Jab?" asked Alice.

"Was there a story?" asked the Duchess, eagerly. "I must have missed it."

"Yes," said I. "There was a thread of a narrative—"

"They didn't unwind it, did they?" asked the Dodo. "If they did, I must have missed it."

"Oh yes," I observed, very uncomfortable at having to defend the reasonableness of this feature of the average farm play. "It was there, and they unravelled it, but the story of the farm play is not usually an important feature. It is the local color, the atmosphere—"

"There was lots of atmosphere!" sniffed the Duchess. "Smelled to me like Otter of Roses."

"That wasn't the play," retorted the Dodo. "That was the people in the row ahead of us. They had it on their handkerchiefs. Every time the blind heroine came out they bathed their eyes with it."

"Well, that was the only atmosphere I got," said the Duchess, "and I rather thought there was too much of it."

"But, certainly, Duchess," said I, "you must have enjoyed the music by the village choir, and the discomfiture of the village bully, and the corn-husking scene—"

"Not at all," said the Duchess. "I didn't enjoy them at all. I didn't blame the funny man for getting mad at the choir, they sang so badly, and as for the discombobulation of the village bully, I don't believe it happened, and if it did I'm sorry. The smart city man seemed to me to deserve a good licking, and I'll bet he'll get it before he gets through. As for the husking-bee, I'd have liked it very much if I could have joined in. But what fun there is in going to a party and just looking on I can't see."

"Well, as a phase of life, Duchess—" I began.

"What part of this country does that kind of life come in?" asked the Duchess.

"New England," said I. "The village store and post-office scene was very true to the life; the farm-yard was an exact reproduction of scenes I have myself looked upon many a time, and the last scene of the farm-house and the hills in the distance and the snow falling over all was notably real."

The Duchess laughed scornfully.

"Snow!" she ejaculated. "Gay snow that was. I glued my eye on one flake of it at the beginning and kept it there to the end, and it never gave a sign of melting. It's my belief it was made of paper. Where is New England, anyhow?"

"It is made up of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island—"

"Rhode Island?" said the Duchess. "That's where Newport is, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then I've got you there!" cried the Duchess, triumphantly. "I met a man from Newport once, and he told me all about the way they live there, and there wasn't anything like Quincy Adams Sawyer in Newport life."

"Well, of course," I replied, "life varies in New England just as it does in old England. The phase you saw was of one kind, and the Newport phase is of another."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" said the Duchess. "Very well, then. Only next time you take me to see a New England play give me a glimpse of life on a Newport farm—that's what I want to see—one with an automobile smash-up, and a tennis-match, and bathing-suits, and casino-huskings, ending up with a monkey dinner. If it's human interest I'm in search of I want it about interesting humans—and now off to bed, every one of you."

And with this I was left to my own reflections. I reached a conclusion before retiring that the success of a farm play depends wholly upon one's point of view. I like them tremendously, because they are pleasant spectacles, and one need not listen to the dialogue or be moved by the complications of the plot unless one is minded to; but I can imagine people who would find them an unmitigated bore.

To be Continued.

Correspondence

A DEFENCE OF THE HORSE

BROOKLYN, *August 12, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of the 9th inst. under Correspondence there is a letter from J. W. C. bearing out the letter as written by G. A. A. in your issue of the 5th of July regarding the "Horse Being a Fool."

I let the first letter pass me without answering in defence of man's best friend. But when J. W. C. writes that the horse is the most unreliable of all the domesticated animals, and calls it an erratic beast, is it not time for some one to defend the horse?

Mr. G. A. A. says that the horse is part maniac and part idiot, and every horse develops a homicidal mania at some time.

He mentions several incidents, such as a horse being frightened at a fluttering leaf, the crowing of a rooster, and so on.

Does he ever stop to think that because a woman tripped over another's skirt and fell, somebody shouted, "The bridge is falling," and because of that fool eleven persons were killed? This at the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Did he ever attend a theatre or hall full of people, and have a fire-apparatus drive past the door, and some man fool in the house shout "fire," and immediately the audience make one rush for the door?

No; the horse is not alone in being part maniac and part idiot. And the two incidents he mentions are seldom, if ever, heard of, in comparison with the number of horses in use and the valuable services they render to man.

If G. A. A. and J. W. C. want to see a fool horse, take themselves to any fire station in this city, and there await an alarm of fire. Then see a most magnificent bit of fool-horse work, dashing from his stall, into the harness, never touched by the hand of man.

Watch a Park policeman. See his horse, how he carries himself in a runaway. How he sides up to his runaway and heads him off. Watch the post-collector's horse, how he stops at his respective boxes. The cavalry horse, the ambulance horse, the carriage horse, the circus horse, and last, but not least, the faithful farm horse.

Did not Mr. G. A. A. and J. W. C. ever feel like running away after some special event, and kinder await some one to come and hunt them up? I know I have, and it's only human, and the horse is human, almost. In my every-day dealings in life my choice would be with that of a horse more than with the average run of men. Treat him (the horse) kindly, and he'll remember it; not so with the man.

I say the horse is not a fool, and I leave it to the Editor and all of HARPER'S readers.

W. IRVING GLOVER.

TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA

VICTOR, COLORADO, *August 7, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a subscriber of your periodical (and as stenographer for Stratton's Independence gold-mining company) permit me to take exception to the statement in the last issue of your paper that the electric plant at Bogota, at an elevation of 8300 feet above sea-level, was the highest of its kind.

Perhaps a word of explanation in reference to Stratton's Independence would be in order. It is a gold-mine, situated in the Cripple Creek mining district, in Teller County, Colorado. The elevation above sea-level of the district varies from 9500 to 11,000 feet. The Independence mine being near Victor, Colorado, it is safe in estimating the elevation of the mine at 10,000 feet. The mine has its own electric plant, and such being the case, possibly is the highest of like nature in active operation.

Trusting you will meet the above in the same spirit it is sent, I beg to be

Yours very truly,

Box 377. WALTER R. SWANK.

[We thought when we printed that item from Bogota that there must be one higher somewhere in the United States, but we were not aware of its exact location. The confirmation of our impression is, of course, gratifying.—EDITOR.]

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In Pastures New

By Henry Edward Rood

VIII

The Squire's Middle-aged Love-affair

WHEN Ethel and I came down stairs one morning, not long after I had purchased Job, we found Buzzer and Beeby seated on the front steps chattering to a tall, slender young girl, whose eyes were dark as the violets in the bank outside the hedge, and whose cheeks were like the wild roses which, later on, were to clamber over the stone walls. Her hair was light, her lips were pink, her ears were delicate, and she carried herself with graceful dignity. As we caught sight of her through the screen-door Ethel and I stopped momentarily on the stairs, and both exclaimed in whispers,

"Isn't she a perfect beauty!"

Buzzer felt us approaching, and, glancing up, saw us, and called:

"Come on, fother! Come out, mother! Here's Susan!"

"An' she've bwought 'e lov'iest pie!" cried Beeby, dancing up and down ecstatically. "Mos' all woobawb — all 'cept outsides, anyhow," she concluded.

As we walked out upon the front stoop Susan stood facing us, in her hand a large white plate covered by a spotless napkin, which she handed to Ethel, saying,

"Mrs. Pagent asked me to bring this over to you—I'm helping her now for a while."

"Oh yes," Ethel exclaimed. "You're Susan, and we bought our horse from your brother? Well, Mrs. Pagent is very kind to think of us, and to send this—this delicious pie," she continued, peeking under the napkin; at which both children made a dash to her, and seized her skirts, and tried to peek under also. "Please thank Mrs. Pagent for me, and say I'll be careful to return the plate and napkin."

Then, with a sweet, girlish smile, and the rose-color in her cheeks deepening a little, Susan walked down the path and beyond the hedge. When she was quite out of sight and hearing, Ethel turned to me, saying, half under her breath,

"My, but she's pretty!"

"That's what Squire Springger thinks," Buzzer remarked, in matter-of-fact tones.

"What!" said Ethel, for once thrown off her guard.

"Squire Springger an' Jason wus leaning on the gate at th' lane after supper when Susan went by," Buzzer replied, trying his best to explain, "an' he told Jason that Susan wus th' prettiest girl he'd ever laid eyes on."

"An' Jason got mad," Beeby added, in virtuous tones, "an' told him he'd orter be 'shamed t' look at pwetty durls when he wus oldenuf to swap his Sunday coat for gwaveclo'es, an' his plug hat for a asbes—asbes—for a asbestus cwown. Say, fother, what *is* a asbestus cwown?"

"I don't know, little daughter," I replied, trying not to choke. "Let's go in and breakfast now."

We had the pie for dessert at our noonday dinner, and left a generous half for Nora and Jason and Squire Springger, who finished it in the kitchen. As soon as it was disposed of the Squire came around to the edge of the orchard where I was lounging in a hammock.

"Jedge Lathrop," he began, "d'you suppose Mrs. Pagent or her new hired gal accomplished thet there dream o' delight w'ich carnal minds 'd vulgarly call rooburb pie?"

"Why, I think the children said Susan made it—the rhubarb pie we had at dinner, you mean?"

"The same," said Squire Springger, solemnly. "I thought as much. Jedge Lathrop," he added, "do you reelize th' taste an' skill, th' poetick talent, what sech a pie proves? I tell ye, sir, it's a exhibition of positive genus; nothin' short of it. Genus, sir!" he concluded, impressively.

"Yes," I assented, "it was a mighty good pie."

The Squire turned and walked toward the gateway; then stopped, and said:

"I'm goin' down to th' village, Jedge, an' maybe to White Plains. Can't tell positively jes yet, an' don't know jes when I'll be back."

Then he turned again and walked on, his head bowed slightly as if he were in deep contemplation of some important matter. I lay there in the hammock looking after the old fellow, and wondering what had come over him. I had never seen him in a serious mood, and didn't know what to make of it. Finally, however, I dismissed the matter from my mind, and it did not recur to me until after seven o'clock that evening, when Ethel was putting the children to bed and I was reclining in a steamer-chair under the two big trees in our front yard, blowing rings of smoke through the air, and watching the earliest stars come into view far, far above. The twilight had deepened to dusk, when I saw the front gate opened by a tall, broad-shouldered man pushing a bicycle. The great lamp in our hallway shed a broad ribbon of light across the path, and as he came into it I noticed that he was dressed in light flannel outing clothes. He wore a Panama hat, a black belt, and Oxford ties of patent leather. A moment later he stopped and leaned his wheel against a tree, and called out:

"Cowslips an' shoe-buttons! But it's tough work pushin' thet machine up hill!"

"Squire Springger!" I cried in amazement.

"Th' same," he responded, cheerfully. "Go back to your cheer, Jedge Lathrop—don't come to meet me no further. I'll sorter set down 'longside on thet there garden-seat."

He took a pipe-case from his pocket, extracted therefrom a beautiful French brier mounted in silver, and filled it. And then, by the light of his match, I saw that his hair had been cut short, and that his face was bereft of that mass of beard which Mrs. Goodman had likened to "a hair mattress ripped up an' bulgin' over." His mustache, too, was trimmed down, but the waxed ends stuck out in stiff points. The match dropped to the grass, and he put his foot on it as Ethel came out on the stoop. The Squire was still in the band of light from the hall lamp, and politely took off his Panama, saying,

"Them young turkeys o' yourn abed yet?"

Ethel gave a little gasp, and sat right down on the door-step, and Squire Springger continued:

"Yes, I 'low 'tis a shock, so to speak; pretty blame nigh onto a mirakle, hain't it? But I couldn't help it—reely I couldn't. Arfter dinner t'-day I gotter thinkin' what a frightful old scarecrow I wuz, anyhow. An' then I says to myself, 'No, by jing! I may be a scarecrow, but I hain't a *old* scarecrow by a long shot; likewise I hain't ever *goin'* to be old, scarecrow or no scarecrow.' So I 'lows to myself it ain't fitten fur me to be round Jedge Lathrop's place lookin' fur all the world like a mis'able old tomcat, blind in one eye, thet's lost th' end of his tail in a fight, an' got th' fur all singed offen one side of him. So I reflects, as I swallers th' last o' Mrs. Goodman's pie—"

"I think Susan made it," Ethel interrupted, mischievously.

"Oh, did she? Wal, anyhow, I sorter commiserated with myself, an' took a runnin' jump down to New York an' bought things; got a hair-cut, shave, shampoo, hed my finger-nails londried in th' barber shop, an'— Say, Jedge, what d'ye think o' them socks?"

The Squire thrust both feet further into the lamp-light, and it shone brightly upon the most gorgeous hosiery that ever was dyed scarlet and worked with yellow silk. Before I could reply, the Squire added,

"They sorter reminds me, somehow, of a eppydemic o' sca'let fever; an' I'm expectin' every minute thet them yaller embroideries 'll ring out a fire alarm."

While I was wondering what to say, Ethel came to the rescue.

"I think they're exceedingly picturesque," she remarked, sweetly.

"*Do* you? Do you, *reely?*" the old fellow inquired, his anxious manner disappearing, and his usual cheerful expression reigning again. "Wal, now, thet's kind-hearted o' you to say so, Mrs. Jedge. I shied at them socks, I'm free to say—shied clean across th' store; but the young man as hed me in charge made a dive fur th' head-stall an' brought me up to 'em again. . . . Don't know jest whatter do with this Pannymaw," he went on, reflectively, taking off his hat and gazing at it. "Ef Martha Washin'ton or her colt sees thet head-gear they'll be ambitious t' eat it up."

"I'm sure the hat is very becoming," I said, cautiously.

Squire Springger again lapsed into silence, but in a few moments he spoke, and this time in a burst of confidence.

"Looky here, Jedge Lathrop," he said, sheepishly, rubbing his left shin nervously with the heel of his right shoe, "you an' the missus knows more in one second about some things than a blind owl would know in ten thousand years."

"Yes?" said Ethel, encouragingly.

"Yes," the Squire responded. "Now I'm free to confess to you in th' bosom of th' family, so to speak, thet I'm almighty tuk with thet young person Mis' Pagent has a-helpin' her."

"Susan, you mean?" I suggested.

"The same; the identical; the particular," he replied. "And, furthermore, I don't mind sayin' as how I'm thinkin' seriously of a matrimonial lottery in thet there direction."

"Very interesting — all good wishes," Ethel managed to articulate.

"Yes," said Squire Springger. "Now I'm pretty well fixed up in clo'es an' sech like latytudinnarian excrescences, an' I've got two pounds o' caramels an' pretzels an' pep-p'mints comin' along by express with my old duds, what the man in th' store's returnin' free of charge. But I ain't on to all th' newfangled notions o' s'ciety, an' I wanter ask whether you think a gold toothpick or a bottle of hair-ile 'd be more ofay—more derigger, as it were; liabler, I mean, to ketch the female eye, an' heave a net o' trammels around a sweet young female soul? Sometimes," he continued, absently, "I think it 'd look reel deestangay for me to lean careless-like agin' a tree or a fence-post when she's goin' by an' pull out a gold toothpick, sort of as if them things didn't count f'r a great deal in this world, anyhow; an' then, agin, it looks to me as if hair-ile might be more effective."

"It is a hard question to answer off-hand, Squire," I said. "You must let us sleep on it."

"All right," he said, rising and starting around the corner of the house with his new wheel. "I'll just take a look at th' creeturs, an' go to bed."

"You'll find your animals all right," I called. "Jason fed and watered them."

Ethel and I were deciding to go to bed also, a few minutes later, when from the region of the barn came sounds loud and

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awful. We heard Isaac Watts growl and utter fierce barks; then there was a confused riot of clattering hoofs against fence-rails, frighted "moos," and the clucking and crowing of distracted fowl. Before Ethel and I could reach the barn we met Squire Springger coming toward us, tenderly caressing an elbow, and gloomily regarding a ragged hole in one of his gorgeous stockings. He went on toward Jason's house, remarking, as he passed us:

"Don't be skeered, Jedge. Th' creeturs was jest welcomin' me back home."

"Didn't they know you?" I exclaimed.

"Wal," he responded, pausing a moment in the doorway, "they didn't exactly betray no signs o' intimate an' long-standin' friendship."

I don't know at what hour Buzzer and Beeby arose the next morning; but I do know that the sun was far from high when from the lane below our windows came a rush, a ringing, and screams of childish laughter mingled with the stentorian tones of the Squire's voice as he shouted:

"Whoa, there! Whoa, I say! Easy! Easy!"

Then there was an instant of tremendous silence, broken by a whir and a large, well-developed grunt of adult proportions.

At breakfast, an hour later, the children told us all about it; how the Squire had started from the barn, where the lane has its highest rise, how he had seized the handle-bars with iron grip, and thrown himself into the saddle just as the machine started to run away. It went faster and faster, they said, leaping and plunging from side to side, while the Squire jerked the handle with all his strength, and, finally, as a last desperate resort, turned it slam-bang into the side of the lane, and pitched headlong into the air.

"And where is it now, little folks?" Ethel asked, pouring warm, rich milk into Buzzer's outstretched glass.

"He's tooked it over for a pwesent to Shusan," Beeby replied. "Naughty man in New York store soldim lady bykle. Tha's why he touldn't wide it."

"Ah!" said Ethel.

Finance

NOTWITHSTANDING many deterrents to active bull speculation, which in former years would have been followed by declining prices, the securities markets have ruled strong lately. Not a day has passed without its quota of "high record prices," made by various stocks, railway and industrial, cheap and dear. The outside public has manifested no interest in the stock-market's fluctuations, the allurement of this possible way of winning quick wealth not being potent enough to pierce through the settled apathy of the lambs. The investor remains also undisturbed. The securities which he holds are very high, but he will not dispose of them, because he is puzzled to reinvest his surplus more profitably, all securities, those which he holds and those which he does not, being on the same altitudinous plane. As for realizing on his investments and hoarding the cash, there is no reason why he should do so. The country may not become more prosperous and the intrinsic value of the securities in his strong-box may not appreciate further, but there is no very black cloud in the financial sky just now, unless it be that which is imagined by the more timid, begotten possibly of the curious superstition that much happiness cannot last long, and, similarly, that the present prosperity is so great and has lasted so long that the culmination of it should not be far off. This class of investors numbers many who disposed of their securities some months ago, and have in the mean time seen the prices of the same securities rise still further or hold their own firmly. Without the co-operation of either the investing or the speculating public, such transactions as have taken place in the stock-market have been obviously the result of "professional" trading. In open defiance of money-market uncertainties, there have been pools and individual operators of large calibre who have continued their stock-market manipulation as blithely as if the monetary outlook were cloudless and the supplies of the munitions of war unlimited. To the extent that such manipulation has had for an object the arousing of public interest sufficiently to "market" the lines of stocks acquired by the manipulators at lower figures, it has been a failure. But it is possible that the foresight of these operators is marvellously clear, and that their present manœuvres are preliminary to a more extensive and more aggressive campaign, justified by future developments known or foreseen by them alone. The highly professional character of the stock-market has frightened some, has mystified others, and forces students of the financial situation to fall back on the consideration of general conditions, though these have undergone no appreciable change lately.

The absence of hearty co-operation that has attended the efforts of the cliques and individuals who have been responsible for nearly all the advances in stock prices is directly traceable to the monetary outlook. The crops promise to be unusually heavy. That is a bull argument. But it will take money to move those same heavy crops, and New York will be called upon for help, as usual. The demand for currency from the interior, moreover, finds the New York banks with their surplus reserves much below what they usually hold at this season. That is a bear argument, since it obviously precludes extensive bull speculation, which can only be carried on with the aid of money loaned by the financial institutions. The reserves of the New York banks are lighter to-day than at this time in any year since the hard times of '93. At this moment, there has been some relief from the heavy pension disbursements, which has checked the loss of money to the Treasury resulting from the excess of government receipts over expenditures. Should there be a further falling off in the receipts from customs the banks will suffer less from the irrational fiscal system which the most practical nation in the world persists in permitting to exist. Further relief in the local money-market will come from the resumption of the loans made by foreign bankers to New York through operations in the foreign-exchange market. The delicate relations existing between the money-markets of the world render such operations logical. Foreign exchange rates have fallen materially below the gold-exporting point, because foreign capital is loaning in New York, being attracted hither by the higher cash rate at this centre. The Bank of England's proportion of reserve to liability is the same as it was a year ago; the Bank of France has been increasing its supply of gold and decreasing its loans; the reserves of the New York Associated Banks, on the other hand, have been steadily dwindling. Heavy selling of sixty and ninety day grain and cotton bills is the method employed to borrow Europe's money, and this, combined with the conditions outlined above, may enable us to avoid a really serious pinch in money. There is no doubt that we shall have a large available surplus of agricultural products for export, with which to pay for the recent borrowings. But to what extent we shall be able to reduce our total indebtedness cannot be predicted, since none can tell how much of our corn and cotton Europe will take from us. That such a showing in our foreign trade as was made during the past year will not be repeated during the next twelve months is certain. But the amount owed by our bankers and syndicates to Europe is enormous. All in all, it will be seen that while the chances of serious monetary trouble this autumn have been greatly lessened by the present condition and prospects of the crops, the situation is still a delicate one, and one which must be watched with the utmost care.

Money-market uncertainties, however, constitute but one phase of the situation. Many competent observers, who counsel conservatism for the time being, are firm believers in ultimately higher security prices. Their belief is based upon an equally strong conviction that the business of the country generally will be greater during the next year than during the past. It is well to weigh carefully such facts and expectations as are presented in support or in rebuttal of such a belief. In 1896 the average price of the active railway stocks was $41 per share. To-day, six years later, it is over $125. At that time quoted values were below actual values, and far below, of course, potential values. The American people were not only down to hard-pan; they were even lower. The productive forces of the richest nation in the world's history, pent up during the years of the period of depression and repression, at last burst forth, and aided by Providence, produced a period of remarkable prosperity. This prosperity, and its duration, its extent, its stability, were underestimated. The growth of the country, in population, in development of natural resources, in industrial enterprises and productive skill, was stupendous. This growth placed the railways in a position of solidity, which the increased knowledge of scientific operation has made doubly secure. The increase in permanent traffic resulting from the greater population, greater wealth, and greater industrial development put out of the question the possibility that the transportation industry of this country will ever again sink to the depths of past years. This, to be sure, means that it is unlikely the average price of railway stocks will sell again at the low level of 1896. But at present it is evident that if value-making conditions have improved enormously, so have prices risen proportionately. The growth of our foreign trade of late years is reassuring to the optimists, but the figures of the last fiscal year show a very great falling off in the excess of exports over imports, due, to be sure, to the failure of last year's corn crop. While a repetition of this is not to be expected this year, and while the volume of exports of manufactures kept up, at the same time over-optimism is not judicious in stating generalities. Further advances in stock prices will not be justified unless there is a corresponding increase in values. Large crops will insure large earnings to the railroads, but they will also mean lower prices for staples, and a consequent non-increase in the purchasing power of the agricultural class. The majority of stocks can scarcely be tempting to investors at the prevailing level. The demand of bonds also shows that the public is well provided, and syndicates are now carrying huge blocks which they have been unable to market. These various conditions and expectations show the wisdom of conservatism in making new ventures in the security market. The period of prosperity is in its sixth year. There are excellent prospects of its prolongation for at least another twelvemonth. There may be even greater prosperity. But only in such a contingency would a further rise in price, because of the increased intrinsic value, seem to be justified.

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Financial

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ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
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FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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"And lay on the table four thousand pounds"

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVI

MORAL LESSONS

MRS. BONFILL sore at the damage to her infallibility; Barmouth still feeling that rude and sacrilegious thrust at ennobled ribs; Lady Barmouth unable to look her neighbors in the face; Mervyn fearing the whispers and the titters; Lady Blixworth again wearily donning her armor, betaking herself to Barslett, goading Audrey Pollington into making herself attractive; the Glentorlys and a score more of exalted families feeling that they had been sadly "let in," treacherously beguiled into petting and patronizing an impossible person; Airey Newton oppressed with scorn of himself, yet bound in his chains; Peggy persuaded that something must be done, and shaken out of her usual happiness by the difficulty of doing it: all these people, and no doubt more besides, proved that if the world is not a football for every wanton toe, neither is it an immovable, unimpressionable mass, on which individual effort and the vagaries of this man or that make absolutely no impression. Trix's raid had met with defeat, but it had left its effect on many lives, its marks in many quarters. A sense of this joined with the recognition of her own present wretched state to create in Trix the feelings with which she regarded her past proceedings and their outcome. So many people must have grudges against her; if she was not penitent, she was frightened; her instinct was to hide, however much she might still hanker after the glories of conspicuous station. Of Airey's disturbance and of Peggy's fretting, indeed, she had only a vague inkling; the world she had left was the vivid thing to her; it seemed to ring with her iniquities as her guilty ears listened from the seclusion of Harriet Street, Covent Garden. She knew it called her impossible; she could not have resented Lord Glentorly's "pirate craft."

Not even on Mervyn himself had she been so great an influence as on Beaufort Chance, and, great as the influence was, Beaufort greatly, though not unnaturally, exaggerated it. He set down to her account all the guilt of those practices for which he had suffered and of which Fricker was in reality the chief inspirer; at any rate, if she had not counselled them, she had impelled him to them, and had then turned round and refused him the reward for whose sake he had sinned. If he ranked now rather with Fricker than with Mervyn or Constantine Blair, or the men of that sort who had been his colleagues and his equals, the heaviest of the blame rested on Trix. If the meshes of the Fricker net enveloped him more closely day by day, hers was the fault. Countenanced by an element of truth, carried the whole way by resentment, by jealousy, and by the impulse to acquit himself at another's expense, he would have rejoiced to make Trix his scapegoat and to lay on her the burden of his sins. Though she could not bear his punishment, he welcomed her as his partner in misfortune. He longed to see her in her humiliation, and sought a way. When he asked himself what he meant to say to her he could not answer; his impulse was to see her in the dust.

The Frickers often talked of Trix—Fricker with the quiet smile of a man who has done what he had to do and done it well; Mrs. Fricker with heavy, self-complacent malevolence; Connie with a lighter yet still malicious raillery. An instinct in Chance made him take small part in these discussions and display some indifference towards them; but soon he gleaned what he wanted from them. Fricker had found out where Trix was; he had received a brief note from her, asking to be informed of the full extent of her speculative liabilities. He described with amusement the lucid explanation which he had sent.

"When she's paid that, and her other debts—which must be pretty heavy—there won't be much left, I fancy," he reflected.

"Where is she?" asked Connie, in passing curiosity.

"I forget. Oh, here's the letter. Thirty-four Harriet Street, Covent Garden. Hardly sounds princely, does it, Connie?"

They all laughed, and Beaufort Chance with them. But he hoarded up the address in his memory. The next moment, by an impulse to conceal his thoughts, he stole an affectionate glance at Connie and received her sly return of it. He knew that, whatever feeling took him to Trix Trevalla's, his visit would not win approval from Connie Fricker.

On the following morning Mr. Fricker saw that address at the top of another note, whose author introduced herself as a great friend of Mrs. Trevalla. Smiling with increased amusement, he gave her what she asked—an appointment for the following afternoon. It would be Saturday, and Fricker bade her come to his house, not to his office. He had heard Connie speak of her with some envy, and saw no reason why the two girls should not

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become acquainted. The object of the visit was, he supposed, to make an appeal on Trix Trevalla's behalf. Experience taught him that women attached an extraordinary efficacy to a personal interview—extraordinary, that is, where the other party to the interview was not a fool. His anticipation of the meeting did not differ much from Lady Blixworth's satirical suggestion of its course.

When Peggy came at the appointed hour (she was so far human, Mr. Fricker's suspicions so far justified, that she had taken much pains with her toilet) she was ushered into the drawing-room, not the study, and was met by Connie with profuse apologies. A gentleman had called on papa most unexpectedly; papa had to see the gentleman because the gentleman was leaving for Constantinople the next day. It was something about the Trans-Euphratic Railway, or something tiresome. Would Miss Ryle mind waiting half an hour and having a cup of tea? Mamma would be so sorry to miss her, but it was Lady Rattledowney's day, and Lady Rattledowney was lost without mamma. Did Miss Ryle know the Rattledowneys? Such dear people the Rattledowneys were! They were also, it may be observed, extremely impecunious.

Thus vivaciously inaugurated, the conversation prospered. Peggy, sorely afraid of giggling, studied her companion with an amusement sternly repressed, and an interest the greater for being coupled with unhesitating condemnation. Connie ranged over the upper half of the Fricker acquaintance; she had been warned to avoid mention of Trix Trevalla, but she made haste to discover any other common friends: there were the Eli-Simpkinsons and the Moresby-Jenkinses, of course; a few more also whom Peggy knew. Mrs. Bonfill figured on Connie's list, though not, she admitted, of their intimate circle. ("She has so much to do, poor Mrs. Bonfill, one can never find her!" regretted Connie.) Over Lady Blixworth, whose name Peggy introduced, she rather shied.

"Mamma doesn't think her very good form," she said, primly.

Rushing for any remark to avert the threatened laugh, Peggy made boldly for Beaufort Chance.

"Oh yes, he's a very particular friend of ours. We think him delightful. So clever, too! He's always in and out of the house, Miss Ryle." She blushed a little, and met Peggy's look with a conscious smile.

Peggy smiled too, and followed the next direction taken by Miss Connie's handsome eyes.

"I see you've got his photograph on the table."

"Yes. Mamma lets me have that for my particular table."

Evidently Peggy was to understand that her companion had a property in Beaufort Chance; whether the intimation was for Peggy's own benefit or for transmission to another was not clear. It was possibly no more than an ebullition of vanity—but Peggy did not believe that.

"We ride together in the morning sometimes, and that always makes people such friends. No stiffness, you know."

Peggy, wondering when and where any stiffness would intrude into Connie's friendship, agreed that riding was an admirable path to intimacy.

"And then he's so much connected in business with papa; that naturally brings him here a lot."

"I don't suppose he minds," suggested Peggy, playing the game.

"He says he doesn't," laughed Connie, poking out her foot and regarding it with coy intensity, as she had seen ladies do on the stage when the topic of their affections happened to be touched upon.

Understanding the accepted significance, if not the inherent propriety, of the attitude, Peggy ventured on a nod which intimated her appreciation of the position.

"Oh! it's all nonsense anyhow, isn't it, Miss Ryle? What I say is, it's just a bit of fun." In this declaration Connie did less than justice to herself. It was that, but it was something much more.

Peggy was vastly amused, and saw no reason to be more delicate or reticent than the lady principally concerned.

"May we congratulate you yet?"

"Gracious, no, Miss Ryle! How you do get on!"

At this Peggy saw fair excuse for laughter, and made up her arrears heartily. Connie was not at all displeased. Peggy "got on" further, chaffing Connie on her conquest and professing all proper admiration for the victim.

"Mind you don't say anything to mamma," Connie cautioned her. "It's all a dead secret."

"I'm very good at secrets," Peggy assured her.

"He gave me this," murmured Connie, displaying a bangle.

"How perfectly sweet!" cried Peggy.

"It is rather nice, isn't it? I love diamonds and pearls. Don't you, Miss Ryle? Lady Ratt'downey admired it very much."

"Did you tell her where it came from?"

"No; and mamma thinks I bought it!"

Peggy had arrived at the conclusion that this guilelessness was overdone; she adopted, without serious doubt, the theory of transmission. Nothing was to be repeated to mamma, but as much as she chose might find its way to Trix Trevalla. The information was meant to add a drop of bitterness to that sinner's cup. Peggy was willing to take it on this understanding—and to deal with it as might chance to be convenient.

"I hope you haven't found me very dull, Miss Ryle?"

"No!" cried Peggy, with obvious sincerity. Connie had been several things, which Peggy subsequently detailed, but she had not been tiresome.

The interview with Mr. Fricker was in a different key, the only likeness being that the transmission theory still seemed applicable, and indeed inevitable here and there. The giggles and the coyness were gone, and with them the calculated guilelessness: the vulgarity was almost gone. Fricker was not a gentleman, but, thanks to his quietness and freedom from affectation, it was often possible to forget the fact. He had a dry humor, she soon found, and it was stirred by the contrast between his visitor's utter ignorance of business and her resolutely businesslike manner. It was evident that she did not intend to clasp his knees.

"I see you've taken my measure, Miss Ryle," he remarked. "Mrs. Trevalla has shown you my letter, you tell me, and you have come to make me a proposition?"

"It seems from the letter that they can go on making her pay money?"

"Precisely—at stated intervals and of definite amounts. Three several amounts of one thousand pounds at intervals of not less than two months—the first being due immediately, and the others sure to come later."

"Yes, I think I understand that."

"I endeavored to express myself clearly, Miss Ryle."

Peggy ignored a profane gleam of amusement in his eye.

"I suppose it's no good talking about how she came to buy such curious shares," began Peggy.

"I think you'll have gathered from Mrs. Trevalla that such a discussion would not be fruitful," interposed Fricker.

"Have you got to pay too?"

"That question is—pardon me—worse than fruitless; it's irrelevant."

"She can't pay that money and what she owes besides unless she has time given her. And, even if she has, she'll worry herself to death, waiting and watching for the—for the—"

"Calls," he suggested. "That's the legal term."

"Oh yes. The calls."

"I am not the company; I am not her creditors. I can't give Mrs. Trevalla time."

"You wouldn't if you could!" Peggy blazed out.

"Irrelevant again," he murmured, gently shaking his head.

"I didn't come here to beg," Peggy explained. "But I've a sort of idea that if you had the shares instead of Trix, you could get out of it cheaper somehow. I mean, you could make some arrangement with the company, or get rid of the shares or something. Anyhow, I believe you could manage to pay less than she'll have to."

"It's possible you're flattering me there."

"You'd try?"

"You may, I think, give me the credit of supposing I should try," said Fricker, smiling again.

"She'll have to pay, or—or try to pay—"

"She'll be liable to pay—"

"Yes, liable to pay three thousand pounds altogether?" He nodded. "What are the shares worth?"

"Three thousand pounds less than nothing, Miss Ryle."

His terrible coolness appalled Peggy. She could not resist a glance of horror, but she held herself in hand.

"Then, if you took them, the most you'd lose would be three thousand pounds, and you'd have a very good chance of losing less?"

"I don't know about a good chance. Some chance, shall we say?" He was more than tolerant; he was interested in Peggy's development of her idea.

Peggy leant her elbows on the writing-table between them.

"I want her to be rid of the whole thing—to think it never happened. I want you to take those shares from her: tell her that they've become of value, or that you made a mistake, or anything you like of that sort, and that you'll relieve her of them. If you did that, how much money should you want?"

"You wish to do this out of kindness? To take a weight off Mrs. Trevalla's mind?"

"Yes, to take a weight off her mind. It's funny, but she frets more over having bungled her money affairs and having been made—having been made silly, you know—than over anything else. She's very proud, you see."

Fricker's smile broadened. "I can quite believe she's proud," he remarked.

"Of course, she knows nothing about my being here. It's my own idea. You see what I want, don't you?"

"As a business transaction, I confess I don't quite see it. If you appeal to my good-nature, and ask me to make sacrifices for Mrs. Trevalla—"

"No. I don't expect you to lose by it."

Fricker saw the look that she could not keep out of her eyes. He smiled fixedly at her.

"But I thought that if you could satisfy them—or get off somehow for—well, one thousand pounds, or—or at most one thousand five hundred pounds" (Peggy was very agitated over her amounts), "that—that I and some other friends could manage that, and then—why, we'd tell her it was all right!" A hint of triumph broke through her nervousness as she declared her scheme. "I can't be absolutely sure of the money except my own, but I believe I could get it." She worked up to a climax. "I can give you five hundred pounds now—in notes, if you like," she said, producing a little leather bag of a purse.

Fricker gave a short dry laugh; the whole episode amused him very much, and Peggy's appearance also gratified his taste. She unfastened the bag, and he heard her fingers crackle the notes, as she sat with her eyes fixed on his. Appeal had been banished from Peggy's words; it spoke in her eyes in spite of herself.

"Mrs. Trevalla has perhaps told you something of her relations

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ith me?" asked Fricker, clasping his long, are hands on the table.

"I don't defend her; but you don't fight ith women, Mr. Fricker?"

"There are no women in business mat-rs, Miss Ryle."

"Or with people who are down?"

"Not fight, no. I keep my foot on them." He took up a half-smoked cigar and re-t it.

"I'm not a Shylock," he resumed, with smile. "Shylock was a sentimentalist. I'd ve taken that last offer—a high one, if remember — and given up my pound of sh. But you expect me to do it for much ss than market-value. I like my pound flesh, and I want something above mar-t-value for it, Miss Ryle. I've taught Mrs. revalla her little lesson. Perhaps there's o need to rub it in any more. You want me o make her think that she can get out of lowing Stars without further loss?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to take the risk on yself? The loss may run to three thou-and pounds, though, as you say, a lucky hance might enable me to reduce it." His rtile mind had inklings of a scheme al-eady, though in the vaguest outline.

"Yes," said Peggy again, not trusting her-elf to say more.

"Very well; now we understand." He eaned right over towards her. "I think ou're foolish," he told her, "you and the ther friends. The woman deserves all she's ot: she didn't play fair with me. I haven't spark of sympathy for her. If I followed y feelings, I should show you the door. But don't follow my feelings when I see a air profit in the other direction. If Mrs. revalla had acted on that rule she wouldn't e where she is." He thrust his chair back ddenly and rose to his feet. "I'll do what ou wish, and back up the story you mean to ell her, if you'll come again and bring that retty little bag with you, and take out of t and lay on this table—" He paused in ilful malice, tormenting Peggy and watch-ng her parted lips and eager eyes. "And ay on the table," he ended, slowly, "four housand pounds."

"Four—!" gasped Peggy, and could get o further.

"Three to cover risk, one as a solatium or the wound Mrs. Trevalla has dealt to ny pride." His irony became unwontedly avage as he snarled out his gibe.

Peggy's face suddenly grew flushed and er eyes dim. She looked at him and knew here was no mercy. He did not spare her

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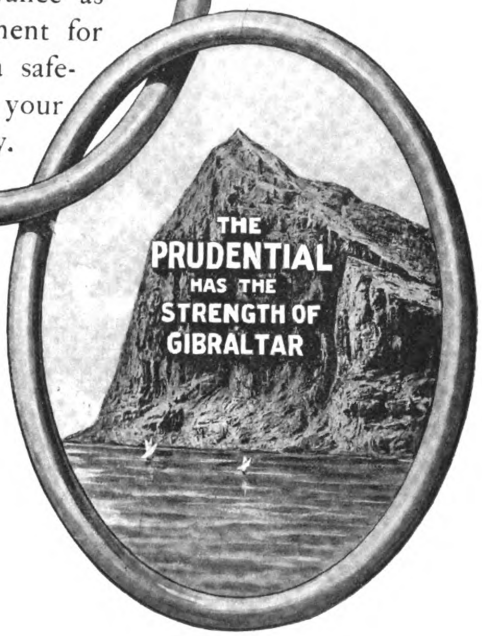
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his gaze, but when she conquered her dismay and sat fronting him with firm lips again he smiled a grim approval. He liked pluck, and when he had hit his hardest he liked best to see the blow taken well. He became his old, self-controlled, calm self again.

Peggy shut her bag with a click and rose in her turn. Her first words surprised Mr. Fricker.

"That's a bargain, is it?" she asked.

"A bargain, certainly," he said.

"Then will you put it in writing, please?" She pointed at the table with a peremptory air.

Infinitely amused again, Fricker sat down and embodied his undertaking in a letter, ceremoniously addressed it to Miss Ryle, expressed and signed in the name of his firm; he blotted the letter and gave it to her in an open envelope.

"It's as well not to trust to memory, however great confidence we may have in one another, isn't it?" said he.

"Much," agreed Peggy, dryly. "I don't suppose I can get all that money, but I'm going to try," she announced.

"I dare say there are people who would do a great deal for you," he suggested, in sly banter.

Peggy flushed again. "I shouldn't ask any one like that. I couldn't." She broke off, indignant with herself; she had taken almost a confidential tone. "It's not your concern where or how I get it."

"You express the view I've always taken most exactly, Miss Ryle."

He was openly deriding her, but she hardly hated him now. He was too strange to hate, she was coming to think. She smiled at him as she asked a question:

"Does money always make people like what you are?"

"Money?" Fricker stood with his hands in his pockets, seeming a little puzzled.

"I mean, always bothering with it and thinking a lot of it, you know."

"Oh no! If it did, all men of business would be good men of business, and, luckily, there are plenty of bad."

"I see," said Peggy. "Well, I'll come back if I get the money, Mr. Fricker."

"I'm glad Connie gave you some tea."

"We had a very nice talk, thank you."

"I won't ask you to remember me to Mrs. Trevalla."

"She's not to know I've seen you. You've put that in the letter?"

"Bless my soul, I'd forgotten! How valuable that written record is! Yes, you'll find it there all right. The transaction is to be absolutely confidential, so far as Mrs. Trevalla is concerned."

He escorted her to the door. As they passed through the hall Connie's voice came from upstairs:

"Won't Miss Ryle take a glass of wine before she goes, papa?"

Fricker looked at Peggy with a smile.

"I don't drink wine," said Peggy, rather severely.

"Of course not—between meals. Connie's so hospitable, though. Well, I hope to see you again."

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"I really don't believe you do," said Peggy. "You love money, but—"

"I love a moral lesson more? Possibly, Miss Ryle; but I at least keep my bargains. You can rely on my word if—if you come again, you know."

Peggy's hansom was at the door, and he helped her in. She got into the corner of it, nodded to him, and then sank her face into the fluffy recesses of a big white feather boa. All below her nose was hidden; her eyes gleamed out fixed and sad; her hands clutched her little bag very tightly. She had so hoped to bring it back empty; she had so hoped to have a possible though difficult task set her. Now she could hear and think of nothing but those terrible figures set out in Fricker's relentless tones —"Four thousand pounds"!

Fricker turned back into his house, smiling in ridicule touched with admiration. It was all very absurd, but she was a girl of grit. "Straight, too," he decided, approvingly.

Connie ran down stairs to meet him.

"Oh, what did she want? I've been sitting in the drawing-room just devoured by curiosity! Do tell me about it, papa!"

"Not a word. It's business," he said, curtly, but not unkindly, "Inquisitiveness is an old failing of yours. Ah!"

His exclamation was called forth by an apparently slight cause. Connie wore a white frock; to the knees of it adhered a long strip of fawn-colored wool.

"You were sitting in the drawing-room devoured by curiosity?" he asked, reflectively.

"Just devoured, papa," repeated Connie, gayly.

Mr. Fricker took hold of her ear lightly and began to walk her towards his study.

"Odd," he said, gently, "because the drawing-room's upholstered in red, isn't it?"

"Well, of course." Connie laughed rather uneasily.

"And, so far as I know, the only fawn-colored wool mat in the house is just outside my study door."

"What do you mean, papa?" Connie was startled, and tried to jump away; Mr. Fricker's firm hold on her ear made it plain that she would succeed only at an impossible sacrifice.

"And that's the precise color of that piece of wool clinging to your frock. Look!" They were on the mat now; the study door was open and there was ample light for Connie to make the suggested comparison. "Look!" urged Fricker, smiling and pinching his daughter's ear with increasing force. "Look, Connie, look!"

"Papa! Oh, you're hurting me!"

"Dear me, I'm sorry," said Fricker. "But the thought of people listening outside my door made me forget what I was doing." It seemed to have the same effect again, for Connie writhed. "How difficult it is to get straightforward dealing!" reflected Fricker, sadly. "My dear Connie, if you happen to have caught any of the conversation, you will know that Mrs. Trevalla has learned the advantage of straightforward dealing."

Connie had nothing to say; she began to cry rather noisily. Fricker involuntarily thought of a girl he had seen that day who would neither have listened nor cried.

"Run away," he said, releasing her; his tone was kind, but a trifle contemptuous. "You'd better keep my secrets if I'm to keep yours, you know."

Connie went off, heaving sobs and rubbing her assaulted ear. She was glad to escape so cheaply, and the sobs stopped when she got round the first corner.

"Connie's a good girl," said Fricker, addressing the study walls in a thoughtful soliloquy. "Yes, she's a good girl. But there's a difference. Yes, there is a difference." He shrugged his shoulders, lit a fresh cigar, and sat down at his writing-table. "It doesn't matter whether Connie knows or not," he reflected, "but we must have moral lessons, you know. That's what pretty Miss Ryle had to understand—and Mrs. Trevalla, and now Connie. It 'll do all of 'em good."

Then he looked up the position of the Glowing Star, and thought that an amalgamation might possibly be worked and things put in a little better trim. But it would be troublesome, and—he preferred the moral lesson, after all.

To be Continued.

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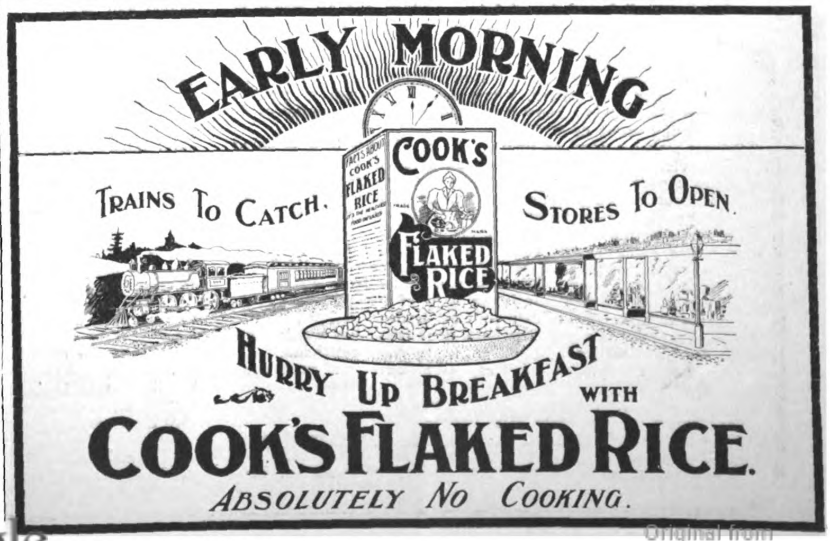
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"How could he tell why infant industries requires de sustaining hand?"

Chimmie Fadden: Of Mr. Devery's Excellence

Mr. Paul Utters Anarchistic Views

WHISKERS was reading de poipers when I goes into de libray to put anodder cord of wood on de fire, and I seen dat he had someting on his mind dat scratched.

But foist let me ask you what's de matter wit de wedder? Is it troubled wit dose volcanoes in de Dago Islands, or is it de eartquakes out in California? I've earned me wages all summer, all right, for what wit keeping warm one day and dry de next, de log fires in our shack holes out to boin most of de time, and I'm up against it hard for de reason why. So I asks Mr. Paul what was doing.

He taught awhile, den he says: "An all-wise Providence has kept from man all knowledge of future wedder, and all means of finding out anyting about it. Dis has been done by Providence for to keep mankind supplied wit a topic of conversation.

"If we knowed anyting about de wedder except what we find out after it happens," he says, "social intercourse would stop; for no man, and few women, would be bold enough to meet a fellow-being if dey didn't know dey could get over de agony of de ting by talking about de wedder.

"Science makes a bluff at finding out in advance if it is going for to be clear or not. De goverment keeps a Wedder Bureau dat makes a good stagger at foretelling clear, or not clear, by de simple rule of guessing. It's bound to be one ting or anodder, so any old guess is sure to come true about half of de time, and dat's a average good enough to brag about."

But I was going to tell you: Whiskers had someting on his mind, and when he'd looked over his specs to see how did I put de log on de fire, he says, "Chames, you comes from among dat class of folks, tell me why it is dat so many of dose ridic'lous creatures wants to make Devery deir political leader."

"Excuse me, sir," I says, "but dat's dead easy: dey wants Devery for deir political leader because he is a good politician."

"Answer me civilly, you cub," says Whiskers. "I want none of your jests."

"On de level, sir," I says. "Dat's no joke."

"Let Chames explain," says Miss Fannie.

"Nonsense," says Whiskers. "A politician is one versed in de science of govermental policies. Do you suppose Devery could set fort a clear and correct reason for de policy, let us say, of Protection? What does he know of de special and intricate causes, running into questions of higher finance; touching upon social condition in deir relations to de—de—dat is, how could he tell why infant industries requires de sustaining hand—dat is de arm—or radder, I might say—er—"

"De sustaining pap-bottle, sir?" chips in Mr. Paul.

"Young man," says Whiskers, giving Mr. Paul an iceberg eye, "if you is content to find your political arguments in de titles to ribald cartoons, I am content dat you should. I was about to say how could a ignorant poisson like dis fellow Devery state de case of de undoubted needs of protected industries for more tariff, radder dan less?"

"I suspect," says Mr. Paul, "dat a man like Devery would likely argue by means of object-lessons, and show some wit in de process. For instance, sir, take de cotton-weaving industry: Mr. Devery, in his rude way, might show dat de New England cotton-mills need more protection because under de meager help dey now gets from de goverment dey is forced to move deir mills to de Souddern States, where dey will benefit by de economy of child labor: where six-years-old girls and boys woik all night at de looms—being kept awake by sprays of cold water—and dereby earns twenty-five cents, which dey is obliged to spend in de companies' stores. Mr. Devery could show dat de coal operators needs more protection because, under de slight aid dey now gets, dey is forced to import ignorant, criminal, savage Huns, who requires regiments of soldiers to protect 'em while dey is murdering and dynamiting American citizens dey disapproves of. Mr. Devery might show—"

"Paul, be still!" says Miss Fannie: for she seen dat Whiskers was choking wit fits of rage. "Let Chames answer papa's question."

"Maybe I'm to de wrong," I says, "but I'm tinking dat Devery makes good politics because he gives de people barge picnics and beer blow-outs, instead of giving 'em advice. Dat's all," I says.

"De Roman emperors done de same," says Mr. Paul. "Dey give de people circuses and bread."

"But de United States is not Rome, I'll have you understand," says Whiskers.

"Not yet, sir," says Mr. Paul.

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A Distinguished Young Colored Man

ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE is a highly educated negro, just graduated from Harvard University, who goes immediately to Alabama to join hands and destiny with Booker T. Washington at Tuskeegee Institute. He will be in charge of the Academic Department of the school. As an orator and debater Mr. Bruce has made a distinguished record, both at his preparatory school and at the university, and as he travels about the North and South, either with or apart from Mr. Washington, setting forth the needs of his people and the merits of the institution with which he will be connected, he will be found to be a very logical, persuasive, and polished advocate. Unlike not a few negroes who have received what is technically known as the "higher education," Mr. Bruce is convinced that Mr. Washington is the safest leader his race has; and while he believes entirely in the necessity of giving selected leaders of the negro race the requisite collegiate and university training for professional careers, he also believes that for the majority of the negroes there should be training in the manual arts first.

It will be an interesting and inspiring spectacle to see Mr. Washington, the self-made graduate of Hampton Institute, and Mr. Bruce, the carefully reared graduate of Harvard, working side by side as a Moses and Joshua for the elevation of their race, which, as it exists on the Southern plantation, is, to quote Mr. Bruce's own words in his class-day oration at Harvard, "bound hand and foot by ignorance and unthrift; slave to the untutored impulse of the present, they are also slaves to the accumulated impulses of their past; being slaves to unillumined self, they are slaves to a merciless master."

Mr. Bruce is the son and only child of the only negro who ever sat in the United States Senate, Hon. B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi, who later was Register of the United States Treasury. He was named after Roscoe Conkling, the eminent Senator from New York State, who, when Senator Bruce entered the Senate, showed more courtesy to Mr. Bruce and more indifference to the color prejudice than any other member of the Northern group of Senators.

From Brakeman to Millionaire

HENRY G. DAVIS, formerly United States Senator from West Virginia, does not figure as often in the news of the day as he once did, but that does not mean that he is not taking a large hand in the great matters of business and politics. He began life as a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and got his start. Then, when he had enough money to branch out, he bought 18,000 acres of West Virginia wilderness for a few cents an acre. Extensive coal deposits were found, and the timber yielded large profits. He built the West Virginia Central Railroad, and superintended the whole work, so that the workmen said of him that he knew every nail that was used. This wilderness now has large towns and many industries. Some years ago the road reached a certain point and stopped. It was evident that an important projection would be made. A young man went to Senator Davis and said:

"Senator, suppose you knew a worthy young person who had laid by a little money for investment, and you also knew where the towns were to be located upon the new line, what would you do?"

"Well," he said, slowly, "I might take the young man's money and make a thousand per cent. or so on my investment. I own the land."

He had gone on horseback over the whole route and bought up the station sites and surroundings long before the report about the new road was published. Mr. Davis—or Senator Davis, as he is universally called in West Virginia—is one of the leading multi-millionaires of the country.

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Automobiling

THE very dreadful accident in which Mr. and Mrs. Fair were killed while travelling through France in a forty-horse-power motor gives a needed warning as to the dangerous possibilities in the tremendous speed of very high-powered cars. It is often forgotten that accidents, which would be merely vexatious when the motor is driven at a moderate pace, become matters of life or death to the occupants of a car when it is driven at the rate of sixty miles an hour or more. The result of bursting or puncturing a tire may be compared, in its effect on the motorists, to the derailment of a locomotive at top speed. The sudden diminishing of the wheel's diameter, combined with the drag from the deflated tire, instantly swerves the car out of the road, beyond the possibility of control by the driver. Pneumatic tires are, unfortunately, at once the most important and vulnerable adjuncts of any car designed to be driven over eighteen miles an hour. The rapid circulation of highly compressed air in the inner tube makes the tire excessively hot, and thereby weakens it and lessens its resistance to punctures. In bad weather wet roads aggravate tire troubles on account of the tendency to slip down on the treacherous surface, and rapidity of motion is incompatible with safety. Besides these difficulties, there is always the chance of some vital portion of the machinery giving way under the strain; perhaps the most dangerous breakages are those of the differential gear or the steering apparatus, and it is impossible to always have the machine respond promptly enough without a severe strain on the latter. But, after all, the chief responsibility lies with the driver of the car, owing to the fact that all the very high-powered motors are exceedingly simple of control, and have therefore been largely purchased by enthusiastic motorists who have the "speed craze," and are entirely unmindful of the careful judgment of conditions which are required of the driver of any car of more than thirty horse-power. Nerve and a certain amount of recklessness are not usually lacking in Americans, who, as the owners of fast cars, speed them "to the limit" regardless of the safety of their passengers and themselves. The laws of this country restrict this form of madness, and owners of racers betake themselves to France, where smooth roads, the absence of easily frightened horses, and indulgent speed regulations give full opportunity to the fastest of motors. Even in France, however, the inhabitants are beginning to evince a distaste for the monster machines which have been productive of so alarming a chapter of accidents.



Mrs. Collis P. Huntington's Limousine Motor, similar to King Edward's new Auto-Coach

The most satisfactory development in the motor line is the tendency toward the use of vehicles which will serve as useful additions to a household. The Limousine body has been developed as a wet-weather carriage, and it is often constructed to serve other purposes. In the illustration on this page is shown a vehicle of this type which was made for Mrs. C. P. Huntington. It has ample accommodation for baggage, and may be used as a station omnibus: in the opera season it would have obvious advantages in the crowded streets.

In pleasant weather in the country curtains are substituted for the glass windows, or the top may be removed altogether. This comfortable type of machine, which, by-the-way, is somewhat like that owned by King Edward, will be found the best suited for all kinds of city and country work, while for a long tour it is invaluable. It is not a record-breaker as to speed, but should be constructed with low gears in order to have ample power to carry heavy loads and climb steep hills. There is no question but that a speed of anything over forty miles an hour is entirely out of place on public highways. Even in France many experienced motorists believe that the use of high-powered racers as a means of conveyance is too expensive and dangerous. The only legitimate opportunity to fully use the whole power of such machines is in the *ascent* of a very long steep hill. The matter should be settled by refusing a license to any machine which can develop a speed of over forty miles an hour, except for use on a special race-track.

The sensible and vigorous action of the Automobile Club of America with regard to breaking in horses to automobiles has been productive of good results. The schools which have been established in several places have met with success and are doing much to induce a more co-operative feeling between motorists and horsemen. The Automobile Club of California have taken up the matter, and will send out a circular containing the pictures which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 5, anent the training of horse to automobile. It is partly as follows: "It is observed that there is an increasing feeling of hostility manifested by the people around the Bay of San Francisco against the use of automobiles on the county roads and driveways, and this is due, in a large measure, to the conduct of a few people (generally not members of this club), who, by reckless driving and lack of consideration for the occupants of passing vehicles, have caused accidents and fright to the drivers of horses. To the thoughtless few, I desire to say that it is not a question of law, nor the rules of the road, but common humanity as well as self-interest that should impel you, when meeting a passing vehicle, to first check your speed in every case, and move to one side and stop short if you see that either the horse or the driver is frightened by your appearance. Until horses become accustomed to this strange machine, there is bound to be accidents, even with the greatest care, but it is the utmost folly to invite bitter hostility by indifference to the fears, as well as the rights, of those who use horses. We are fond of saying that the automobile has come to stay; so it has, but while it is being established, we want to get all the sport out of it that we can, and our enjoyment will be seriously curtailed by restrictive legislation, unless we make friends instead of enemies of the travelling public. This can be done only by the utmost care and even kindness to those whom we meet on the highways.

"The Governors of the Club believe that the foregoing offer can be successfully extended to embrace all of the territory around and in the vicinity of the Bay of San Francisco, and the main purpose of this circular is to invite all of those who own horses that are frightened at the approach of the automobile to send their addresses to the President, who, upon request, will endeavor to arrange a convenient place to train their horses.

"Automobiles cannot be barred from the public roads, nor can they be discriminated against in legislation, but whatever may be our legal right, we do not wish to annoy, distress, or inconvenience those who drive horses, and we are prepared to go to some expense and trouble to avoid this result.

"With your friendly co-operation, we trust that the time will soon come when horses will pay no more attention to automobiles than they now do to bicycles or electric cars.

Very respectfully,

The Governors of the
Automobile Club of California."

The Treasury Department has lately passed a ruling which provides for the free re-entry of foreign-made automobiles that have previously been assessed by the customs. This is important for those owners of machines who wish to take their automobiles abroad. It is also possible to reduce the duty by taking the motor apart and shipping it as "unfinished machinery," as it strictly comes within the requirements of that clause. This advantage was lately made use of by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, who brought back with him from Europe an automobile in three separate cases.

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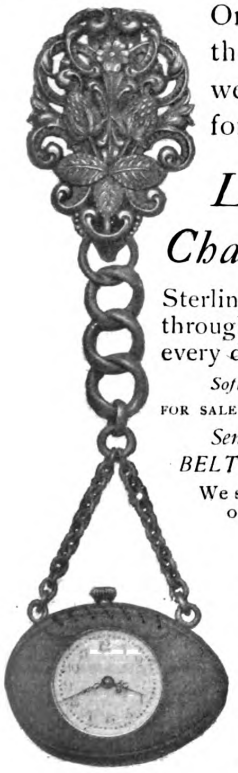
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D. E. McDOWELL, Joplin, Mo.

Finding a New Name

In an enterprise involving many hundreds of thousands of dollars which was organized recently, the man who was furnishing the money wanted the selection of the name postponed. "Oh, that's a mere detail," he exclaimed. "Any fool can do that in five minutes."

"My dear friend," interrupted the man of experience, "one way or the other the name will be worth more than all your money. And it will be harder to find a good name than it has been to persuade you to invest."

Within the past few months real-estate enterprises, book schemes, household articles, and what not have been offering prizes of thousands of dollars for the best suggestions of names. The idea is by no means new. It crops out about every five years. Whether or not the prizes are paid matters little; the important fact is that all the inducements fail to furnish satisfactory results.

Within the past five years some very great successes have been made by names, but they have usually been accidents, and in most instances have come from the very agile gentlemen who devote their energies to newspaper and magazine advertising.

A good name is a large part of a book's success, but when the name of a successful book is generally imitated a frost seems to blight the whole crop. And so it runs from Pullman cars and private yachts to patent medicines. "My medicine was all right," said the proprietor. "It cured everything. But, dang it all! the name killed the medicine."

A Perfect Memorial of Thackeray

In his recent eulogy of Charles Dickens, Mr. Swinburne lamented that no writer had yet been found to treat the character and work of Dickens as Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has treated the character and work of Thackeray. "We yet await," says the poet, "an edition of Dickens's works which may be worthy to stand beside the Biographical edition of Thackeray's." It is a curious coincidence that an announcement from Messrs. Chapman and Hall should have appeared simultaneously with Mr. Swinburne's demand, stating that they have in preparation a biographical edition of Dickens similar to that of Thackeray. Mr. Swinburne, we may note, pays a deserved tribute to the biographical work of Mrs. Ritchie which has made this edition, published by the Harpers, an enduring literary memorial. "To the exquisite genius, the tender devotion, the faultless taste, and the unfailing tact of his daughter, we owe the most perfect memorial ever raised to the fame and to the character of any great writer on record by any editor or commentator or writer of prefaces or preludes to his work." Such praise from a critic who has no patience with "edited" works or "Introductions" to famous authors is high praise indeed.

"Ben-Hur" to Open a New Theatre

The phenomenally successful dramatization of General Lew. Wallace's *Ben-Hur* has been selected to inaugurate the opening, early in September, of the new Grand Opera House in Cincinnati, which has lately been completed. "Ben-Hur" stands out as one of the very few plays of American creation which have enjoyed an unmistakably great success in England. The fact that the subject is one of general interest and universal appeal has been, of course, a significant factor in the catholicity of its world-wide acceptance, both as novel and play. It is interesting to note further that, with the exception of the Becky Sharp edition of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, no special edition of a dramatized novel embellished with illustrations from scenes in the play, has been so popular as the Players' Edition of *Ben-Hur*. For, as a rule, the play founded on a novel gains more prestige from the book than does the book from its production on the stage.

Outings

In all the various forms of open air life on River, Sea or Lake, on Mountain Heights or Valley Farms, in Camps or Country Frolics,



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It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

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is the best to use after active exercise. Frees pores from all impurities, prevents irritation from sun and wind, puts skin in perfect condition, smooth, fresh, firm.

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"It seems to me, dear Archibald,
It's getting very hot."
"No wonder, with that sunflower there
A-hanging o'er this spot."



"Master thinks I'm a dandy at mixing cocktails."

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

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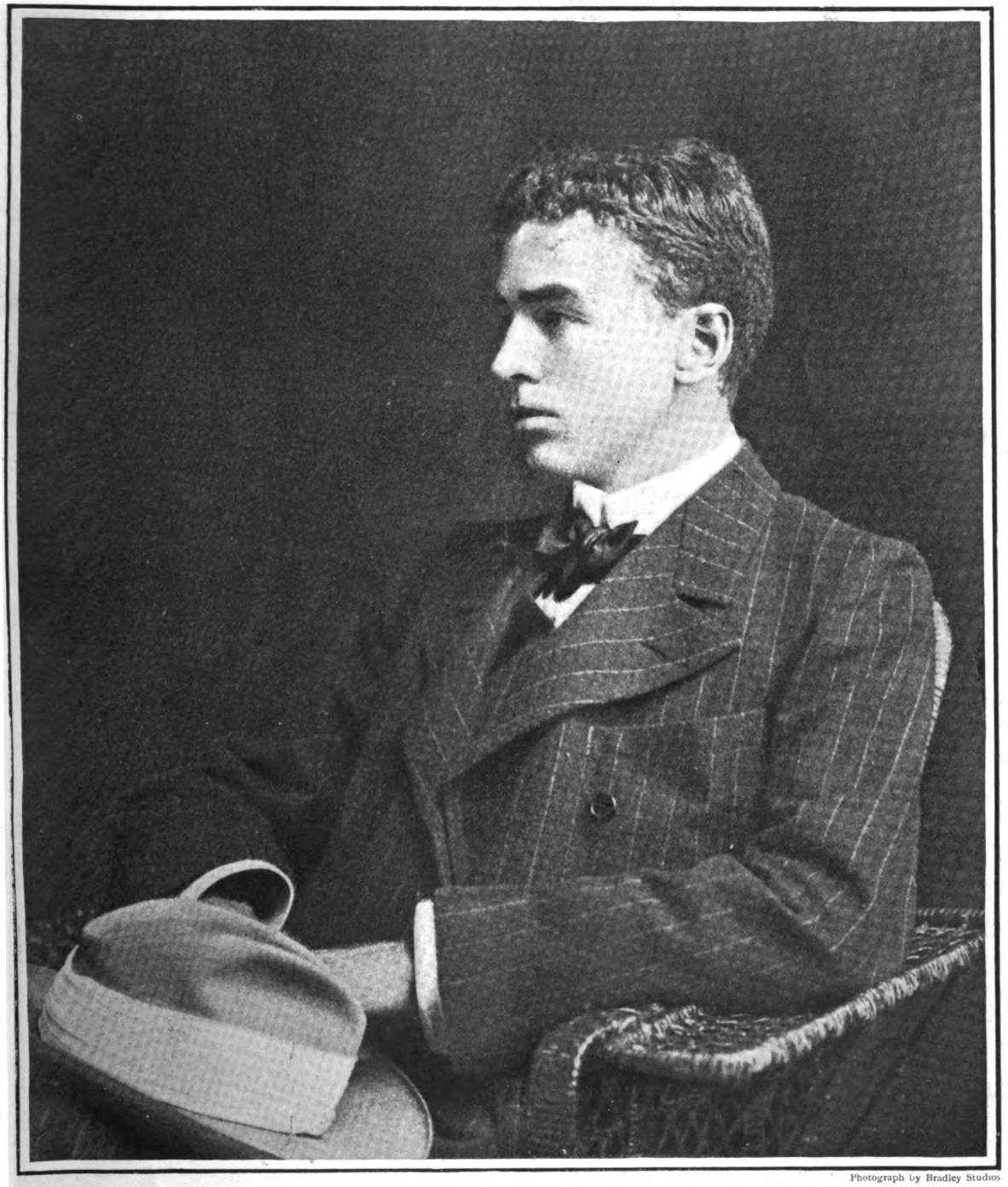
"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—*Utica Herald.*

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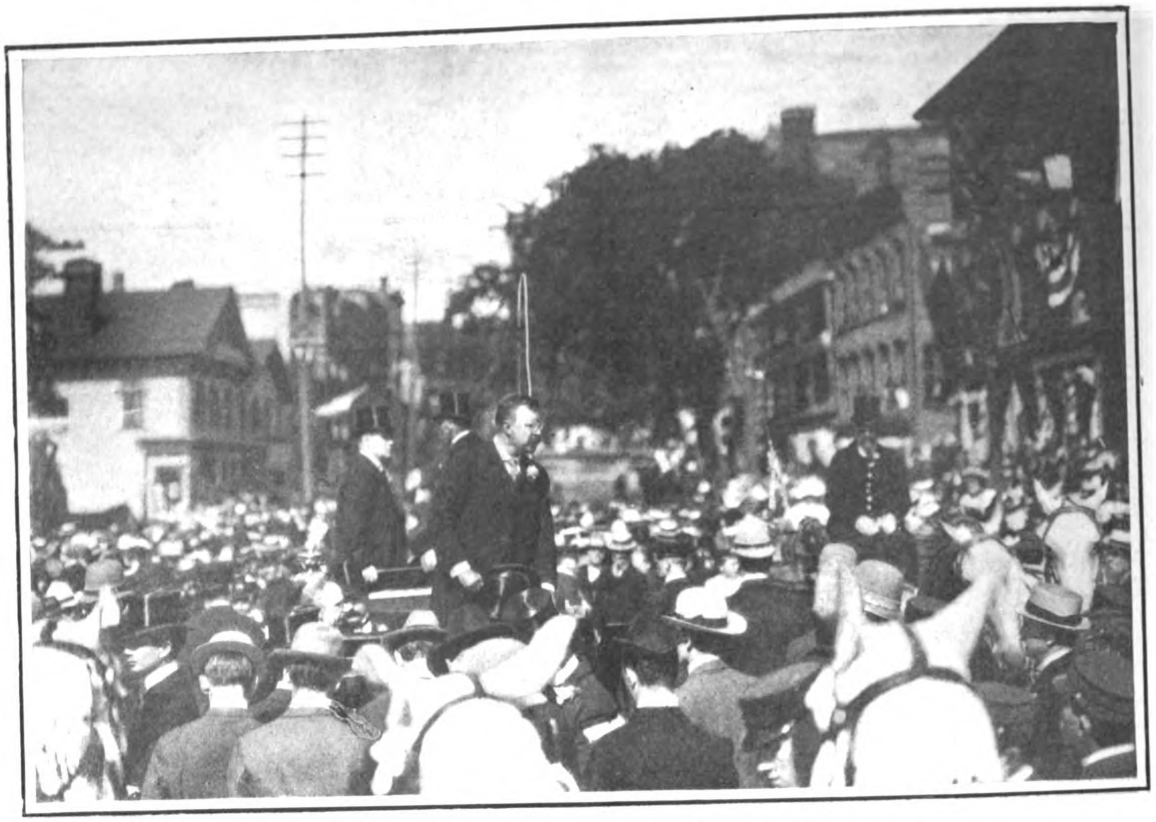
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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

VI.—CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, *AET. 29*

See page 1235—Editorial Section

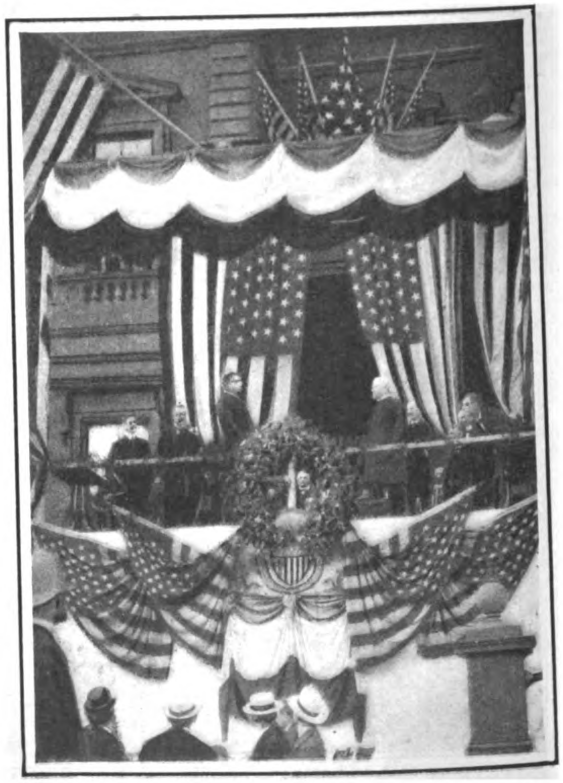
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The Informality and Enthusiasm of the People of Willimantic, Connecticut



The President in Hartford, Connecticut



The President's Reception by the Mayor of Lynn, Massachusetts

THE PRESIDENT IN NEW ENGLAND

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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HOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE GREETING THEIR PRESIDENT ON HIS NEW ENGLAND TOUR

A typical crowd as seen at Providence last week

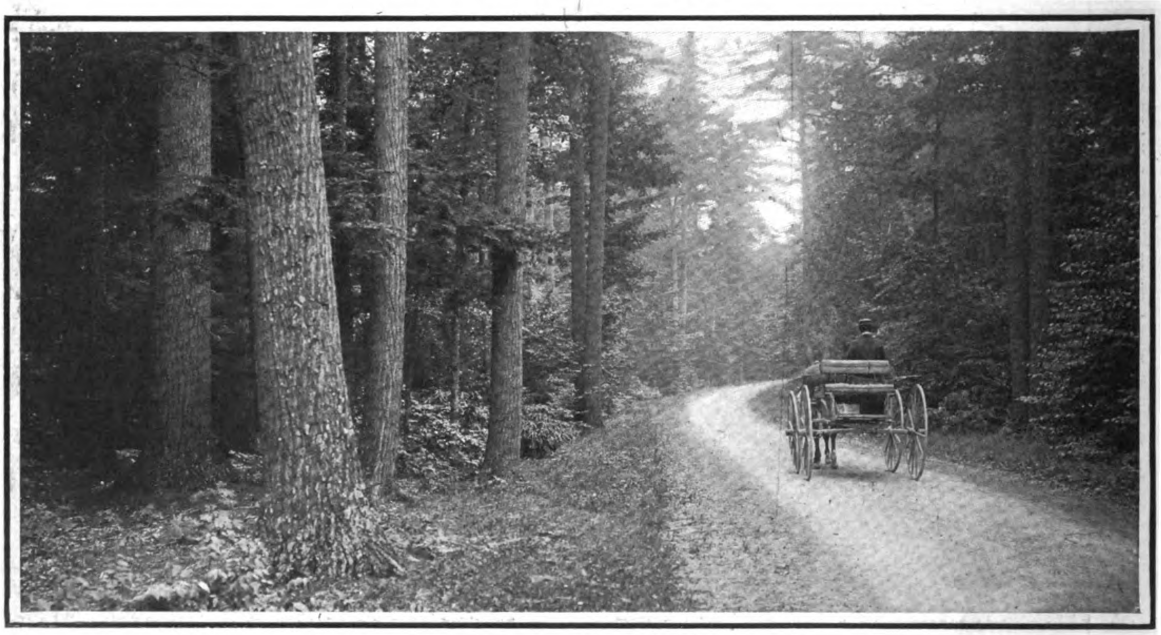
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One of the Leaf-covered Roads Dr. Webb has laid out in the Forest



The Mansion at "Shelburne Farm"



The Main Approach to the House

DR. W. SEWARD WEBB'S HOME, "SHELBURNE FARM," SHELBURNE, VT.

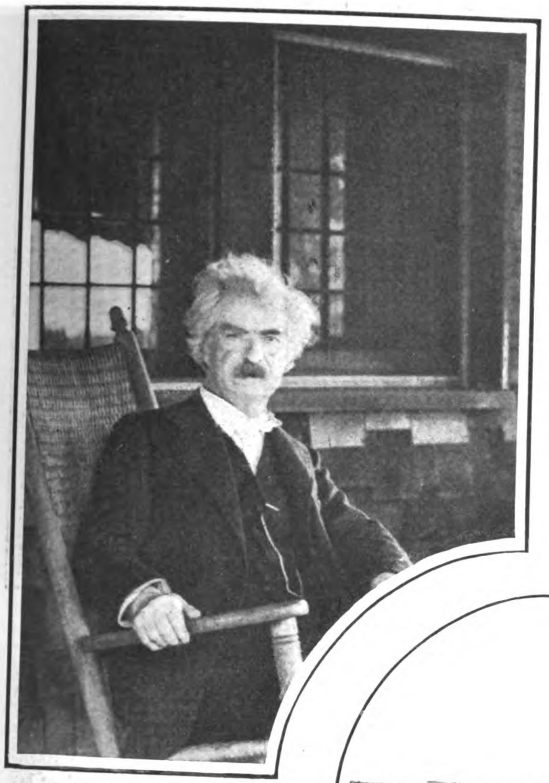
One of the most beautiful country places in America is that of Dr. W. Seward Webb, two miles from Shelburne, Vermont

Photographs by T. E. Marr

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"Yes, here I am at home"



"It's a great place for work"



View from the Veranda



Mr. Clemens's favorite Trees



A Corner of the House

MARK TWAIN IN HIS COUNTRY HOME

Mr. Clemens is spending the summer at York Harbor, on the Maine coast

Photographs by Roderic C. Penfield

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Difficult Long-range Shots

Firing from sitting position and with ankle rests. Possible positions for wounded men

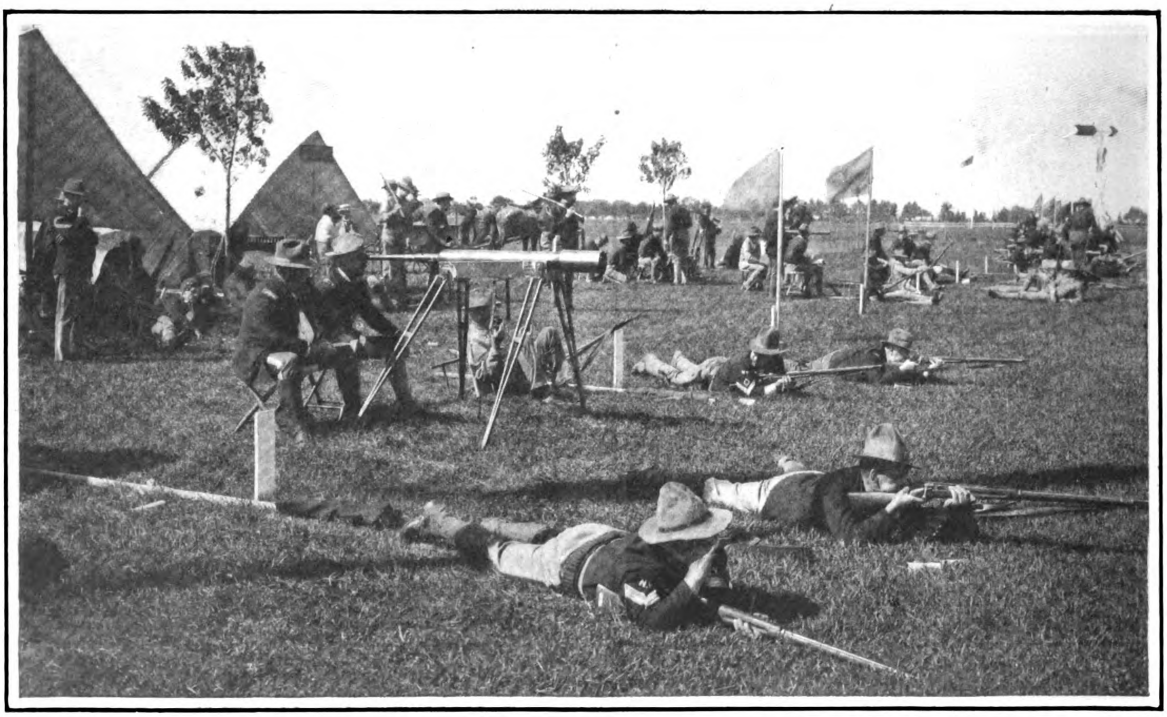
Marksmanship in the Army

THE excellent scores at target practice recently made by all branches of the army not only fully justify every cent appropriated for the ammunition expended, but they also afford a splendid argument for an increased allotment.

While we have for some time had an elaborate system, which is now being copied abroad, for the infantry arm of the service, practice with the sea-coast guns has been very limited, owing to the meagre appropriations by Congress for ammunition. Quite recently the yearly quota for each battery of 8, 10, and 12 inch guns has been increased to fifteen rounds. Insufficient as this amount is, the good results are at once manifest in two remarkable records made in the last target practice at Fort Wadsworth, New York Harbor, with 10 and 12 inch guns.

It is learned from the reports of our military attachés at the foreign capitals that what may be termed the American method is now in vogue in training the men, both in the matter of formations, and in target practice. The proficiency of the individual is hereafter to be developed in place of the practice, which has heretofore obtained in Continental armies, of making the man only an insignificant element of a vast machine. As a result of the South-African lesson England is making radical changes in the musketry regulations of her army.

In the future, instead of being advanced *en masse* in the face of the enemy's fire—a practice which proved so disastrous during the early days of the South-African war—extended-order formations will be employed, and more attention given to skirmish firing. It is to these features that the superiority of American infantry over that of all other countries has been due.

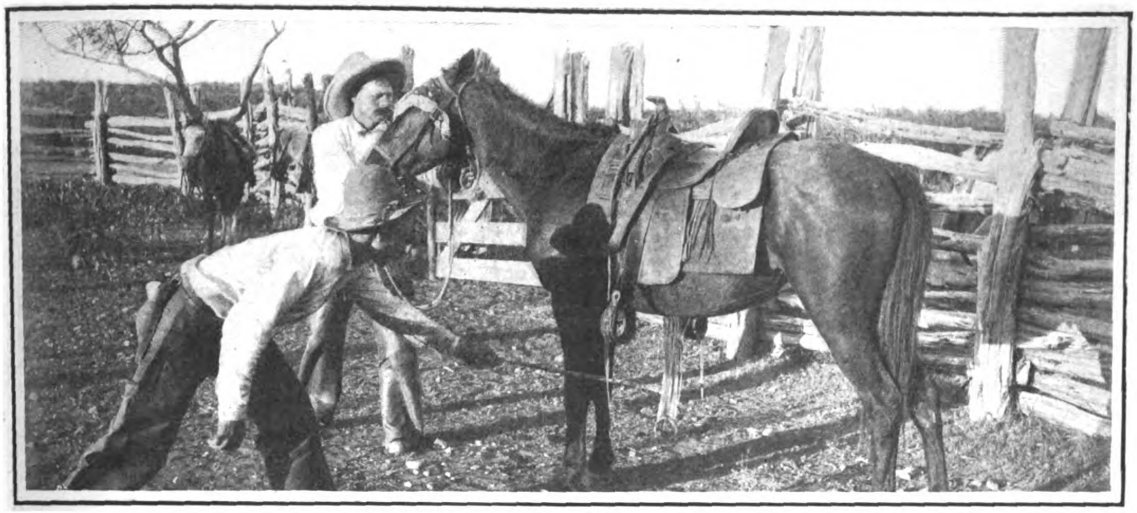


Skirmish-line Firing

A distinguishing feature of the marksmanship of the American army

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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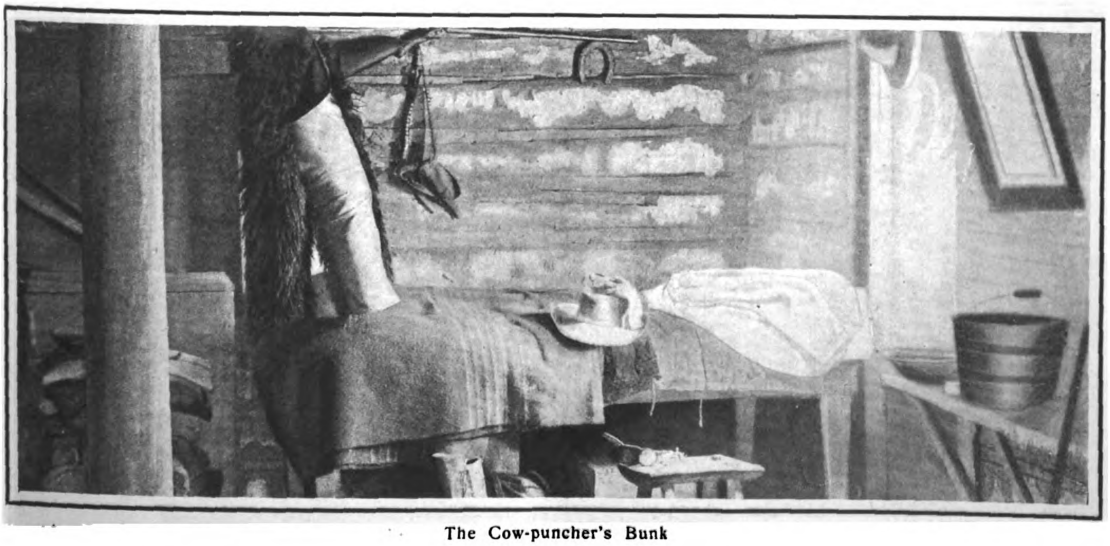
A little Difficulty in Saddling the "Outlaw"



An unexpected Diversion on the Range



"Tex" and his Outfit



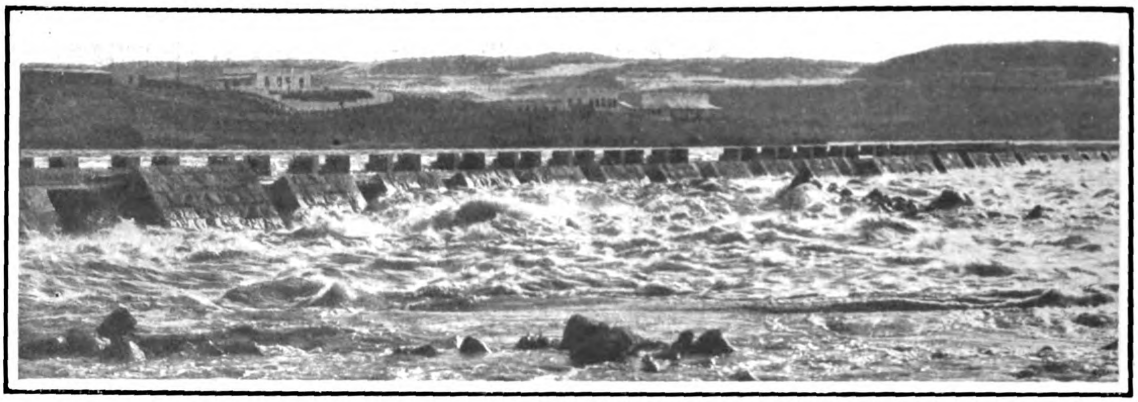
The Cow-puncher's Bunk

THE OUTLAW OF ELK HOLLOW

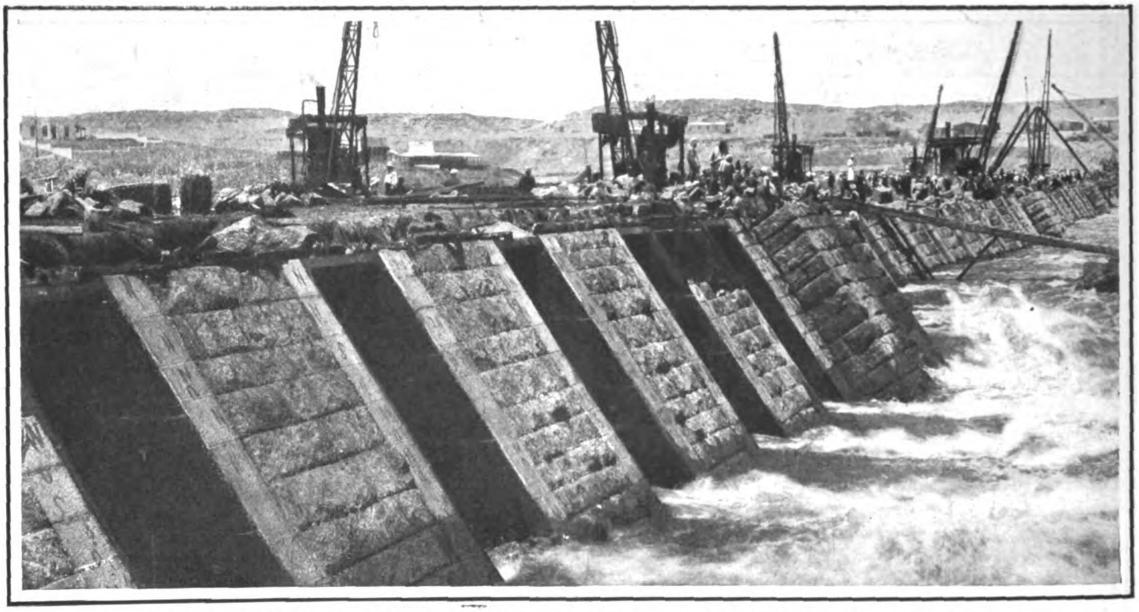
A reminiscence of the cowboy days in Cheyenne

Photographs by Walker, Cheyenne.—See page 1240

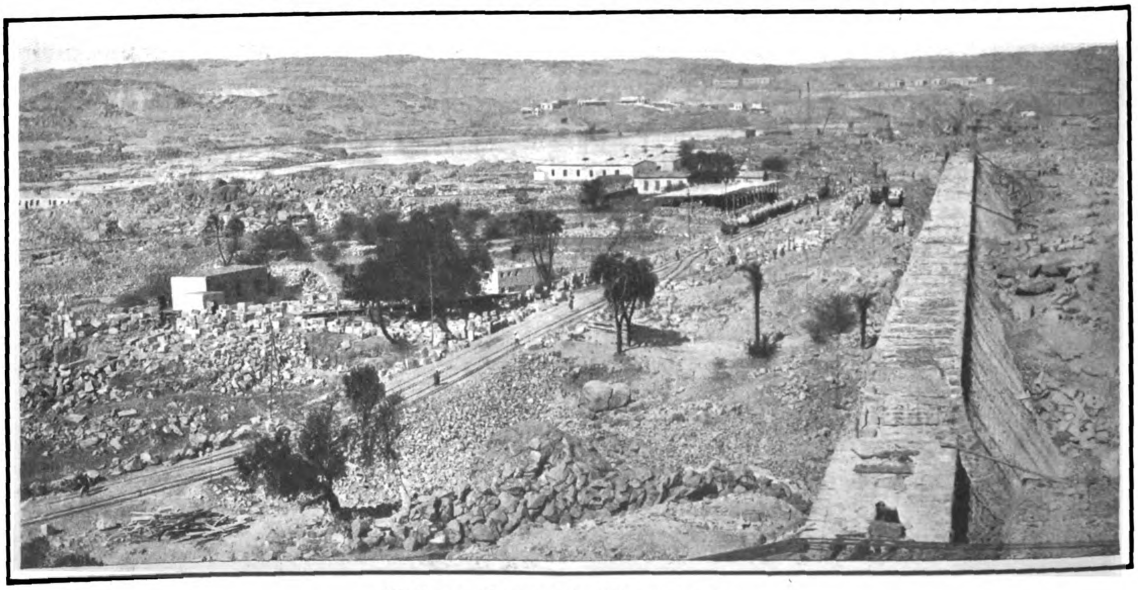
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The completed Dam at the Height of the annual Flood



Lower Side of the Assuan Dam, showing Five of the One Hundred and Eighty Sluice-gates



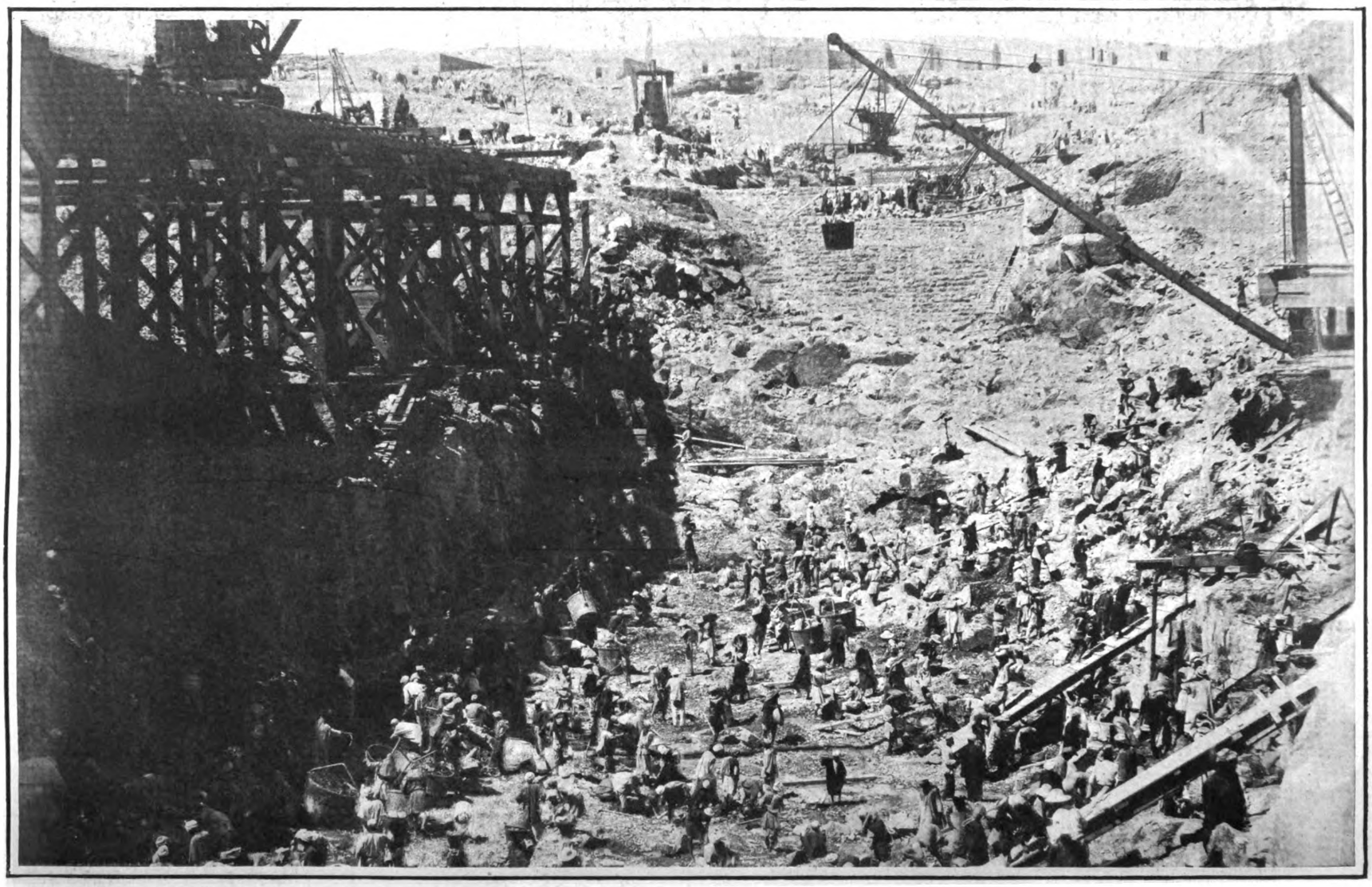
Bird's-eye View of the Site of the Dam

The entire area behind the masonry as far as the foot-hills is now under water

THE GREAT DAM ACROSS THE NILE AT THE FIRST CATARACT

See page 1241

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THE GREAT DAM ACROSS THE NILE AT THE FIRST CATARACT

Excavation of a "pocket" for foundation, showing the primitive methods of labor. All debris, except large stones, was carried up inclines upon the heads of Nubian workmen

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THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

Mr. Bellamy Storer was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1847. After serving two terms in the House of Representatives, he was appointed Minister to Belgium in 1897, and was transferred to the Legation at Madrid in 1899. It is reported that he is to succeed Ambassador White in Berlin on November 7

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending September 6, 1902

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COMMENT

THE President has had a pleasant outing in New England. Elsewhere we have discussed his most important, at least his most interesting, utterance. Here we confine ourselves to a general view of a progress that was full of delight to Mr. Roosevelt from beginning to end. He entered the portals of the New England States at New Haven on Friday, August 22, and made his way eastward, then northward, and then southerly, until he reached Oyster Bay again. On this trip the President learned that there is as much enthusiasm in New England as on the Western plains, and that there is as generous a hospitality for the President among the New England people as there is among their brethren and cousins of the prairies. One little social solecism marked the fair promise of the day at Hartford, but that also we have mentioned elsewhere, since public snobbishness is an exception to the American character, whatever may be the tendency of some American characters towards private and peculiar snobbishness. The President of to-day seems to be under obligations to show himself to his fellow-countrymen, and these fellow-countrymen like to see him. New England has lately been rather neglected, but of all the sections of the country it contains more attached friends of the President among the Republican leaders than are to be found elsewhere. With the exception of his remarks about the trusts and the duty of the nation towards them, Mr. Roosevelt contented himself with optimistic and agreeable opinions as to the civilizing effect of our presence in the Orient and in the islands of the West Indies and the Pacific. There are more anti-imperialists in New England than in any other part of the country, but they did not make themselves heard during the President's journey, at least in his audiences. Everywhere the people listened to him cordially, and were glad to see him. He spoke from carriages, in halls, on platforms. He saw hundreds of old friends, and some intimates. He stood as godfather to Mr. Winthrop Chanler's infant, and he visited his old friend and tutor, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. He had a very good time, but, happy as he was, the New-Englanders who actually saw him and heard him were happier, and the opinions they formed of him from the glances they had of him will be valuable in their respective communities for months to come. These journeys are good for a President, but better still for the Presidency, and are therefore to be encouraged.

The good people of Hartford, especially the "first citizens," were taught an excellent lesson by President Roosevelt. The Mayor of Hartford is Mr. Sullivan, whose place in what is known as Hartford society is "humble." Before he became Mayor of the city he was a salesman or a clerk in a Hartford store devoted to the gratification of small desires. Presumably the man who owns the store holds an "unexceptionable social position." But the people of Hartford made his employee Mayor, mainly, we believe, because the Republican machine nominated as its candidate a man whose character the people did not approve, although it is said that the committee would have gladly given him first place in the Roosevelt reception if he had been elected. But Mr. Sullivan having been chosen, the reception committee undertook to display what they regarded as their superiority to him, but what was really their failure to appreciate properly the dignity of their own municipality. When the President reached the city he was met by a highly respected citizen whom the people had not chosen to be Mayor. For the moment he was the representative of the people of Hartford who have chosen themselves to be the elect. The Mayor was placed in the fourth carriage, and naturally rose at once to distinction, while those who endeavored to conceal him, as a social inferior, were made at once to feel the contempt of a real gentleman, and have since been groaning under the displeasure of their fellow-countrymen. Mr. Sullivan became immediately the recipient of the President's marked attentions; was singled out for personal mention in the President's speech; was sent for and talked to by the President as the latter was about to depart; while his name is now known throughout the country. The Hartford kind of snobbishness is not highly considered in this country. When a man, however humble, is chosen to be the first official in a city, he is the city's representative, and those citizens who show their shame of him, because they have not met him in their own parlors, are not the kind of citizens who honor America or of whom self-respecting Americans are proud.

Bishop Potter believes that the operators of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania ought to bring the strike to an end. Bishop Potter's sentiments are humane, but his interference in this matter is not wise. The strike in Pennsylvania ought to be left to the operation of the laws of nature. The question involved is purely a business one, hardly rising to the dignity of an economic problem. As a matter of fact, this strike would probably not have been undertaken if certain politicians had not interfered in the strike in the same region of 1900. They then persuaded the men who controlled the mines in the anthracite region to act on a false principle, and to base their conduct on political rather than on business or economic considerations. The Presidential campaign was then in progress, and it was feared that if the strike should continue, and especially if the United Mine Workers should be defeated, the McKinley and Roosevelt ticket would meet with disaster. It was an idle fear, and the surrender to it was unintelligent. We have reason to believe that it has since been sincerely regretted, and now there is bitter repentance. This unnatural settlement, which was for the good neither of the operators nor of the miners, gave the opportunity for the present strike. The interference of politicians, clergymen, and other outsiders gives to the miners a false support, whether their demands be just or unjust. Men who do not know the business, who are not personally concerned in it, who do not understand the meaning of the strike, merely promote discord by urging one side or the other to yield in the interest of

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peace—and of cheaper coal. The difference of opinion between the miners and their employers would have been settled in 1900, or, at the farthest, early in 1901, if the politicians had not intervened for the accomplishment of their own ends. They have done all the mischief that is due from them on this score, and therefore Mr. Hanna does well to withdraw, and Mr. Quay and Mr. Penrose would best follow his example. With them should go Bishop Potter and other well-disposed clergymen. The country wants this difficulty settled once for all, as it will not be so long as either side believes it can call on the politicians and the churches for assistance whenever there is an opportunity to renew the quarrel.

Persons who are disquieted about their winter fuel and wonder what they will feed to their furnaces and ranges this winter may find some reassurance in the knowledge that hard coal from Wales can be sold in New York for about eight dollars a ton. If the price of anthracite continues in the neighborhood of ten dollars a ton, as at this writing, considerable importations of this Welsh coal may be expected. Certainly coal won't go to twenty dollars a ton, or even to fifteen dollars, while there are ships on the seas and the Welsh miners keep at work. But probably we shall rub along without importing much fuel. The coal operators are confident at this writing that our own Pennsylvania anthracite will begin to come to market again before the fall demand for fuel becomes active. Up to New-Year's it does not take much furnace coal to keep a New York house comfortable, and if hard coal is dear enough to keep the temperature down in apartment-houses and hotels, it will be very much to the advantage of the people who live in them. The people of New York at least are not likely to suffer a bit more this fall from lack of furnace or steam heat than they ordinarily suffer in the autumn from excess of it.

Jamaica's sugar-planters are finding a ray of comfort in Secretary Chamberlain's bounty proposals and in the envy of their Cuban neighbors. They are, therefore, better prepared to bear up under the attacks of Mr. Labouchere, the archcomedian of the House of Commons, who always advocates the right view in a wrong way. Mr. Labouchere declares that the West Indies have been a curse to England ever since they came into her possession. Money was paid out of the pockets of the English people to free the West-Indian slaves; the slave-owners squandered the money instead of investing it, and have ever since been asking for more. The West-Indian planter is an absentee, who lavishes his money instead of saving it to purchase the new machinery he needs to run his business at a profit. Secretary Chamberlain defended the Jamaicans and their kin against this indictment. The subsidy asked for, he said, was to meet a special emergency which could not recur. England had tried to have the Brussels sugar convention signatories stop the bounty system at once, but had only been able to gain a guarantee that this would be done after a year. The subsidy he asked for was to cover the intervening months. Nor was the outlook for the British West Indies at all so gloomy as it was painted. In Jamaica, owing to severely reduced expenditures, affairs looked brighter than they had for some time, and Jamaica was also assisted by her fruit trade, which, he hoped, would be enlarged in the near future, greater quantities reaching the mother-country. In Trinidad the discovery of coal would be of great assistance to the financial condition of that island. Santa Lucia had been helped by the establishment of an important naval station. Dominica was financially well off, owing to the disposal of a large amount of the crown lands, while in British Guiana, close neighbor of the West-Indian Islands, the gold and diamond fields proved to be a source of wealth. With Barbadoes, Saint Vincent, and some of the other islands it was different. They were almost wholly dependent on sugar. The failure of successive sugar crops would certainly lead to discontent in these last islands, and that discontent would in the end cost England more than this small subsidy. It remains to be seen whether the Colonial Secretary will prove a better prophet and financier in the West Indies than in South Africa.

President Palma seems to have decided very wisely in the matter of Cuban loans, which were recently authorized by the Cuban Lower House. These loans were, first, a sum of $4,000,000 to be used as a subsidy for the sugar-planters to enable them to tide over the hard times until relief comes in the hoped-for reciprocity treaty with the United States; and a second, much larger loan of $35,000,000, to reward the army of liberation, and to pay the bonds issued by the Cuban junta in New York. It is suggested that this larger loan was carried by the Cuban Congress under the influence of speculators who held these bonds. Whether or not this be so, President Palma has decided to veto the bill, very wisely taking the ground that it is too early for the Cuban government to demonstrate what she can really accomplish in the way of raising revenue, which must be done before she can acquire a sound credit, based on accomplished facts. President Palma hopes that when Cuba completes the first year of her separate national existence she will be able to show a surplus, and he sagaciously and very justly points out that her credit will then have a very different standing, and that she will consequently be able to raise a loan on much more favorable terms, should she so desire. This is sound statesmanship; it is also good diplomacy, for it does not rob the army of liberation of the hope of ultimate reward; and the bondholders will be willing to possess their souls in patience so long as they can see the property under bond steadily increasing in value. President Palma, like Secretary Chamberlain, doubtless had his eye on the Brussels convention and the prospective cessation of bounties in 1903; and it seems certain that the lesser loan authorized by the Cuban Congress, of $4,000,000 for the sugar-planters, will be floated. To this no one can object, and President Palma can invoke the English precedent to justify himself. It seems likely that the cane-sugar countries may enjoy a period of comparative prosperity after next year, when the beet-sugar bounties lapse; and it is likely that by that time Cuba will have gained the market she so ardently desires.

Newfoundland holds the centre of the stage for the moment in the complex play of tariff contests. Sir Robert Bond, the Premier, is on his way from Liverpool to Washington, armed with full powers from Mr. Balfour's cabinet to reopen negotiations for the ratification of the Bond-Blaine convention. This instrument is a special agreement entered into by James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State, and the Newfoundland Premier. It granted to United States fishermen considerable privileges in regard to purchasing bait for the cod-fisheries, which Rudyard Kipling so admirably described in *Captains Courageous,* and largely reduced the duties on a considerable number of American commodities imported into Newfoundland. In return the United States agreed to open its markets to Newfoundland fish and raw products, and confirmed the privilege of transportation in bond to the United States market. The Newfoundland Premier has declared himself in favor of free trade with the United States, as against a union of the colony with the Dominion of Canada; and his present visit to Washington, with full powers to negotiate a treaty, is a remarkable success for his policy, and the fruit of more than ten years of unremitting toil.

Meanwhile Canada seems determined to move in a directly opposite direction, and evidences are many that we are on the eve of a great movement for the development of Canadian resources, necessarily at the expense of the United States, hitherto the chief source of Canada's imported manufactures. Last year the United States sent into Canada over $900,000 worth of harvesters, $214,000 worth of ploughs, $180,000 worth of hay-rakes, $600,000 worth of mowers, and $489,000 worth of parts of agricultural machinery, besides a variety of smaller implements, bringing the total up to $3,000,000. Canada now expresses her determination to capture this trade; if need be, by means of a tariff wall. That the Manufacturers' Association of Canada means to bring this about we saw last week; and the agitation is already being pushed through the press of the Dominion. Promises of coming greatness are used as arguments for a higher tariff, and Canada's great natural advantages are being pointed to in enthusiastic terms. On her Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, says one writer, rich coal-fields will gather about them vast industries, rivalling those clustered about the coal regions of Belgium, Britain, and Pennsylvania. Between her seaboards will be found the granary of the empire; and on the banks of her mighty waterway, from Superior to St. Lawrence, huge industries will

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arise. It is essential, continues this writer, for the prosperity and safety of the empire that London and Hong-kong, the marts of Europe and of Asia, be connected by an unsurpassed system of rapid transportation. With the Pacific patrolled by a splendid fleet of steamships, the continent spanned by a magnificent railway, Canada must reach out in equally grand style across the Atlantic to Britain. The steamships and railway of the Pacific must meet their peers on the Atlantic. Along with this writer's brave and imaginative words comes the announcement that the Allan Line has made a separate offer, on very reasonable terms, for the fast Atlantic service; while the same company has combined with the Furness and Elder-Dempster lines in a contract to establish a Canadian-South-African service. The Hon. J. I. Tarte, the Minister of Public Works, recently declared, at Halifax, that Canada must be united to the rest of the empire by cheap transportation and a strong tariff; that Canadian markets must no longer be slaughtered by American agricultural implement makers, and that Canada's carrying trade must not be done in American bottoms, through American channels. These sentiments, sufficiently clear in their import, were cheered to the echo.

A ship-subsidy scheme is also said to be in contemplation by the Russian government, under which the following proposition will be made to Russian ship-owners: A loan without interest, to the amount of half of the cost of constructing vessels, built entirely of Russian materials and owned by Russian subjects, this loan to be paid back in twenty yearly instalments, and to apply to steamships only; the government to undertake the insurance of Russian merchant-ships, to the extent of two-thirds of their value; while an additional subsidy will be given by the government's agreeing to pay half the cost of coal consumed by steamships carrying cargoes from Russia to foreign countries, provided that the steamship carries the equivalent of three-fourths of its net capacity, or one-half of its net capacity when bringing a shipment of foreign goods to a Russian port. Steamships claiming this subsidy, if they exceed one thousand tons net register, must have a speed of not less than ten knots an hour. If this scheme is carried into effect, as it probably will be, we are evidently within sight of another international conference like that held this spring in Brussels, but this time to abolish subsidies on ships instead of sugar.

In view of the intense, even rebellious, opposition of the peasants of Finisterre to the French government's attempt to close the association schools,—otherwise the schools of the religious orders,—Victor Hugo's characterization of this end of the earth in "'93" is interesting. "Finisterre," he wrote, "it was there that France finished; there that the fields given to man came to an end, and that the progress of the generations was arrested. Halt! cried the ocean to the land, and barbarism to civilization. Every time when the centre, Paris, gives an impulsion, whether the impulse come from royalty or from the republic, whether it is in the direction of despotism or of liberty, it is a novelty, and Brittany bristles. Leave us alone. What do you want of us? The marshes take their pitchforks, and the forests their carbines. All our efforts, our initiative in legislation and in education, our glories, our encyclopædias, our philosophies, our geniuses, shipwreck before the Brittains. Terrible Dulness!" And as it was in 1793, so it is to-day.

The appointment of Colonel Kitson to the command, or headship, of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England, is interpreted as the last and conclusive sign that Sandhurst is to be remodelled somewhat after the pattern of West Point. English defects and American strong points are incessantly dwelt upon just now, especially by the English, who are in a highly disturbed and teachable mood, especially as to matters of industrial efficiency and war. The Americans have got ahead a bit in a good many directions. English conservatism and self-conceit are being continually pricked, and, incidentally, American self-conceit is being constantly flattered. The process, while it goes on at the present rate, is probably more wholesome for the English than for the Americans, for it is good for the people of any country to feel that they have something to learn, and to set about learning it. If West Point is to be the model of the reorganized Sandhurst, our British brethren have chosen to imitate one of the very best institutions that we have. Sandhurst has been managed heretofore by a board of governors. The course of training which the young officers have received there has lasted only a few months, and has been necessarily superficial. Colonel Kitson was at one time military attaché of the British embassy at Washington. He studied West Point long ago, and has been there very lately, making himself still more familiar with the system in force there. His appointment as sole head of the military college at Sandhurst is in itself an approximation to the West Point system, which places the academy in the hands of a superintendent. It is to be expected that the Sandhurst course will be lengthened, and that the stay of British youth there will be considerably more arduous than it has been heretofore. It has been an easy place. If it is to be anything like West Point it will become a school where competition is lively and the strain of work is intense enough to weed out all but capable and diligent young men.

It is, of course, a high compliment to West Point to be chosen as a model for Sandhurst, but the changes in the English school mean a good deal more than the discovery of another good thing in "the States." They mean that the art of war itself has changed; that old methods of training, or of doing without training, are no longer satisfactory; that valor will no longer take the place of brains, industry, and careful professional training. The Boer war has had its lesson for the English, but the lesson had been on its way for years past. M. de Bloch has had his say about great armies, the enormous burden of their maintenance in time of peace, and the enormous difficulties of using them to advantage in a great European war. He has said that such a war has come to be impossible. Whether his opinion about that is credited or not, his remarkable arguments strengthen the growing impression that the battle of the future will be won not so much by brute force and courage as by superior efficiency. The cheapest thing in the military line that a country can lay in nowadays is knowledge. It is with army officers as it is with horses, that it costs little more to maintain a good one than a poor one. In the interest of economy it is obviously expedient to keep good ones. Mr. H. G. Wells's idea of the war of the future is that it will be carried on by comparatively small bodies of highly skilled men using delicate instruments of immense destructiveness. Things are certainly working in that direction. When huge military establishments crumble because of their oppressive cost, small ones of higher efficiency may supplant them.

The report comes up to us from Havana that in the course of a recent strike in that city a number of the disaffected working-men gathered in front of the Palace wherein President Palma resides and gave three cheers for Spain and General Weyler. The incident as such lacks importance, and is wholly without significance. We mention it merely because it may give rise to misapprehension in some minds as to the actual temper of the Cuban people. We are prone to lay too much stress upon the straw which shows which way the wind blows, and to take as symptomatic ebullitions what are the mere childish outbursts of volatile or lawless natures. Doubtless there are in Cuba men of a certain stamp who could have profited more largely under the rule of Spain and Weyler than under present conditions, and who naturally therefore wish for their return. In precisely the same manner there are gamblers and divekeepers in New York who would like to see Tammany restored to power; there are persons in Newport who would rejoice at the extension of British sovereignty once again over the territory of this republic; there are brutal whisker-pullers on the Bowery who would like to see the incidents of St. Bartholomew's day re-enacted against the Hebrews; but no one thinks of taking these various groups as representative of any serious tendency or aspiration on the part of the American people as a whole. On the contrary, to disclaim sympathy with such irruptions is not expected or in the least degree required. Similarly it may be said of the strikers' ebullition at Havana. The men doubtless thoughtlessly chose the most emphatic method of expressing their dissatisfaction with prevailing conditions at hand; or, if this were not the case, and one or two or even a dozen meant what they said, the significance of their words may be set down as being about as great as the importance of the act of the

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Newporters who dined and wined their simian cousin some weeks ago. When the real aspiration of polite society is to cultivate the company of the monkey and the gorilla, then, and not till then, need we assume as serious a reactionary movement in Cuba which would restore Spain to power and hand over again the flesh-pots of the Antilles to the merciless care of General Weyler.

The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, who in Great Britain has through his repeated visits to that country earned the title of "the hardy annual," has returned unto this land and delivered himself of the usual interview. The Senator shows himself quite as hardy and as annual as ever, and in the tenor of his observations seems not a whit less young than he was twenty years ago. The news that he brings from over the sea is of more than ordinary interest wherein it refers to the changed attitude of the Continental peoples toward the United States. Senator Depew has opportunities for getting tolerably close to the undercurrents of opinion in European circles, and while it is a matter of no moment to us when he intimates that the British and French are slow to see the point of his jokes, it is of considerable import for us to know that "the general hostility toward us which was so marked among most Continental powers and peoples on account of racial and financial sympathy with Spain is wholly gone," and that "there is general concurrence in the opinion that the action of the American government in the matter of the friars and their lands in the Philippine Islands is necessary for peace and order in the islands, and eminently just and fair." The Senator and his jokes are not likely ever to become an issue in this country. There is a general agreement among us that whatever their source, age, or intent, they are pretty good jokes; but signs are not wanting that there is strife ahead for the country in respect to the disposition made of the friar question. Angry letters on the subject from correspondents, known and unknown, appear constantly in the daily papers; some divines defend and others as strenuously attack our stand in the matter, and all the cleavage required for the making of an issue is in plain sight. It is therefore well to learn upon an at least honorable and tolerably expert testimony that in the Old World, in political and church circles, there is practically no criticism of our propositions, but that, "on the contrary, they all agreed, and so does the European press of all shades of opinion, that the negotiations have been carried on in a most creditable spirit, and there is general admiration of the tact, wisdom, and moderation displayed by President Roosevelt and Governor Taft." This drift of public opinion combined with Cardinal Rampolla's reply to Secretary Root, in which he says, "These declarations of the Secretary of War do honor to the deep political wisdom of the government of the United States. The Holy See does not doubt that the mutual confidence and combined action of the representatives of the Holy See and the American government will easily produce a happy solution of the pending questions, and inaugurate for that noble country a new era of peace and true progress," should serve to keep this phase of the Philippine question at least out of the realm of acrid politics.

Dr. Theodore Herzl, founder and leader of the Zionist movement, and Dr. Wolffson, president of the Jewish Colonial Trust, went to Constantinople and conferred with the ministers of the Sultan on July 24 about the desires of the Zionists to plant a Jewish colony in Palestine. The mission was fruitless, because the concessions the Porte was willing to make did not meet the requirements of the Zionists. The Porte, apparently, would be glad to have Jewish capital invested in Palestine, and Jewish immigrants there to cultivate the soil, but hesitates to grant charters and concessions which shall assure to the incoming Jews a home publicly recognized and legally secured, together with such a measure of self-government as they feel to be necessary. The Zionists are ready to build, but not on other than a sound and adequate foundation. The Turkish government, it seems, is ready to concede much, but not yet quite enough. The Zionists think they can afford to wait until they can get what they want, and they believe that in time they will get it. They are ready to pay considerable sums of money to the Sultan, part at the outset, and more in instalments as their work goes on, but they want to be sure before they make any payments that the Sultan will carry out his part of the contract. The Zionist plans include the improvement and rebuilding of the harbor of Jaffa, and considerable works of irrigation, to be followed by the gradual introduction of Jewish farmers from southeastern Europe into homes made ready for them. The German Emperor is said to be much interested in Dr. Herzl's plans, and possibly he would be in a limited measure a party to a bargain between the Zionists and the Sultan. All the world knows that the Porte is never in a hurry. If the Zionists are patient waiters, and can go on accumulating money while they wait, they may get what they want in the end. Their enterprise would be a source of income to the Sultan. He will want, of course, to own the goose that lays the golden eggs, but perhaps in time he may come to be satisfied with a share of the eggs.

The Russian Grand-Duke Boris, cousin of the Czar, who, with his staff, is completing a tour of the world, evidently found Chicago much to his liking. When first the flag of the grand-duke was raised over the Russian consulate on Rush Street, his plans contemplated a stay of only two days in the city by Lake Michigan. But once caught in the current of strenuous Western hospitality, Boris postponed his departure from day to day, and nearly two weeks passed before the flag was finally lowered. During that time the grand-duke assisted in the dedication of a Russian church; he went coaching through the summer settlements on the North Shore; he visited the stock-yards and the university; he played polo at the Onwentsia Club, and ran a racing automobile into an oak-tree; he was the guest of honor at innumerable dinners and luncheons; he went up to Lake Geneva, the Newport of the West, around which the rich men of Chicago have built a circle of summer palaces, and there looked at the stars through the great Yerkes telescope; he drank champagne from the white satin slipper of a Chicago chorus-girl; and, finally, in departing, he left this picturesque message to his hosts: "Most truly I dare not tell you how much I like Chicago. You would not believe. Let me, to make farewell, give opinion that it is one most square spot of all I discover. I hate to go away from it, and, as you Americans say, you bet I shall return." The one incident of the grand-duke's stay in Chicago to which especial significance is attached is his acceptance of an invitation to luncheon at the Standard Club, an organization composed entirely of wealthy Jews. The speeches made on that occasion are taken to indicate that the policy which has within recent years driven so many Jews from the land of the Czar is no longer believed in by at least one member of the Russian royal family.

As an industrial organizer and as a manipulator of the stock-market Mr. John W. Gates is an almost appalling success. On the topmost bough of the tree of present prodigious prosperity he hangs like an over-ripe apple. From playing poker in the caboose of a freight train at Turner Junction, Illinois, he has gone on, until now he frightens Wall Street with the boldness of his operations, while the book-makers at Saratoga turn pale and tremble when his betting commissioners start down the line. All this, it may be argued, is Mr. Gates's own business. But, unfortunately, Mr. Gates does not stop there. So long as the stock-gambler sticks to his tape wise men may be content to leave him to the theory of chances. But when he deserts his ticker and sets up as a preacher and as an instructor of youth he becomes a character of public interest and a proper subject for public consideration and criticism. Recently Mr. Gates has been interviewed as to his views on the rearing and education of young men. Presumably these interviews have not misrepresented him, for they have not been denied. They will, unfortunately, bear weight with many people, because it is not only Mr. Gates, but his twenty millions of money which are talking. At the start he declares it idle to attempt to prevent gambling, because, as he says, gambling has always existed. This argument would be stronger if it could not be pointed out that murder and theft have been equally persistent. Mr. Gates goes on to declare that when his son gambles he gambles with him, and, by inference at least, he suggests that unless young men are to be brought up as hypocrites a complete course in draw-poker should be a part of their early education. Fortunately there are plenty of men left in the country who are neither hypocrites nor gamblers. Some of them have even accumulated as large fortunes as that which makes Mr. Gates's views of more

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than merely local interest. Neither his success nor the success of a hundred like him will be sufficient to overthrow the basic principles on which permanent prosperity and welfare now rest and have always rested. Gambling is intrinsically vicious. If that is not an axiom, civilization must start over again. The faro-bank dealer has long ago learned to draw his curtains, and the wise stock-manipulator will do well, as he gathers in his profits with one hand, to keep close control of his mouth with the other. In the mean time it need not be forgotten that Mr. Gates is much more than a mere manipulator of the stock-market; that he is also a shrewd and able organizer and executive, and that in more ways than one he has shown by his actions that his real views as to the proper education of young men are not fully covered by his advertised views on the subject. His chief fault may be that of allowing himself to be drawn into strange waters which are deeper than he thought. The rule which forbids the teacher, at his peril, to enter Wall Street and the stock-market, may well be enforced both ways. Money talks indeed, but much money has a habit of talking too much.

A teacher at the Hampton school in Virginia tells of a Cherokee boy, a student at the school, who recently died, and among whose papers was found one on which was written:

"My reasons for coming to Hampton:
"1. To develop all my powers.
"2. To help my people.
"3. To learn the idea of self-control."

Likely enough there was in this a tincture of boyish sentimentalism, or a touch of that egotism which leads to the outpouring of crude intensities on the pages of diaries. Yet a boy would be better so than dull and soggy—and a good deal better so when he has thought deeply enough to elevate the idea of learning self-mastery as one of the important purposes of his school life. It occurs to us that this young Indian suggests the desirability of a department of self-control in all our institutions of learning. Putting his ideal in contrast with the deplorable exhibitions of a lack of self-control made by some of the men who are among the most conspicuous—generals and statesmen and captains of industry, for example—the necessity of adding exercise in self-control to the curricula imposed upon American youth becomes obviously desirable. If sundry eminent citizens of this country had enjoyed such training, how much happier life would have been for them and how much less disconcerting for some of the rest of us! Seriously, the Indian boy in his aspiration for himself set a fine example for the masterful Anglo-Saxon

The overwhelming number of new books and periodicals which one ought to read that are being published nowadays has led an ingenious Englishman to devise what he calls an "International New Books Society." His plan in general is to establish a library on the shelves of which all the new books may be found and tasted, though neither borrowed nor wholly read by members of the association. The plan provides for what amounts to a literary sample-room, where one may buy literature by the glass, as it were, instead of by the bottle or the case. Members may attend here and sip of all the streams of literature that flow into the great ocean of books, and later, according to the inspiration they acquire to do so, may go out to the book-shops and purchase. The idea is novel and might work much good to the consumer of books, but, upon the whole, it is an awkward scheme, and to be properly carried out would require an enormous outlay in cash, unless the publishers could be persuaded to contribute their wares on the chance of capturing a few customers, which we doubt. A far better way, if readers of the day are really so pressed for time as to require outside assistance in getting at their literary pabulum, is for each community to have an official critic, who shall study the needs of all the readers who may apply to him for assistance. When we suffer from some ailment that we cannot cure for ourselves, we summon a doctor, who promptly prescribes such medicines as ease our sufferings or cure us of our maladies. So might the town critic serve the public. Called in by a patient who felt the immediate need of a literary bolus, the critic, after mildly questioning the applicant, could easily write out a prescription for the precise remedy. "I feel lightheaded and gay, doctor," we can imagine the patient saying, "and cannot sleep." "Hum!" says the physician. "Take three chapters of Hall Caine before retiring, and when you wake up in the morning a page or two of Walter Pater will steady your nerves." It is a simple proposition, feasible, and should be inexpensive. Moreover, it would lend some real significance to the degree of Doctor of Letters which our universities so frequently confer nowadays upon lawyers, chemists, and brigadier-generals, instead of on men who know their Lamb, have heard of Matthew Arnold, know the difference between the Poet-Laureate and Jane Austen, and can write a sentence or two worth reading themselves.

The cool weather which has prevailed generally this summer all over the country has had one interesting result. It has made rich a considerable number of theatrical managers. Thousands of people who usually hurry away from the cities to escape the blistering heat of the dog-days have remained in town, and a large part of the money which summer-resort proprietors have consequently lost has gone into the box-offices of the theatres. There has never been such a universally prosperous summer theatrical season. In Chicago, with six or eight big theatres open in the downtown district, the "Standing Room Only" sign has been displayed nightly at each of them for weeks, and the same condition has prevailed quite generally. A theatrical attraction which did not pay during the past two or three months must have been absolutely hopeless under any circumstances. It is probably too much to hope that out of their abounding prosperity the powers that be in the dramatic world will give to their loyal public something nearer the worth of their money from an artistic stand-point.

Our learned neighbor the *Sun* defends itself with more humor than sound argument for using the expression "he led her to his horse and team." Being asked what a team is, the *Sun* replies in effect that the word is in common use to indicate one horse and a wagon, as well as more than one horse, and that the redundant expression "hoss and team" is allowed. There is usage for every kind of language, good or bad, but all usage is not good usage, and this usage which calls one horse a team is not good. "Team" carries the idea of the co-operative action of animate beings. A pitcher and catcher in baseball make a team. The whole nine is a team. A batch of polo-players makes a team. Two or three or four horses, or more, working together, make a team. A single horse and his driver working together might be called a team, but a mere lifeless wagon, even one with rubber tires, does not justly and properly constitute a team when connected with one horse. The basic idea of team-work does not exist in such a combination. The mere fact that a stable-boy calls such a combination a team does not overcome the reasonable objections to such a phrase. When he calls his horse and buggy a "rig" he may be inelegant, but he does not defy established usage and philological propriety in the same measure. If a horse and buggy are a team, then a polo-player and his mallet are a team; but no one will admit that a single polo-player can constitute a team without at least the co-operation of a live pony. Even then when you speak of the man Jim and the pony Jo as a strong team, you use "team" in a special sense. Not less than two polo-players with their ponies can constitute a team according to ordinary usage. The *Sun's* authorities in this case do not authorize. The misuse of words may constitute good dialect, but it cannot be defended as sound language.

The *Philistine* says:

"Take my word for it, Charlie, the man pushing a wheelbarrow is just as happy as the man riding in the automobile—he has just as good a digestion, sleeps as well, and will live as long. God equalizes all things, and if you get off a way so as to get the perspective, you will see everything is of one size."

The *Philistine* is wrong. It is true that the man pushing the wheelbarrow may be as happy as the man in the automobile or even much happier. It is true that human life is geared to an astonishing system of compensations, and that happiness depends far less on environment, comfort, luxuries, playthings, and money than it seems to; but it is not true that God equalizes everything, or that in the long-run in this world one man is as happy as another. If you consider that Providence owes equality in happiness to human beings, you must look beyond this life and use your imagination to see events square themselves with Eternal justice. The obvious fact

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that the odds cannot be trusted to come even in this world is one thing that makes humanity cling to the belief in immortality. It seems as if in the interest of justice there must be a continuance of existence, at least for some people. And yet happiness is marvellously independent of circumstances, and things, though not all of one size, come much nearer to being of one size than most people dream of. Most of us are slaves to wants that are largely fictitious, and keep our birthright in pawn for messes of pottage that are far from filling at the price. If we had more sense, we would have more fun, whether we had more dollars or not. But it is in this very matter of sense that the greatest inequality exists.

It is interesting now to recall the Harvard Memorial-day address made five or six years ago by Justice O. W. Holmes. He spoke as the apologist of war, and insisted with eloquence and poetry that there were good points about it. That was before San Juan and Manila Bay, when we had not smelled real battle-powder for thirty years. The Justice's remarks were widely discussed, and he was extensively reproached for his opinions. We have had a good deal of education since then. It is likely that those remarks would hardly seem now like extreme opinions, and it is more than likely that they would not seem like such opinions as at the present time would hurt the chances of a good judge to be moved up into the United States Supreme Court.

Our British cousins are slowly waking up to a fact that has been painfully obvious to the American traveller for many years, and that is the undoubted vulgarization of Stratford-on-Avon. Necessarily a show-place, it does not seem quite inevitable that it should be turned into a circus with a vast variety of side-shows, and yet that is precisely what has happened. The house in which the immortal bard was born has been turned into a museum that has lacked only barkers on the outside to find its level in management with the attractions of a Midway; while the church wherein rests all that is mortal of the poet—a place that should be sacred, impressive, and inspirational—has about it all the qualities of a cheap bazar. Cheap souvenirs of the trashiest sort are sold within the walls of the edifice itself, and the prevailing atmosphere of the interior, at one end of which is the tomb which should be a shrine, is that of the picnic-grounds. Greater respect is shown to the conventions at an ordinary sportsman's or military show at the Madison Square Garden in New York city than is discernible in this venerable pile, which for a double reason—first, that it is the house of God, and second, that it holds the ashes of the greatest literary genius of the ages—should cause men to approach it reverently, decently, and in orderly fashion. We are glad to note from recent despatches from London that the woful estate into which Stratford has fallen has at last attracted the attention of those who may apply corrective measures. England is rapidly becoming a show country, for she has much that is worth seeing, and it behooves her people to look to it that the sacred things she has are preserved from the rough hand of vulgarity, and that the spiritual essence of her glories is not destroyed by a too ready acceptance of the ideas of commercialism.

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine is doing excellent work. It has just published its seventh memoir, a "Report of the Yellow Fever Expedition to Pará." Two doctors, Dr. Myers and Dr. Durham, were sent out to the infected country for the purpose of investigating the fell disease and its causes. They both contracted the fever. Dr. Myers succumbed to it, and never returned. Dr. Durham recovered, and it is he who has written the report. After giving a concise and lucid account of what had previously been done by other investigators into this subject, and stating his reasons for disagreeing with some of their conclusions, the writer describes the observations made by his colleague and himself upon the causes of the disease, the modes of infection, and the relative value of the various methods of treatment. He concludes that the disease is due to a small bacillus, and that infection is generally caused by a brown gnat *(Culex fatigans)*, which inoculates the victim with the bacilli that it has taken up by feeding either on patients suffering from the fever or on material from such patients. If America is going to dig the Panama Canal, its medical and scientific men might do worse than study this work, and do some investigating along similar lines on their own account; for assuredly the formidable "yellow jack" and cognate fevers will be among the biggest obstacles the canal-diggers will have to overcome.

While the professors and schoolmasters, on their vacations, are striving with intense inner scrutiny to realize what they must do in the coming school year that they have heretofore left undone, we may commend to them as a hitherto unaccomplished task that ought to be accomplished, the work of teaching their young men who are going to be "scientific gents" to write English. It would be invidious, and would also take too much room, to mention even a tithe of the recent conspicuous cases of failure, in important scientific papers, of the writers to express themselves clearly and grammatically. We ought not to expect grace of diction from chemists, physiologists, and biologists, perhaps, though Huxley and Tyndall and Draper possessed it. But we have a right to expect that men of science who undertake to write at all should be able to avoid the use of singular verbs with plural nouns, and should have a good general idea of an effective arrangement of the matters they present. It is a melancholy fact that the engineering magazines have to keep an editor who does nothing but put into printable English the papers accepted for publication. Geologists are, if anything, even more hopelessly bad writers than engineers; and the reports of cases in the medical journals, even after the editor and proof-reader have finished with them, must often make the judicious reader grieve. When an eminent man of science repeatedly uses the nouns "phenomena" and "data" in the singular, we can only wonder that he can have arrived at mature years without a knowledge of a simple fact that is dinned into every school-boy's ears. Such errors ought to be corrected by a proof-reader; but the proof-reader can hardly be expected to amend ill arrangement, excise duplications, and dissipate rhetorical fogs. It is probable that even scientific students might be taught to express themselves clearly and correctly, since those who are accustomed from childhood to hear English spoken well always write it well. The school ought to do at least as much as the home does. Perhaps it is vain to hope that it ever will; and yet if a thorough test were made of the ability of all teachers and professors, including those of geology and engineering, to write the language, and only those who write it concisely and correctly were allowed to teach anything, we imagine that the schools and colleges would turn out fewer scientists who "can't write."

President Gilman of the Carnegie Institute is expected home from Europe in about a month, and early in October the trustees of the institute will meet, compare notes, exchange ideas, and begin to make a definite plan for carrying out the institute's work. Meanwhile the headquarters of the institute, on K Street in Washington, are open, and the letters that are daily received there in large numbers are read and classified. Inventors who think they have made or discovered something useful write for aid in developing their ideas, though it seems doubtful whether Mr. Carnegie's deed of gift makes them eligible for assistance. The deed provides for the encouragement "of orignal research," but it is an exceptional invention that comes under that head. Many applicants are seeking fellowships and scholarships under those provisions of the deed which relate to the increase of facilities for higher education, and to assisting specially qualified students to use the facilities for research and study in the government departments in Washington. Another group of applicants have made scientific discoveries which they believe to be valuable, and which they wish to have published to the world, and a fourth group includes the correspondents who have in mind the declared purpose of the institute "to discover the specially gifted man," and put him in the way of doing the work he is fit for. There must be plenty of chaff in the institute's daily mail-bag, but there ought to be some kernels of good grain in it too, and the sifting goes on day by day against the time when the institute gets to work.

There is in this country (to locate her more exactly would be tantamount to mentioning names) a very clever woman who for years owned and conducted one of the finest schools for girls in this or any other land. So successful was this school that, after a quarter-century of teaching and directing, its

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principal, notwithstanding the loss her abdication meant to her enterprise, was able to "sell out" at a figure which means a life of quiet luxury for her for the rest of her days. In talking over her years of laborious management the other day she quite casually mentioned one item of her business as a principal which she seemed to take quite for granted, but which so impressed her hearer as to call forth an expression of delighted surprise. "Certainly," said the wise and lovely woman, "no matter how large my school was, I always did every bit of my own marketing and personally supervised the cooking and serving. I regularly set before my girls such meals as I hoped they would, some day, set before their own families,—chosen with due regard to bodily needs, cooked with due regard to educated palates, and served and eaten with due regard to the important factor eating is in a well-ordered life. I have heard of girls' schools where the meals were designated 'balance brought forward' and 'the review of reviews,' and were 'bolted' in three minutes in the girls' hurry to be through with a disagreeable business and be gone. I never considered that my duty was done when I had provided for my girls a curriculum set down in the catalogue. I felt that if I was to be anything to them, I must touch them and influence them at every possible point where they, in their turn, would touch and influence life. And so, among other things, we made our meal-times seasons of delight, as they should be in every well-regulated home; there is really no place where one may apply the touchstone of perfect breeding so effectually as at a meal, and this I tried, among other things, to impress on my girls from the moment they came under my care." What a pity that such a woman should ever be withdrawn from the generalship of affairs, except to marry a man!

Dr. Woodbury, chief of the Street-cleaning Department, declares that he could somewhat more nearly meet the expectations of the people of the city with regard to the appearance of the streets if he were allowed to employ more active men; and this he is prevented from doing by the ordinance which commands him to keep the veterans on his list of sweepers. We do not know whether any of his veterans come down from the civil war, but it seems probable that some of them do. And at any rate, some must have grown gray in the service of the department. Dr. Woodbury's predicament in this matter presents a grave question. Long and faithful service, especially in an arduous and unattractive duty, certainly calls for security of tenure to the practicable limit. But street-sweeping is not golf, which venerable bishops and rheumatic retired major-generals manage to play with a considerable degree of grace. It involves getting over a great deal of ground, and much stooping and lifting; and the area given to each man to keep clean is so large that only a young and athletic man can quite competently cover it. The problem of reconciling this physical requirement with the exalted sentiment of civic gratitude to the old and faithful public servant is still unsolved. The spectacle of elderly men, bent as to their shoulders and stiff as to their joints, trying to look jaunty in white helmets, brief snowy tunics, and loose trousers, and also to keep blocks and blocks clear of rubbish while prancing horses and whirling automobiles endanger their lives, is not altogether humorous. It moves us to sympathy not only with the veteran street-sweeper, but with Dr. Woodbury.

Now that we know that the British army consumed in the South-African war 34,500,000 pounds of jam, the fact suggests some nice computations in the statistics of sweetmeats. For instance: if the British army, in order to crush a comparatively small provincial state that began the war without an army, needs to be sustained by over thirty-four million pounds of jam, what quantity of jam would be necessary for it if it had a real war with some great military state? Would there be jam enough in the world to meet such a crisis? And what would become of the finances of the British Empire if in such a case some of the Chicago men should "corner" all the jam in the world just before the war began?

Cornelius Vanderbilt is the young man whose portrait appears in our looking-ahead series this week. His mind is serious, industrious, and inventive. Just how much practical value attaches to the plans he has worked out for the improvement of locomotive machinery we cannot say, but we do know that in working them out he was engaged in an undertaking that would have been far more pleasing to the old Commodore than the pursuits of his brothers Alfred and Reginald. He has money enough to live on comfortably, but has a healthful dissatisfaction with idleness and lack of accomplishment. It cost him something like fifty million dollars to marry the girl he wanted and his parents didn't want, but the inherited spirit of his great-grandfather enabled him to pay the price without a whimper—all of which indicates the possession of a determination sufficiently resolute to achieve any rational ambition. Anyhow, whatever may be thought of his judgment, good Americans admire his pluck, and wish him luck. He is twenty-nine years old.

HOW IT STRIKES A YANKEE

You ask me what I think, JOHN? Wal, I've jest ben lookin' round
An' sizin' up things gen'ally, sence I struck English ground.
I've ben here now for quite a spell—sence June, I b'lieve, an' so
I think I'm in position to express my views below.

When I see Injun Princes, yes, an' Fiji niggers, too,
An' strappin' lads from New South Wales, an' that New Zealand crew,
An' all the rest that gathered here for just one single thing,
To show their loyal homage to their EMPEROR an' KING,

Why, JOHN, I tell ye, it's a sight I never kin forget!
It stirred up my old blood-pump so that—wal—it's stirrin' yet!
An' tho' I am a Yankee, JOHN, a loyal Yankee, too,
I couldn't help a-feelin' proud that I come down from you!

I 'ain't forgot, JOHN, what you did, when I was fightin' Spain,
When my boy DEWEY, in the East, was givin' them a pain;
Ye know some fellows poked a nose where noses didn't b'long,
An' GEORGE, he didn't waste no time in sayin' it was wrong.

An' when them fellers come to you, to find out what *you* tho't,
You didn't *say* a blessed word; but, JOHN, you *looked* a lot!
That kind o' thing I can't forget, because—wal—I dunno,
The words won't come exactly, JOHN—but—shake! Thar—now, ye *know!*

An', then, JOHN, there's some other things that link us, old and young;
Our idees are about the same, 'n' we speak one mother-tongue;
We've had our little scrappin', JOHN, but now we've drawn the line,
It ain't on your mind much, I guess; I know it ain't on mine.

You're hard to *know,* JOHN, sometimes, but when you let down the bars
There's not a better feller underneath the sun an' stars!
I poke my fun at you, JOHN, an' you poke your fun at me,
But 't 's all in best of feelin', cause we *understand,* you see!

But if some other feller tried to git a little gay,
We mightn't be so playful: ain't that true, JOHN, what I say?
So let me tell ye somethin' on the strict "Q.T."—"strict. con."—
Because it's jest 'tween you an' me, and no one else is "on."

If any one comes nosin' 'round, and lookin' kinder "fly,"
An' possibly gits over-bold an' holds hisself too high,
Jest bear in mind, now, what I say in confidence to you:
Here—whisper, JOHN—'sh!—come up close!—"*I've* got some popguns, too!"

U. S. A.
—*Punch.*

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The President's Consistent War on Trusts

THE President has been stirring up the country by his New England speeches on trusts, or, as one daily newspaper puts it, his "stinging blows at trust evils."

Mr. Roosevelt is rapidly becoming what Sir George Trevelyan called Charles James Fox—a portent. He is an omen of a coming time, or at least of a coming struggle. He is a reminder to those who vividly recall the Presidential campaign of 1884 of Mr. Blaine. In a considerable degree he possesses Mr. Blaine's magnetism, but is free from his handicap of reputation. His personality excites admiration, and his eagerness, his sincerity, his intensity, excite enthusiasm and give him a command over the minds of a multitude which is akin to that domination which Mr. Bryan has exercised.

In fact, the President's is a voice out of a new time. He speaks for a progressive, advancing, significant Republicanism. He does not represent the present party leaders; he is not of them; he and they are antipathetic to one another. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Platt, Mr. Quay—all those who constitute the existing priesthood of the party—are meaningless; the President is of to-day and of the future. They are reminiscent; he is looking forward. They are content to hold power through the impetus which the party has already gained, rendered the more enduring by the absence of opposition; he is for doing something, for earning or winning power through facing new conditions with new policies. He speaks for a young Republicanism which is making itself the more distinctly heard in the tariff reforming West, but which exists everywhere. He is the natural leader of the young Republicans who must soon take the control, if the party is not to die of stagnation, as it will if the present close corporation much longer retains the management. The new Republicanism may be wrong-headed; its purposes and policies may be unacceptable; but whether wrong or right, it will be a living force, and it is better to be a living force, better for the party and the country, than to be a decrepit pensioner at the public crib, as it must be if existing conditions continue.

The most obvious purpose of the young or insurgent Republicanism which is manifesting itself in the West is revision of the tariff. The intended revision, however, is not to be made on once-familiar lines, or according to principles which are hostile to the doctrine of protection. It is to be based on protective ground, and is to be made by protectionists. It is not to consult the interests of the consumer on the principle that he is entitled to buy in the cheapest market; but it is to curb excesses which are practised by protected manufacturers, excesses which have been made possible by the very protection which is now attacked. At the same time, those who are assailing the Eastern manufacturers and the combinations, or "trusts," are demanding that the agricultural interests shall continue to receive the so-called protection for which the Dingley law provides. The contention is that the manufacturer who sells his products in foreign countries for less than he charges his fellow-countrymen ought to be deprived of his protection, for the reason that he is abusing his privilege. The President, it is true, has not publicly announced his adhesion to this policy, but no one who is familiar with his views doubts that he is now, or soon will be, in accord with those who have formulated it. Nothing can prevent the adoption of this theory by the insurgent Republicans except its previous adoption by a reorganized Democratic party, and even then the Republicans of whom the President is the natural leader, and who are opposed to the motionless leaders of to-day, would still advocate lower tariff duties in the interest of protected farmers.

The President's attitude towards trusts, which also differs from that of the party's leaders, is distinctly an outgrowth of the protective policy. Although he has not spoken very definitely, it is sufficient for a judgment on his policy to know that he favors national control of great combinations. He holds that State control is ineffective, and that the nation should supervise these corporations. It is one thing to advocate national charters for corporations and quite another thing to advocate national, or any, interference with their business. Still, as we have said, the advocacy of the paternalism, or communism, implied in supervision, is an outgrowth of that expressed in governmental partnership, or contribution to profits, which is involved in protection. To the President's mind, the corporation, being nourished by the state, is subject to the control of the state; being enriched by the state, the state has the power to restrain it, or guide it, or extinguish it. It may punish its creature for abuse of its power, for excessive growth, for the exercise of overwhelming power. If the nation cannot exercise control of the business of corporations, under the Constitution as it is, the President favors a constitutional amendment which will give it the needed power. At all events, he believes that large corporations should be guided by the hand of Congress, and restrained by the power of the Federal courts. This is merely an extension of the underlying principle of paternalism, which is the life-blood of the protective system. The state having become a contributor to the wealth of corporations, ought to have the right to control them and even to destroy them.

The President thus advocates state interference with the laws of nature, state opposition to a natural economic development. His attempt, if it should be actually put in operation, would miscarry, precisely as all such attempts have miscarried ever since the government first endeavored to interfere with the laws of production and distribution. The only sure result of the application of the President's plan would be the increase of political corruption. The industrial and commercial movement would meet his laws and defeat them. He can, indeed, put an end to the evils arising from combinations, but he needs no new laws for that; all that is required is an honest and fearless enforcement of existing laws.

The theory that the nation must take up the task of trust suppression is likely, however, to constitute a tenet of the progressive Republicans, of whom Mr. Roosevelt is, to-day, the natural leader. The fundamental faith of the party is paternalism, and, therefore, in meeting new questions and in solving new problems, the principle of paternalism will continue to govern. It is not only interesting to note the demand of the progressive Republicans for action, and for a new leadership, which will mean something, but it is important to observe the fact that the first step in the new movement is an advance in paternalism, an expansion of communism, which is also a blow at the very industrial combinations which have been built up by the same paternalism in its earlier stages.

Man is not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.—*Goethe.*

An Imperial Opportunity

THE bold action of the War Lord of Germany in proposing an international earthquake congress is merely in the line of those fearless grapples with the problems of economics and æsthetics which have signalized his reign from the first. The time when—

"An earthquake rolled unheededly away,"

amidst the furies of a battle raging over its prostrate form, was past many centuries before Wilhelm II. came to the throne, and it was therefore unnecessary for him to instruct his soldiers that it was as distinctly their duty not to let any earthquake escape them as to shoot down their families at his command. But it certainly remained for this indefatigable prince to appeal, in the interest of civilization, if not religion, to several of the leading powers of the old and new worlds, and invite them to send delegates to an assembly for the purpose of looking into the nature of the seismic phenomena, and devising means for their arrest, and perhaps punishment in the case of repeated offence. It has been unhandsomely intimated that the Kaiser has been moved to this course by envy of the Czar of Russia's success in giving permanent peace to Christendom, but we see no reason for assigning so low a motive to the German Emperor. On the contrary, there is everything to indicate that he has been actuated purely by public spirit of the highest sort, for Germany has suffered little or nothing from earthquakes, and he could have no selfish interest in their exposure and prevention, for the present at least. It is true that in a momentary lapse of the Monroe Doctrine, he might acquire an extensive seismic area in Venezuela or Brazil, but before this could be done, he would have had to reckon with a people as fertile in expedient as himself, and even more abundant in resource. He might find the destructive natural agencies which have repeatedly ruined the cities of the coveted countries turned against him by the ingenuity of their natural allies; in the extremely improbable event of defeating the joint armies and navies of North and South America, he might find himself confronted by the very earthquakes whose motives and properties he has now invited us to study.

We are quite confident that the Kaiser has no *arrière-pensée* in this matter, and we are willing to believe that it is only the first step in the direction of many benefits to be conferred upon the human species by the scientific inquiry which he wishes to prompt. When the earthquake question has been settled, and the cognate volcanic problem solved, it seems reasonable to expect that he will apply his restless energies to the control of the weather, acting always by and through the advice of experts, whose technical knowledge he will invoke in some such form as we now see him employing for the mastery of seismology. With such a prince directing the assembled weather-wisdom of Christendom, it is by no means impossible that we shall yet have hot days and cold, wet days and dry, as we want them, if only we can decide upon some method of choice less offensive than universal suffrage to a sovereign so much more inclined to exercise a divine authority. The main difficulty, if the matter were left to him, would arise when the French were asked to accept German weather, or the various Republics were expected to submit to an imperial dictation in their meteorology. As most of the world's weather now comes from America, it is doubtful whether we should feel it quite patriotic to surrender our primacy in the matter, and relegate our rights to the judgment of a Prussian tribunal. If, in-

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stead of what we call good growing weather, with the mercury among the nineties, which is so favorable to our corn crop, we found ourselves appointed the chill, wet summer of Berlin, where, as Heine noted, the sun is obliged to wear a flannel jacket in order to keep warm, should not we suspect some such interested motive in the Kaiser's council as now excludes American pork from his dominions?

No doubt these difficulties could be overcome by the prevision of the meteorological convention, and we will not suffer them to discourage us too long beforehand. But there is another matter which might well attract the benevolent attention of the Kaiser, and that is the passion of love, which has probably made much more trouble, caused worse calamities, and been the exhaustless source of more sorrow than all the earthquakes that have shaken cities down, put together. This smiling and insidious evil has never yet been subjected to due scientific investigation. It has been left to the poets and novelists, who have mostly represented it as a boon to the whole race, and as the prime blessing of youth. If now and then one has asked in awe-stricken whispers—

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilion?"

he has presently been rapt from the sense of its dangers in the ecstasy which entreats—

"Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!"

It is no longer safe to leave this problem in hands like these, if it ever was safe, and it is doubtful whether the passion hitherto abandoned to their inadequate study is not of more actual, more burning, interest to mankind than either earthquakes or the weather. We do not like to urge its substitution for seismology as the subject of inquiry at the conference which the Kaiser has invited, but we are by no means sure that the world would not be much more interested in its consideration. Science might do much to modify, direct, and regulate it. The application of the Röntgen rays to the investigation might finally result in the discovery of an antitoxin, which would so change its nature as to render it comparatively harmless. Perhaps some occult affinity to the earthquake might be traced in it, and the conference could proceed from the consideration of the one to the consideration of the other, without an abrupt transition which might attract the notice of triflers and bring a very serious question into ridicule.

The records of the medieval courts of love could be searched for precedents in the application of principles, but it might be expected that the principles themselves would be the fruit of original inquiry. In this, the advanced thinking of the world would imply the presence of women in the conference, and there would be no reason against their presence, which we are now accustomed to in several other fields of scientific inquiry. In fact, without their presence it could not be adequately studied, as the Kaiser must realize if he proves equal to this imperial opportunity.

True elevation of mind does not take a being out of the circle of those who are below him, but binds him faster to them, gives advantages for a closer attachment and conformity to him.—*Sextus.*

Awake no man from a dream unless he struggles in it. A weak belief is preferable to a bitter unbelief.—*Landor.*

The laborer is worthy of his hire.—*St. Luke.*

"The Noble Pleasure of Praising"

It has been well said that Mr. Swinburne, above all critics, delights in "the noble pleasure of praising." Generous by nature, magnificent in his gratitude to the great literary benefactors of mankind, endowed with the highest qualities of scholarship and genuine insight, his panegyrics of Shakspere and Victor Hugo, of Charlotte Brontë, and now of Charles Dickens, if not always tempered with tolerance and charity toward other critics, are in the main sound and true in judgment, and a source of intellectual stimulation. As a critic he stands with Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton (of whom it is to be deplored we have no great volume of collected writings yet) as the foremost writer of his day; especially is this true of him as a critic of Shakspere. But Mr. Swinburne has other passions besides the noble pleasure of praising. Within the space of a few weeks he has set the critics of two continents by the ears by his impassioned praise of Dickens and his vindictive contempt of Dickens's detractors. It cannot be denied that Mr. Swinburne's passionate zeal is impregnated with humor, but it is of that stolid sort which blunders into insolence and spits out in print things we hope the poet would never have said in conversation.

There is a peculiar piquancy, as Claudius Clear alone among all the critics has observed, in the fact that Mr. Swinburne should contribute a signed article on Charles Dickens to the *Quarterly Review*. For in 1886, Mr. Swinburne gave pungent expression to his contempt for that periodical as an authority in literary matters. In this article he characterized the *Quarterly* as an organ "which has always been a literary *journal pour rire*, grave at once and duller than its fellows of the more professionally comic press," and heaped upon its venerable head the ignominy of this passage: "As it was in the beginning with the *Quarterly Review* so it is now, and so we may feel confident that it will be to the end of its existence. But even this periodical has its province and its office in the world of letters. For the gossip of gastronomy and the babble of the back stairs we shall not refer to it in vain. Those who list may learn of it the art of dining or the secrets of historic holes and corners; but outside of the inner circle of its contributors and subscribers no mortal who does not desire to be clothed with ridicule as with a garment will appeal on any question of literature to the authority of the *Quarterly Review*." Could anything more finely ironic be imagined than the magnanimous retort courteous of the editor and publisher of the *Quarterly* in luring Mr. Swinburne to write over his signature in their once despised organ so bereft by him of literary authority?

Shakspere and Hugo are Mr. Swinburne's literary gods, as every one conversant with the poet's mind knows. "But as there certainly was no Shakspere and no Hugo (during the reign of Dickens) to rival and eclipse his glory, Dickens will probably and naturally always be accepted and acclaimed as the greatest Englishman of his generation." Mr. Swinburne is inclined, wrongly, we think, to depreciate the creative genius at work in the *Sketches by Boz*, and even in *Pickwick*. But "Sam Weller and Charles Dickens came to life together, immortal and twin-born." In *Oliver Twist* "the quality of a great tragic and comic poet or dramatist in prose fiction was for the first time combined with the already famous qualities of a great humorist and a born master in the arts of narrative and dialogue." Mr. Swinburne's enthusiasm is contagious. "No mortal man or woman, no human boy or girl, can resist the fascination of Mr. and Mrs. Quilp, of Mr. and Miss Brass, of Mr. Swiveller and his Marchioness." And how true this is: "From Quilp's Wharf to Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, the river belongs to Dickens by right of conquest or creation. The part it plays in more than a few of his books is indivisible from the parts played in them by human actors beside it or upon it."

Against Mr. Andrew Lang, who joins Wilkie Collins in a poor opinion of *Barnaby Rudge*, we have Bulwer Lytton's high praise buttressed by Mr. Swinburne's claim for it as a faultless work of fiction, containing a quality of humor reminiscent of Shakspere and even of Aristophanes. "Twice only did the greatest English writer of his day make use of history as a background or a stage for fiction; the use made of it in *Barnaby Rudge* is even more admirable in the lifelike tragedy and the terrible comedy of its presentation than the use made of it in *A Tale of Two Cities*." Yet, deservedly or not, the latter book has always been the more popular; the public acclamation in this case, as so often happens, running counter to the canons of criticism. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, agrees with the consensus of public opinion in supporting Dickens's preference of *David Copperfield* to all his other masterpieces, and turns in doing so to whack the "dunces" who hold it improbable or impossible for a great writer to judge aright of his own work at its best. Of course, it was to be expected that Mr. Swinburne would entertain an unbounded adoration for the adorable Sairey, the creation in which Dickens matched the unspeakable perfection of Mrs. Quickly — the woman, as Jean Paul Richter designated her, "who washes us into life and washes us out of it." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, because of the immortal Mrs. Gamp, because of the heights to which Dickens's tragic and comic genius rose in its grasp of character and grip of situation now and then, comes near to ranking with his very best work. Mr. Swinburne reserves for this high honor *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*, and in this judgment he is in good company. "These are his great masterpieces," great in the perfect excellence of their triumphant genius. Mr. Swinburne, strange to say, disregards the unhappy deference to Lord Lytton's judgment which caused the end of *Great Expectations* to be altered. We know how fatal this was in the case of *Adam Bede*, when George Eliot allowed her own dramatic instinct to be tampered with by Lewes in the ending of that novel. Dickens meant to have left Pip a lonely man, and it is as such that we like to think of him. It is the pitfall that always lies in wait for the novelist who stoops to the weak desire for a happy ending.

Mr. Swinburne's ample generosity and admiration find excellence in all of Dickens. Speaking of his highest masterpieces, he says: "Great as they are, there is nothing in them greater than the very best things in some of his other books: there is certainly no person preferable, and there is possibly no person comparable to Samuel Weller or to Sarah Gamp." We have said all of Dickens, but he makes one exception; an exception so trifling as to provoke surprise at his momentary loss of temper over it. *A Child's History of England* is so little read — who reads it now?—and so slightly regarded, that it need scarcely be weighed, as Mr. Swinburne weighs it, as a pernicious repository of dangerous radicalism and disloyal principles. This from the most red-hot Radical of all latter-day poets reads like a modern version of the myth of Cadmus.

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Uses of the Rich

THE poor we have always with us. We are used to that. The rich, in these days, we seem to have always with us too, and though there is not absolute novelty about that, we are still not quite so well used to the constant rich as to the constant poor. Our newest rich—a very large and lively group—are not yet well used to their own condition. They have not all "found themselves." They don't all know yet what to do either with their hands or their time or their opportunities, and it is natural enough that we, on our side, should not yet have fully thought out how we can best use them. In some particulars they are considerably inconvenient. Their competition for the things they happen to want runs the price of those articles up in every case where the supply is limited. The cost of bread, cabbages, bacon, beef, shoes, and such necessaries are not much affected by the plethora of millionaires, because the production of such supplies is practically limitless, but in communities where rich people collect, house lots in the best streets, desirable sites for country places, competent cooks, and luxuries of that sort come to be extravagantly dear. Yet, after all, there are comparatively few things which are at all essential to the comfort of plain people that are monopolized by the rich. They seem to get rather more than their share of the money, but even of that they only have the handling, and it keeps passing out of their hands into other hands all the time. Their very surpluses which they can't spend make money cheap, so that the comparatively indigent can hire the use of it at moderate rates. Of all that they spend on externals the general public shares the enjoyments. If a millionaire has a beautiful city house, the outside of the house gives pleasure to every passer-by who has taste enough to appreciate it. If he has beautiful gardens, access to them will not be so easy, but in so far as they are in sight they will give pleasure to all beholders. One of the millionaire's useful offices is to adorn the earth; and his palaces in town and out, his grounds and parks and the cattle on his meadows in the country, his carriages and horses and decorous hired men, the very street gowns and hats of his wife and daughters, help to discharge his obligations in that particular, and make him valuable to the public. One could wish his automobiles were somewhat handsomer. They are interesting, but at best they are demonlike conveyances, and not to be compared for beauty with the best of the horse-drawn vehicles, with the fine beasts that haul them.

Personally the millionaires are inclined to shirk the duty of terrestrial adornment. Their womenkind are apt to be handsome, and rather like to deck themselves out with delectable raiment; but the rich men themselves do not maintain a particularly high average of pulchritude. Some of them, alas! are fat. They are neither more nor less comely than other folks, and are not appreciably better clad; for when one or two hundred dollars has been spent on a man's exterior raiment, and he has been newly shaven, and his hair brushed and his shoes polished, art has done all it can for him, and rings on his fingers and jewels in his cravat are thought rather disadvantageous to the effect. If millionaires in New York rode gloriously down to Wall Street in the morning in four-horse postilions it would make for the popular entertainment, but they shirk all display of that sort, and though many of them come to town in steam-yachts, that merely enlivens the water-side.

There is a definite public advantage in having money lumped in very large masses under the control of a single head, because such masses of money are much more available for many uses than the same aggregate sum would be if distributed in smaller lumps. Where there is a very great fortune there is usually a very great surplus income, available too often for purposes of mischief, but much more often for industrial development, for benevolent uses, the fostering of art and the promotion of scholarship and research. If Mr. Carnegie's fortune, for example, were divided among a hundred holders it would more than make millionaires of all of them, but the disbursements which have made Mr. Carnegie so famous would cease. Possibly the hundred millionaires would put Mr. Carnegie's money to better use than he does, but it is certain that the public would not directly receive as large, or nearly as large, a share of its annual income as it does at present.

One involuntary service that the millionaires do us is to make thoughtful people realize how very many very costly luxuries there are that are not only not essential to happiness, but that have no bearing upon it at all. The comforts of life and some of the luxuries do make for happiness, though they by no means insure it. A good house is better than a poor house; some streets are pleasanter than others; country homes and gardens are a great and salutary delight; leisure, but not too much of it, due rest, but not idleness, the best education for one's children—all these things seem like sure blessings, and in the more congested centres of population nowadays it takes a good deal of money to buy them all. But an income that we are used now to consider small will do it. Great fortunes mean a different kind of life, a different development, different occupations, interests, and aspirations; but not necessarily better ones, and often worse. None of the things that are very costly—palaces, paintings, yachts, racing-stables, jewels, articles of high luxury, whatever they are—have much to do with happiness. They are toys, and cheaper ones answer the purpose quite as well. They may well excite interest, for they are often highly interesting and admirable, but there is no occasion for them to excite envy. They are the attributes of a kind of life that some people are born to, and live without much thought about it, that some other people aspire to and attain, that others attain as an incident of useful labor, that others still unwisely covet and overvalue, and which the majority of sensible people regard with the tranquil interest which they bestow on the gorgeous flowers in a fine garden. Sometimes they admire the fine flowers, sometimes not; it is a matter of taste, depending somewhat on whether the fine flowers are sweet or merely showy.

You have some chance of finding your ideal outside of yourself when you have, as much as possible, accomplished it within yourself. Do you hope to recognize and retain a soul that is loyal, profound, loving, faithful, inexhaustible, a soul that is vast, alive, spontaneous, independent, courageous, benevolent, and generous, if you do not know as well as it what are loyalty, love, fidelity, thought, life, spontaneity, independence, courage, benevolence, generosity? And how can you know them if you have not loved these things and lived long among them, even as that soul has loved them and lived with them?—*Macterlinck.*

To know that the greatest men of earth are men who think as I do, but deeper, and see the real as I do, but clearer, who work to the goal that I do, but faster, and serve humanity as I do, but better—that may be an incitement to my humility, but it is also an inspiration to my life.—*Baldwin.*

As to a Sculptors' Guild

AN eminent American sculptor has recently been interviewed upon the subject of American sculpture, and has delivered himself of many notable opinions, which may, or may not, prove tenable in the long-run. Accepting the prevailing industrial note of the hour, he courageously advocates the establishment of a Sculptor's Guild, by which the great opportunities of the day for the display of the sculptor's talents shall be seized.

Individuality in the artist he believes to be a fetich, and he considers it not egotism developed to its fullest powers, but the same quality gone to seed. The Guild, he thinks, would reduce individuality to its proper level, which he asserts should be of secondary, not prime, importance. In other words, for the greater development of his art Mr. Ruckstuhl appears to believe that sculptors should follow in the footsteps of the great industrial organizations, and establish what would to all intents and purposes be a United States Monument Company, a monopoly in its larger sense.

To some extent the gentleman outlines the details of his proposed guild, and they are so undoubtedly entertaining as to lead us to hope that Mr. Ruckstuhl's suggestions may be given a tentative trial in order to establish or to disprove the wisdom of his plans. Certainly that in art individuality is a fetich is a new proposition and a startling one as well. In the case of many writers manner is their sole asset; style is the essence of their work. Similarly the form of a painter makes him or mars him, and the worst that could be said of any artist by the critic of the past has been that he lacked originality; was possibly a mere follower of a school; was not an original genius, but merely one man among many thousands of others precisely like him. We are inclined to think that the individuality of Thackeray or Dickens taken from their works would deprive them of so much of their flavor as to leave a mere Wilkie Collins, a Charles Reade, or a G. P. R. James. In painting it would avail a man nothing under Mr. Ruckstuhl's régime to be a Meissonier, a Corot, a Rousseau, an Innes, or a Gérôme.

But perhaps in sculpture it is different. Thousands of eyes that can at a glance perceive the difference between a fine canvas and a mediocre one lack the keenness to differentiate between the sculptures of Phidias and Rogers, and a plan that would uplift one art might never do for the full development of another. For ourselves we should prefer in our sculpture to recognize the artist rather than the artisan, but when a leading member of the profession denies the importance of the individual and asserts that the personal touch in its present development is but egotism gone to seed, we must defer somewhat to his superior judgment—not wholly, perhaps, but just far enough to wish that his plans might be tried for a little time. We are of open mind on the subject of sculpture, venturing to like Mr. MacMonnies's Bacchante, despite its treatment at Boston, quite as much as we despise Mr. Ward's spider-legged Seward on Madison Square; admiring Mr. St.-Gaudens's Shaw Monument on the Boston Common as thoroughly as we detest his spindle-shanked Diana on the tower of the Madison Square Garden: and while we have hitherto been pleased to look upon the profession of the chiseller as one of the finer arts, if Mr. Ruckstuhl can prove it to be merely an industry we shall be among the first to accept the inevitable, leaving our keen regrets at the disillusionment to feed upon themselves unexpressed and unexpressible.

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Corn

It is now certain that this year's corn crop will be the largest ever known in the United States. No other staple product of the fields offers so many difficulties to the man who would undertake to estimate the yield in advance of harvest; for no other must run so perilous a gauntlet of contingencies, extending over so long a season of growth and maturity, from early spring to late fall. Until the very last none can say that it is safe from possible accident. In the best of years, after three months of ideal conditions, there may come in July or early August a protracted drought or the blight of a few days' hot winds, cutting the yield even in two. For this year, however, all such possibilities are past; in some sections the harvest has already begun, and it is definitely known that the crop will be about 2,500,000,000 of bushels — probably rather over than under that figure. This is a round billion of bushels in excess of the harvest of 1901, and fully 25 per cent. greater than that of 1900.

These facts have gained a new significance for the minds of our people because of the disaster of last year and the many hardships thereby entailed. Hardship is an excellent teacher; it has taught us to set a due value upon corn as a national product and an essential element in our daily life. Last year's shortage visited its pains upon the people at large, and not upon the corn-growing farmers. Considered *en masse*, the growers were gainers, not losers, by the shrinkage. Although fully 500,000,000 bushels less in volume, the crop of 1901 brought its producers $300,000,000 more than that of 1900. Here and there, of course, certain fields were a total loss, millions of acres having been so seriously affected by drought that their yield did not pay for the bare labor of harvesting; but in the aggregate the fields returned an average of $10 per acre, against $6 per acre in the fruitful year of 1896. This difference was borne not only upon the consumption of corn and its immediate products, but also upon the consumption of all corn-fed meats, and, in addition, there was a sympathetic advance in the cost of all foods. This has served to point anew the deeper meanings of a corn crop.

Understanding is made at once more easy and more difficult by the fact that in recent years this industry has been segregated and centralized. It was but a short time ago when every rural neighborhood, East and West, had its corn-fields, shared in production, and was thus kept in touch with the conditions of the market. In 1882, when the shortage of last year was rather more than duplicated, and when the prices of meat and other foodstuffs experienced a much greater advance, the whole country knew how to account for it, and therefore took it as a matter of course, awaiting the time when another bountiful harvest would restore the disturbed equilibrium. Gradually, however, the wide distribution gave way, as the prairies were opened and corn-growing became more and more scientific; the smaller fields could not compete with the larger, and, in keeping with the modern tendency, they abandoned the profitless effort. This change, while rendering it difficult for the people at large to follow the growth of the industry, made a better understanding possible to those who would take the trouble to acquire it. The meat-consumer of the East, finding prices abnormally high, and lacking the data in his immediate experience for an exact analysis, contents himself with adding his voice to the cry of affright over the "trust" bugaboo, wholly forgetting the conditions of twenty years ago, when there was no such thing as a combination of packers to take the blame. But the West, which is now the national corn-field as well as the national cattle-range and swine-pasture, makes little complaint, appreciating the facts. The present increased cost of meat is almost wholly traceable to the increased price of corn and to exceptional conditions obtaining on the cattle-ranges.

More than 100,000,000 acres were planted to corn in the spring of 1902, this being nearly or quite 20,000,000 acres in excess of a normal planting, this excess having been stimulated by last year's shortage and high prices. Any one of the five principal corn States—Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, or Missouri—has fifty times as large an acreage in this grain as have all the New England States combined. Of the total acreage, more than three-fourths lies in the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri valleys. This is not due alone to adaptability of soil or climate; a factor equally important is the wide, unbroken expanse of the fields, which reduces the cost of culture to the minimum. Almost none of the labor of corn-growing or harvesting is to-day performed in the old way, by hand. Like wheat, corn is now cultivated in immense tracts, and with modern machinery, which has been evolved since the opening of the prairies, and which cannot be used economically in small areas. A corn-field containing 4000 or 5000 acres is not unusual; and the tendency is to increase their size. "Diversified farming," about which so much has been said, is not at all likely to supplant this wholesale production of a single crop on the larger farms of the West; for to cut up the fields into smaller tracts, and planting them to a variety of grains, largely precludes the use of the most modern methods in planting, culture, and harvest. The big farm is rational and will endure.

There can be no considerable extension of corn-culture beyond the limits of the territory where it is now practised. Wheat-farming may spread out indefinitely, North and South, from Manitoba to Texas; but nature has established well-defined boundaries to the corn belt, beyond which profit ceases. Conditions are at their best along a line projected westward from central Ohio through Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and on to near the centre of Nebraska. In normal years these States give the largest yield in bushels per acre. Now and then phenomenal crops are harvested in Kansas and Oklahoma, but they are less dependable. Soil and conditions of culture are practically the same; but the greater length of season commonly effects a decline in both quantity and quality of the product. To the northward this decline is still more marked because of shorter seasons. Minnesota yields but one-tenth as much as Iowa; and the crop of North Dakota is but one per cent. of that of South Dakota. West of the ninety-eighth meridian increased altitude and decreased rainfall shut out the corn-grower effectually. Persistent experimenting, in despite of these conditions, has almost invariably resulted in disaster, and the higher lands beyond that line are now given up to cattle-grazing. The central prairies will always furnish at least three-fourths of all the corn grown in the United States. As consumption increases, bringing better prices, some of the lands of that region now given to wheat will be surrendered to corn; but the outer bounds of the corn country cannot be much widened. Save under extraordinary conditions, such as exist this year, there has been no material increase in acreage or crop since 1890, while annual domestic consumption has increased by at least 500,000,000 bushels.

While the farmer has been engaged in the conquest of his fields and the perfection of methods, other collateral industries have been developed to afford him a market for his crops, giving him a fair control of his economic fate. Improved milling processes have brought products of corn into request as human food; the manufacture of starch and glucose has assumed large proportions; altogether, more than one hundred commercial products have corn as their basis. Yet manufacture utilizes but a very small proportion of the annual corn-crop. Its principal use is in fattening cattle and swine.

Until very recent time much the greater part of the annual yield was shipped from the prairies in the raw state. This was in the time when meat-packing was in its glory in Ohio. The movement of this industry to Chicago and St. Louis was a long step in the right direction; but the end was not attained until mammoth packing establishments took form at Kansas City, Omaha, and other cities in the Missouri Valley. Now only about one-fourth of the prairie corn must be sent abroad, and the time will soon come when there will be none for shipment. Last year Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, where stock-feeding is now chiefly conducted, bought many millions of bushels of corn from the States which once bought of them.

These three industries — grazing, corn-growing, and packing—have not only been centralized in the West, but have attained an inseparable interdependence. One could not exist with profit without the others. Their geographical distribution, in relation to one another and to outside markets, has been arranged by nature as well as man could have contrived it. On the plains above the corn-fields, and immediately adjoining them, are the ranges where cattle are bred and brought to maturity on their wild-grass pastures. Before going to the packer they must be corn-fattened; and to this end they are shipped eastward into the corn country, and held there until the fattening process is complete, five or six pounds of corn going into each pound of finished flesh. It is this part of the operation that has caused the recent increased prices of meat. Following the three or four months of feeding, the animals go to the packing-houses.

This manner of procedure is not only convenient, but economical to a degree, as compared with that of fifteen years ago. The distance which the cattle must be shipped is greatly reduced; the market for corn is brought almost to the door of the growers' cribs, and the market for fattened stock is within easy reach. Excessive transportation charges for long hauls of both corn and live-stock have been cut off, solving a most perplexing problem. This means that the days of fifteen-cent corn are forever past; the days when it could be said, "the greater the crop, the greater the loss." Corn-raising has taken on a new element of certainty; he who succeeds in raising a crop is sure of remunerative returns. This gives solidity to the life of the West, and is of great benefit to the nation.

A few years ago economists were much concerned over the problem of finding markets for our surplus corn; many means were conceived for stimulating exports of the grain. Events have brought a better solution, in providing for home utilization, thus cutting down the surplus once available for export. This is as it should be. There is no profit in sending anything abroad which can be used to advantage at home. To make domestic use of our raw materials, even to the point of wholly cutting off exports, is the surest road to true national wealth. Corn, as our distinctive national product, is destined to contribute vastly to our sound prosperity.

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The Outlaw of Elk Hollow

See page 1223

WHEN Mr. Kuykendall saw Peggy for the first time she was about three days old. She was one of the smallest and prettiest colts he had ever seen. He did not get a good look at her, however, until he had given chase for about four miles to Peg and her band, and then only after such hard riding as a man seldom gets. The pace was so fast for Peggy at her tender age that she could not keep up, so, after a few miles of hard running, she lagged behind. This caused Peg and her band to slacken speed, for they would not abandon the little one, too tired to run further. As was her custom after being outgeneralled and surrounded by the cowboys, Peg buried herself in the centre of the herd, little Peggy keeping close by her side, and in this fashion she and the band were driven to the ranch. After they had been securely corralled, little Peggy underwent the same bitter experience that had befallen her mother when she was a wee bit of a colt—she was roped, thrown, and branded.

"I will never forget what a time we had and how difficult it was to brand Peggy," said Mr. Kuykendall. "The boys had roped her by both front feet, and as soon as the rope became taut she fell. No sooner had she struck the ground than she bounded to her feet, like a rubber ball, and it took four men fully five minutes to tie her securely, so that we could put the branding-irons on her. She made a gallant fight—much better than many a man would have made under similar conditions."

After being branded, Peggy was allowed to run with her mother and the "wild bunch." She grew to be an exceptionally fine-looking animal,—one that would instantly attract the attention of any person. Until she was four years of age she never had a saddle or a man's hand on her, and during this period she enjoyed the freedom which her mother had always known. But this was not to last always. She was such a beautiful animal, so far superior in every way to her fellows, that it was merely a question of time when she would be selected and seized for the service of man. After she had fully matured into a full-grown horse she was driven into the corral with a number of others, when Mr. Kuykendall instructed his foreman to cut her out and keep her up for the purpose of breaking.

On the following day Peggy received her first lesson, which she took to kindly, and was a good, obedient scholar for several days. When an attempt was made to put the saddle on her back there was a misunderstanding. Peggy did not like this, and resented it with all her might, doing everything imaginable to keep from being saddled. After an hour's hard work the saddle was placed in position, when the blindfold and the ropes were removed. The moment her eyes were uncovered she started to run, stopping now and then and attempting to remove the saddle. Such jumping, pitching, bucking, and side-stepping are seldom seen, and she would most likely have succeeded had not the saddle been an exceptionally strong one. When she finally quieted down, Mr. Kuykendall instructed the foreman to remove the saddle, tie her up for the night, and feed her.

The next day—Sunday—was an eventful one in Peggy's life, for upon that occasion she made her début as being the most difficult animal to ride in that portion of Wyoming, besides establishing for herself a reputation that spread far and wide among the noted horsemen of America. It had been announced that upon this particular day one of the gamiest animals ever known in that region would be ridden by Mr. Kuykendall's famous bronco-buster "Tex," and every cowboy off duty made an effort to be present and witness the sport. In granting "Tex's" request to be allowed to ride Peggy on this particular day, for the edification of all who might be present, Mr. Kuykendall warned him to be extremely careful, as he felt that the Texan had undertaken a task that would tax his ability to the utmost. The cowboy simply smiled, and said: "I guess she isn't so very bad. I've ridden lots worse than she is."

"Tex" was known far and wide as a broneo-buster who had never suffered defeat, and every man at the ranch, from the foreman to the cook's assistant, was ready to bet his last cent that there was not a horse in the West that could throw him. The cowboy, who had conquered the worst horses in that section of the country, gloried in his reputation, and it was his chief delight to display his superb horsemanship before the admiring eyes of a large crowd. Some of his cowboy acquaintances were unkind enough to accuse him of having "the big head," others thought he considered himself a notch higher than the rest, while a few accused him of being a "dude." Such remarks were perhaps occasioned because he spent considerable time when duty free in front of a large looking-glass which he kept in his corner of the "bunk-house"; yet one and all admitted that he was by long odds the best rider in that section of the country.

Early upon the Sunday mentioned a crowd of cowboys and "tenderfeet," including the writer of this article, assembled at Mr. Kuykendall's ranch for the purpose of witnessing the sport. The Texan purposely waited until he was sure of a good-sized audience, and then began operations. In saddling Peggy he had to repeat the manœuvres of the previous day, while a steadily growing band of horsemen watched and waited with interest. Finally he had the mare ready.

"Ten dollars, even money, that 'Tex' don't stick to her!" shouted a lop-sided cowboy from the Camp Stool outfit, who had arrived while the mare was being saddled.

"Here, I'll take that bet!" shouted half a dozen men, any one of whom would have wagered his entire "lay-out" on the Texan.

"Put up another ten with me, partner; I need the money," remarked a six-footer, drawing a wad of greenbacks from his pistol-pocket.

He was promptly accommodated, and while the money was being placed in the hands of the stake-holder the rider jumped into the saddle and raised the blind. As soon as this was done the mare made two or three running jumps, then down went her head until her nose fairly touched the ground. Next she jumped as high in the air as she could, coming down stiff-legged and with force enough to severely jolt the anatomy of her would-be conqueror. She gave a continuous performance of this aerial feat for about four minutes, during which time she kept her head between her fore legs, as though ashamed of something she had done or was about to do. Each time on striking the ground she would jump backward, forward, or to one side, no two alike. During this time the rider retained his seat in the saddle, but his former air of assurance had given place to one of concern, and presently his face wore an expression that had never before been seen there—a sort of "I-can't-possibly-stay-up-here-much-longer-if-this-keeps-up" look.

"Stay with her, Tex!" shouted a dozen voices, encouragingly.

"Why don't you use the spurs?" inquired the lop-sided individual from the Camp Stool outfit.

"Give her a taste of the quirt!" yelled the admirer who had "ten dollars up."

"Put a burr under the saddle and make her buck!" shouted the cook's assistant, throwing his hat in the air.

These and similar suggestions were shouted at the now thoroughly jolted cowboy, who had already vainly tried all but the last. During these violent gyrations Peggy had edged away from the crowd of mounted ranchmen towards a small bunch of Herefords sunning themselves on the prairie, causing the great-eyed beeves to gaze in mild astonishment at the bucking horse and her rider. An instant later Peggy made a side jump, one ahead, then turned completely around, while the rider, losing his seat, landed on Mother Earth.

The instant Peggy threw her rider she made a dash for liberty. A couple of well-mounted cowboys roped and brought her back.

"Twenty to ten she don't ditch him this time!" shouted the foreman, as the nervy Texan, who was uninjured, prepared to mount the mare a second time.

"Put 'er up—I'm your huckleberry!" exclaimed the Camp Stool representative, moving towards the stake-holder.

"Be careful there, Tex!" shouted Mr. Kuykendall, but the warning was not heard by the rider, who was already in the saddle.

If Peggy was annoyed by the first attempt to ride her, she was now made thoroughly indignant by this second effort. The native blood of her mother and the nervous energy of her fleet and powerful sire now asserted themselves as never before. A swift, wild, headlong rush carried herself and rider well into the crowd; and then, as though convinced that further efforts in that direction were futile, she changed her tactics, and stopped with a suddenness that would have pitched an inexperienced rider far in the air. As this manœuvre did not unseat the rider, she reared high on her hind feet, almost falling backward, yet the doughty Texan stuck to the saddle like a burr. When she came down she stumbled violently and almost fell. This partially unseated the rider, and before he could regain his balance Peggy was on her feet, bucking even harder than before. Three more jumps were sufficient to displace the rider, and again she dashed away. Clever cowboys followed, roped, and brought her back.

"That settles it, boys—she's too much for me," said the Texan, whose face now looked like that of a veteran returned from the Philippines after a two years' campaign. "This is the first time I ever straddled a cayuse I couldn't hang on to," he said; "but I'm ready to take off my hat to Peggy, and, in addition, I'll pay the funeral expenses of the fool that tries to ride her."

Sincere love is . . . . a real fact, and its own justification, and however various or anomalous or unusual may be the circumstances and combinations under which it appears, it demands and has to be treated by society with the utmost respect and reverence—as a law unto itself, probably the deepest and most intimate law of human life, which only in the most exceptional cases, if at all, may public institutions venture to interfere with.—*Carpenter.*

The genuinely educated man is not one who has merely passed through a great many different experiences and who has made the acquaintance of a wide range of men and things, but rather one who has formed the habit of consciously using the experiences he has already had, be they few or many, in testing the new experiences which come to him.—*E. C. Moore.*

Remember, they who possess the deepest knowledge of human nature are the least violent in blaming its frailties.—*Sextus.*

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The British Conquest of Egypt by a Great Engineering Victory

See pages 1224 and 1225

THE great Nile dam at Assuan, just completed, fastens the British mortgage on Egypt so firmly that it never can be lifted. It is an engineering triumph of the first magnitude, and adds 1,000,000 acres of arable land to the Nile Valley, in addition to doubling the number of crops per year.

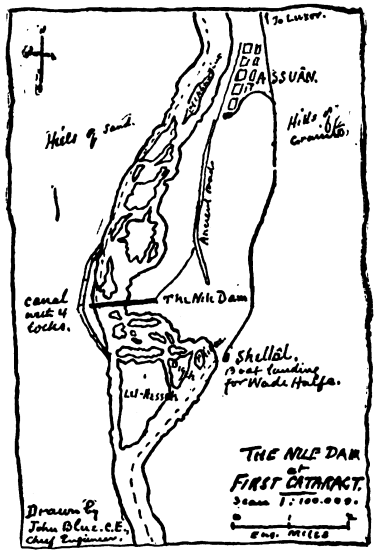
The source of all the predestined prosperity of the vassal kingdom of Egypt is the wall of Assuan granite that has been built across the First Cataract during the past four years. The improved railroad system of the Nile Valley has made the journey, even as far south as Khartum, one of ease and comfort. The writer travelled from Cairo to Assuan last spring in twenty-two hours.

Assuan is many thousand years old. In the river opposite the town, and separated only by a fordable creek, is the island of Elephantine, on which once stood a city of 1,000,000 people. Now it contains two miserable Nubian villages, where only the languages of the far Soudan are heard. This island is a mile long, a narrow, stony ridge, around which the water flows, and upon the southern extremity of which the First Cataract makes its last plunge. All the Nile "cataracts" are merely foaming rapids, and do not fulfil the American meaning of the word. This is especially true of the Great Cataract at Wadi Halfa, where the water is torn to ribbons by sharp and jagged rocks for a distance of five miles. The Assuan rapid, however, was originally about a mile and a half in length. At the point where the rough water begins the Nile narrowed to about half a mile, having an abrupt limestone cliff on the western side and a sloping bank of granite to the eastward. Across this gorge and through the middle of the rock-strewn torrent, the English contractors, John Aird & Company, have built a wall of red granite—100 feet high, 86 feet broad at the base, and 24 feet at the top—that will endure as long as the Pyramids or the mammoth gateway at Karnak. Its practical completion was announced by cable a few days ago, because a roadway, properly protected by iron railings, only remains to be built along its top. The large cut stones that compose this dam are dowelled and bolted together, so that nothing short of an earthquake can move them.

An entire day was recently passed at "the Great Barrage" by the writer, in the company of Mr. John Blue, the chief engineer of this enterprise. Together we rode in a tram-car the length of the Barrage, visited the canal with its four locks at the western side, and walked back along the mile-and-a-quarter crest of the structure. The exterior face of the masonry has a slight slope. The stones are carefully dressed on the edges, while their centres are left rough, and its exterior recalls the Pitti Palace at Florence.

Under flood conditions the river rises 40 feet at this point, 36 feet at Thebes, and 25 at Cairo; but it is not the intention of the engineer that the torrent shall flow over the crest of the dam. One hundred and eighty sluices—the largest 21 feet high by 6 feet wide, and the smallest ones (on the eastern side) 10 feet by 6 feet—are fitted with steel gates, by which the flow of water is kept under perfect control. When word is received by telegraph that the Nile Valley is under water, the storage will begin. The gates gradually will be lowered and finally closed.

"This site was chosen after careful inspection of the river-banks," said Chief-Engineer Blue, as he and the writer stood on the crest of the Barrage. "Solid rock exists on both sides—granite on the east and limestone on the west. The desert comes to the crest of the heights, on either hand. The bottom of the river was found to contain pockets of soft stone and débris that had to be dug out—in one instance to a depth of sixty feet—before reaching satisfactory foundation. All excavated material had to be handled by cranes or carried out in baskets upon the heads of natives. We employed at one time as many as 15,000 people in all occupations—stone-cutters, engineers, blacksmiths, cooks, masons, and carriers. This number of workmen creates a city. You see around us, on the hill-side, long rows of barracks where the men are quartered. The problem of housing and feeding this number of people is not a small one. Accidents have been numerous; but we have the best hospital in Egypt, supplied with competent surgeons, physicians, and nurses. A black Nubian who suffers injury in a blast or by a fall receives the same care given to our English and French engineers. As our work is almost done"—he



was speaking in last March—"we have about 6000 men on the roll to-day. Every block of stone is quarried, squared, and its location in the wall inscribed upon it. We know it will fit into place when we are ready for it.

"The river had to be deflected at various times from its low-water channel, so that we could lay our foundations. This was easy; but our overmastering problem was to so time our work as to be ready for the annual flood. 'Beware the ides of June!' was never absent from our minds. The flood comes down the river like a mighty tidal wave, and the date of its appearance rarely varies more than two or three days. Of course we have telegraphic warnings from Khartum, but every preparation must be made in advance. If working on a foundation, for example, the cement must be hardened and the upper layers of stone so weighted down that they will not leave their bases. We learned much during the first year's flood. A train of flat-cars, overloaded with the largest stone blocks, were placed upon the trestling and incompleted walls; but the torrent made sport of them, and carried them far down the stream. We utilized the flood period between the middle of June and the last of August, when work on the structure was impossible, for quarrying stone and excavating for the canal on the western bank."

While talking, Chief-Engineer Blue had conducted the visitor to one of the large sluiceways shown in the photograph, through which the water was pouring in impetuous volume. As we neared the place a workman dropped a valuable hammer into the flood. A Nubian diver was sent down, and soon returned to the surface with the tool. Thence we went in a tram-car, propelled by two coal-black Ethiopians, to the western side of the river to inspect the Navigation Canal. Mr. Blue pointed out several features thereof with pardonable pride, especially a new system of gates for the locks, differing from the conventional hinged lock-closers. These gates at Assuan slide together like the door between two parlors. When the visitor expressed doubt regarding the effectiveness of these appliances, Chief-Engineer Blue replied:

"Nearly every engineer who has been here has made the same objection; but we are sure of our work. Every possible strain has been carefully calculated. We know the weight of the water in the 130-foot lock, and the displacement of the Nile boats. We are positive that these gates will slide as easily as the drawers in my desk.

"This canal is cut through the base of the cliff, as you see, starting below the cataract, and ending in the still water behind the large island of Lel-Hesseh. Although the present channel is at the western bank, between the island of Philæ and the shore, the dam will create depth of water sufficient for any craft on this river. By-the-way, we shall not allow Philæ to be submerged; we shall build a ten-foot wall around it."

On the face of the great structure is a tablet inscribed: "H. H. Abbas Helmy Khedive, Foundation laid Feb. 12, 1899, by H.R.H. Duke of Connaught."

In answer to my inquiries, Chief-Engineer Blue explained exactly what is hoped to be accomplished by the dam:

"The Nile is a river of gold; its waters are the wealth of Egypt. Heretofore, this precious flood, laden with vegetable matter that enriches the valley from here to the Delta, has run into the sea—with the exception of the water saved in artificial pools and the Bahr-Yoosuf (the River of Joseph, a system of canals that run for 350 miles parallel to the river). We shall let the river flow through the dam, because the inundation must occur. Then we shall gradually shut off the water and store it against the dry season. In a few years, after keeping careful records, we shall know how to serve out the precious fluid so that the canals will always be full, and not a gallon be wasted. The second dam at Wadi Halfa is certain to be built, and the storage-reservoir there will be much larger, because the contour of the country lends itself readily to such a work. We may have to go above the town to find the proper retaining-walls, and the present railway to Berber and Khartum may have to be carried further inland, but no insuperable obstacles present themselves. With that dam completed, we shall be able to nurse the Nile like a babe in arms. Every gallon of Nile water, save enough to feed the stream, will be used for irrigation. A new field will open along the river for small oil-engines for pumping purposes, because petroleum is readily brought to Egypt from the Black Sea ports, and is the cheapest of cheap fuel. Egypt will awake from her sleep of many centuries, and become one of the busiest and richest parts of the world."

At this moment an English band on the esplanade at Assuan was playing "Rule Britannia." We could not hear the music, but we knew that "the Army of Occupation" was still in Egypt.

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Alice in Summerland

IX

"I AM sorry to say," said the Duchess, a few mornings after our experience at the farm play, "that pasteboard farm-houses, and canvas mountains, and cologne of overmastering scent, such as we got at the theatricalities the other night, don't quite satisfy thirst for the country."

"Mine too, neither," said the Dodo. "City life has its extractions, of course, but with one lung full of soot and the other clogged up with dust and small pieces of subway, I sort of feel as if I'd like to get away from it for a day or two, and breathe some of the pure benzine of the countryside."

"He means ozone, Uncle Jab," Alice explained. "And I'd like a little of it myself. In fact, I am hungry for it. I don't think I quite like the city in the summertime."

"It's no place for children," said the March Hare, with a wisdom beyond his brains.

"But for Hatters it is a perfect banana," said the Hatter.

"Bonanza, Hatter dear," said Alice.

"Have your way, child," returned the Hatter. "Have your way. Bonanza be it, but banana is not necessarily wrong. The city *is* fruit for the Hatter, which nobody can deny in the good old summer-time. I could stay here forever."

"Well, I couldn't, and sha'n't," said the Duchess. "I'm willing to come back, but stay I never shall. Can't you take us off to the country for a day or two?"

"Yes," said I, the suggestion fitting in admirably with my own ideas of comfort. "I can take you to a charming little country town called Saratoga."

"One of the suburbs?" asked the Duchess.

"In the sense that the whole country is a suburb of New York, yes," said I. "If you mean in the other sense, no. It is about two hundred miles to the north of us."

"Seems to me I have heard of it," said the Dodo. "It's the place where the beds have mineral springs, isn't it, and people wear diamonds instead of waistcoats?"

"That is the place," said I.

"Is it real country, where the horses graze, and lambs go gambolling on the green?" asked the Duchess.

"It is renowned, your Grace," said I, "both for its horses and its gambolling. Most of the latter, however, is done on the red or the black."

"And can one get good wheeling there?" asked the March Hare.

"I am told that the wheel at Saratoga is as continuous as that of Monte Carlo," said I. "Shall we go?"

"It's a long walk," demurred the Duchess. "Two hundred miles."

"Especially back," said the March Hare, again with a wisdom beyond his brains, for Saratoga is an expensive place to leave.

"We'll go by boat," said I. "Up the Hudson to Albany, thence by train."

"But I'm afraid of the sea," said the Duchess.

"There is no danger," I replied. "All the way, Duchess, you are in sight of land."

And with that understanding we embarked upon the night boat, and were soon on our way to the great watering-place of the north.

"Say," said the Hatter, as we climbed into the upper berth that night—"ain't Saratoga the headquarters of the American Tract Society?"

"Well—" I began.

"And a leader in the publishing business?" he added.

"Well," I resumed, "you aren't far from it. You'll find it full of the American Track Society, and as for the publishing business—yes. It swarms with book-makers."

A jest which must have had soothing qualities, for it was received not with smiles or laughter of any sort, but with snores from both the Hatter and the March Hare in unison. The Dodo bird spent the night perched on the walking-beam.

X

At ten o'clock the following morning we entered Saratoga, and descending from the train met with our first mishap. The active hotel-runners at the station, after the manner of their kind, before I was able to interfere pounced upon my party, and the first thing I knew Alice and the Duchess had been whisked off to the Grand Union Hotel, the Hatter was seized by a burly negro and carried to the United States, while the Dodo and the March Hare were kidnapped by runners for the Windsor and Congress Hall. It took me an hour to get the party together again.

"Ain't they cordial!" panted the Duchess, as the reunion took place. "That chocolate-colored gentleman acted as if he'd been waiting for me all his life, and gave me a delightful ride in his blunderbuss."

"Saratoga is renowned for its warm heart," said I. "There are more glad hands to the square inch at the Saratoga station than you can find anywhere else in the civilized world. As soon as they see a stranger here they take him in."

"They do indeed," said the Duchess. "I felt myself so very welcome that for a moment I forgot my rankness. Where do we put up?"

"All over the city," said I. "There's a piazza to sit on whichever way you turn, and there are so many people here that no one knows whether you belong to where you are or not. If we put up at one place it would cost us five dollars a day. Putting up all over doesn't cost a cent."

"Let's put up all over," said the Dodo. "We'll get more for our money."

This we proceeded to do. For an hour we sat on one piazza, and then on another, and still later on another, until the Duchess grew weary of it.

"Haven't we stolen enough piazzas?" she asked. "I'm just gorged with rockin'-chairs and music."

"'Tain't any too countrified, is it?" put in the Dodo.

"Hi!" roared the Hatter, pointing to a stout gentleman bearing down in our direction. "Look at the man with the bicycle-lantern on his shirt."

I explained to the Hatter that it was not a bicycle-lantern, but a diamond.

"Who is he?" asked the March Hare. "The King of the Kohinoors?"

"No," said I. "He is what they call a book-maker. He makes a million a minute by letting other people bet on the races."

"Does he use his diamond to read his books by?" queried the Dodo.

"Not exactly," said I. "He wears it merely as a sort of voucher for his financial responsibility."

"I see," said the Duchess. "If a man with a diamond as big as a piece of coal owes you thirty cents it don't worry you much."

"That's it," I replied. "You know he's good."

"He doesn't look good," observed the Dodo, eying the gentleman under discussion. "I don't believe he's a superintendent of a Sunday-school when he's home."

"You never can tell," said the Duchess. "What a man is at home ain't any hyperion as to what he becomes when he gets into a place like this. Lets people bet on the races, eh?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well, there's a lot of 'em here," commented the Duchess, looking out on the highway. "I've seen Americans, and Turks, and Celts, and Ethiopians, and Anglo-Saxons, and Semiticans by the hundreds. How do they bet, Mr. Jabberwock? So much on how many people of one race pass the piazza in ten minutes? I'd like to bet a dollar on the Semiticans, with the Ethiopians for a place."

I explained to the Duchess that it was not the human, but the equine races that people bet on.

"Ah!" said she. "I see. That's out on the farm, I suppose. What do they do, hitch the horses up to ploughs, and see which can furrow up the field the quickest?"

"A good race-horse furrows up the field all right," I replied, with some seeming irrelevancy. "We'd better get something to eat first, and then go out to the farm, as you call it, where the races are."

"And shall we see the farmers?" asked the Dodo, eagerly.

"The place will be full of 'em," said I, with a sigh, sadly conscious that where horse-racing is concerned I am something of a "farmer" myself.

"I'm thirsty as thunder," said the Hatter. "Can't we get some of the famous waters?"

I took the whole party to the Congress Spring.

"Gee!" cried the Hatter, as he drained his glass. "What is it made of—needles?"

"Mercy, what stuff!" roared the Dodo. "Tastes like broken glass."

"Can't say I like it," observed the Duchess, making a wry face. "It's wet enough, but I feel as if I had been drinking a vitrified brick."

"Liquified, Duchess love," said Alice.

"All right," said the Duchess. "As long as I don't have to drink any more of it I don't care whether it is liquified, vitrified, or petrified. The food ain't as prickly as the water, is it?" she added.

I assured her not, and, taking the hint, I hired a trap, in which we drove out to the lake, where we found a most appealing luncheon-place called Arrowhead. Here we enjoyed fresh trout, frogs' legs, a broiled chicken of luscious tenderness, some corn fritters with maple syrup, and some ten platefuls of hashed cream potatoes, an apparent specialty of the house, which is given away with every course on the card save the cocktail and the coffee. Returning immediately after the luncheon, we entered the grand stand of the racing association.

"Queer-looking farm," said the Duchess. "What do they raise here?"

"Thunder," said I, not knowing what else to say.

Fortunately at this point the Duchess's attention was drawn from my reply by the appearance of a half-dozen horses before the tape. I fear I should have had some difficulty in explaining the exact value to society of a thunder crop. The Dodo had wandered off, and Alice and the others were busy watching the people.

The horses started off, and a very pretty race was run.

"Humph!" said the Duchess, as the steeds rushed past the finish amid great excitement. "Those monkeys don't seem to have much control over the horses. Every mother's horse of 'em ran away. Can't get much ploughing out of vicious beasts like them."

"Those are not monkeys, Duchess," I explained; "they are jockeys."

"Jockeys, eh? 'Tain't a very fattening business, is it?" she replied. "When does the mowing-machine race come off? That's what I want to see."

I began to rue the day I was born. Surely this was not in the best sense of the term

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a sporting Duchess. I outlined to her as best I could the exact function of the track; told her as much—or as little—as I knew about it myself, to her very great disgust.

"Nothing at all but that?" she cried. "What a waste of time! Why," she added, impatiently, "look at all these people—10,000 of them, ain't there?"

"At least that," I agreed.

"Wasting four hours a day apiece for six days of the week?" she snapped. "How much does that make—ten times four—40,000 hours each day for six days! Mercy! Why, 240,000 hours gone watchin' a runaway!—240,000 hours is 10,000 days—good Lord, pretty nearly twenty-five years. My, what a week!"

Never having looked at it in that light before, I was floored, and before I knew it found myself meekly following the Duchess and the rest of the party back to the carriage, all save the Dodo, the first in high dudgeon over what she considered a wicked waste of time.

"A quarter of a century gone in a week!" she muttered, angrily. "It's positively awful. Take me back to the Subway."

We entered the carriage in silence, and for the first time I observed that the Dodo was missing.

"Where *can* he be?" said Alice, anxiously. "I do hope he hasn't got himself into trouble. He is such a careless bird."

"I'll go back and find him," said I, alighting.

My search was not in vain, and was none too soon, for my feathered friend was looking for a policeman when I found him.

"I've been swindled," he cried, trembling with rage. "I bought a horse for $3, and the cuss won't let me have him."

"Bought—a—horse?" I replied.

"Yes," said he. "I was standing down near the front, and a chap came up with a list of horses and asked me if I didn't want one. I picked out a beast called 'Hot Toddy,' gave the man three dollars, and now—"

"Great heavens!" I cried, "come on home."

"But I want the horse," he retorted.

We took train at 5.30 P.M., reached the boat which sailed at eight, and the next morning were back safe and sound in New York.

"Well," said the Duchess, as we climbed the stair to my apartment, "I've been pretty much all over the world, and there's only one place I ever saw that is at all like Saratoga."

"What's that, dear?" asked Alice.

"Saratoga," said the Duchess.

"It's a bad place to buy a horse at," snapped the Dodo, moodily.

Wherein I am disposed to think her Grace, and the Dodo as well, was quite right.

Finance

HOWEVER greatly opinions may differ as to the wisdom of or justification for active bull speculation at the moment, the fact remains that stocks have risen substantially lately, and that the rise has been attended by greater activity than had been witnessed in months. It is all very well to talk of the "artificial" character of the upward movement, and of the relative insignificance of *bona fide* transactions. The average speculator is less concerned with the means employed than with the result achieved, and those who were dissuaded from taking a "flyer" in this or the other stock through listening to the advice of conservative friends see the profits they might have made had they been allowed to "use their judgment," with feelings of chagrin and resentment. Men sometimes make money by plunging blindly, with the sublime courage of ignorance. It is on record that a hopeless lamb waxed rich in the old days through buying and selling "Canton" stock, his guide being the newspaper reports of the Chinese tea trade, which he read religiously every day. Never was there a more surprised man than he when he learned that he had been "trading" in the shares of a railroad in Ohio and not in the Celestial Empire. The financial writers, without notable exception, have been advising caution; the uncertainties of the situation have been dwelt upon at great length; general underlying conditions, present and prospective, have been analyzed carefully, and the wisdom of doing little, and that little slowly, has been pointed out. Notwithstanding this, security prices have risen sharply, and Wall Street has enjoyed "million-share" market-days. It led to the remark by a well-known operator: "If the newspapers only keep on being bearish, we'll have a bull market yet."

The cynical observation was characteristic of the class typified by the stock-gambler in question. It would merit no comment were it not for the fact that it shows how deeply rooted is the belief in the ease with which the cupidity of the stock-gambling public may be aroused by such manipulation as that to which the stock-market has been treated of late. None will deny that the country at large is doing well, and that the promise of the crops is rapidly becoming a golden certainty. It is not to be doubted that the period of prosperity will extend for several months to come. But that means, more than anything else, that the beginning of the definite downward movement is not yet at hand. It does not necessarily follow that a still further rise in stock prices is inevitable or justifiable. If it be true that in the recent past the magnitude and extent of the country's stupendous prosperity were underestimated, it is by no means an indisputable fact that security values are not fully "discounting" all the prosperity now in sight. However, it is easily conceivable that a community of potential stock-gamblers, whose purses are filled to overflowing as the result of good business since the last disastrous experience at the great game, may throw to the winds those very instincts of commercial prudence and the sagacity which have won pecuniary success in legitimate pursuits and take to reckless speculation once more. It has happened before. And if there is no precedent for a bull market starting from such a high price-level as we see to-day, neither is there, for that matter, any precedent for such remarkable conditions as prevail to-day in every department of industry, trade, and finance. History is philosophy teaching by example; and we lack examples, for there is much that is unexampled in the annals of Wall Street. Adaptability to the new conditions is not so easy as it looks. But there certainly can be nothing irrational in making haste slowly at a time when perplexing problems rise on every hand. Money may not be made by abstaining from the indiscriminate purchase of manipulated securities; but none will be lost. However, inactivity is hateful to the American spirit, and it may be that the stock-manipulators are rather keen psychologists than conservative upbuilding financiers. They may win out.

For a fortnight hardly a day has passed in which a dozen stocks or more have not established new "high record" prices. The outside public, as a whole, has turned a deaf ear to the alluring voice of the stock-ticker, notwithstanding. There has been, of course, some buying of stocks by outsiders, but in proportions too insignificant to have been altogether gratifying to the managers of the pools and leaders of cliques. The moment the demand was supplied and the pool-managers suspended aggressive operations for the rise, that moment prices reacted. The only success that is visible to the naked eye has been in raising quoted values to a very high plane without thereby increasing the holdings of the pools and syndicates. This is due to the fact, to which attention has so often been called in this column, that the supply of stocks available for stock-market operations is concentrated in few hands. First, the amount held by the public; that is, by thousands of investors, large and small, throughout the breadth and length of the land, as attested by the transfer-books of every railroad company whose shares are on a divided basis. Secondly, the huge blocks taken out of Wall Street—that in former years were held by mere speculators—by the great railroads in furtherance of the community-of-ownership principle. And lastly, by the financial syndicates, which are carrying enormous quantities of securities acquired to secure the controlling interest in divers properties, by means of which various "deals" could be carried through—deals enhancing the value of the old issues or permitting the manufacture of increased quantities of new securities, which it is desired to dispose of to the ultimate buyer: the public. By reason of the foregoing the manipulating cliques have failed to encounter much outside selling, if they have not succeeded in inducing much outside buying. The public, in other words, has given passive assistance to the "marking-up" process. Obviously, the final success of the syndicates and pools will come only when the greater part of the burden is shifted from their shoulders to the public's. It is for that reason that the current stock-market excites far more than the usual interest.

Usually, no decisive or extensive bull campaign is carried on in September. It is a month of money-market uncertainties by reason of crop-moving operations. Thus, the current stock speculation is worth watching. Bank reserves are pretty low, and there is no likelihood of any improvement; that is, of such an improvement as would produce an abundance of cash; and cash is needed to carry on speculation. At the moment, money rates are easy, but they cannot long remain so if in addition to the usual drain from the interior the banks are called upon to help the buying of stocks on margin by heedless speculators. Do the large operators, with stocks to sell, propose to continue their manipulation with the intention, or the hope, of marketing as many stocks as possible, in the fortnight or so that will elapse before the money-market shall sharply say to the public, "Thou shalt not gamble"? Or do they believe that the country has reached so definitely strong a position in the credit centres of the world and in the world's trade that Europe's surplus funds may be had for the asking? If the former is the assumption on which stocks continue to be made attractively active, all that can be said is that all precedents will fail, and that, moreover, there are no strong premonitory signs that the public will indulge in the wholesale buying of securities at the prevailing high level so long as the monetary outlook is not clear. If the latter assumption be true, and money sufficient be forth-coming, there yet remain other matters to consider. Will the mere continuation of our prosperity mean greater value-making conditions? Prices in many instances are above the plane of actual values. There are still some "bargains" in the stock-market, no doubt; but that precisely emphasizes the necessity of wise discrimination.

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Financial

The
Corn Exchange Bank

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THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

BRANCHES

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Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
135 Fulton Avenue (Borough of Queens).
BROADWAY BRANCH,
Broadway and Spring Street.
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
Norfolk and Grand Streets.
ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
303 West 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
7 East 42d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
153 West 125th Street.
HUDSON RIVER BRANCH,
72d Street and Columbus Avenue.
MECHANICS & TRADERS BANK OF BROOKLYN,
Franklin and Greenpoint Aves. (Borough of Brooklyn).
QUEENS COUNTY BRANCH,
Borden Ave. and Front St. (Borough of Queens).
UNIVERSITY BRANCH,
2002 Broadway.
UNION SQUARE BANK,
8 Union Square.

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(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(*CONDENSED*)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
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Financial

Letters of Credit.

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Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET

Capital - - - - - - $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,000,000

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JAMES K. CORBIÈRE, 2d Vice-Pres.
H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary
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At this moment Peggy Ryle opened the door

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVII

THE PERJURER

PEGGY'S appointment had not been a secret in the Fricker household, though its precise object was not known; it had been laughed and joked over in the presence of the family friend, Beaufort Chance. He had joined in the mirth, and made a mental note of the time appointed—just as he had of Trix Trevalla's address in Harriet Street. Hence it was that he caused himself to be driven to the address a little while after Peggy had started on her way to Fricker's. The woman who answered his ring said that Mrs. Trevalla was seeing nobody; her scruples were banished by his confident assurance that he was an old friend, and by five shillings which he slipped into her hand. He did not scrutinize his impulse to see Trix; it was rather blind, but it was overpowering. An idea had taken hold of him which he hid carefully in his heart, hid from the Frickers above all—and tried, perhaps, to hide from himself too; for it was dangerous.

Trix's nerves had not recovered completely; they were not tuned to meet sudden encounters. She gave a startled cry as the door was opened hastily and as hastily closed, and he was left alone with her. She was pale and looked weary about the eyes, but she looked beautiful too, softened by her troubles and endowed with the attraction of a new timidity; he marked it in her as useful to his purposes.

"You? What have you come for?" she cried, not rising nor offering him her hand.

He set down his hat and pulled off his gloves deliberately. He knew they were alone in the lodgings; she was at his mercy. That was the first thing he had aimed at, and it was his.

"Your friends naturally want to see how you are getting on," he said, with a laugh. "They've been hearing so much about you."

Trix tried to compose herself to a quiet contempt, but the nerves were wrong and she was frightened.

"Well, things have turned out funnily, haven't they? Not quite what they looked like being when we met last, at Viola Blixworth's! You were hardly the stuff to fight Fricker, were you? Or me either—though you thought you could manage me comfortably."

His words were brutal enough; his look surpassed them. Trix shrank back in her chair.

"I don't want to talk to you at all," she protested, in a helpless manner.

"Ah, it's always had to be just what you wanted, hasn't it? Never mind anybody else! But haven't you learned that that doesn't exactly work? I should have thought it would have dawned on you. Well, I don't want to be unpleasant. What's going to happen now? No Mervyn! No marquisate in the future! No money in the present, I'm afraid! You've made a bungle of it, Trix."

"I've nothing at all to say to you. If I've—if I've made mistakes, I—"

"You've suffered for them? Yes, I fancy so. And you made some pretty big ones. It was rather a mistake to send me to the right-about, wasn't it? You were warned. You chose to go on. Here you are. Don't you sometimes think you'd better have stuck to me?"

"No!" Trix threw the one word at him with a disgusted contempt which roused his anger even while he admired the effort of her courage.

"What! you're not tamed yet?" he sneered. "Even this palace, and Glowing Stars, and being the laughing-stock of London haven't tamed you?"

He spoke slowly, never taking his eyes from her; her defiance worked on the idea in his heart. He had run a fatal risk once before under her influence; he felt her influence again while he derided her. Enough of what he had been clung about him to make him feel how different she was from Connie Fricker. To conquer her and make her acknowledge the conquest was the desire that came upon him, tempting him to forget at what peril he would break with Connie.

"You only came here to laugh at me," said Trix. "Well, go on."

"One can't help laughing a bit," he remarked; "but I don't want to be hard on you. If you'd done to some men what you did to me, they mightn't take it so quietly. But I'm ready to be friends."

"Whatever I did, you've taken more than your revenge—far

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more. Yes, if you wanted to see me helpless and ruined, here I am. Isn't it enough? Can't you go now?"

"And how's old Mervyn? At any rate, I've taken you away from him, the stuck-up fool!"

"I won't discuss Lord Mervyn."

"He'd be surprised to see us together here, wouldn't he?" He laughed, enjoying the thought of Mervyn's discomfiture; he might make it still more complete if he yielded to his idea. He came round the table and leaned against it, crossing his feet; he was within a yard of her chair, and looked down at her in insolent disdain and more insolent admiration. Now again he marked her fear and played on it.

"Yes, we got the whip-hand of you, and I think you know it now. And that's what you want; that's the way to treat you. I should have known how to deal with you. What could a fool like Mervyn do with a woman like you? You're full of devil."

Poor Trix, feeling at that moment by no means full of "devil," glanced at him with a new terror. She had set herself to endure his taunts, but the flavor that crept into them now was too much.

"I don't forget we were friends. You're pretty well stranded now. Well, I'll look after you, if you like. But no more tricks! You must behave yourself."

"Do you suppose I should ever willingly speak to you again?"

"Yes, I think so. When the last of the money's gone, perhaps? I don't fancy your friends here can help you much. It 'll be worth while remembering me then."

"I'd sooner starve," said Trix, decisively.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," he jeered.

"I ask you to go," she said, pointing to the door. A trivial circumstance interfered with any attempt at more dramatic action; the wire of the bell was broken, as Trix well knew.

"Yes, but you can't always have what you want, can you?" His tone changed to one of bantering intimacy. "Come, Trix, be a sensible girl. You're beat, and you know it. You'd better drop your airs. By Jove, I wouldn't offer so much to any other woman!"

"What do you want?" she asked, curtly and desperately. "I've got nothing to give you—no more money, no more power, no more influence. I've got nothing." Her voice shook for a moment as she sketched her worldly position.

A pause followed. Beaufort Chance longed to make the plunge, and yet he feared it. If he told her that she still had what he wanted, he believed that he could bend her to his will; to try at least was the strong impulse in him. But how much would it mean? He was fast in the Fricker net. Yet the very passions which had led him into that entanglement urged him now to break loose, to follow his desire, and to risk everything for it. The tyrannous instinct that Connie had so cleverly played upon would find a far finer satisfaction if the woman he had once wooed when she was exalted, when she gave a favor by listening and could bestow distinction by her consent, should bend before him and come to him in humble submission, owning him her refuge, owing him everything, in abject obedience. That was the picture which wrought upon his mind and appealed to his nature. He saw nothing unlikely in its realization, if once he resolved to aim at that. What other refuge had she? And had she not liked him once? She would have liked him more, he told himself, and been true to him, if he had taken a proper tone towards her and assumed a proper mastery—as he had with Connie Fricker; in a passing thought he thanked Connie for teaching him the lesson, and took comfort from the thought. Connie would not be really troublesome; he could manage her too.

"No, you've got nothing," he said at last; "but supposing I say I don't mind that?"

Trix looked at him again, and suddenly began to laugh hysterically. The idea he hinted was horrible, but to her it was inexpressibly ludicrous too. She saw what he wanted, what he had the madness to suggest. She was terrified, but she laughed; she knew that her mirth would rouse his fury, but it was not to be resisted. She thought that she would go on laughing even if he struck her in the face—an event which, for the second time in their acquaintance, did not seem to her unlikely.

"Are you—can you actually—" she gasped.

"Don't be a fool! There's nothing to laugh at. Hold your tongue and think it over. Remember, I don't bind myself. I'll see how you behave. I'm not going to be fooled by you twice. You ought to know it doesn't pay you to do it, too, by now." He became more jocular. "You'd have better fun with me than with Mervyn, and I dare say you'll manage to wheedle me into giving you a great deal of your own way after all."

He was still more outrageous than Trix had thought him before. She was prepared for much, but hardly for this. He had degenerated even from what he had shown himself in their earlier intercourse. Outwardly, among men, in public life, she supposed that he was still presentable, was still reckoned a gentleman. Allowing for the fact that many men were gentlemen in dealing with other men, or appeared so, who failed to preserve even the appearance with women, she remained amazed at the coarse vulgarity of his words and tone. It is possible that his attentions to Connie Fricker had resulted in a deterioration of his style of treating such matters; or the change may merely have been part of the general lowering the man had undergone.

"Well, I'll be off now," he said, lifting himself from the table leisurely. "You think about it. I'll come and see you again." He held out his hand. "You're looking deuced pretty to-day," he told her. "Pale and interesting, and all that, you know. I say, if we do it, old Mervyn 'll look pretty blue, eh? The laugh 'll be against him then, won't it?"

Trix had not given him her hand. She was afraid of the parting. Her fears were not groundless. He laughed as he stepped up to her chair. She drew back in horror, guessing his purpose. It would seem to him quite natural to kiss her—she divined that. She had no leisure to judge or to condemn his standard; she knew only that she loathed the idea passionately. She covered her face with her hands.

"Guessed it, did you?" he laughed, rather pleased, and, bending over, he took hold of her wrists and tore her hands from in front of her face.

At this moment, however—and the thing could hardly have been worse timed from one point of view, or better from another—Peggy Ryle opened the door. Peggy trod light, the baize door swung quietly, Beaufort's attention had been much preoccupied. His hands were still on Trix's wrists when he turned at the opening of the door. So far as the facts of the situation went, explanation was superfluous; the meaning of the facts was another thing.

Peggy had come in looking grave, wistful, distressed; the shadow of the Fricker interview was still over her. When she saw the position she stood on the threshold, saying nothing, smiling doubtfully. Trix dropped her hands in her lap with a sigh; pure and great relief was her feeling. Beaufort essayed unconsciousness; it was an elaborate and clumsy effort.

"Glad to have a glimpse of you before I go, Miss Ryle. I called to see how Mrs. Trevalla was, but I must run away now."

"So sorry," said Peggy. "Let me show you the way."

The doubtful smile gave way to a broader and more mirthful one. Trix's eyes had telegraphed past horror and present thanksgiving. Moreover, Beaufort looked a fool—and Peggy had just come from the Frickers'. This last circumstance she seemed to think would interest Beaufort; or did she merely aim at carrying off the situation by a tactful flow of talk?

"I've just been to call on your friends the Frickers," she said, brightly. "What a nice girl Miss Fricker is! She says she's great friends with you."

"I go there a lot on business," he explained, stiffly.

"On business?" Peggy laughed. "I dare say you do, Mr. Chance! She's so friendly and cordial, isn't she? It must be nice riding with her! And what a beautiful bracelet you gave her!"

Beaufort shot a morose glance at her, and from her to Trix. Trix was smiling, though still agitated. Peggy was laughing in an open, good-natured fashion.

"I envied it awfully," she confessed. "Diamonds and pearls, Trix—just beauties!"

Mr. Beaufort Chance said good-by.

"I hope to see you again," he added to Trix from the doorway.

"Do tell Miss Fricker how much I like her," Peggy implored, following him to the baize door.

He went down stairs silently; or not quite silently—cursing Peggy, yet not on the whole ill-pleased with his visit. He seemed to have made some progress in the task of subduing Trix Trevalla. She had been frightened—that was something. He walked off buttoning his frock-coat, looking like a prosperous, orderly, and most respectable gentleman. Fortunately, emotions primitively barbarous are not indicated by external labels, or walks in the street would be fraught with strange discoveries.

It did not take long to put Peggy abreast of events; Trix's eyes could have done it almost without words.

"Men are astonishing," opined Peggy, embracing Beaufort Chance and Fricker in a liberal generalization.

"They say we're astonishing," Trix reminded her.

"Oh, that's just because they're stupid." She grew grave. "Anyhow, they're very annoying," she concluded.

"He said he'd come again, Peggy. What a worm I am now! I'm horribly afraid."

"So he did," Peggy reflected, and sat silent with a queer little smile on her lips.

Trix Trevalla fell into a new fit of despair, or a fresh outpouring of the bitterness that was always in her now.

"I might as well," she said. "I might just as well. What else is there left for me? I've made shipwreck of it all, and Beaufort Chance isn't far wrong about me. He's just about the sort of fate I deserve. Why do the things you deserve make you sick to think of them? He wouldn't actually beat me if I behaved properly and did as I was told, I suppose, and that's about as much as I can expect. Oh, I've been such a fool!"

"Having been a fool doesn't matter, if you're sensible now," said Peggy.

"Sensible! Yes, he told me to be sensible too! I suppose the sensible thing would be to tell him to come again to lie down before him, and thank him very much if he didn't stamp too hard on me."

Peggy remembered how Mr. Fricker had hinted that Trix was very much in the position in which her own fancy was now depicting her. Could that be helped? It seemed not—without four thousand pounds anyhow.

Trix came and leaned over the back of her chair. "I laughed at him, Peggy—I laughed, but I might yield. He might frighten me into it. And I've nowhere else to turn. Supposing I went to him with my hundred a year? That's about what I've left myself, I suppose, after everything's paid."

"Well, that's a lot of money," said Peggy.

"You child!" cried Trix, half laughing, half crying. "But you're a wonderful child. Can't you save me, Peggy?"

"What from?"

"Oh, I suppose, in the end, from myself. I'm reckless. I'm drifting. Will he come again, Peggy?"

Peggy had no radical remedy, but her immediate prescription

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was not lacking in wisdom as a temporary expedient. She sent Trix to bed, and was obeyed with a docility that would have satisfied any of those who had set themselves to teach Trix moral lessons. Then Peggy herself sat down and engaged in the task of thinking. It had not been at all a prosperous day. Fricker was a source of despair, Chance of a new apprehension: Trix herself was a perplexity most baffling of all. The ruin of self-respect, bringing in its train an abandonment of hope for self, was a strange and bewildering spectacle; she did not see how to effect its repair. Trix's horror of yielding to the man, combined with her fear that she might yield, was a state of mind beyond Peggy's power of diagnosis; she knew only that it clamored for instant and strong treatment.

Beaufort Chance would come again! Suddenly Peggy determined that he should—on a day she would fix! She would charge herself with that. She smiled again as a hope came into her mind. She had been considerably impressed with Connie Fricker.

The greater puzzle remained behind, the wider, more forlorn hope on which everything turned. "How much do men love women?" asked Peggy Ryle.

Then the thought of her pledged word flashed across her mind. She might not tell Airey that Trix was ruined; she might not tell Airey that she herself knew his secret. She had hoped to get something from Airey without those disclosures; it was hopeless

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Having been sent to bed, Trix seemed inclined to stay there. She lay there all next day, very quiet, but open-eyed; not resting, but fretting and fearing, unequal to her evil fortune, prostrated by the vision of her own folly, bereft of power to resist or will to recover from the blow. Peggy watched her for hours, and then, late in the afternoon, slipped out. Her eyes were resolute under the low brow with its encroaching waves of sunny hair.

Airey Newton let her in. The door of the safe was ajar; he pushed it to with his foot. The red-leather book lay open on the table, displaying its neatly ruled, neatly inscribed pages. He saw her glance at it, and she noticed an odd little shrug of his shoulders as he walked across the room and put the tea into the pot. She had her little bag with her, and laid it down by the bread-and-butter plate. Airey knew it by sight; he had seen her stow away in it the money which he delivered to her from the custody of the safe.

"I can't fill that again for you," he said, warningly, as he gave her tea.

"It's not empty. The money's all there."

"And you want me to take care of it again?" His tone spoke approval.

"I don't know. I may want it, and I mayn't."

"You're sure to want it," he declared, in smiling despair.

"I mean, I don't know whether I want it now—all in a lump—or not."

Her bright carelessness of spirit had evidently deserted her to-day; she was full of something. Airey gulped down a cup of tea, lit his pipe, and waited. He had been engrossed in calculations when she arrived —calculations he loved—and had been forced to conceal some impatience at the interruption. He forgot that now.

"There's something on your mind, Peggy," he said, at last. "Come, out with it!"

"She's broken—broken, Airey. She can't bear to think of it all. She can't bear to think of herself. She seems to have no life left, no will."

"You mean Mrs. Trevalla?"

"Yes. They've broken her spirit between them. They've made her feel a child, a fool."

"Who have? Do you mean Mervyn? Do you mean—"

"I mean Mr. Beaufort Chance — and, above all, Mr. Fricker. She hasn't told you about them?"

"No. I've heard something about Chance. I know nothing about Fricker."

"She didn't treat them fairly—she knows that. Knows it—I should think so! Poor Trix! And in return—" Peggy stopped. One of her secrets trembled on her lips.

"In return, what?" asked Airey Newton. He had stopped smoking, and was standing opposite to her now.

"They've tricked her and made a fool of her, and"—there was no turning back now—"and stripped her of nearly all she had."

An almost imperceptible start ran through Airey; his forehead wrinkled in deep lines.

"They bought shares for her, and told her they would be valuable. They've turned out worth nothing, and somehow—you'll understand—she's liable to pay a lot of money on them."

"Hum! Not fully paid, I suppose?"

"That's it. And she's in debt besides. But it's the shares that are killing her. That's where the bitterness is, Airey."

"Does she know you're telling me this?"

"I gave her my word that I'd never tell."

Airey moved restlessly about the room. "Well?" he said from the other end of it.

"She could get over everything but that. So I went to Mr. Fricker—"

"You went to Fricker?" He came to a stand in amazement.

"Yes, I went to Mr. Fricker to see if he would consent to tell her that she wasn't liable, that the shares had turned out better, and that she needn't pay. I wanted him to take the shares from her, and let her think that he did it as a matter of business."

Airey Newton pointed to the little bag. Peggy nodded her head in assent.

"But it's not nearly enough. She'd have to pay three thousand, anyhow; he won't do

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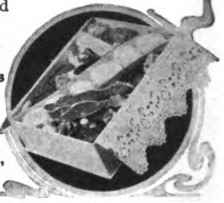
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what I wish for less than four. He doesn't want to do it at all; he wants to have her on her knees, to go on knowing she's suffering. And she will go on suffering unless we make her believe what I want her to. He thought I couldn't get anything like the money he asked, so he consented to take it if I did. He told me to come back when I had got it, Airey."

"Has she got the money?"

"Yes—and perhaps enough more to pay her debts, and just to live. But it's not so much the money; it's the humiliation and the shame. Oh, don't you understand? Mr. Fricker will spare her that if—if he's bribed with a thousand pounds."

He looked at her eager eyes and flushed cheeks; she pushed back her hair from her brow.

"He asks four thousand pounds," she said, and added, pointing to the little bag, "there's five hundred there."

As she spoke she turned her eyes away from him towards the window. It did not seem to her fair to look at him; and her gaze would tell too much, perhaps. She had given him the facts now; what would he make of them? She had broken her word to Trix Trevalla. Her pledge to Tommy Trent was still inviolate. Tommy had trusted her implicitly when she had surprised from him his friend's secret that his carelessness let slip. He had taken her word as he would have accepted the promise of an honorable man, a man honorable in business or a friend of years. Her knowledge had counted as ignorance for him because she had engaged to be silent. The engagement was not broken yet. She waited fearfully. Airey could save her still. What would he do?

The seconds wore on, seeming very long. They told her of his struggle. She understood it with a rare sympathy, the sympathy we have for the single scar or stain on the heart of one we love; towards such a thing she could not be bitter. But she hoped passionately that he himself would conquer, would spare both himself and her. If he did, it would be the finest thing in the world, she thought.

She heard him move across to the safe and lock it. She heard him shut the red-leather book with a bang. Would he never speak? She would not look till he did, but she could have cried to him for a single word.

"And that was what you wanted your five hundred for?" he asked at last.

"My five hundred's no good alone."

"It's all you've got in the world—well, except your pittance."

She did not resent the word; he spoke it in compassion. She turned to him now and found his eyes on her.

"Oh, it's nothing to me. I never pay any attention to money, you know." She managed to smile, trying to plead with him to think any such sacrifice a small matter, whether in another or in himself.

"Well, I see your plan, and it's very kind. A little quixotic, perhaps, Peggy—"

"Quixotic! If it saves her pain?" Peggy flashed out, in real indignation.

"Anyhow, what's the use of talking about it? Five hundred isn't four thousand, and Fricker won't come down, you know."

It was pathetic to her to listen to the studied carelessness of his voice, to hear the easy, reasonable words come from the twitching lips, to see the forced smile under the troubled brow. His agony was revealed to her: he was asked to throw all his dearest overboard. She stretched out her hands towards him.

"I might get help from friends, Airey."

"Three thousand five hundred pounds?"

With sad bitterness she heard him. He was almost lying now; his manner and tone were a very lie.

"Friends who—who loved her, Airey."

He was silent for long again, moodily looking at her.

"Who would think anything well done, anything well spent, if they could save her pain?"

With an abrupt movement he turned away from her and threw himself into a chair. He could no longer bear the appeal of her eyes. At last it seemed strange as well as moving to him. But he could have no suspicion; he trusted Tommy Trent and conceived his secret to be all his own. His old great shame that Peggy should know

(Continued on page 1253.)

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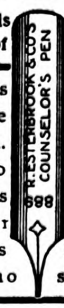
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Chimmie Fadden: The Upper Berth

"I SHALL soitainly write a piece to de poipers," says Whiskers. "I'll not let dis flim-flam go on no longer witout a rebuke dat will rouse de people, and bring reform to de aid of de oppressed and de down-trodden."

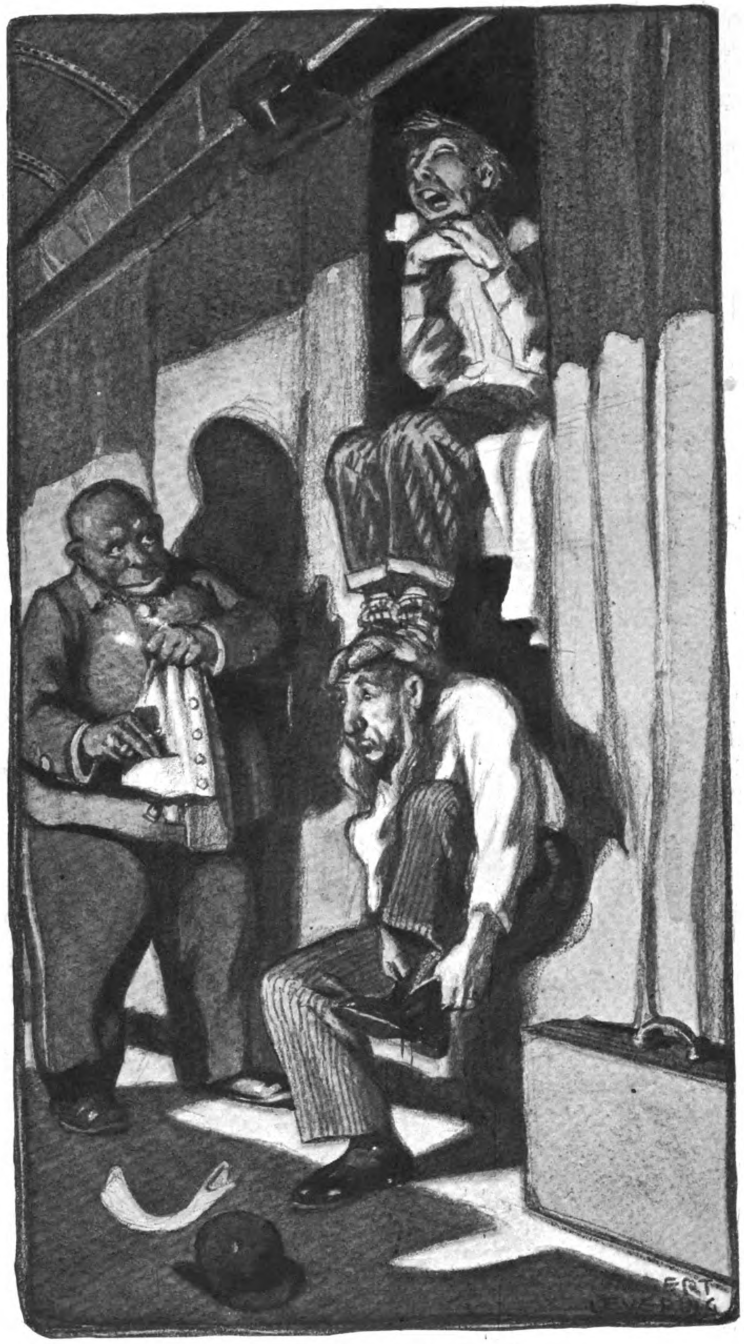
"What's happened?" says Mr. Paul. "Is you wondering when de streets of New York will be restored to de use of citizens, and stop being mining camps; or has you shared wit eight odder free Americans an open-car seat built for five?"

"When you speak of car seats you is getting 'warm,' as Little One says in playing dat game. I refers to sleeping-car berts."

Whiskers and de Sporty Boston Boy had went to Saratoga togedder, and when dey comes back I puts it up dat dey had deir rough-house tempers wit 'em because dey had bet all deir boodle on de horses dat "also ran." But dat wasn't where de show pinched. It was de sleeping-car game.

Dey got dat picnic from not taking me along for to look after 'em. When Whiskers travels witout me he lands all de hard luck dere is in de pond: he never engages no sleeping-car state-room nor hotel parlor suite; he gets buncoed by cabbies, bets on de wrong horses, and is sure touched for his wad, his watch, or his scarf-pin. He is de gladdest-eyed party dat ever was an easy mark for a amatoor grafter; and de older he gets de more he don't know de difference between a gold brick and a brick of gold.

Well, Sporty Boston Boy and Whiskers toins loose in Saratoga, and if dere was any sureting game dat didn't do 'em it must have been running in de dark. But dey was looking for trouble, so dere was no kick due 'em because dey got what dey rubbered for. It was de graft dey was up against coming home dat put deir goo-goo eyes out of business, and give 'em de wild optics. Dey takes a night train, and de only ting dey could buy was two upper berts.



"Is it not gloriously American?"

Was you ever packed away in one? Say, if dere is a ting on eart dat will show de chestiest mug going dat he's only running in de bunch, and not one, two, tree, it's a night in a upper bert.

"Dis whole bazoonus is a outrage on de American public," says Whiskers. "De 'commodation isn't fit for a stoker, and figuring on de space you get—let alone de tings you don't get—you pays twenty times as much as you do for de finest bed-room in any hotel on de Av'noo. I soitainly shall write a piece to de poipers about it."

"Grand idea," says Widdy. "Do so. I'll write anodder about de lay-out women gets on sleeping-cars when it comes to dressing. If women's clubs had good sense, dey'd stop boddering about trifles like lynching, long skirts, and de rum habit, and strike for sleeping-car rights. Anywhere from ten to twenty unhappy females is expected to dress, and wash deir pretty hands and faces, in one closet not big enough for a doll's tea party."

"I regrets," says Mr. Paul, "for to obsoive dese signs of discontent, dese kicks against de 'stablished order of tings. I has made sinetific study of dis American sleeping-car phenomnom, and found dat it registers de stage of our civilization. Up to now it has shown dat our degree of civilization is minus zero. We is wholly witout civilization, which makes de zero; and we brags of de fact, which makes de minus.

"When forners has gasped and shuddered, and said, 'How can you ride—let alone sleep!—in unclean, disease-breeding, unventilated, indecent, torture-shelves you call sleeping berts?' we has answered, 'Dey is de height of luxury. Look at deir plush upholstery, deir tick hangings, curtains, carpets dat keep out de air and keep in de microbes!

"Sir, I has rejoiced at our state of mind. It not only proves dat we still love to be humbugged, but dat any social, political, or financial imposition is safe in our midst. A nation dat will stand for de upper bert is on safe, conservative ground; and we upper class need dread no insidjus growt of common-sense, or independence, to kick at any social, political, or financial imposition.

"Derefore, you, sir," he says, "and you, madam, should indulge in a season of meditation and prayer before you hoist de red torch of nannychy by making a holler about de American sleeping-car. Tink what an example you will set! What matters it, sir and mesdames, if we is soaked for a stuffy shelf de price of a large airy bed-room? What matters it if from toity-five to forty-five humans are jammed into one car, and given shelves to sleep upon which offer exactly de same space per passenger dat roused de rage of Christianity against de slave ships? Say no woid of protest against de sleeping-car. Is it not gloriously American?"

"What you say has much sense in it," says Whiskers. "It sointainly would be wrong for to encourage de middle class to object to anyting; and, after all, it is de middle class—de lower middle class, I fancy—dat mostly has to endure de discomfort of taking off and putting on deir clothes in sleeping-car berts, bent double like jack-knives, bumping deir heads, and filling eyes wit cinders. My remedy is simple: I shall travel in a private car, wit me own soivants. I'll not write my letter to de poiper."

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LEGHORN ITALY

(Continued from page 1251.)

joined forces with the hidden passion that was its parent; both fought to keep him silent, both enticed him to delude her still. Yet when she spoke of friends who loved Trix Trevalla, whom could she touch, whom could she move, as she touched and moved him? The appeal went to his heart, trying to storm it against the enemies intrenched there.

Suddenly Peggy hid her face in her hands, and gave one short sob. He looked up, startled, clutching the arm of his chair with a fierce grip. He sat like that, his eyes set on her. But when he spoke, it was lamely and almost coldly:

"Of course we should all like to save her pain; we would all do what we could. But think of the money wanted! It's out of the question."

She sprang to her feet and faced him. For the moment she forgot her tenderness for him; her understanding of his struggle was swept away in indignation.

"You love her!" she cried, in defiant challenge. "You of all people should help her. You of all people should throw all you have at her feet. You love her!"

He made no denial; he rose slowly from his chair and faced her.

"Oh, what is love if it's not that?" she demanded. "Why, even friendship ought to be that. And love—!" Again her hands were outstretched to him in a last appeal. For still there was time—time to save his honor and her own, time to spare him and her the last shame. "It would be riches to you, riches forever," she said. "Yes, just because it's so hard, Airey!"

"What?" The word shot from his lips full of startled fear. Why did she call it hard? The word was strange. She should have said "impossible." Had he not put it before her as impossible? But she said "hard," and looked in his eyes as she spoke the word.

"Love can't make money where it isn't," he went on, in a dull, dogged, obstinate voice.

"No, but it can give where it is!" She was carried away. "And it's here!" she cried, in accusing tones.

"Here?" He seemed almost to spring at her with the word.

"Yes, here, in this room—in that safe—everywhere!"

They stood facing each other for a moment.

"You love her—and she's ruined!"

She challenged denial. Airey Newton had no word to say. She raised her hand in the air and seemed to denounce him.

"You love her, she's ruined, and—you're rich! Oh, the shame of it!—you're rich, you're rich!"

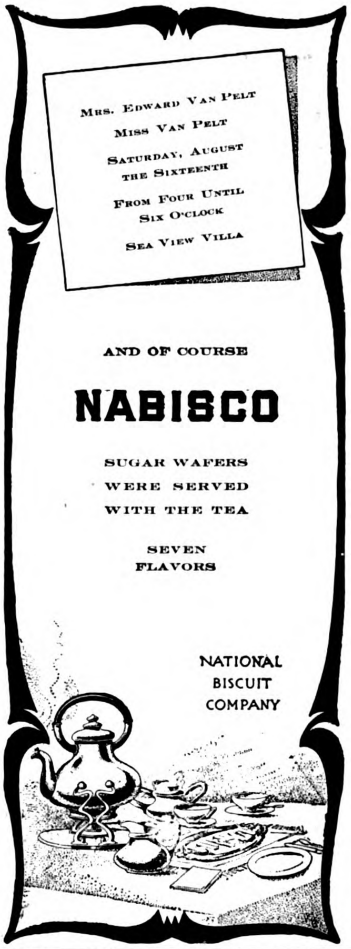
He sank back into his chair and hid his face from her.

She stood for a moment, looking at him, breathing fast and hard. Then she moved quickly to him, bent on her knee, and kissed his hand passionately. He made no movement, and she slipped quietly and swiftly from the room.

To be Continued.

Huck Finn Tabooed by Denver Library

WHAT has happened to Denver? It is reported that a Denver library has excluded Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* from its list of books for boys. Ever since Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn took the world, young and old, by storm, no books have been more warmly applauded, none have been so widely accepted as among the very best books for the young. There were never such healthful, hopeful youngsters as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, so natural and unaffected, so truly boyish and bracing in their outlook on life. "We have no better bait for boys who don't read," is the universal verdict of the librarians. "Many a youngster who has hardly looked inside a book has become a reader of the best through Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn." It all sounds like a practical joke on the Denver library; but it is an offence against our national common-sense which ought to be quickly removed.



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Automobiling in the West

By Hamlin Garland

FROM Lacrosse to Winona the Mississippi River scenery is at its best, and is compounded of bold cliffs, royal purple mists, and the sheen of a broad, swift, yet placid current. The bluffs rise from five to six hundred feet above the water's level and have a charm of outline distinctly their own, for they are not hills in the sense in which the rocky knobs of New England are hills. They are but the remains of the high prairie through which the waters of the past glacial streams have ploughed their way.

They are, therefore, not only stratified as to their ledges, but their slopes are prevailingly of wedge or pyramid shape—which gives uniformity in variety; and, furthermore, the fact that the observer is six hundred feet below the general level of the country gives a singular richness of color to every vista. Sunsets are more deeply purple and more mysterious in depth than from the plain, and the stately river often becomes in very fact a highway to the sunset into which Hiawatha might embark. The next artist who attempts to illustrate Longfellow's poem would do well to visit the upper Mississippi.

Notwithstanding the beauty of this river and its accessibility from St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other smaller cities, it remains amazingly lonely—for these are the days lying between the decline of the steamboat and the coming of the launch, between the passing of the lumber-raft and the coming of the care-free leisure of the carpeted house-boat.

For some years I have watched the slow growth of this esthetic appreciation at Lacrosse. It is only a few years since the first pleasure launch began to steal timidly about the islands. Now there are at least twenty, and every night during the summer and late in the autumn a fleet of these "poppers" laden with business men and their merry wives and children go forth upon the waters with great refreshment. The gorgeous coloring, the bold outlines, the coolness, the peace of the valley, no longer go utterly to waste. Little cabins are being built along the bluffs like nests of swallows, and in the small towns (or near them) villas are to be seen with windows looking far to north and south, and the same pioneer who brought the first launch last year introduced the automobile, and developed the house-boat from a clam-digger's peripatetic shack to a luxurious summer home.

The house-boat has long been an institution on the Mississippi, but a rather shabby and sometimes a decidedly unsavory institution. It has been the floating home of those whose business made real estate an inconvenience. The inland pirates, log-stealers, clam-diggers, fishermen, and certain harmless but not very cleanly gypsies of the water have come and gone like troops of water-bugs in their patched and dingy little crafts, but it remained for a citizen of Lacrosse to show the possibilities of the idea. For several years I have enjoyed the hospitality of this friend's launch, and last year when he bought and began to refit a house-boat he extended an invitation to share its pleasures. I was unable to avail myself of this kindness till a few days ago. As it fell out, I not only enjoyed the house-boat, but took part in some of the most exciting cross-country automobiling I have ever seen.

The house-boat was tethered to the shore near the little town of Trempeleau (a town yet to be famous for its beauty of site), and beside it beneath the willows stood a shining new auto, capable of carrying six people, while on the water-side a naphtha-launch glided to and fro as "tender." The boat was one hundred feet long over all, and twenty-four feet broad, and furnished with taste and discretion. It was completely screened with painted mosquito netting, and was deliciously cool and white throughout. It was indeed a floating bungalow, refined and lovely in every detail. The furniture was of rattan or hickory, the rugs of jute. The linen was spotless, and the table service simple but housewifely. As we sat that night round a pretty dining-table covered with fruit and flowers, and looked out upon the swift and silent rush of the great river, while the royal purple veiled the burning gold of the sunset, I felt that I was taking part in something vastly significant—the inauguration of a new and more resplendent reign of the Father of Waters, a return of his dominion over the souls of men.

For fifty years the raft, the steamboat, the railway train, have traversed this noble highway with little appreciation of its esthetic side. Business would have levelled these mighty walls if it could. Commerce would have straightened the shore-line into a steel-rod if it had been possible, but such deeds were not in the power of those who seek wealth, and as we gazed upon the dim peaks sentinelling the gateways to east and to west, it was not difficult to imagine ourselves back to the days when the Sioux from Eagle Bluff watched the Chippewa gliding among the islands in his birch-bark canoe, so silent and lone it seemed. As I thought of the uses which have been made of small low-banked streams like the Thames, the Rhine, and the Charles, it was easy to predict that before another generation shall pass away these noble reaches of water will be thick with pleasure craft, and these heights dotted with the homes of those who know the value of purpling cloud reflected in the bosom of a glorious stream.

These reflections were made even more definite as we went whizzing about the country on the auto-car, securing each moment new combinations of line and color. Here again we were pioneers. These woods had never before been traversed by a vehicle of such power and beauty as that in which we rode. This was especially true of the roads over which we whirled in going to Winona, some seventeen miles from the house-boat. This ride was the climax to a most inspiring outing—one enriching to my knowledge of my native State.

We left the boat at four o'clock of a sun-smit afternoon, with Mr. Blank himself at the throttle. The "machine" weighed twenty-four hundred pounds and had the power of twelve horses. Mr. Blank is not reckless, he is intrepid. He has invented engines, and could make a gasolene-launch if need were; we had confidence in him, and it was necessary, for we were not even able to keep the main road, and had hills, sand, mud, and rocks to contend with. For the first five miles the roads, though sandy, were comparatively level, and as we rushed along the farm lanes chickens rose like swarms of locusts from beneath our wheels; harvesters, smitten to rigid immobility by the flame of our scarlet chariot, stood like grimy scarecrows in the wheat; milkmaids hung from kitchen windows, dogs rushed out with startled outcry, while the children of assorted sizes, with frantic screams, shook hands and feet like jumping-jacks—the mothers clinging to the smallest ones as if afraid of the wind of our passing. It was superb! It was too exciting to be taken in silence; at every rearing lurch we of the trail emitted shrill whoops, for it had the rush and swing of a bucking bronco; but the calm, swift driver at the helm plied his levers and scanned the road with only a grim smile.

As we overtook a team the nervous driver pulled aside, and his prancing horses dropped behind us too quickly to be really scared. If the driver were a woman, Mr. B. slowed up and I sprang out to help manage the horses, then leaped aboard and the wild ride began again. At Centerville we were sighted, word was passed, and the loafers came rushing out to gaze and spit and pass wise words, but we whizzed through with a reeling left turn which was like the swing of a pony rounding a steer. I began to understand the reason why an automobilist always goes like a man racing. It is like unto the joy of riding a running horse of incalculable power of limb and lung.

As the hills began, the engineer plied his brakes and his speed-regulating levers and ratchets with swift, unhesitating hands, till he resembled "the little man in the tin-shop" of Riley's poem. It was beautiful to see the way in which we rose and fell over the ridges. His control of the car seemed marvellous to me. He seemed to know its power as well as its speed, and seemed not to fear that any jolt or jar would spring an axle or break a spoke.

From Centerville to Winona the road rises and falls along the base of a line of two hills, and the power of the machine was tested to the full, for the reason that a recent tornado had washed the hills to the bare rocks and flooded the valleys. The views of the great river to the left were magnificent as the sun westered, and we enjoyed them keenly, notwithstanding the uncertainties of the highway. We entered Winona over an astonishingly high bridge and rolled down to the Standard Oil depot just in time to pay a tribute of one cent extra on each of our seven gallons of gasolene. The salesman was just taking the fateful message from the telephone as we drew up.

Winona is a finely located town also, and is a thriving and cleanly place. Its citizens have autos of their own, and we did not fill a large place in the day's doings. We had made the run in a little less than two hours, including two or three stops. It took a half-hour to fill our tanks and get ready to return. It was just 6.30 as we started up the long incline of the bridge on our homeward course. Our engineer bent a little closer to his work. His engine was now well supplied with fuel, and he fully intended to draw upon it. His watchful passengers looked at each other significantly and nodded. "Now hold your breath for a wild ride."

With foot on the brake, left hand on the wheel and right hand manipulating the levers, the driver swept down the east slope of the bridge, while we shouted with joy in the superb vista to north and to south. The valley was filling with Tyrian-purple, the sun wallowing in murky clouds threw a dull orange film upon the smooth surface of the water, and the hills were topped with golden fields of wheat. The broad verdure of spring mingled with the russet of harvest-time.

Turning some mysterious screw, our charioteer let on still greater power and we retraced our devious way at a speed which made our coming seem slow. We took our mud-holes with a rush. The sloshing rise of the water was like the roll of soil before a ploughshare. The same little boys stood to see us pass. The harvesters at supper rushed to the windows and doors, gazing with suspended action like cows with wisps of hay in ruminating jaws. The dogs came back with wilder clamor, but the chickens had left the road for their roosts. At Centerville we came into the good roads again, and for some miles ran at a speed approximating thirty-five miles an hour. We pulled into Trempeleau at ten minutes to eight, having made the sixteen miles in eighty minutes, and at 8.10 we were at the house-boat and seated before a delicious dinner of broiled chicken, brown bread, tomato salad, melons, peaches and coffee.

As we reclined on the wicker couches on the forward end of the boat a little later, in the cool sweet gloom, listening to the lap of the wavelets on the bow, protected from all nocturnal insects, I thought of the burning heat of the city, and this boat-life seemed the farthest reach of comfort. The loneliness of the river again fell upon us—and though from a selfish stand-point I liked it, yet we could not but agree that such peace and beauty should go to heal the trouble and unrest of thousands rather than be the sole possession of a fortunate half-dozen like ourselves.

Mr. —— and his friends have shown some of the possibilities of this splendid river. With growing wealth and greater leisure the new generation are certain to develop every one of the esthetic capabilities of this region. Another generation will listen with unbelieving ears to the tales of the wigwam and the canoe, the sawmill and the boom.

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Possibilities in Pipe Lines

ANNIHILATION of time and space is one of the essential conditions of comfort and luxury in modern metropolitan cities, and whether we burrow beneath the streets in tunnels, or fly through the air in elevated electric cars or in Santos-Dumont dirigible balloons, we must eventually reach a limit where further possibilities of advancement must cease. When we reach that limit of rapid transit we must adjust ourselves to the conditions of finite beings, and be content therewith, or invent some method of bringing the outside world to us so that travel to get beyond our immediate environments will not be necessary.

But outside luxuries come to the metropolis in an infinite variety of ways and make this narrow life less and less appalling. Not content with levying taxes upon the whole world for its products, we now seek to bring the air and ozone of the country into our city homes. A company organized to pump through pipes about everything we need in our city life affirms that it is just as easy to supply consumers with pure mountain air or salt sea-breezes summer or winter as it is to force oil or gas into our homes for illuminating purposes. Already the subterranean part of our cities is laid with an intricate net-work of pipes which furnish us with gas, water, electricity, steam and fuel. But present conditions are merely an indication of the development we may expect in this direction within the next quarter of a century. By that time we shall need rapid transit for only a small part of the ordinary things of life. All the outside world will come to us through pipes. Our mail will shoot up to our breakfast table through pneumatic tubes, and the morning paper will come in the same manner direct from the printing-office. Cold air laden with the ozone of the pine woods five hundred miles away will cool our rooms in the morning of a hot summer's day, and in the afternoon we will change the air to one blowing fresh from off the ocean. In winter the balmy breath of spring will come to us in pipes from some Southern clime. There will then be no longer any danger of delay or trouble with the milk. This will come fresh from the farms, pumped through pipes whose inside temperature will be kept at such a low degree that bacteria cannot develop in the milk during its passage from the producer to the consumer. If we need steam for any purpose it will come through the pipes straight from the central station. Our refrigerators will all be cooled by the ammonia system of freezing, and even house-cleaning will be lessened of its terrors. Once a week the whole house can be purified of all moths, bugs, and vermin by opening a stop-cock and permitting the cold air to penetrate every nook and corner. A temperature in the home of thirty below zero will pretty effectually destroy all insect life, or at least check development. One may thus turn on the cold air while away for the afternoon, and then warm it up within half an hour with steam.

The actual possibilities of the new pipe lines are scarcely appreciated by those not familiar with accomplishments already made in this direction. We shall then lessen the terrible noise of the streets and avenues by banishing many delivery wagons from it. Coal will be pumped to the different parts of the city in huge pipes, and nearly all the large delivery stores will have substations where goods can be sent through pneumatic tubes. Express companies will likewise handle their packages by a system of pipe lines.

Power is already being distributed more and more through pipes from great central stations. Steam will eventually be distributed in this way entirely if it is to compete with electricity in ordinary power uses. The oil companies have planned to distribute their oil to different parts of the city through pipes, and we may soon be able to draw our oil for illuminating purposes as we now draw our gas. The progress made in pipe-laying and in pumping fluids through them has been phenomenal in recent years, but a glance ahead will show that even this is small in comparison to what is coming.

THE GROWTH OF NEW YORK IS MARVELLOUS!!

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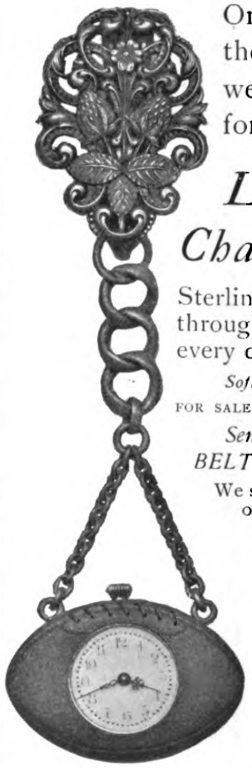
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

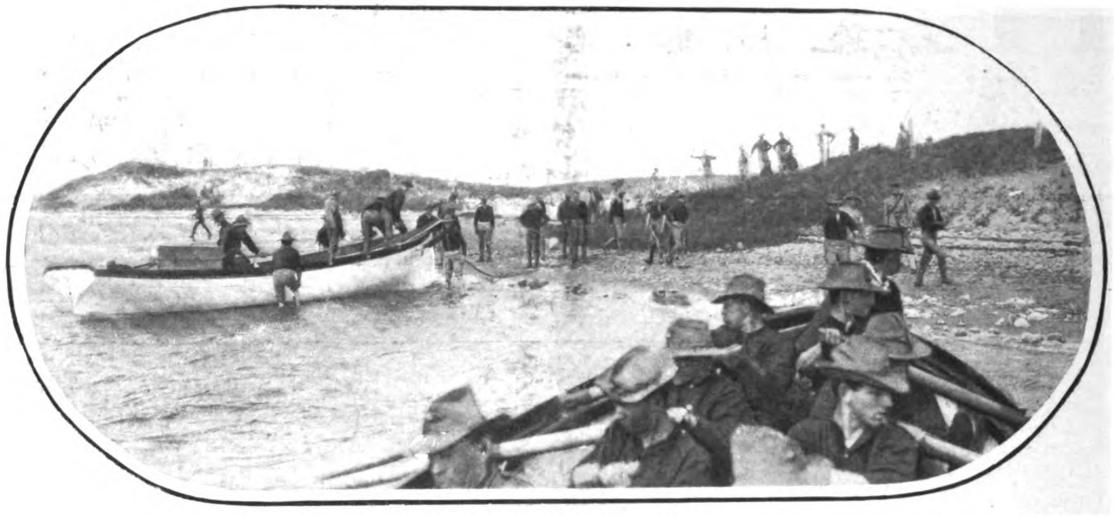
VII.—CLYDE FITCH, *AET. 37*

See page 1276—Editorial Section

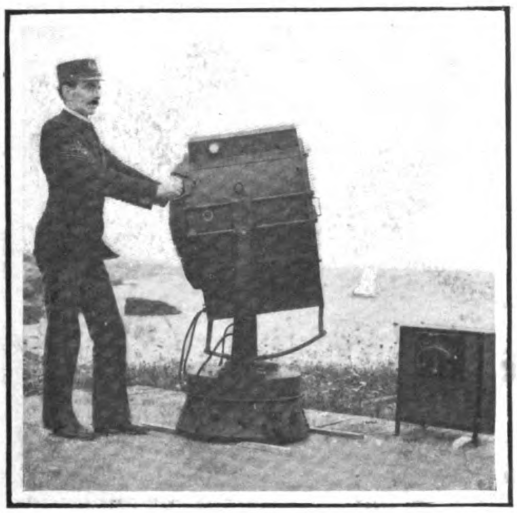
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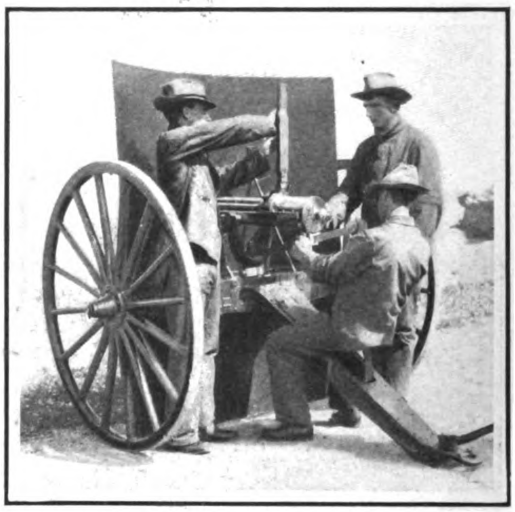
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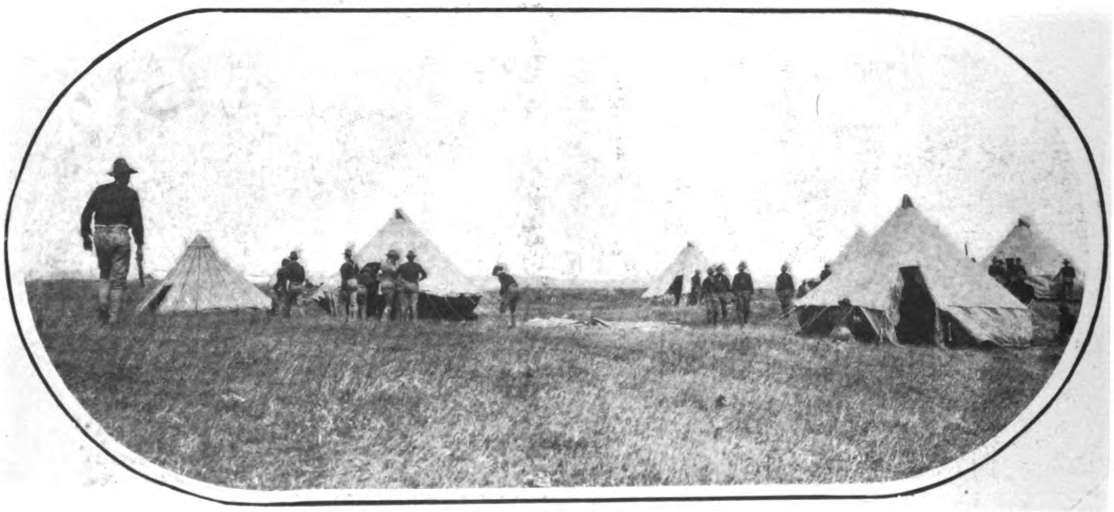
Marines landing at Block Island
The hostile fleet captured Block Island, and made it a base or outpost for further advance



Search-light used in Coast Defence for "picking up" Ships



Portable Gatling Gun to oppose Landing Parties

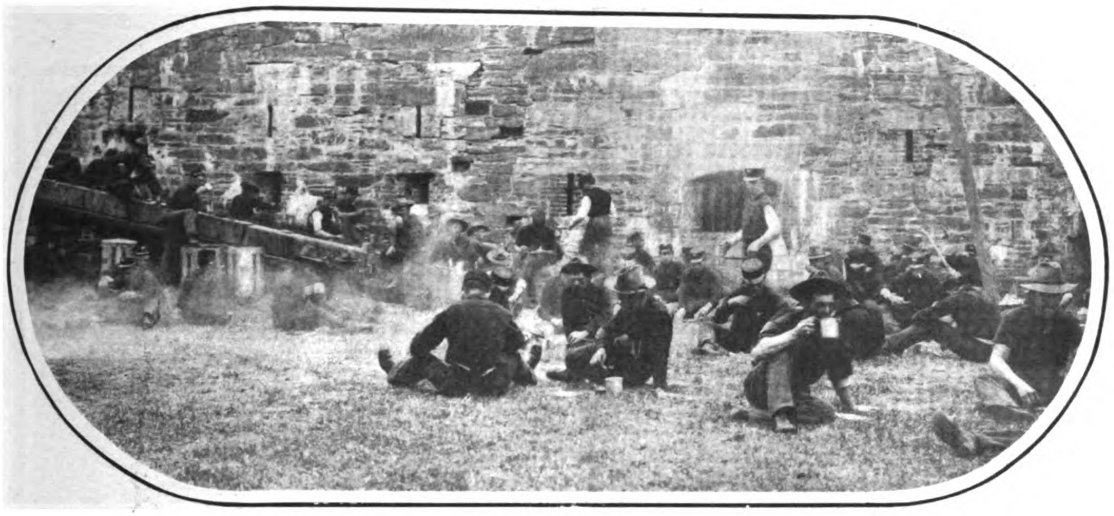


The hostile Marine Camp at Block Island

THE WAR GAME

Incidents in the army and navy manoeuvres in Long Island Sound just completed. These operations, combined with the search problem, on the Massachusetts coast were the first of the kind ever held in this country

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The Fort Adams Mess

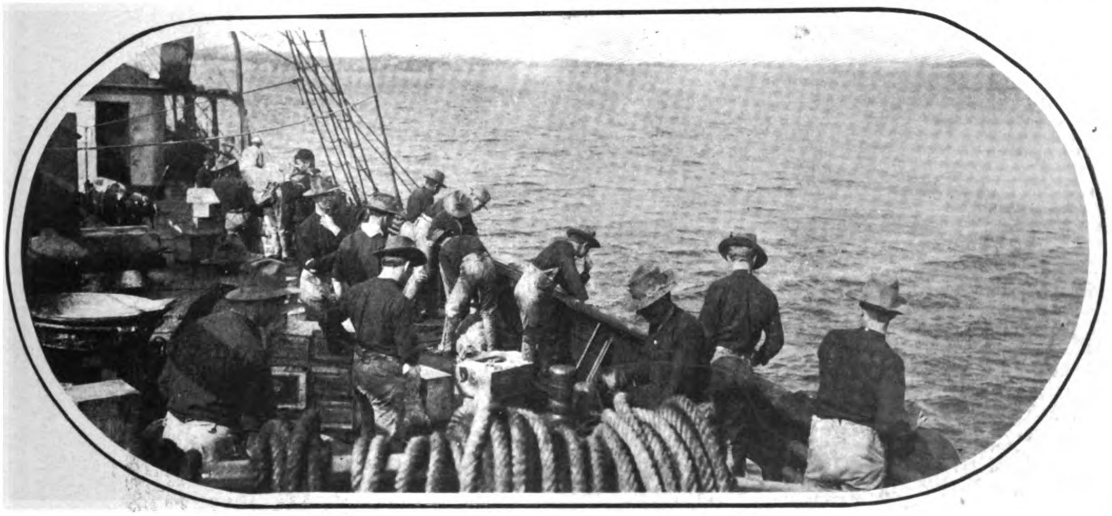
In each case troops carried their own supplies, cook d their own food, and had their own mess



The Heliograph used for Army Communications



Search-light used in Telegraphing at Night-time



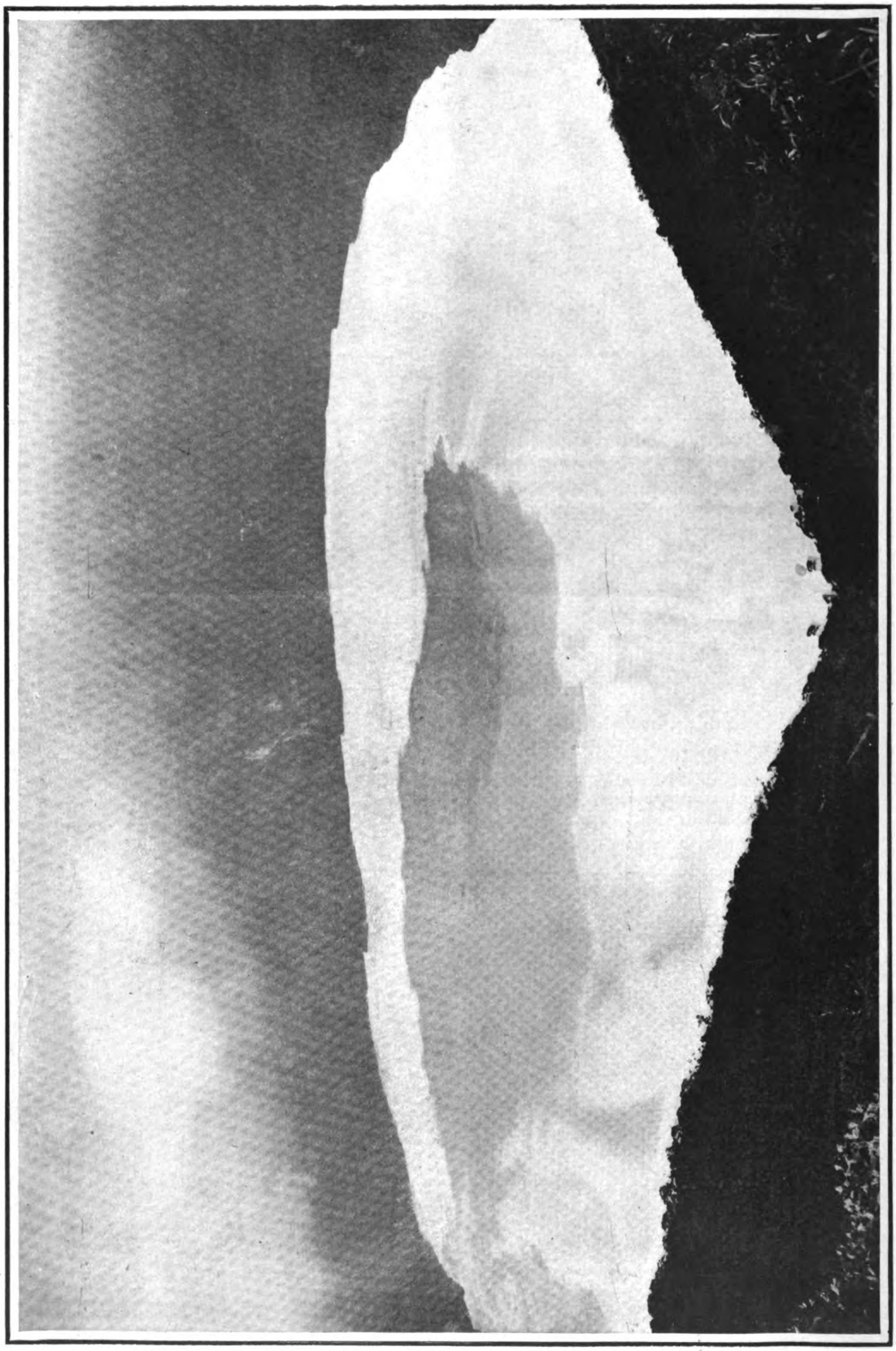
Loading Ammunition to be taken to the Fleet

THE WAR GAME

The war game consisted of an attempt of the fleet, under Admiral Higginson, to pass the forts on Long Island and the mainland, both guarded by troops under General MacArthur

Photographs by Bain

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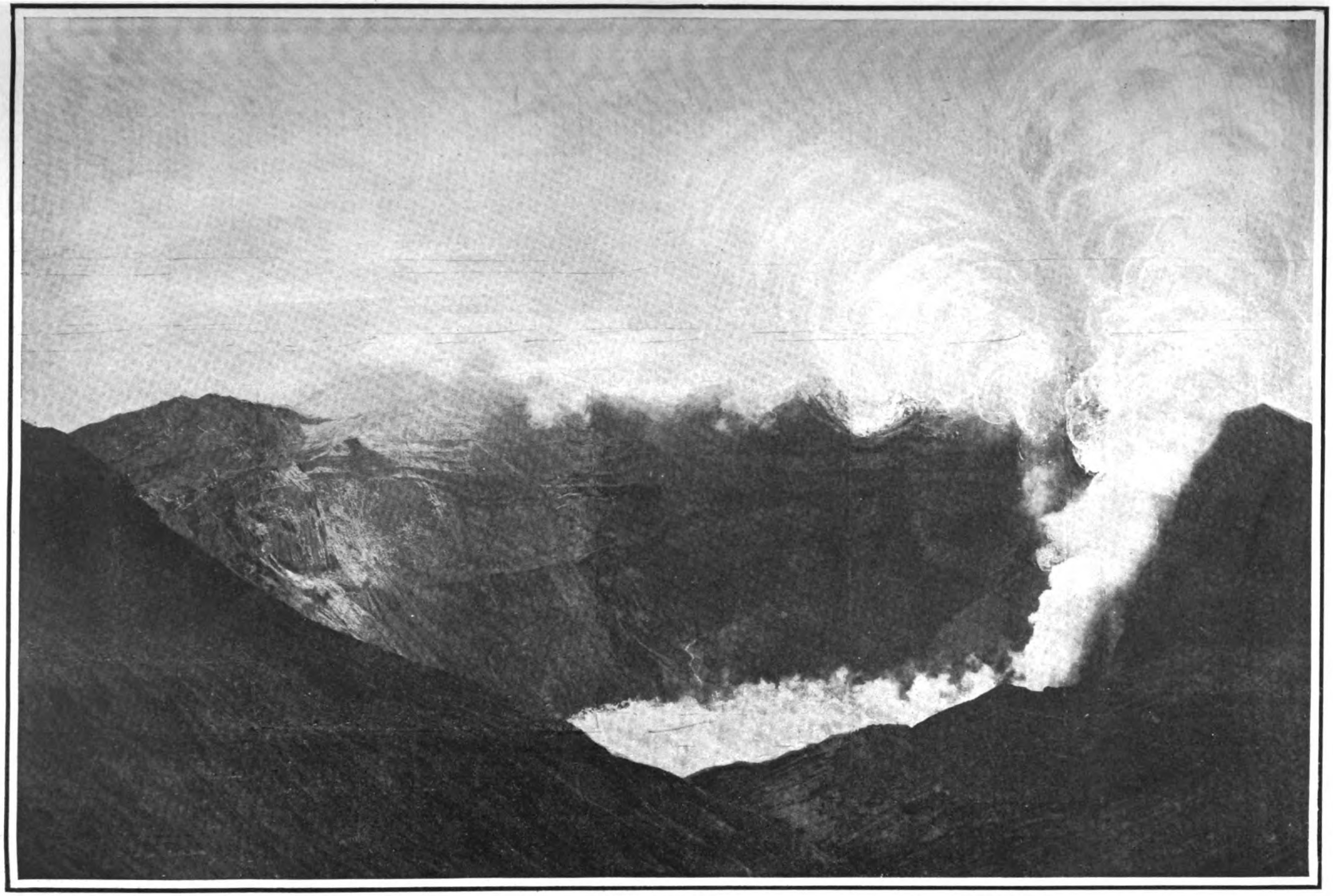


Panorama of the Crater of Soufriere as it was before the Eruptions, showing the Lake, which was over a Mile long

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The Crater to-day, showing how the Eruptions have obliterated the great Lake, and deepened the Mouth of the Volcano more than 1000 Feet

THE CRATER OF SOUFRIERE, ST. VINCENT

See page 1281

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Admiral Higginson
In command of the defending fleet

The Search Problem of the North Atlantic Squadron

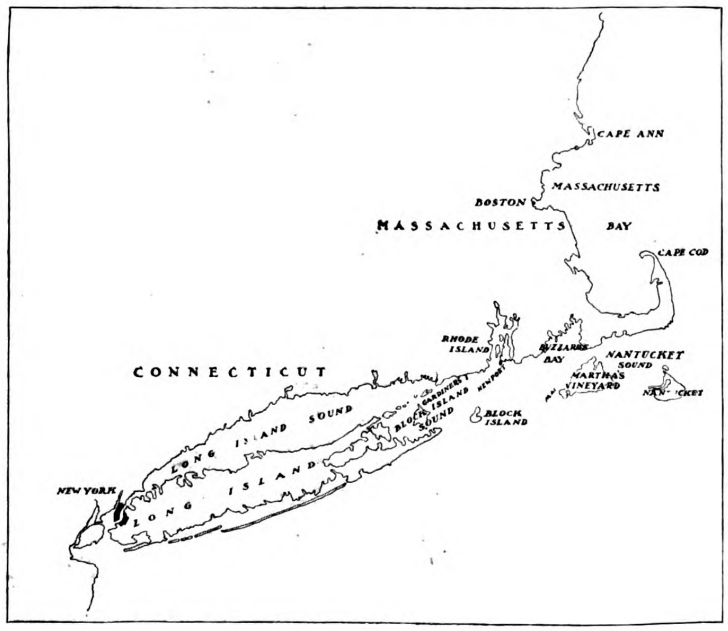


Commander Pillsbury
In command of the hostile fleet

THE problem given to Rear-Admiral Higginson to solve between August 20 and August 26 was to prevent with his fleet another squadron under Commander Pillsbury from entering an unprotected harbor on the New England coast anywhere between Cape Elizabeth and Cape Cod. Its solution was to demonstrate whether the fleet had reached such a stage of efficiency that the country could feel assured that it was safe from coast attack by an enemy. Rear-Admiral Higginson was first required to ascertain the exact location of the "enemy's" force, and when this was accomplished, he was to achieve victory.

The search problem, the official name for the manœuvre in which the North Atlantic Squadron was to engage, was of the most far-reaching importance.

Coming down to the late Spanish war, who does not remember the apprehension which existed in this country when Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands, his destination unknown? The Federal Navy Department adopted the only means at its disposal to locate him. Two scouts, hastily improvised, were despatched to a point fifty miles to the east of the islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe. Their instructions required them to cruise along a north and south line, meeting each day as soon after April 29 as they could reach their destination, until May 13. Neither vessel sighted the Spanish division, but Captain Cotton, commanding the *Harvard*, believes that on the day he left he would have seen the Spanish vessels had he made one more trip over the line assigned to him. The failure of American scouts to locate Cervera was anticipated by the Spaniards. Captain Concas y Palau, Cervera's chief of staff, and the commanding officer of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, in his book on the war with Spain, states that no apprehension was felt by himself and his comrades that they would be reported by American cruisers. Rather did they fear the cable, and he noted that this fear was well founded. But Captain Concas would probably have had reason to change his opinion had Cervera escaped from Santiago de Cuba before the Flying Squadron appeared off that port. As soon as the Navy Department was notified of the arrival of the Spanish division at Santiago de Cuba, instructions were given to five fast cruisers to proceed to that point, and if Cervera came out, to dog him, dropping out of the chase occasionally to make report of his position and course.



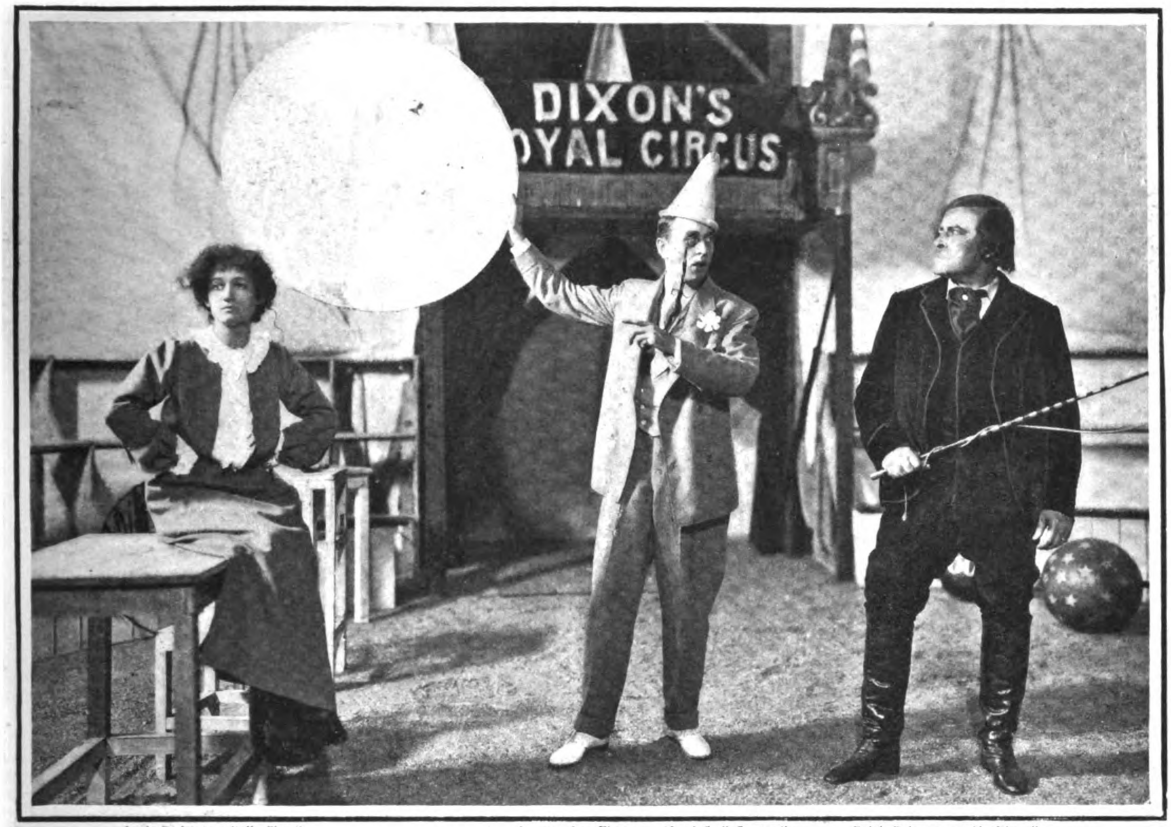
Map of the Territory along the New England Coast covered by the Search Problem

The great lesson of the past, therefore, was the necessity of efficient scouting. It was to prepare our fleet for such work that the General Board of the Navy, of which Admiral Dewey is president, directed the execution of the problem assigned to Rear-Admiral Higginson. The enemy was represented by three vessels —auxiliary cruisers *Prairie*, *Panther*, and *Supply*, under the command of Commander John E. Pillsbury. These vessels were, of course, accorded a much greater offensive strength than that they actually possessed. They were selected to play the part of the enemy in the manœuvre because of their high freeboard, which approximated that of a battle-ship, and also because smoke issuing from their funnels would enable them to be sighted even when hull down on the horizon. The defence fleet comprised the battle-ships *Kearsarge*, *Alabama*, and *Massachusetts;* armored cruiser *Brooklyn;* cruisers *Olympia* and *Montgomery;* gunboats *Mayflower*, *Gloucester*, *Hist*, *Peoria*, *Nina*, and *Leyden*, and a flotilla of torpedo-boats.

For the purposes of the problem, Rear-Admiral Higginson was given a force superior to that of Commander Pillsbury. The plans he was to follow to discover the "enemy" he and the General Board alone knew; Commander Pillsbury maintained absolute secrecy regarding the course he would pursue to evade the defence fleet. Commander Pillsbury no doubt selected the harbor on the shores of which he intended to land. If his guns were in position and mines placed prior to the appearance of Rear-Admiral Higginson with a superior force, then the "enemy" would be credited with the victory.

The result of the problem was that at 5.40 on the morning of August 24 Commander Pillsbury was caught while trying to enter Salem Harbor by the defending fleet, and unconditionally surrendered his entire fleet, having been theoretically destroyed. For four days and nights the fleet under Admiral Higginson kept up ceaseless communication and watch to prevent the other fleet from entering a harbor, and the lessons learned from the complicated systems necessary to cover such a large area were of the greatest value to the navy in the science of coast defence.

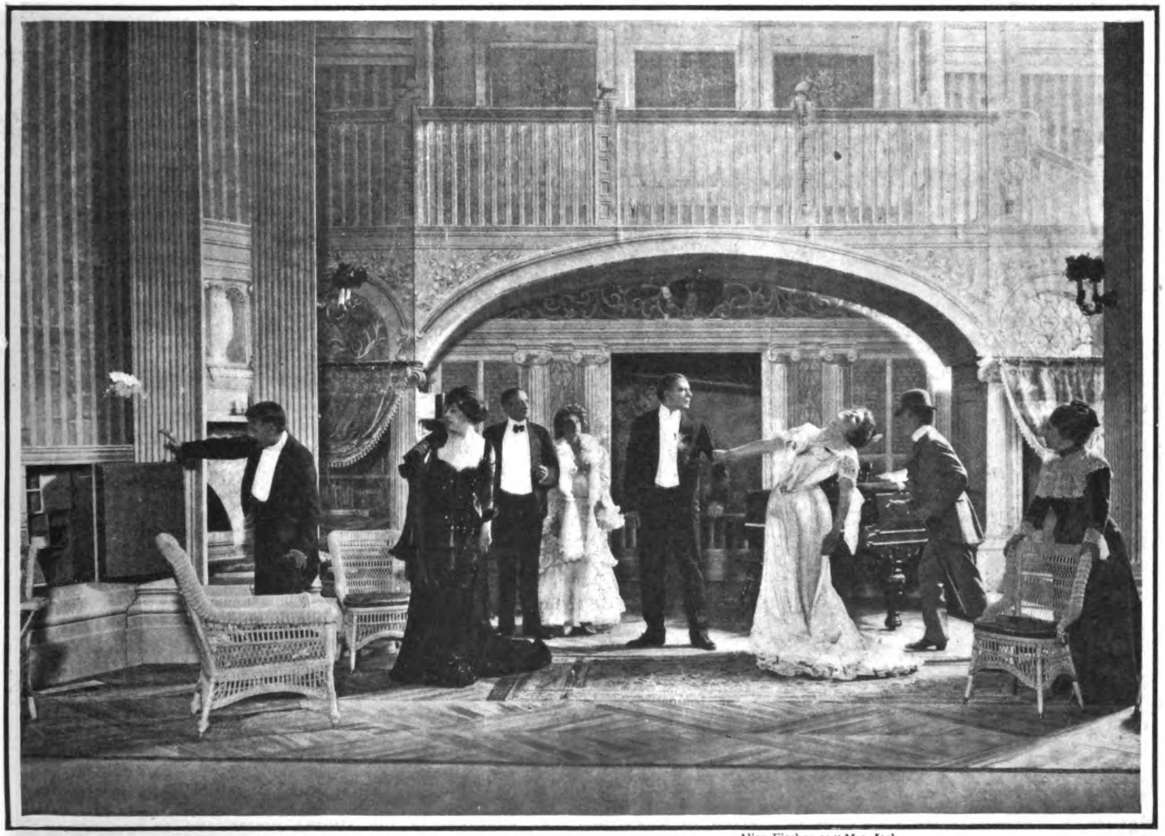
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Jessie Busley as "Dolly Platt" Jameson Lee Finney as "Lord Cyril Garston" Ralph Delmore as "Mr. Dixon"

"The New Clown," at the Garrick

An amusing farce, by H. M. Paull, involving the trials of a young English nobleman who, through force of circumstances, assumes the role of clown in a travelling circus



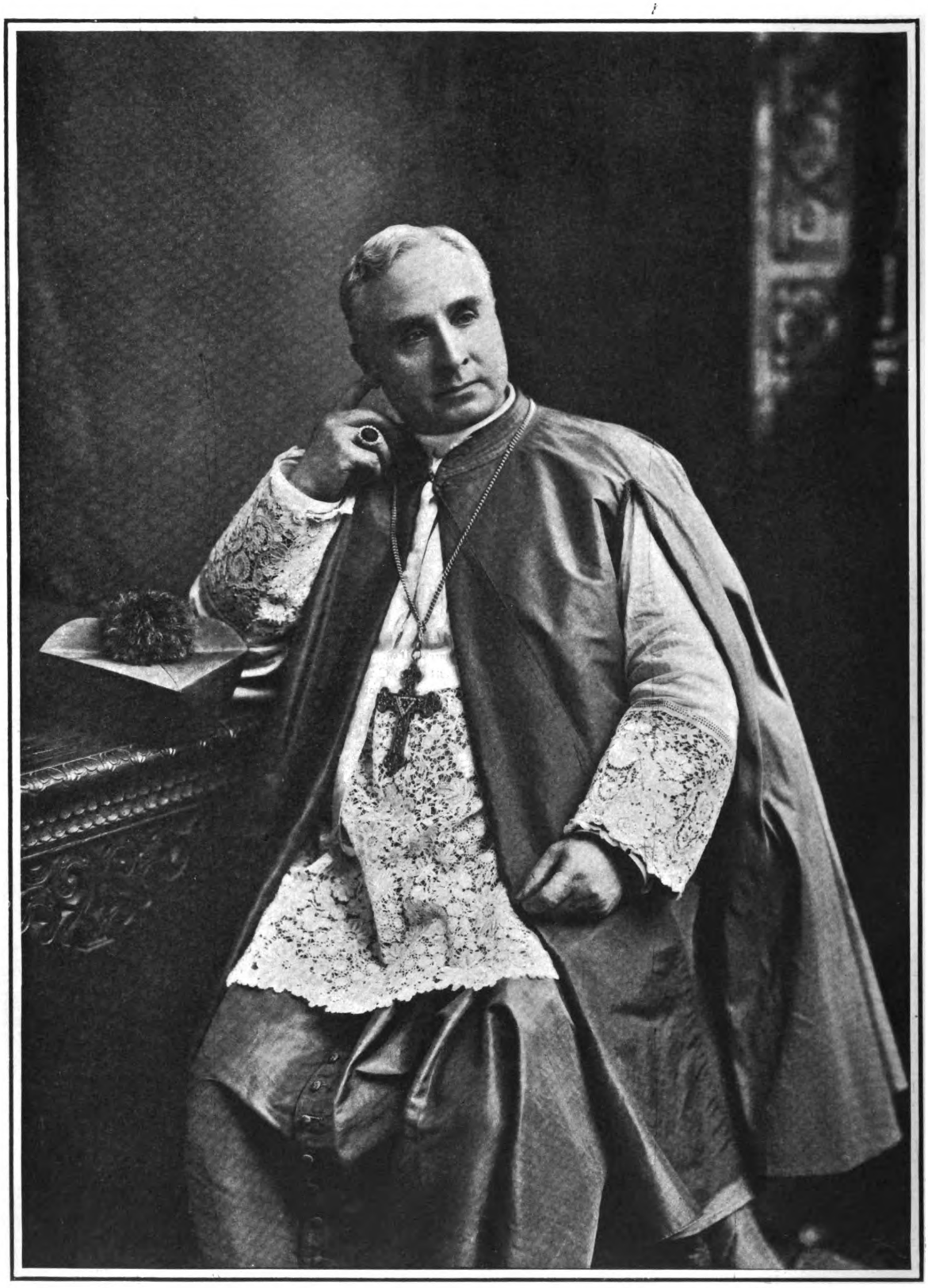
Alice Fischer as "Mrs. Jack

"Mrs. Jack," at Wallack's

"Mrs. Jack Banastar" has just discovered the theft of her great diamond, and suspecting her brother-in-law, checks any pursuit

TWO OF THE NEW PLAYS OF THE SEASON

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Photograph by Anderson, Fifth Avenue, New York

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK

Mgr. John Murphy Farley was born in Ireland in 1842, and was educated in the United States and at the American College in Rome. After serving Pope Leo XIII. as private chamberlain and domestic secretary he became, in 1895, auxiliary Bishop of New York. He now succeeds the late Archbishop Corrigan

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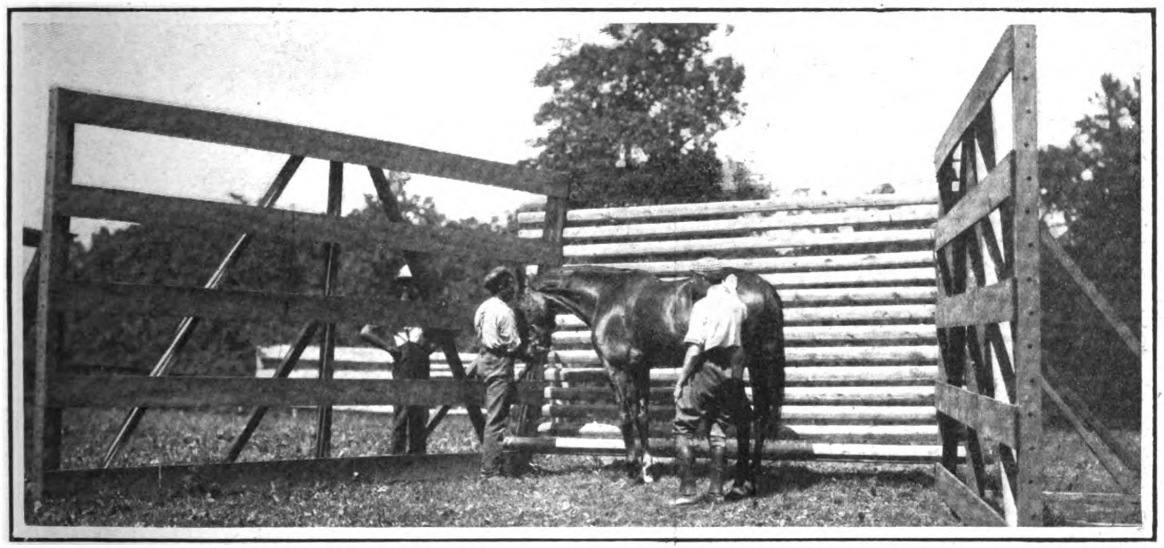


Rising to a 5-foot-6 Stone Wall



Clearing the Wall in perfect Form

Mr. Donnelly mounted on Heatherbloom in Practice Jumping



Heatherbloom against the Bars to show the proportionate Height of the 8-foot 1-inch Jump



Heatherbloom clearing the Bar at 8 feet 1 inch

HEATHERBLOOM, THE HIGHEST-JUMPING HORSE IN THE WORLD

This horse, the property of Mr. Howard Willets, of Mamaroneck, New York, made last fall the record jump at the Chicago Horse Show of 7 feet 4 1-2 inches. Within the last few days he has gone much higher, and our photographer has caught him clearing the bar 8 1-2 inches above the record

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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THE SOFT-COAL NUISANCE IN NEW YORK

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
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Editorial section for the week ending September 13, 1902

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COMMENT

THE reference to the Monroe doctrine in the speech made by Mr. Roosevelt at Augusta, Maine, did not have the significance which British and Continental commentators have attached to it. Addressing the fellow-townsmen of James G. Blaine, who, as Secretary of State in 1881, and again in Harrison's administration, had for his capital purpose the extension of the influence of the United States in the New World, the President could hardly fail to mention the fundamental principle which shapes our relations with other American republics. From this point of view the allusion was timely and appropriate. It is true, too, as Mr. Roosevelt said, that we are more firmly planted on the Monroe doctrine than even Mr. Blaine could have expected that we should be so soon after his death. We are more firmly planted because, by securing Great Britain's assent to the submission of the Venezuela boundary question to arbitration, we obtained for the first time a tacit admission on the part of a European power that the Monroe doctrine, although not embodied in treaties, much less formally incorporated in international law, must, nevertheless, be treated with respect. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that in the words spoken at Augusta the President intended to convey an admonition to any European power, or to imply that a new occasion for the application of the Monroe doctrine was in sight.

Although, however, there was no reason why Mr. Roosevelt's utterance should have made any stir in the European press, the comments of the British and Continental journals are interesting, as revealing national predispositions, if not also inchoate designs. The British newspapers, with the exception of the *Saturday Review*, assume that the course pursued by Lord Salisbury in the Venezuela affair practically committed the British government to a recognition of the Monroe doctrine, and they even go so far as to express a belief that such a recognition will eventually prove a benefit to the British Empire. It is pointed out that, as the doctrine has been interpreted by some of Monroe's successors, or by their Secretaries of State, the United States, while forbearing from interference with the existing American possessions of any European power, would not permit these possessions to become the subject of conquest or of purchase. It is certain that at no time during the last fifty years should we have permitted the Spanish or the Danish or the Dutch West Indies to be acquired by any strong European power, either through conquest or by purchase. We should not permit Germany or France to subjugate the negro republics of Haiti and San Domingo. It is very doubtful whether we should brook the cession of Dutch Guiana to the German Empire, a cession that would almost certainly involve a boundary controversy with Brazil.

Such having been the position taken by our Federal government with reference to the American countries lying immediately to the south of us, should we not be logically constrained to defend Canada against conquest by a Continental power? Most of the British newspapers answer this question in the affirmative. They are right; we should be unwilling to see Canada fall under the control of a strong and aggressive military state like Germany or Russia. The knowledge of our unwillingness would probably suffice to prevent any of England's enemies from attacking her transatlantic dependency. The immunity thus assured to them by the Monroe doctrine would obviously relieve Great Britain from the costly necessity of defending them. That would be indubitably a great boon, and British newspapers do not overvalue it.

It does not follow, because some French and German newspapers complain that the Monroe doctrine has never been thoroughly defined, that the definition given by President Roosevelt in his first message to Congress has been overlooked in Paris and Berlin. There are two questions which Germans and Frenchmen would like to have explicitly answered in advance, but to which no official answers have been or are likely to be forth-coming until circumstances demand them. From the language used by Mr. Roosevelt in his message, and also from the precedent set by Mr. Cleveland in the case of a Nicaragua seaport, it may be inferred that we should permit a European power to collect a debt *indisputably* due from an American commonwealth—say Venezuela—by the *temporary* occupation of a Venezuelan port and the confiscation of sufficient customs duties to discharge the obligation. It will be observed that the words indisputably and temporary are italicized. We could hardly permit a European power to be the sole judge of the validity of an alleged debt, and, if we are to be consistent, we should insist that the amount of the debt, like a boundary controversy, should be determined by arbitration. Then, again, we should require the occupation to be temporary in a rigorous sense of that word, for we could not suffer an American commonwealth to be treated as Egypt has been by Great Britain. The fact that some German subjects have made unsatisfactory investments in Venezuela would not constitute, in our view, a sufficient ground for placing the administration of Venezuelan finances under an international commission such as preceded the occupation of the Nile country by England. To those Germans who put their money in Venezuelan railway securities, as to those Englishmen who formerly bought Mississippi and Pennsylvania bonds, the maxim *caveat emptor* applies.

Another interesting question is suggested by the reported desire of the French government to create a Latin confederation. Suppose France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal were to form such a combination, how should we regard attempts on their part to induce the Latin-American commonwealths to become members of the league? If no more than a Latin

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zollverein were contemplated, we could scarcely object to it, provided it did not violate existing treaties between ourselves and the American members of such a customs union. Suppose, however, that a Latin confederation should have political as well as commercial aims, and should practically place the Latin-American republics under the hegemony and protection of the Latin-European powers. How could we reconcile such a state of things with the Monroe doctrine, which, as it binds us to protect American republics against European aggression, seems by implication to warrant us in forbidding them to provoke such aggression by forming intimate relations with the European system. It is, in truth, not surprising that Frenchmen and Germans should be perplexed when they try to forecast the applications of the Monroe doctrine to certain conceivable contingencies. There is all the difference even between the latest definition of the Monroe doctrine—Mr. Roosevelt's—and the definition that events will give to it by the end of the twentieth century that exists between an abstract principle of jurisprudence and the body of judicial decisions that may have been given under it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's trip to Paris seems certain to have a profound political and international, as well as commercial, result. He is said to have raised questions the solution of which is of immense import to the status of the British Empire, and the relation of the self-governing colonies, like Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, to the central government. One of the prerogatives of a sovereign state is the making of treaties with foreign powers, and in these days of commercial enterprise and industrial growth commercial treaties are undoubtedly the most important of all. The report is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier intends to give France the same preferential rights as England in the Canadian tariff arrangements—that is, French goods imported into Canada will pay a duty of fifteen per cent. lower than that paid, for instance, on goods from the United States. It is also said that France and Canada are to join in subsidizing an ocean-steamship line, the amount to be paid by each country being 800,000 francs, or $160,000, yearly. All this is immensely important, if true; and, taken with Sir Wilfrid's strong stand against the attempt to "draw Canada into the vortex of militarism," it goes to show that, to all intents and purposes, the Dominion is an independent sovereign state. Commercially, the matter is also of great interest. Last year Canada imported from France the equivalent of $6,670,778, an advance of nearly a million and a half on the previous year; the exports of Canada to France being only $1,388,848. A drop of fifteen per cent. in the import duty is certain to add greatly to the already rapidly growing trade between France and Canada, and especially to the total of Canada's imports from France, already five times greater than her exports to that country. It will be interesting to see how this will affect Germany, which exported $10,814,029 worth of goods to Canada in the last year; France and Germany together sending Canada only a third of the amount of imports she received from Great Britain. These last three countries —France, Germany, and England—export to Canada only about half of the total value of goods she receives from the United States; but a change in the Canadian tariff would greatly modify this proportion, to our prejudice.

Canada's position as an independent sovereign state is even more strongly marked by the proposal that Canada should "annex" the British West Indies. The editor of the *Antigua Observer* writes that, years ago, when the Canadian government sent its financial secretary to the British West Indies, to bring about reciprocal trade with Canada, the Antiguan legislature willingly acceded to the proposal, but the whole matter was blocked by the English Colonial Office. Antigua was not allowed to enter into any reciprocal tariff arrangement, owing to European treaties, but the sentiment in favor of a closer union with Canada has evidently persisted and gathered strength. It is pointed out by Canadian writers that the federation of the West-Indian Islands with Canada would remove the disadvantages they labor under, as crown colonies, in being subjected to the action of these treaties. Their federation with Canada would open up to them a large free market without materially reducing Canada's revenue or injuring existing industries. The change in the system of government, it is pointed out, would also relieve them from the burden of maintaining a number of highly paid imperial officials. Canada's imports from the British West Indies are chiefly tropical products which Canada herself can never produce, such as molasses, sugar, and tropical fruits. Last year, for example, Canada imported $738,168 worth of bananas, of which only $23,355 worth came from the British West Indies, while not less than $714,807 worth came through the United States. This large sum might have been shared between British West-Indians and Canadians had the two groups of colonies been federated, or, to use the phrase of the Canadian writers, had Canada "annexed" the British West Indies. It is also suggested that Canada would be able to take the total output of raw sugar from the British West Indies, refine it, and ship the surplus to England; and Canada is even prepared to pay bounties to the sugar-planters of the West-Indian Islands. In 1902 Canada imported from these islands goods worth $1,600,000, a marked increase over the trade of 1901, which was valued at $1,068,000. The interesting fact in all this is Canada's growing sense of independent sovereign rights.

The Venezuelan revolutionists appear to have met with a rather severe reverse, which might have been avoided if they had taken to heart the lessons of the South-African war. They forget that the party on the defensive has, under the conditions of modern warfare, a tremendous advantage, which no mere superiority in numbers will avail to counteract. With General Matos, the moving spirit of the revolution, at their head, the advance-guard of the revolutionists attacked the strong position of Taguay, which was held by a considerable number of well-armed government troops. The attack was carried on with great vigor and bravery for five hours, but at the end of that time the revolutionists were compelled to recognize that they had failed, and decided to withdraw, leaving the government troops masters of the situation, and leaving behind them two hundred killed or wounded on the field. Should President Castro carry out his intention to advance from Cua to Ocumare, which is some sixty miles west of Caracas, and where a strong body of revolutionists is intrenched, he may very probably have to learn the same lesson: the immense difficulty of forcing a defensive position, and the heavy loss which is likely to accompany the attempt. From Colombia we have also news of a slight improvement of the situation, from the point of view of the party in power. General Salavar, the Governor of Panama, writes that General Berti, with the Colombian government forces, is still in possession of Agua Dulce, and seems likely to be able to hold his own for some time to come. He writes also that the besieging rebels are in a sore plight; but here the wish may be father to the thought. In Haiti also the fortunes of war have been varied. The village of Limbe, north of Port au Prince, has been attacked and recaptured by the troops of the government. The fighting was very severe, lasting from midnight till midday, many on both sides being killed, and the village being destroyed by fire, as was the case with Petit Goave. A new figure has been added to the struggle in Haiti in the person of General Alexis Nord, who has come forward as commander of the government—that is, of the party opposed to General Firmin and Admiral Killick, the "pirate," whose "fleet," consisting of the gunboat *Crète-à-Pierrot,* has been covering itself with glory.

Cuba is in a very bad way, and all the predictions as to the evil results which would follow the failure of the reciprocity policy of the President are being verified. Señor Terry's resignation, as we already know, was due to the prospective failure of his plan to secure a loan of $4,000,000 for the Cuban planters. As to the planters themselves, their looked-for ruin is upon them. But worst of all is the agitation of the political classes. Palma's administration is already the target for angry insults. The Secretary of the Public Works promises to follow Señor Terry, the richest and most conservative member of the cabinet. Some members of Congress, and many outsiders, are urging the President's impeachment. In brief, there is fine promise of the entry into Cuba of the true spirit of South and Central American and West-Indian politics. The frenzy of rebellion, of revolution, of license, of disorder, seems to be in the Latin-American blood, and manifests itself the moment the Latin-American is intrusted with the management of government. One of

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the worst results of the failure of the reciprocity policy is that we have thereby lost the opportunity to give the Cuban a breathing-space of prosperity, during which he might have become reconciled to the Palma government, and, consequently, postponed the evil day of political cantankerousness.

Some Pennsylvania Republicans, who call themselves reformers because they are angry at Senator Quay, have had occasion to reflect. Senator Quay "ripped up" the city government of Pittsburg because it was in the hands of his enemies, and installed therein his own particular friends, but these, in turn, went over to the enemy, and both are now outraged by Senator Quay's insolent domination. They began by insisting that there should be no Pennypacker for them. Pennypacker is a good man, but he was put in nomination for Governor by an odious boss. What the newfangled reformers desire is a bad man nominated by enemies of the boss. As a general proposition, we have no leaning towards Quay nor any of his kind, but we have watched Pennsylvania Republican opposition to his master-mind for many years, and long ago reached the conclusion that Quay is often better than his opponents; at least, he is more genuine. Republican opposition to him, like that in Pittsburg, is very likely to be "strike politics," and there is no honest popular movement against Quay in the commonwealth. No existing Republican politician, at least, will ever make war upon the Senator and his methods, and when the people rise, or seem to rise, against him, and there is reason for him to dread defeat, there are always enough sympathetic Democrats to skulk to his side to help him out of his trouble. Republican opposition to Quay always ceases on the eve of the battle, and whenever the boss has been defeated, his overthrow has been a surprise to those who realized that a little more chicanery would have prevented the catastrophe. In short, Quay is the favorite boss of both political parties in Pennsylvania, while the people of the State are seemingly not yet ashamed of their servitude. We never expect to see so-called "Republican Independent movements" defeat him.

The real war game began on Sunday, August 31, and the first engagement took place on the night of September 1. The result was the theoretical destruction of that part of the fleet which made the assault. It is too soon to comment on the whole game, and we shall reserve our comprehensive remarks until we can accompany Mr. Zogbaum's illustrations with them. The first encounter, however, gives us a text for a few words. It would show a very disgraceful state of affairs, and would either discredit the army or Congress, upon which the army must depend for its means of subsistence, if the navy should be able to capture or destroy any of the fortifications included in the field of operations, or if it should establish a naval base, or should run by the eastern defences of New York. If Admiral Higginson should win in the sport, then the army is not alert, is not skilled in the use of its weapons, and is not dependable. If the artillery does as well as it can with the material in its possession, and the material is faulty, the blame lies with the engineer or the ordnance corps. If the artillery is well trained and the material as perfect as could be provided with the means granted, Congress may be to blame for its parsimony or its slothfulness. What is perfectly true is that a properly trained and intelligent force, properly equipped with modern arms, modern explosives, modern projectiles, and modern instruments of accuracy of fire, can prevent the success of any fleet engaged in the enterprise which Admiral Higginson's ships have undertaken. This mimic war is a test of the character of the artillery of the army.

On Monday, September 1, the first session of this year's convention of the International Mining Congress was held in Butte, Montana. The large attendance of delegates was representative of the mining and mining-machinery industries, and of capitalists interested in those industries from all parts of the world. Besides fostering the interests directly connected with mining, the congress has, in previous conventions, declared in favor of the establishment of a national department of mining, whose head shall be a member of the President's cabinet, and for a reorganization of the work of the United States Geological Survey, to make it serve more surely the industry of mining than the delights of paleontological discoveries. Another matter the congress favors is the consolidation of the Irrigation, Good Roads, and Trans-Mississippi congresses with the International Mining Congress. It leaves one somewhat breathless to read the figures set forth in support of the policy of the vast consolidation of interests for industrial congressional work. We are reminded, for instance, that of the 1,500,000,000 consumers of modern industrial products, 825,000,000 are in countries mainly dependent, in international trade, upon Pacific coast seaports, which are the natural trade outlets for the States and Territories most interested in these congresses. But we must remember that the local atmosphere of Butte furnishes incentive and justification for large figuring; that active young town has already added $500,000,000 to the world's wealth in gold, silver, and copper.

One of the reasons why the coal strike has run on so indefinitely is the ignorance of the public touching its causes, and the degree of the responsibility of either side. This labor war has been discussed without intelligence because there has been very little proper investigation either by the newspapers or by the authorities. In such a strike as this politicians fear the labor men, whose votes are numerous, and therefore the executive power is paralyzed, while the general arbitration boards are valueless. Moreover, the laws for arbitration in the several States are of little importance. In Pennsylvania, for example, for seven years a law has stood on the statute-book which requires a common pleas judge to appoint arbitrators on the application of either side of a labor controversy. The law, however, is not resorted to for the simple reason that the arbitrators have no power to compel the attendance of witnesses or the production of books and papers. Consequently no thorough investigation is possible under the Pennsylvania law. Now in this country, where public opinion is so powerful, and where, if it were unanimous and strongly directed against one side to a controversy, it would prevail, public opinion has the right to demand enlightenment. This is especially true in such a case as this coal strike in which the public interests are so intimately involved. One of the leading public writers of our country and time proposes a very simple and probably effective method for accomplishing the desired end. He suggests the appointment by the Executive, State or national, of a board of experts for each strike, the board having the power to summon witnesses and to compel the production of papers. The report would be intended merely to enlighten and focus public opinion, and he thinks that when such board, searching for the guilty, could say, "Thou art the man," the strike would come to an end.

Considerable newspaper gossip and speculation have been occasioned in Paris and London by recent changes in embassies in Europe and America. The transfer of M. Cambon from Washington to Madrid may be, as generally regarded, a move by France in the interests of Pan-Latinism, but both English and French newspaper comment goes wide of the mark when it chooses to regard the sending of Sir Michael Herbert and M. Jusserand to Washington as a proof of the lowering of the American post in the diplomatic scale. Nominally and from the ordinary European point of view the inference drawn, especially by some Parisian papers, is true. On the contrary, however, both these diplomatic appointments are specially indicative of a desire of the English and French governments to cultivate and strengthen their bonds with America. Whether the result aimed at will be achieved will, of course, depend upon the ambassadors themselves—and their wives. For in both these selections it is manifest that the fact that Mesdames Herbert and Jusserand are both Americans by birth had not a little to do with the diplomatic promotion of their husbands. As to M. Jusserand, moreover, while his transfer to Washington is a distinct promotion, it is one peculiarly fitting in view of his accomplishments as a diplomat and his achievements as a man of letters. The author of *The Literary History of the English People* has shown in it, as Professor Gaston Paris remarked in presenting the first volume to the "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," in 1894, an originality and breadth of treatment which give him a high rank among literary historians. M. Jusserand's appointment to Washington is a lit-

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crary compliment to this country, to which the nearest American parallel is the sending of James Russell Lowell to the Court of St. James.

A recent order of the War Department provides that one hundred officers of the army are to be detailed to give military instruction in such schools and colleges as will guarantee to keep at least one hundred pupils under military instruction, and to organize and drill them in accordance with army regulations. These details will be for two years each. The order provides courses for three classes of institutions, the courses varying according to the prominence given to military instruction. This means the resumption, with differences, of a practice that obtained before the Spanish war, the new order being drawn with care to insure that the chance for military instruction shall not be wasted, as sometimes happened in the past, on institutions that cannot make good use of it. It is suggested that much of this work might be done by retired officers, and that seems a sound proposition, for there are always numbers of officers on the retired list who, while unfit for active service, are both physically capable and highly competent for work of this sort, and who are averse to idleness, and would be glad to have occupation and the increased pay that it should bring them. The practice of compulsory retirement at sixty-four, though doubtless sound, puts out of active service many admirable officers who have years of good work left in them; and besides these older men there are many others who have been retired for partial disability, which would not at all interfere with their usefulness as military instructors.

The formal announcement that, beginning with the class of 1905, Harvard University will confer the Bachelor of Arts degree in a three years' course is a welcome one. It has been growing more and more obvious yearly to those who observe conditions that a four years' course in college, devoted wholly to the study of purely academic subjects, is at least a year too long, and, in the case of young men who are to embark upon a professional career, results in a very material loss of time without any corresponding advantage to be gained. The action of the Harvard authorities is a step in the right direction, but is it any more than a step? Are there not yet other steps to be taken by which the young man who proposes to become a doctor, or a lawyer, or a follower of a profession of some sort, may get at the really serious work of preparation a little sooner than now seems possible? What precise advantage an A.B. is to a man has never yet been made quite clear. There are A.B.'s in the world who lack ordinary sense, and the thousands of half-educated people one meets in the course of a year who rejoice in the possession of a sheepskin do little to convince the doubting mind that the degree has any significance whatsoever. Our colleges can render a real service if they will do something to give actual value to the certificates they issue. There is no more reason why the student who enters college with the idea of preparing himself for civil life should not be held to a regimen of the strictest sort than that the youths who go to Annapolis or to West Point should be permitted to play their way through the course prescribed by the curriculum. The whole system needs stiffening up if our colleges are really to do their best work, and until the academic departments of our universities are placed upon the same plane of efficiency as our professional schools, university authorities will have fallen short of the performance of the full measure of their duty. There is tremendous work ahead for the young man of today, and the sooner he gets at it, properly equipped, shorn of all the inutilities, which he may cultivate as a pastime if he is minded so to do, the better it will be for all concerned. Harvard has led the way, but she should not be content with the mere doing of the initial act. She should go further and so readjust her curriculum that men who have the heart and the mind and the energy to meet the problems of the present and of the future may get to work without undue loss of time upon the duties that are theirs to perform.

We trust that time will cause Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., to reconsider his determination to abandon the automobile as a vehicle of sport. We can quite understand how in the shadow of a great tragedy, such as that which overtook Mr. Vanderbilt's friends and relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Fair, he should, for a time at least, fail to find zest in a pursuit that brings them poignantly to his mind, but the permanent abandonment of the sport by one who, if he is minded to do so, can do much to develop it along the lines of sobriety and with proper respect to all rights that may need to be conserved, would be, we think, somewhat of a misfortune. The bad name that the automobile has got for itself latterly is far from being its intrinsic desert. Both as a utility and as a means of pleasure, the machine is worthy of our respect, and it would be unjust to it and to its makers if it were to be judged by the uses to which it is put by reckless people. A spirited horse in the hands of a foolhardy driver is as direct a menace to the public safety as an automobile, but because occasionally horses run away and kill a few wayfarers we do not condemn the whole practice of driving horses. What our leaders in automobiling need to do under present conditions is to learn the simple lesson that recent disasters teach, not to turn their backs upon the pursuit itself. The latter sounds too much like the weakness of one who cannot control his passions. Of course if Mr. Vanderbilt really feels that the use of the automobile by himself must inevitably develop into excesses which will imperil his own neck and the life and limb of the public, he is wise to give it up. If, on the other hand, he has ever been sincerely interested in the sport, as he seems to have been, we may expect shortly to find him once more entering the lists, more cautiously and in such a frame of mind in relation to the whole subject as to work materially for the betterment of conditions.

It may be that the development of the usefulness of the automobile will come sooner and go farther in the less civilized parts of the earth than in improved countries like ours. In some countries, where horses are scarce and railroads scarcer still, automobiles have a much freer field than here to show what they can do. Reports from Madagascar predict important trade results from their introduction there; the French government is credited with a purpose to try them at once in the desert of Sahara; experiments with them are going on in the Philippines, where our government proposes to use them in the mail service; and in Porto Rico, where improved transportation facilities are urgently needed, they have already shown their superiority to stage-coaches. It is quite possible that if Mr. H. G. Wells's idea of great highways for automobiles ever takes form, it will do so first in some country where there is little railroad competition.

When will the articles of need peculiar to modern civilization—coal, petroleum, wheat for fine flour, wood, iron, tin, and so on—give out? Iron, we are told, will never cease, because it will be extracted by processes now undergoing development from the sands of the sea, even if the mines become exhausted. That is a comfort, for iron is the basis of our civilization, apparently. As to coal—there will some time be an end of that in Britain and America, though not, probably, in the lifetime of any one now living. And here, at this moment, comes an American consular report telling how a Norwegian company has tapped the immense coal deposits of Spitzbergen under the arctic circle. And China has enough coal in her unopened mines to supply the furnaces of the world for centuries. There is no end to the coal-supply; our mechanical civilization will not fail for want of that. As to petroleum, no year goes by without the discovery of new wells somewhere. Mexico is the latest country to report new finds; they are having something like a Texas boom at Tampico and Monterey. The wheat-fields grow weary, but they are not exhausted by any means, and need never be. Wood grows scarcer and dearer; yet in proportion as it does so we find practicable substitutes for it. In this country we have lately had an experience which is a warning of the woe that would fall upon the world if there were no more good coal to be had, but the famine has not been due to any trouble with the coal, but with the labor that produces it. That suggests that civilization's problem—the rock that may shatter it—will not be a question of commodities, but a question of labor, of men: not a material, but a moral, difficulty.

The King has granted a charter for a British Academy, and Matthew Arnold's long-cherished desire is in part fulfilled.

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Lord Rosebery, Premier Balfour, Lord Dillon, and Lord Reay, who preside over the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Asiatic Society; Sir Frederick Pollock, jurist, wit, and novelist; John Morley, James Bryce, Leslie Stephen, and W. E. H. Lecky—are the most eminent of the forty-nine charter members. So far, the charter makes these distinguished members of the nobility and gentry merely "fellows"; it remains for them to show whether they are also "immortals." But the parallel with the famous French Academy is not close. The Britons have gathered themselves together to promote historical, philosophical, and philological studies, not merely to watch over the purity of the English language and to keep its crystal waters undefiled. This shows both modesty and wisdom, and we have a great capital of pity in store for whoever undertakes to determine what is and what is not good English, in these days of the dialect story and the reunion of the Anglo-Saxons. It is noteworthy that Herbert Spencer is not one of those who have founded the new academy.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, an eloquent and devout Hindu, a frequent visitor to this country as an advocate of liberal religion, was asked, after he returned to India the last time, "What impressed you most in the United States?" "The remarkable assimilative and unifying power of the institutions and customs of the country," he replied. It was natural that one coming from a land so diverse in races and religions as India should be so impressed. President Roosevelt, in his recent address to the International Press Club in Boston, emphasized the same thought, namely, the essential likeness of all Americans, wherever found, of whatever original race stock. Now this assimilating power of our institutions and customs is not one that commends itself to all who note it. Thus Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., in *The Atlantic*, laments that "the days of diversity are numbered. The genius of industrial civilization defies the old rules by which life passed from homogeneity to heterogeneity: she takes men from all parts of Europe—Latin, Teuton, Celt, and Slav—trims, lops, and pinches, till she can squeeze them into the American mould. . . . Mountain, prairie, and ocean no longer mark their sons, no longer breed into them the sap of the pine, the honey of clover, the savor of salt." In reply to which it may be pertinent to remark that this process of assimilation and reduction to a common race type of diverse races and callings of men began long before we entered upon a distinctly industrial stage of society.

Some conception of the volume of present-day American philanthropy is gained from the statement made at the recent annual meeting of the American Library Association that the gifts for new library buildings in the United States during the past year amounted to $8,312,550, and the gifts for endowment, equipment, etc., of libraries during the same period amounted to $3,075,247. Of course most of the new buildings when built and equipped will be supported by public taxation in the main, as only here and there does private endowment maintain the town library. It is the presence of the town library, maintained as an ally of the school, the church, the factory, and the shop for trade, which accounts for much of the wealth and diversified industry of Massachusetts. As the men of wealth of the interior and West take up with the New England idea of having and maintaining public libraries, they will hasten a state of diffused intelligence comparable to that found in New England, and in Massachusetts in particular. Of course with the multiplication of libraries there is an increased demand for men and women competent to direct their activities, and this new profession is providing an outlet for many a youth who otherwise might have gone into walks of life already crowded. It was the testimony at the recent meeting of the Librarians' Association that the standard of compensation for librarians was rising, and that their place in the community was coming to be recognized as of more consequence than formerly. From being a mere custodian of books the librarian now has become a collaborator with the public-school teacher, the clergyman, and the intelligent employer of labor in providing for the ambitious intelligent citizens and their children apparatus useful in maintaining the pedagogic, spiritual, and industrial life of the community; and the better educated he or she is, and the more generously remunerated, the more the community gets from its library.

If a speaker at the recent American librarians' conference at Boston told her story correctly, a Pittsburg boy fifteen years old gave the librarians something to think about when he said: "I like Conan Doyle, but he comes high. You can get a lot of this for a nickel"—"this" being a second-hand copy of Jesse James. But Conan Doyle can be had at the public libraries for less than a nickel, so that the boy's expressed preference for the subtle detective-story of the English author over the tempestuous biography of the American bandit and his regretful inability to gratify his taste on account of the forbidding expense are perhaps not quite frank. There is, indeed, more than a suspicion that a boy fifteen years old—in the bandit age himself, so to speak—would rate the *Life and Adventures of Jesse James* as superior to the ratiocinations of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Probably the boy who buys second-hand robber romances at five cents a copy buys because he likes them, so that the inexpensiveness of his investment is not so much a cause of his purchase as it is a gratification at procuring a bargain. If the library would give him Jesse James on the same easy terms that it proffers to him Conan Doyle, then the librarians who mourn his inappreciation of the library would not lack his patronage. Possibly the trouble with the librarians who are striving with this problem of the boy and his reading is that they do not comprehend the boy. Jesse James does not appeal to him because he is depraved, but, to adopt his own phrase, because the robber keeps things moving. He wants no involved analyses of thought and action—the time of his mental development for that has not come yet—but he does want a book in which something happens. We take it that this is the reason why so many books which librarians are "weeding out," as they call the process, are popular with the boys. Oliver Optic, for example, has come under the ban of the new school of censors almost as emphatically as Jesse James; and yet his stories appeal to the boys for a reason that is very clear—something is always doing in them. Of course Jesse James is not to be thought of in the public library, and it may be that Oliver Optic should go—but the boy has got to have a book with action in it, if you want to keep him from buying second-hand robber stories for a nickel.

An item, almost lost in the daily newspapers by reason of its smallness and inconspicuity, contains the news of the discovery at the Lick Observatory of 100 pairs of double-stars never before catalogued. California's brilliant sky and the great Lick telescope have combined in the revelation of many star secrets and phenomena that have waited thousands and even millions of years for an observer. A third and most important aid in disclosing stellar secrets is photography. Perhaps the greatest and certainly the most numerous discoveries in astronomy in recent years have been made, not by the "celestial policeman," with his eye to the end of a mighty tube, but by means of the sensitive photographic plate, which, to a great extent, has replaced the eye, while the telescope itself, slowly but accurately driven by clock-work, counteracts the effect of the rotation of the earth, and keeps any particular star or cluster in the heavens in the field of view before the all-recording photographic plate. Celestial photography has not only told us much about the sun, our nearest star neighbor, but the photographic eye has also revealed nebulæ in the depths of space, and compelled them to disclose some of the secrets of their shape and structure never hinted at to the mere visual observer. Only some 6000 nebulæ were known and described before the application of photography in astronomy. Now, as a result of its aid, more than 120,000 of these wonderful star systems have been catalogued, and the spiral nebula has been shown to be the rule instead of the exception it was long thought to be.

The population of New York at the present time, so far as it is in evidence in the theatres, at the cafés, and on the highways, is distinctly what might be called "extra-territorial." It is only temporarily of Manhattan, and comes from all parts of the United States. It is estimated that there are over ten thousand buyers from other cities in town, who have come here to spend as many as $1,000,000,000 upon the things New York has to distribute. Such a vast sum as this

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means an enormous degree of prosperity for the merchants into whose coffers it is flowing, and they are to be felicitated upon the profit which is theirs. What is even better for the city, however, is the personal friends and acquaintances it is making among busy and active men from other parts of the United States. New York has its varied sides, like any other community, and it is not to be judged by the bogie-man of speculation, who has his lair in Wall Street, any more than by the beribboned and bedizened folk of the Tenderloin. It takes many and widely differing ingredients to make up the great cosmopolitain whole that New York has become, and it is well, in these bounding and aboundings days, that the metropolis should show itself in all its colors. The smiling side of New York is a most seductive one, and the traveller from distant fields who has thought of it merely as a money-getting centre, sordid, mean, and relentlessly busy, finds it, upon a nearer approach, also the centre of a warm hospitality, a place of much laughter, of many pleasant ways and byways, a place to visit, and a place to like. It is a fine sight to look upon our crowded hotels, our restaurants nightly packed with visitors, and our theatres playing to well-filled tiers of seats—an atmosphere of keen enjoyment over all, and yet with no ebullience of license or of abnormally harmful things. This annual pilgrimage to New York as a commercial shrine should work much good to the city, and in ways that are not to be measured in dollars so much as in the promotion of good-feeling, good-fellowship, and that mutual understanding upon which alone is it possible to base a hope for a real unity and community of interest. We are all Americans together, and the sooner we find each other out, the better not only for ourselves and our business, but for Americanism itself.

It was told of Professor Leopold Schenck, who died the other day at Vienna, that the publication of his theory about the predetermination of sex cost him his professional standing, and led to his being retired on a pension from the professorship that he held in the University of Vienna. His theory was that the sex of the coming child could be determined by the diet of the prospective mother. From time immemorial parents have thought that they knew better than Providence whether they needed more boys or more girls in their families, and in innumerable cases, especially where girls multiplied but there seemed no boys to be had, there was disappointment. Where the retention of kingdoms or estates depended upon the birth of heirs male it worried even the fondest of parents to find nothing but girls in their nurseries. When Professor Schenck declared that there need be no more uncertainty, the announcement made a great stir, and he was much consulted by aspiring parents. How far his theory was ever justified by human experience does not appear as yet in the obituaries that have been published of him, but his announcement gave him so much notoriety as to excite the dislike of his brother doctors, who demanded his retirement from the Vienna medical faculty on the ground that his "frivolous publication of scientific matter constituted a form of self-advertisement." The generality of parents have never troubled their heads with Dr. Schenck or his theory, but have gone on strong in the conviction that if the baby did not happen to be precisely the kind of a baby they were looking for, it was certainly the next best kind, and an excellent sort to have, anyway.

The Shah and the Sultan have been getting themselves into history. His Majesty Muzaffar-ed-Din, ruler of Persia and the dependencies thereof, has been through the customary round of royal junketings in England, with military bands, processions, big dinners, and special trains as stage scenery. The Shah tried to achieve a personal note by the extreme gorgeousness of his diamonds, which were the envy of all the duchesses, but otherwise there is a fearful sameness about all these royal functions. An amusing testimony to Persia's present state of culture and progress was the fact that his Persian Majesty had an attack of nerves every time anything went quicker than ten miles an hour, whether it was a steamboat, a train, or an elevator. He would find our district messengers decidedly restful. The Sultan has done it once more, with his customary skill. Through the medium of Izzet Bey, one of his secretaries, he has sent a friendly message to the United States minister, assuring him that all the pending claims of the United States would be complied with, and begging the minister to resume his visits to the Porte. We seem to remember having heard something of the sort before, from this most promising despot.

The recent military ride from Brussels to Ostend was distinguished as a record of brutality. To quote from the cable despatches: "The horses were hoof-deep in mud during the contest. . . . Many horses fell exhausted. Three of the animals dropped dead before Ostend was reached. . . . When near Ostend the French Lieutenant Bauzil, who noticed that his horse was dying, drew his revolver and blew its brains out. The only English officer in the contest, Lieutenant Gibbon, saw his mount was exhausted, and dismounted while the animal panted its life away." The race was won by the Frenchman Lieutenant Madamet. Riding a Hungarian thoroughbred, he was received at the finish with great enthusiasm, his time for the eighty-two and a half miles being six hours and twenty minutes. "The horse died soon after the victory." The affair was a disgrace to all participating in it. And what possible object did or could it serve?

For the most of us vacation days are over and another year of effort has been begun. The city man knows that autumn has arrived because of the large number of familiar faces that begin to reappear upon the highways; because of the toning up of the town from the laxities of summer; because of the renewed activities of the market-places; because of the reopening of windows and doors that have been dark and inhospitably closed during the period of recreation. The sojourner amid the suburban scenes and of the country-side perceives the fact from the emergence of the trees from the lovely green of the summer-tide into the gorgeous hues of fall; from the tang that gives an added zest to the delicious air of the early morning—the little sting of cold in the breezes that blow; from the quietude of the landlord, who, having passed through a bustling summer, now sits him down in a reflective mood to reckon up his profits or his losses. It has been a wonderful summer, and he would be derelict in his duty who would fail to record his appreciation of the kindness of the powers that order the rise and fall of the mercury. Such a summer as has been vouchsafed unto us in this year of grace 1902 is indeed rare. Nature has been more than kind. She has given us conditions not only tolerable, but inviting. We have had nothing hot from the ovens of Dame Nature, and while she has occasionally treated us to an overplus of rain and electricity, on the whole she has shown herself an indulgent mother. In many a rural spot where in other years the fan has ruled supreme, the crackling log has been summoned into service, and the unfortunate dweller in the city has been able to go his way by day with a collar serene and unwilted, and to sleep his sleep o' nights restfully and with a blanket over him. General Humidity has not shown his face; General Debility has had no command to speak of; and at every point the passing season has shown a smiling front. If the conditions had been normal we should have been able to boast of the finest climate in the world. Since they were not, we may congratulate ourselves on having a glimpse of a perfect summer.

Among the young men of to-day who work hard and successfully to contribute to the pleasures of the theatre, Clyde Fitch occupies a foremost place. Though still a young man, he has already attained to an established position as the leading playwright and dramatist in the United States. Jones and Pinero in England are respectively ten and fourteen years older, and they are still in the full tide of their powers. Mr. Fitch is a fine example of dogged persistence and grit. For years he fought for independence; insisting on producing his own plays, choosing his own actors, clinging to his dramatic ideas in spite of opposition and discouragement. With the great success of "The Moth and the Flame," following upon several tentative efforts, he succeeded in convincing the theatrical powers that be, and since then he has maintained his vantage-ground. Every one interested in the theatre and in the career of this young man must sympathize with the serious illness which, for some months, has called a halt to Mr. Fitch's work. The news of his recovery, we are glad to state, is encouraging, and we look to him for better and stronger work in the maturing of his powers and purpose. He is thirty-seven years old.

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Looking Forward or Looking Backward?

THE President stands for something; his party organization is meaningless. The President is looking to the future; the national leaders are clinging to the past. In this respect it may be asserted that the leaders do not differ from the party in opposition, if there is such a party. It is true that there is no united, harmonious, purposeful opposition at present, but it is also true that there is a movement, or at least an agitation, among the elements opposed to the Republican party, and that the upbuilding of an opposition of some sort at an early day is inevitable. Existing political conditions are intolerable, and their long continuance is impossible in a free and progressive democracy like our own.

The interesting feature of the President's speeches in New England is their fronting of the future. Whether the President is right or wrong, he is for dealing with the new problems, while the old politicians who are at the head of the party's organization are simply for holding to what they have gained. They not only look upon the past as secure, but believe that their achievements in the past secure the present and guarantee the future. This can never be the conquering state of mind in this republic. The Republican party will not be retained in power because it settled the currency question. It will not long continue to be employed by the country merely as the defender of the Dingley tariff bill. The currency question being settled and the stable standard adopted, there are other phases of the money and banking question which demand an answer. Changing and shifting trade and commerce, the tempting solicitations of new markets in the East and of older markets in Europe, the tremendous strides which our manufacturing establishments have made in quantity of production, call for a new study of our tariff law.

While the old leaders are deprecating any progress, any action, any movement but a backing up to the future, and while they are casting admiring, if somnolent, glances to the past, what may be called rank-and-file Republicanism is waking up. To the man in the ranks the party means an organized effort for the promotion of his good. He is first an individual, a farmer, a trader, a manufacturer, a producer or distributor of some kind; then he is a citizen; then he is a party man. He is not leaning on the past; he is not ploughing in his father's furrows; he is not carrying his goods to market in ox-carts; he is not throwing shuttles with his hands, or spinning his yarn on a wheel which revolves at the touch of his foot. If he is a Republican, his party has taught him to expect at least that its triumph will inure to his profit. The sun is always shining on his face and casting his shadow backwards. How long will such a man be content with leaders whose shadows lie in front of them, obscuring their pathway, and causing them to halt and stumble?

Throughout the Republican party is felt the agitation which is disturbing, disquieting, and inspiring modern society. The Republicans of New England are asking for freer trade relations with Canada, and for free hides for their shoe manufacturers. On the farms of the West there is a demand for cheaper agricultural implements; farther west, and especially to the northwest, there is need for cheaper lumber from Canada, and for a reciprocal arrangement by which American coal can be sold over the border, while Nova Scotia coal in turn can be brought into New England. The uneasiness concerning our burdensome tariff taxation is not confined to the Republican party; it is common to all parties in certain sections of the country. But one economic question is knocking at the doors of the politicians from one end of the land to the other, and that is the "trust" question. Is the government to interfere with the modern industrial movement? Are the evils peculiar to the great combinations of capital such that they cannot be reached by the courts under existing law? Is the problem to be left to be solved by the States, or is it to be taken up by the nation, and is the character of our government to be fundamentally changed in order that our politicians may deal with private corporations? Is the partnership now existing between the government and the protected interests to be dissolved, or is the connection to be more firmly cemented by bestowing upon the general government the power of supervision, of control, of even destruction?

Here are some of the questions which are disturbing the public mind, and the time is very near when the Republican party organization must declare its attitude upon them. The President is thinking about and discussing them. His views may be half-formed, his examination of facts yet insufficient, his utterances too general. He may be thinking towards a wrong conclusion. He may not realize that, in the evolution of its economic legislation, the government, and with it the industrial and social organizations, has reached a point where the Republican party ought to question its own basic principle of paternalism. But however wrong he may be for the moment, however crude and unsatisfactory may be his expressions of opinion, however strongly he may be drifting towards socialism, he is doing something that the country demands shall be done, and something that elicits the praise of the living, forward-looking members of his party. He is thinking of the subjects which they regard as important, while the old leaders are endeavoring to suppress thought and speech. They can no more do this than they can compel the country to live forever on its recollections. If they persist in their Bourbonism they will be run over. Theodore Roosevelt is President, and, therefore, the progressive elements of the party have a leader. If the old leaders do not like the direction he is taking, they must rise up and both point and move the other way. If they do not, they will give the best evidence that their day of usefulness is past, as really it seems to be. The young men, the active men, the men of the future, want something new to talk about and to vote for. Their minds are troubled by new and to them vital problems, problems that must be met, problems that must be solved for good or evil. So long as these questions are addressing themselves to the minds of the voters, political leaders must be alive to them, must push forward with the easily prevailing thought, or stand up manfully against the rushing tide.

The country has no use for party mummies, and, so far as the Republican party is concerned, when the struggle for leadership comes between those whose sails are set for prevailing winds and those who are anchored with the rusty anchors of a dead past, Theodore Roosevelt will take command and the mummies will be cast overboard.

To such an end let us bend our aim to work, knowing that every form of labor, even this flimsiest, as you esteem it, should minister to growth. If in any branch of us we fail in growth, there is, you are aware, an unfailing aboriginal democratic old monster that waits to pull us down; certainly the branch, possibly the tree; and for the welfare of Life we fall.—*George Meredith.*

Trusts and Socialism

IN the vocabulary of newspaper men the latter half of August is known as the silly season. This year the term would be a misnomer. We have seen suddenly forced into the foreground of discussion the most momentous question that has challenged public attention since the civil war; a question, indeed, that strikes at the root of our Federal institutions, and even threatens the cornerstone of Western civilization.

We refer to the question raised by President Roosevelt in the speech made by him at Providence on August 23. In that speech he expressed the conviction that by a constitutional amendment the national government ought to be invested with full power over corporations, not only as regards their inter-State transactions, but with reference also to the business transacted by them within States, as to which they are at present answerable only to the State governments. A day or two afterwards at Boston Mr. Roosevelt asserted that he was "not advocating anything very revolutionary," inasmuch as he merely proposed to give the national government the same powers over corporations throughout the Union which are possessed and exercised by Massachusetts over corporations created under its laws.

As a matter of fact, the proposal is the most revolutionary one that has ever been put forward by an official spokesman of a great political party in this country. It is, in the first place, more Federalistic than anything ever propounded by the Federalists; more centralizing than any measure ever suggested by Alexander Hamilton. In the second place, the remedy would prove incomparably worse than the disease. On the one hand, it would make Congress a cesspool of corruption, while, on the other, it would wrack the country with industrial and financial convulsions by harassing, though eventually futile, efforts to dictate prices. In the third place, the attempt to exercise inquisitorial and repressive powers over combinations of capital, by subjecting corporations to national control, would merely force capital to seek other modes of concentration and co-operation, which neither Federal nor State law could assail without subverting the fundamental right of private property. In a word, the path upon which Mr. Roosevelt entered in his Providence speech would, if, with unflinching logic, he should pursue it to the end, lead him straight to Socialism, for only in Socialism can be found the efficient instrument of coercion which he seems to covet.

As it happened, only four days after President Roosevelt made his remarkable pronouncement at Providence, opinions of a very different tenor were expressed at Saratoga in an address delivered before the American Bar Association by its President, Judge Rose of Little Rock, Arkansas. He began by questioning the efficacy of compulsory publicity, the remedy for possible abuses on the part of corporations which was proposed by Mr. Roosevelt in his first message to Congress. An examination of the books of banks may be made drastic and fruitful, because banks have to do with only a single commodity that has unvarying value in a community where the gold standard obtains. Judge Rose's experience, however, has led him to doubt whether exhaustive and trustworthy information could be obtained with equal ease and certainty through an examination of the books of railways or of industrial corporations. In such cases he has often found that the mysteries of modern bookkeeping exceed those of alchemy.

As regards the proposed constitutional amendment which would give Congress

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power over all the business of all corporations, Judge Rose directed attention to the enormous stimulus which such a state of things would impart to the lobby at Washington. Imperilled corporations would then have a tremendous incentive corruptly to influence legislation, and the consciences of legislators would be exposed to temptations unprecedented, if not irresistible. The core of Judge Rose's address, however, was his enunciation of the undisputed economical fact that, even if the proposed constitutional amendment were adopted, the attempt of Congress to control the great combinations of capital would prove futile, unless it could deprive them of the power of making prices by itself prescribing the prices of commodities and services. To make and enforce prices, however, is one of the things which no government, however autocratic, has ever been able to do. It is practically impossible to make people either sell or buy unless they like the terms of the transaction.

While, however, Congress, no more than a mediæval monarch, could itself make prices, it might, through the proposed constitutional amendment, and an unwise and vexatious exercise of the powers accruing under it, seriously trammel and cripple the great combinations of capital, so far as their fundamental purpose is concerned, which is, of course, the regulation of prices. What would happen if this fundamental purpose were thwarted? The aggregation of capital on a vast scale would not cease, for such aggregation is the inevitable outcome of the new conditions of industry and commerce; conditions created by the applications of steam to the production and distribution of commodities, and by the applications of electricity to the quick conducting of negotiations and transactions. The aggregation would continue, but it would change its legal form. It would discard the corporate form, and revert to some mode of private partnership, which should include special partners contributing huge blocks of capital. This is precisely what has taken place in Massachusetts. This is the expedient to which capitalists have been driven by the laws restricting corporations in that State.

Some of those who heard Mr. Roosevelt's speech in Boston could have told him that the corporation laws of that commonwealth, for which he expressed so much admiration, have proved impotent to arrest the tendency to conglomerations of capital, a tendency which obeys a fundamental law of twentieth-century civilization. It has been shown in Massachusetts that private partnerships embracing special partners contributing enormous capital can do everything that can be done by corporations, and, in some respects, do it better. Obviously, they cannot be affected by the laws relating to corporations. So long as these private associations do not infringe the partnership laws, they cannot be subjected to legislative or judicial interference without a violation of the fundamental rights of private property. No such violation will be tolerated in a community until a majority of its members are ready to abjure the principles of individualism on which all civilized societies are now founded, and to substitute therefor the principles of Socialism formulated by Karl Marx.

The good want power, but to weep barren tears:
The powerful goodness want — worse need for them:
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom;
And all best things are thus confused to ill.
—*Shelley.*

The Coal Strike

It will be remembered that the strike in the anthracite-coal regions of Pennsylvania which took place in the autumn of 1900 resulted in substantial concessions to the miners on the part of the mine-owners. For a quick adjustment of that controversy there were political reasons which do not exist this year. Even if we were now in the stress of a Presidential campaign, however, it is doubtful whether the mine-owners could be persuaded to yield to the demands of the miners' union, or to refer those demands to arbitration.

So fair-minded a man as Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, who has been a life-long champion of the right of working-men to combine for their own protection, has explained in a published letter why in this case it is unreasonable to expect the employers to succumb to the employed, or even to submit to arbitrators the matters in dispute. As he perceives, the fundamental question is whether the anthracite mine-owners shall be forced to recognize a miners' union which arrogates the right to shut out all non-union workmen from the mines. That is to say, is an American citizen to be deprived of the opportunity of doing the work for which he is specially qualified by experience and skill, unless he will obey the orders and submit to the pecuniary exactions of a particular association. Mr. Hewitt points out that a citizen's right to remain outside of a union is as clear and indefeasible as is the right to enter one, and any attempt to coerce him by violence into membership violates the principle of individual liberty upon which the political and economical structure of American communities is reared.

That the miners' union has attempted to coerce non-union members into joining the association has been denied by Mr. John Mitchell, but the mine-owners in rebuttal have proved by the public record of the union that Mr. Hewitt's assertion was well founded. Under the circumstances, it is evident to Mr. Hewitt, and should be plain to all clear-headed men, that there is no case for arbitration. The duty of obeying the commandment "Thou Shalt not Steal" might with as much propriety be submitted to arbitrators as the right of the individual workman to labor without let or hindrance on the part of other laborers. Only ignorance of the facts or confusion of thought could have led pious or well-meaning persons to come forward as advocates of arbitration in this instance.

Distinctly recognizing, as he does, the cause of this particular strike, and the moral significance of the situation, Mr. Hewitt puts where it belongs the responsibility for the scarcity of anthracite coal and the consequently high, almost prohibitive, price of that combustible. There has never been an hour since the strike began when considerable, if not adequate, quantities of coal could not have been supplied, had not non-union miners, eager to work, been kept out of the mines by acts or threats of violence, and had not the miners' union pursued the wantonly destructive course of ordering out the pump-runners and engineers, for the purpose of flooding the works. That piece of vandalism has not received the public condemnation which it deserves, because its consequences are not generally appreciated. It was as if the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had signalized a strike by so dislocating all the locomotives within their reach as to disqualify them for service for several months.

Even were the coal strike to end to-morrow, a good deal of time and a great deal of money would be needed to repair the flooded mines, and to enable the output of the combustible to recover its former volume. For all that the community has lost from the coal strike, and for all it must yet expect to lose, the miners' union is exclusively accountable. It is the members of the union, and not the mine-owners, that have kept the coal so urgently needed by consumers locked up in the mines. Mr. Hewitt put the truth in a nut-shell when he said that what was wanted to end the wasteful conflict in the anthracite coal regions is not arbitration, but the stern repression of violence, and the assured protection of non-union miners who desire to earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Neither will anybody dispute Mr. Hewitt's concluding assertion that to such protection the non-unionist workers are entitled, and that the government which fails to afford it is a reproach to republican institutions.

Reciprocity with Canada

The virtual collapse of the conference of Colonial Premiers in London is an incident that will benefit the United States if our Federal government shall turn it to account. The failure of the conference to agree upon an Imperial Zollverein, coupled with the restraining influence of the defeats encountered by the Unionist government in a series of by-elections, will deter Mr. Balfour from permitting Mr. Chamberlain to go any further in the direction of imposing duties upon breadstuffs.

This means that for a considerable time to come Canada, although her tariff gives British manufactures a preference of thirty-three and one-third per cent. in her own market, can hope to secure no substantial preference for her food products and raw materials in the markets of the United Kingdom. Thus cut off from the outlet upon which not only Canadian Conservatives, but, to a certain extent, Canadian Liberals also, have of late fixed their eyes, whither can the Dominion turn in search of consumers? Obviously to the United States alone. She would enter on a period of unexampled prosperity if she could prevail upon us to conclude a reciprocity treaty, which, not only, like the treaty of 1854, should admit the food products and raw materials of both countries into each other's markets duty free, but should also give such a preference to American manufactures as should enable us to undersell our British, German, and French competitors in the Canadian market, while, at the same time, assuring a reasonable amount of protection to Canadian manufacturers. It is not true that such a contract would be one-sided. The imports into the Dominion from Great Britain in 1901 were valued at some $43,000,000; those from Germany at $7,000,000; and those from France at nearly $5,400,000. There is an aggregate of more than $55,000,000, almost the whole of which we should be able to supply. Nor is this by any means the only advantage that we should derive from reciprocity.

As Mr. John Charlton pointed out in the August number of the *North American Review*, the United States under a reciprocity régime would find an enormous market in Canada for farm products. Even now, although Canada imposes duties on nearly all American food products except maize, her purchases of the products of the soil from the United States are two and a half times greater than her exports of farm products to this country. With free trade in such commodities established between the two countries, Oregon, Washington, and California would furnish the vast Canadian region west of the Rocky Mountains with breadstuffs and meats, while the inhabitants of the maritime provinces would, owing to the cheapness of water transportation,

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buy their food supplies almost exclusively in American seaboard cities. Then, again, if reciprocity obtained, United States routes of transportation would carry to the seaboard a very large proportion of Canada's products, and United States merchants would handle them. So much for the politico-economical result of reciprocity.

What would be the political effect? Events have shown that no greater mistake was ever made than the assumption that the repeal in 1866 of the reciprocity treaty of 1854 would drive Canada into annexation. There is no doubt that, during the period when the former treaty was in force, the drift of public sentiment in Canada was toward a sympathetic feeling and a community of interest with the United States. Since the repeal of that treaty Canada has been compelled to seek other outlets for her products; her eyes have, necessarily, been turned in another direction, and there has ensued a marked development of imperialistic feeling. But, it may be said, would not reciprocity be a superfluous concession on our part? Are we not already Canada's principal purveyor?

It is true that in 1891 the aggregate value of the manufactures imported by the Dominion from all the rest of the world was ten million dollars less than the value of those imported from the United States. The value of the manufactures imported from Great Britain, notwithstanding the preference of thirty-three and one-third per cent. given to them, was less by more than $18,000,000 than that of the manufactures imported from this country. Of the manufactures sent by us to Canada, however, fabrics valued at nearly $22,000,000 were on the free list. We have no right to assume that this state of things will continue.

If we persist in refusing to give reciprocal concessions to the Dominion, those manufactures of ours that now figure on the free list may be stricken from it, and higher rates of duty may be imposed upon the rest. A motion that Canadian import duties should henceforth be arranged upon the principle of reciprocity, so far as Canadian interests would permit, was introduced in the last session of the Ottawa House of Commons. Nor could we reasonably blame the Canadians should they eventually retaliate for our refusal to enter into mutually profitable trade relations.

The Taxation of Real Estate at Market Value

It is a very serious step which the Low Municipal Administration has taken in ordering the real estate of New York city to be assessed hereafter at its full market value. The members of the Tax Board attempt to justify their course by alleging that they are simply adhering to the letter of the law, and redressing the variants which have hitherto existed in the modes of assessing real and personal property. They add that the taxes payable by owners of real estate will not be really increased, inasmuch as the raising of assessed values will be accompanied by a corresponding decrease in the tax rate. They even promise a reduction of rate from $2 27 to $1 50.

In this optimistic forecast the Tax Commissioners failed to recall that school and canal taxes are fixed charges which any increase in the official valuations must necessarily affect to the disadvantage of the city. The expansion of the valuations by a billion dollars, for instance, would automatically add many millions of dollars to the school fund. If it be true, as Judge Earl has computed, that, as hitherto assessed, real estate in New York County has paid taxes on only sixty-seven per cent. of its true value, the additions made to the valuations for the whole city will aggregate considerably more than a billion dollars.

It is obviously unfair that real estate in New York should be assessed at its full market value, unless real estate in all the rest of the State is assessed upon the same principle. At present this is not the case. That the city of New York ought not to contribute more than her existing inordinate quota to the State's expense is not, however, the sole or even the principal objection to the Tax Board's innovation. It is true enough, as the Commissioners say, that, if the tax rate were reduced from the present figure, $2 27, to about $1 50, the owners of real estate would lose nothing by the change in the assessed values of their property. We have already shown that no such reduction is practicable, owing to the fact that fixed charges would automatically increase.

But the gravest objection to the new assessment is the lack of any guarantee against a future recurrence of extravagance and corruption in the municipal administration. There is, of course, no certainty that Mayor Low will succeed himself, or be succeeded by an equally trustworthy official. Should Tammany Hall recover power at the next municipal election, Mayor Low may have cause to deplore the fact that he has smoothed the way to an immense distension of the city's debt. Hitherto tax-payers have been shielded from such distension to a certain extent by the law fixing the city's debt limit at a stated percentage of the assessed value of the taxable property. When that value is increased by upwards of a billion dollars, the debt limit will be, of course, proportionately raised, and a coveted opportunity of plundering the tax-payers will be offered if the municipal government once more falls under the control of men who regard public office as a private "snap."

The Dawn of Civilization

Once there was a very rich man who built a summer house on the border of a salt-sea inlet. On the bottom of that inlet reposed in beds of soft luxurious mud the famous oysters of one of our most distinguished hotels. The rich man was one of our ordinary barbarians, not very far behind the most well-informed of us, however, on sanitary science. He thought it wise and harmless to construct a house-drain into the waters where the oysters dwelt; but the hotel proprietor, who did not desire his hostelry to figure in municipal vital statistics, prevented the rich barbarian from carrying out his barbarous design. Then the savage in him rose to its heights, and, going to the labor-mart, he employed a company of Italian diggers, who quickly, and without the knowledge of the hotel proprietor, built for their employer a drain which now empties itself upon the oysters that once lay in their beds fattening for the delectation of some favored ones of the human race, but who now may be said to lurk for their anticipating victims. At his success—eminently savage and yet not wholly ancient—the rich barbarian rejoices, thinking only of the hotel proprietor of whom he has got the better, and not at all of the lives which he is threatening, although he really has never intended to commit murder. But we who know the secret begin our dinners at that hotel with soup.

We have said that this kind of conduct on the part of the barbarian was not ancient, and yet it will soon be impossible for any American to drain on oyster-beds or in drinking water without criminal intent. That criminal intent has been largely absent heretofore is due to general ignorance. There is very little excuse in these days for such ignorance, and it is fast disappearing. Indeed, Congress is the only presumably intelligent body in the country which deliberately maintains typhoid-breeding drinking water, the consequences of which to the District of Columbia are plainly set forth in the vital statistics report of the Census Bureau. There, it is announced, the death-rate from typhoid fever is the highest in the country, being 80.7 in 100,000 of population. The cause of this undoubtedly is the maintenance by Congress of a polluted water-supply for the national capital. Sensible people, it is true, and the best hotels, buy their drinking water, although most of them distribute the Potomac bacteria through their households and the community by cooking their food in the cheap and dirty water of the District of Columbia.

This kind of carelessness and ignorance, however, is disappearing, and we are entering upon a new era. The dawn of civilization is upon us. States are beginning to act through their legislatures and courts, and polluters of what the law awkwardly calls potable water are discovering that manslaughter by indirection through water currents is likely to be dangerous. The State of New Jersey, for example, passed an act three years ago which forbade the pollution of streams from which any community received, or might receive, its water-supply. The act was very broad, and forbade the placing or discharging in any water not then impure of anything which either by itself or in connection with other materials did, or might tend to, pollute the stream. The Court of Chancery of the State has applied the statute in a case brought by the State Board of Health for the protection of the city of Rahway. The manufacturing company which was the offender objected that no harm had been done, but the court replied that it was unnecessary to prove any injury. The act had been violated when the noxious material entered the water miles away from the threatened city. The court, in a word, exercised its authority for the purpose of preserving pure water for the people of New Jersey. The opinion of Vice-Chancellor Stevens is given substantially in full in a recent number of the *Engineering Record*, which is rendering excellent service by making known the various efforts of sanitary engineers and legal authorities in behalf of pure water.

We are doubtless waking up to the demands of purity. Experiments are in progress at St. Louis, and other places which have long submitted to impurity, with the view of obtaining clear and wholesome water. The work is going on in England as well as in this country, and its importance and extent are not to be gauged merely by experiments or accomplishments in water purification and defence, but by the rapid growth of the sentiment against such conduct as that of the barbarian with whose offence we opened this article. The typhoid oyster and clam are beginning to be dreaded, and the idea of swimming in sewage has been shocking to persons of refinement for at least a dozen years. There is a strong suspicion afloat that it was originally wrong to transform the East River into a sewer, and that it is now little less than a crime to pour filth into the pleasant waters of Long Island Sound. A year or two ago the city of Mount Vernon attempted to add to the corruptions of this agreeable water, whose oysters have long been objects of suspicion, and the Legislature declined to give it permission to do so. A movement is on foot that threatens an attack upon all the sewers that empty into the Sound, and some day fish caught in it may be eaten without exciting suspicious imaginations, while its bivalves may be restored to honorable oyster-bars.

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Child Labor in Factories

In the glass-factories and potteries of New Jersey, in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, and in the cotton-mills of South Carolina children of tender years are employed as laborers, if statements recently emphasized are to be believed. Child labor is forbidden by statute in most States, and its employment is therefore an offence against the State as well as against the family. So forcible was an article on the subject recently printed in the *Philistine* that a prominent manufacturer of South Carolina paid it the compliment of describing it as "a second *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." This eminent representative of the employers of the South declares that "labor organizations have their employees, both women and men, going up and down the Southern country, writing articles and interviewing people, and making statements that are grossly incorrect and unfair." Little harm can result to any community from scrutiny of its treatment of the young, whatever the motives of that scrutiny.

In Harper's Magazine for June, Professor Richard T. Ely described "An American Industrial Experiment." His text was Pelzer, the new centre of cotton manufacture in South Carolina, which was also held up to the world as "a Model Factory Town" in the *Forum* of September, 1901. It is Mr. Ellison A. Smyth, president and treasurer of the Pelzer Manufacturing Company, which operates five cotton-mills under his management, who declares indignantly that a propaganda of labor organizations is being carried on against child labor in the South, and who compares Mr. Hubbard's article on this subject with Harriet Beecher Stowe's epoch-making story of slavery.

If there is substantial truth in what has recently been charged against the alleged employers of child labor in Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and New Jersey, all good men would rejoice to see another Harriet Beecher Stowe enlist in a crusade. There are enough able-bodied men and women in this country to do all the work proper and necessary to be done. The school, the home, and God's out-doors are the places for children.

But if there is substantial truth in the charges against South Carolina cotton-mills, it seems strange that so acute and discriminating an observer as Professor Ely did not discover it when he made his investigation of Pelzer as "An American Industrial Experiment."

But it seems to have required a crusade against child labor to bring out these facts. The whole subject is one which cannot be kept too prominently before the public eye. When corresponding figures for the factories of New Jersey and the mines of Pennsylvania arrive, comparisons may not be unprofitable.

The Yankee Peril in a New Form

Recent advices from over the sea, confirmed rather by probability than by circumstance, however, indicate that his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser has latterly been vexing his soul anew with the Yankee Peril and in a new guise. This time the menace to the Emperor's happiness seems to lie in the possibility of a matrimonial alliance between his eldest son, the Crown-Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and an American girl of much beauty, whom the susceptible young princeling met upon his travels in Britain. Whatever may be thought of the Kaiser's uneasiness, hitherto strenuously manifested on the score of other perils from this land, we can quite understand at this time his solicitude in the face of a very pressing danger to his peace of mind, although it appears for the moment to have been averted. The American girl, as his knowledgable brother Prince Henry must by this time have told the Emperor, in point of womanly charm and personal loveliness is as aggressive a rival of the young graces of other lands as is the American business man to his European competitors in the extension of commerce. It must be evident to any observer familiar with the facts that a precedent once established in the courts of Europe of a some-day king choosing his queen from the ranks of the princesses of this republic would give inception and impetus to such a matrimonial stampede in this direction as would tend ultimately to wholly Americanize the reigning families of the Old World—an eventuation which the German Emperor more than any other living monarch seems to dread.

Of course from our own point of view, and with all the respect due to the charming young princesses of Europe, who are naturally more to the Kaiser's liking for the purpose than any one we can provide, a king could not do better than to ally his house with the good sturdy stock of the West, a stock which would bring renewed vigor and life to a faltering and over-long inbred line—but the kings of earth are yet too much of the past to have learned the fact, or are too proud to admit it. Knowing, too, what kind of wives American women make, and having through unprejudiced observation of the ways of princes, a fair conception as to the husbandry of royalty, it would be idle for us to deny that we think the fortunate royal bridegroom would get by far the better end of the bargain; yet, so far removed are we from the ideal of altruism that we are glad the Kaiser has set his face resolutely against the consummation of the proposition, if so be the young people directly involved ever seriously entertained it. Welcome as the foreigners are to our foodstuffs and to the products of our factories, to our beef, wheat, corn, and sausages, to our reapers, sewing-machines, bicycles, and steel rails, we frankly grudge them their importations of our American girls, and would, if we had the power, regulate these by law with such stringency that Old World swains would be required to take their American wives for what they are and not for what they have. So strongly do we feel in the matter that were we in authority we would frame, pass, and approve an act imposing such an export tax upon our maidens as would send them forth, if so be they had to go, adorned with but their beauties of character and of person; penniless, and so no prey to fortune-hunting noblemen of high degree and exalted debts. We have a large enough demand of a high and honorable character for the American girl right here in our own land to tax the supply to the uttermost, and since we would rather see every crowned head of Europe queenless and forlorn, jilted and alone, joyless for the present, and hopeless of posterity than encounter a single American lover of worth languishing in solitary misery through a shortage in our fairest product, we must indubitably approve the Kaiser's attitude, though, possibly, for different reasons.

We have no fear of the rivalry of kings in our love-affairs. Our women are not, after all, carried far away by the allurements of pomp and pageantry and empty power; by jewels, diadems, and glittering environments, but we should doubt materially the possibility of an American woman, born and bred, finding happiness in a foreign land, in a position which makes her the property not of herself and her husband, but of the world, and surrounded by all the petty tyrannies of a royal existence. The hand that bakes the dumpling might hold with queenly grace the sceptre of exalted rank, but it would surely ache at times for the simpler occupations of homelier days, and with that ache would run another of the heart which would plunge a lovely soul designed for the best that life affords into an abyss of misery and gloom. No, let us give no countenance to American queens or empresses. Our girls have made good duchesses and perfect ladies. Let them be content with that, or if so be they must wear crowns, let them be the crowns that most adorn them; those of wifehood and of motherhood; in an environment which acknowledges their supremacy in virtue, and which is ever ready to swear allegiance to their loveliness.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Emerald Isle"

About Sir Arthur Sullivan's posthumous operetta, "The Emerald Isle," which had its first American production last week at the Herald Square Theatre, there clings the obvious pathos which must always attach to a work cut short in the making. The pathos is not, it is true, of that peculiarly poignant sort which belongs to the interrupted masterpiece—such a pathos as one knows in Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, or in Stevenson's "St. Ives"; for "The Emerald Isle" is far from being a masterpiece, and it is possible to contemplate it quite calmly as the work only partly of Sir Arthur, and partly of his musical executor in this instance—Mr. Edward German. Yet it holds, as we have said, a certain inevitable pathos, and one cannot but wish that Sir Arthur might have lived to finish the last detail of the scoring.

Judged by the standard set by such works as "Patience" and "The Mikado," "The Emerald Isle" is disappointing—but it is so only when one reverts to those inexhaustibly delightful and perfect scores as an ultimate criterion; in comparison with that far too familiar type, the "musical comedy" of contemporaneous popularity, this operetta of Sir Arthur's, Mr. German's, and Captain Basil Hood's, is as champagne to a very inferior order of beer. Here are no barbarous "coon songs"; here one's sense is not assailed by crude and blatant orchestration, and by writing that is tedious and banal when it is not incredibly vulgar. For such relief, even if it be only temporary, one cannot be too fervently grateful. But "The Emerald Isle" possesses positive as well as negative virtues. There is such musicianly and charming writing as one would look for from the author of "Patience"; there are exquisite details; a refreshing facility and grace of accomplishment, and much of the old buoyancy and lightness of touch, the familiar, inimitable verve. But one feels a lack of spontaneity, a deficient inspiration, even in those parts which we may safely assume to have been of Sir Arthur's own invention. The creative vitality was not at its fullest tide, and "The Emerald Isle" fails, as we have said, to prove itself another "Patience" or "Mikado."

For Mr. German's share in the work there can be nothing but praise and admiration. He has performed a most thankless task with tact, intelligence, and a rarely delicate sympathy. Of the librettist, Captain Basil Hood, one cannot speak in quite the same key. It was hardly to be expected that he would reveal himself a second Gilbert; but he might at least have spared us a text singularly cumbrous, flat, and inept. With a libretto so little stimulating, it is not altogether inexplicable that Sir Arthur's inspiration should have been somewhat dulled and impeded.

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The Crater of the Soufrière Volcano, St. Vincent

See pages 1264 and 1265

By T. A. Jaggar, Jr.
U. S. Geological Survey

THE first visit has been made to the edge of the great chasm at St. Vincent, from which were hurled the death showers that have excited the sympathy of the whole world. Thanks to the kind hospitality of the English colonists, three Americans, accompanied by Mr. T. M. Macdonald, were accorded the privilege, for the first time since the fearful eruptions of May 7 and 18, of seeing from the summit of the Soufrière volcano the interior of its crater. Mr. Macdonald is a resident estate-owner, and as he was familiar with the mountain prior to the eruption, his presence on the expedition proved invaluable. The party consisted, besides, of Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York; Mr. George Carroll Curtis, United States Geologist, and sculptor of the large relief models of Washington and Boston; and the writer.

Starting in boats from Château Belair, on the west side of the island, the party reached the mouth of Walliabou River shortly after daylight on the morning of Saturday, May 31, 1902. The volcano's summit was shrouded in a light mist, but the sky elsewhere was clear; all the previous night the Southern Cross had been gleaming resplendent in the southern heavens, and the inverted "dipper" on the opposite side of the zenith pointed down to a north star extraordinarily near the horizon to one accustomed to the New England sky. Through the night the profile of "the Hill" stood out bold in the starlight, sometimes with a faint wreath of billowy clouds, at other times sharp with a small balloonlike column of steam tied to its summit and tapering to a thin point below. At 7.20 A.M. the landing was made, and on foot the party started at once, accompanied by six stalwart negro porters carrying instruments, water, and food. In the ruins of the Walliabou sugar-works a wild-eyed East-Indian coolie was encountered looting sugar, with some boys to help him. He looked like a veritable pirate, scrambling down a deep gully with a heavy sack of plunder across his shoulders.

The Walliabou River is one of the principal watercourses of the island, and drains the immediate southern slopes of the Soufrière. Hemmed in on the south by the Morne Garou Mountains, this basin received the bulk of the heavier material discharged by the eruptions. This material was largely dry sand, gravel, and bowlders, and from fifty to eighty feet of such deposit, almost red hot, clogged the valley, and had drifted like snow into thicker banks. A wet upper layer holds in the heat of the dry portion, so that these hot volcanic cinders at once convert into steam any water that chances to make contact with them. Such water is supplied by the river in pulsating mud-clogged rushes, that ever and anon break their way into the heated beds. Instantly there is an explosion, a column of snow-white steam is hurled upward in hard-edged cumular forms like cauliflowers, and mingled with it rise similar great billows of reddish-brown dust and spurts of jet-black mud. The river dams its own channel by the stone shower from such explosions, and so forces its own waters into fresh cinder beds that thus maintain the explosive action. One such local eruption was estimated to send a column of "smoke" upwards at least three-quarters of a mile vertically, and it was watched from a distance of only fifty yards. The effect is indescribably majestic, and would be appalling if the cause were not so evident. The natives are much disturbed by these Walliabou eruptions, and constantly report "craters" forming all over the mountain. At the time mentioned, a shower of mud and sand fell on the party for several minutes after the explosion.

The most difficult portion of the climb was in the river flats—flat on top, but deeply trenched into a series of arroyos or canyons by the recent heavy rains. These must needs be obliquely crossed to reach the spurs of the mountain proper. The old road that formerly crossed the Soufrière by way of the crater's rim was found to be completely destroyed. Part of its course could be obscurely traced zigzagging up the steep slopes, but the roadway had been banked in with volcanic débris, and subsequently rill-trenched deeply crosswise, making travel very laborious over the hard ridges and hollows encountered at every step. Many of the old slopes have been steepened by the rapid wash and landslides, the gulches have been deepened into gorges, the vegetation that formerly was luxuriant is entirely gone, and the mountain slopes and spurs are furrowed with beautiful feathery patterns by the net-work of rill-drainage that corrugates every slope. Each spur is like a very steep roof with a smooth pathway along the divide or ridge and corrugated tiling on the sides. These pathways make progress easy when once the spurs are gained. Here and there huge ficus stumps ten or twelve feet in diameter lie prone or jut ragged through the mud, the gnarled branches charred and later sharpened to dagger-points by the volcanic sandblast.

Following the spurs, the expedition made more rapid progress, probably, than could be made formerly, even when the road was there, for the mat of tropical jungle is now cleared away. Half-way up, a small whirl of volcanic sand was caught up by the breeze to windward and made for a few moments an unpleasant stinging shower of dust. At one point the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen was strong, but this afterwards diminished near the summit, where the air was remarkably fresh, except for an occasional whiff of steam or faint sulphur smell. The weather held good throughout the day, a cool east breeze, the summit free from cloud, and the sun bright, save when slightly obscured by a cloud of steam. The absence of rain was fortunate, for a heavy shower would have made the knifelike ridges of hardened mud slippery and perilous.

At a height of about 1600 feet above the sea the smooth-topped spurs gave place to a steep tumble of mud clots, not unlike a half-hardened cattle-wallow. From this point up the climb was very laborious and the mud sometimes knee-deep and sticky. Occasional large blocks of fresh rock lay on its surface, thrown out by the later vomitings of the crater; no lava-flows occur of any sort.

The blocks in question measure sometimes two feet in diameter; they are formed of the old volcanic foundation-stones of the island—or country rock, as geologists term it. Further from the crater, the blocks are porous and scoriaceous—this seems to be due in great part to the eating away of the softer minerals by the fierce attack of sand and steam, to which these fragments were subjected when tossed high in the scalding explosion that hurled them far and wide. They resemble a new lava, and in some cases may truly represent hardened molten matter from the deep regions; microscopical study will show which of the two possibilities is the fact.

Two hours and forty minutes after leaving the boat, the little band of explorers was assembled at the rim of the old crater. From an exhausting struggle up muddy slopes there came suddenly into view a crest, a smooth summit—and an edge. The sun broke through the steam, and its tropical beams shot down, down, into an immense chasm, almost circular, a precipitous slope in the foreground, a level banded wall opposite rising high into steam clouds; on the right the profile of a black precipice falling away two thousand feet almost sheer, and up its face the silent steam column rose and purled away in billows. About every five minutes these billows would separate from the column and float away, each an independent cloud. Tracing the column of steam down this southern wall, a pale green muddy pool was seen far below, boiling at a hundred points, each point sending out a little tail of steam, each tail drifting southward to join the column on the wall. Opposite, on the shore of the pool, springs from the wall trickled, making red and sulphurous stains; below, they united into a brook, which had built out a tiny delta in the boiling crater pool. The inner walls of the caldron were seen to be horizontal bands of old gray lava, most numerous above, while below were red-brown tuffs or pudding-stones made up of fragments, large and small. On one side a funnel-shaped section showed a great mass of the gray lava filling an upright fissure or conduit, and this spread out above into a sheet or flow, making a perfect drooping T-shaped or mushroom-shaped mass.

On the left a large dike, or fissure-filling, rose from bottom to top of the wall, and, beyond, the crater's edge was seen to be encircled by a higher northern rocky crag—the Monte Somma of Soufrière, and the highest point on the island of St. Vincent. Some of these features are shown in the accompanying panoramas of the crater, but no photograph can adequately express the effect of depth and the extraordinary symmetry of this colossal circular chasm. The scale will be best understood when it is realized that the crater is a mile wide from lip to lip, and nearly a half-mile deep from the highest portions of its rim.

The party remained on the rim for two hours or more, and instruments, cameras, and pencils were kept busy from the moment the summit was reached. At any instant the clouds might settle down and obscure everything, or the geyser pool begin eruption and force a retreat. By aneroid the west rim was determined to be 2750 feet above sea-level, somewhat lower than the old charts indicate (3013 feet); and a series of angular measurements from a base-line paced off on the edge of the crater make the depth from the west side 1600 feet. The eastern rim rises much higher and is over 2000 feet above the boiling pool. This pool is only 1200 feet across from east to west, and at present is probably incessantly changing. The upper diameter of the crater is over 4600 feet east–west and more than a mile in north–south directions. The northnorthwest corner has been blown away so as to destroy the circular symmetry and notch the rim outward. The column of steam rises from a point S. 18° E. from the centre of the caldron, and was about 50 feet in diameter at the time of this visit. The base of the steam column marks a part of the lake which is in most violent ebullition, sputtering fiercely and occasionally sending up spurts of black mud and rock fragments a few feet above the bottom, while jets of steam are seen to come directly from rock fissures on this southern side. The level of the lake is about 1100 feet above the sea, 800 feet lower than the lake that existed here before the eruption. The present pool appears shallow, for the slide-rock slopes shelve into it at low angles and mud islets rise in the middle.

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Correspondence

ADAMS'S PART IN THE MONROE DOCTRINE

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, *August 4, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of August 2 mention is made of John Quincy Adams's "well-known part" in the genesis of the Monroe doctrine. It would seem that though he was the first to assert its claims, he really attributed its paternity to the Deity, whose agent he considered himself to be. Witness his speech in the famous debate on the Oregon Question, February 9, 1846, as printed in the *National Intelligencer* of the next day:

"So much had been said and with so much ability on the question of title, that he believed it would be almost a waste of time in him to say anything more about it; unless the Chairman had on the table before him a little *book* that the Speaker sometimes employed in administering the solemnity of an oath to members-elect before they were admitted to seats in that Hall. If that book was there, he would thank the Clerk to read from it what he considered as the foundation of our title to Oregon. If he would turn to the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth verses of the first chapter of Genesis, the committee would see what Mr. A. considered the foundation of the title of the United States to the Oregon territory."

The clerk read as follows:

"26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

"28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

"That," said Mr. Adams, "in my judgment, is the foundation of our title to Oregon, and of all the title we have to any of the territory we possess. It is the foundation of the title by which you, sir, occupy that chair, and by which we are now called upon to occupy Oregon."

Yours respectfully,
HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD.

IS THE HORSE A FOOL?

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Somebody asks in the WEEKLY "whether the horse is a fool." Thomas Carlyle said that the people of the British Islands were "mostly fools," and if the horse is also a fool, this may leave him in pretty good company; yet the admirers of the horse will surely consider that your correspondent is "chucking ojium" on a noble animal.

What does he mean by the word "fool"? There are higher and lower intelligences in the animal world—from man downward; and if the word fool be used as a term of reproach for some intellectual ineptitude, it cannot be applied to an animal merely because he is lower in the scale than some other animal, but only as his acts show a failure to use such intelligence as he actually possesses—a failure to live up to the level of his degree of intelligence.

Tried by this standard, it will be found that the horse is an animal of calm, sober, and serious judgment, and that he acts with undeviating propriety in all that sphere of life that is within the scope of the equine brain. There are fool horses, no doubt; but we must not, because of a bad individual, condemn a race without whose association man would be a thousand years behind the point he has actually reached in material progress. Is not the fact that we accept "horse sense" as a standard for the total absence of foolishness in the nature of a general certificate in his favor?

The horse has a philosophy of oats. When General Nansouty was reproached by Bonaparte in a bad time because the cavalry charges had lost all their vigor, the general answered, "The soldiers will fight without bread, but the horses have no patriotism—they demand oats." As to the importance of oats in his diet the horse is more than half a Scotchman; and yet you may see that he is too hard-headed to take to metaphysics, or go crazy over the little jingles of "Bobby Burns."

As to patriotism, has not the world of civilized men everywhere gone far toward the conviction that patriotism is at best only a barbarous prejudice of the people of one country against the people of every other country? I am, sir,

———.

FROM FAR NEW ZEALAND

OTOROHANGA, N. Z., *July 1, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Lately I read in your valuable journal a short leaderette on the much greater use made of the telegraph in England, compared with the use made of it in America, and you show a most extraordinary state of things, and it is very evident that you have a strong case for reform in the way of government ownership and a reduction of rates.

When I read it I thought that our experience here, in a new country sparsely settled, would be of use for your purpose, and so I wrote our Telegraph Department, asking for the results of the reduction of our rates to English rates. The return is rather startling, and should be of use to you in your fight for lower rates, etc. You will notice that we make use of the wire five or six times as much as you go-ahead Americans. There is something radically wrong somewhere.

I may say that I have been a constant subscriber for, I suppose, close on to twenty years, and always look forward to the arrival of the WEEKLY with pleasure.

I am, sir,
J. W. ELLIS.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, WELLINGTON, N. Z., *June 24, 1902.*

SIR,—Referring to your letter of the 16th inst., asking to be supplied, for publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY, with information as to the number of telegrams sent in New Zealand and the percentage of increase since the telegraph tariff was reduced to 6*d.* for twelve words, as from the 1st of June, 1896, I am directed to furnish the desired particulars as under:

During the twelve months ended 31st March, 1896, the paid telegrams transmitted numbered 1,899,632, of a revenue value of £92,289.

The totals for the twelve months ended 31st March, 1902, were 3,850,391 messages, of a revenue value of £141,581—an increase equalling 102.69 per cent. in number and 53.41 per cent. in value.

The number of telegrams per head of population in 1896 was 3.05, and in 1902, 5.33.

Yours obediently,
W. GRAY, Secretary.

J. W. Ellis, Esq.,
Otorohanga, Auckland.

MR. BRYCE AND THE RACE QUESTION

August 4, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial comment of August 2 on the speech of Mr. James Bryce, M.P.—"The Advanced and Backward Races of Mankind"—and your further comment applying the idea of Mr. Bryce to our reconstruction conditions in the South under Congressional legislation after the secession war, also to the future of the new citizens in our lately acquired possessions, are striking, and worthy of careful consideration.

Let me suggest that in the States race cannot be considered as a basis for suffrage. The safety of a republic can only be secured by a franchise limited to those, male or female, paying a sufficient tax to indicate a financial interest in safe administration, and an educational qualification that gives ample evidence of understanding a constitutional form of government. On this basis race exclusions are unnecessary.

I sympathize with your reference to "the sad record of unwise haste in conferring manhood suffrage upon the negro of the South." The legislation of a Congressional majority placing this responsibility upon the negro, without providing him suitable preparation for and ample protection in its exercise, was, as you say, unwise.

The subsequent abandonment by that Congressional majority of its whole scheme has been pronounced by another as "pusillanimous political cowardice," and its record since seems to sustain that accusation. But the real cause of trouble has been ignorance and poverty more than race. As an example, when the negro members were expelled from the Georgia Legislature in 1868 because of race, at least one of those colored members—the venerable Henry M. Turner, now a bishop of his church—could read his Bible in four different languages, while several of the white men seated could not read in any language.

The only safety for organized government is responsible and intelligent suffrage—not race prejudice. RUFUS B. BULLOCK.

MR. BRYAN

HOLDEN, MO., *August 26, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In conversation lately I remarked that Mr. Bryan was a back number, and that Democrats would soon quit referring to him as supreme authority, if they had not already. One of the company said that I was not informed if I spoke about Mr. Bryan that way, and that he was a man twenty years ahead of the times, and could not be appreciated by the people of this time and age. Would it be presumptuous to ask your valued opinion? If not, I would be pleased to have you express yourself.

Yours truly,
A. H. JOHNSON.

Mr. Bryan may or may not be "twenty years ahead of the times." He is certainly ahead or behind; and, if the former, there seems to be sufficient reason for anticipating pretty bad times twenty years hence. He is technically honest, but politically immoral. Apparently having no sense of obligation to the party which has twice paid him the highest honor within its power, he maintains an attitude which, persisted in, will make certain yet a third defeat. He is the blight of the Democratic party—the one insuperable obstacle to the realization of the most cherished hope of the millions of fellow-citizens to whom he owes all that he has of the personal distinction which he is now utilizing for sordid gain.—EDITOR.

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The Wreck Island Ructions

By George S. Wasson

Among the frequenters of Cap'n Simeon Roundturn's store on the wharf it was a time-honored pleasantry that the grimy-faced ship's clock over his high desk was regulated by Cap'n Job Gaskett's appearance each evening at precisely six, and when therefore one winter night he arrived somewhat out of breath nearly an hour later, it was the occasion of no little remark.

Besides the usual company, there were present the captain and two men from a small coaster wind-bound in Killick Cove, and fat old Squire Pelatiah Kentall from the Lower Neck, after his weekly paper in a mud-bedraggled wagon. Though still immensely stout, Squire Pelly had fallen away nearly a third in weight since the proud day when it required four picked men to get him on deck from his schooner's cabin, two invariably being left below to assist from the rear, while two others tugged from above.

"What you been drivin' at here to-night, anyways?" asked Cap'n Job, after explaining his tardiness. "I s'pose likely Asy has fetched in some master trips o' fish from out here on Betty Moody's Gardin, same's usual!"

"Godfrey mighty, you!" exclaimed Asa Fairway, with a good-natured grin. "They been lopsterin' here to-night mostly, in room o' pullin' trawls. You let Hacky Joe tell it, and Christmas day he sot a string o' twenty cheap lath traps to Wrack Islant eddy, left 'em be jest one day's time, and come to pull 'em, seems 's though he took out seventy-odd counters, and devil only knows how many dezen shorts!"

"You done complete, Joesy," said Job. "Guess lopsters must be crawlin' some consid'ble lively agin! Where'd you find bait to, this weather?"

"Oh, I sot a gill-net there to the eddy," replied Hacky Joe, "and made out to scoop a bushel or two o' bluebacks. Tried torchin' for 'em three nights runnin', but the water fires so jest now they wouldn't rise to the torch."

"Waal," said Job, "I'm proper glad you got a dollar out on't, I'm sure. 'Twould take an ongodly ole school o' bluebacks to toll me round Wrack Islant by night-times!"

"Why, neighbor, what ails Wrack Island?" asked the coaster captain. "I seen the time once I was tickled enough to sight her and let go an anchor there to the eddy."

"That might be," returned Job. "So've I, come to that, but I got my fill o' the tormented hole, all the same. Fur's the anchorage goes, I got no fault to find, not ef a man wants to lay there in room o' comin' furder inside, but I 'ain't got a mite o' use for the rest part o' the islant. I'd turn to and sink her to hell and gone in a minute ef only I was able!"

"Why, look a-here, neighbor," said the captain, unbuttoning his yellow oil-skin coat. "'Pears to me this here's a little grain sing'lar like! Now lemme take and tell ye, neighbor, jest how 'tis with us three poor devils here. We've been six weeks to a day from Machiasport to Gloshter with mack'relbar'ls, and God knows without we git a shift o' wind it's liable to be another six 'fore ever we sight 'Tit Manan Light again. We seen a paper jest three times in the last month, and I'll gurentee to reel off every word in them three by heart, advertisements and all! Ef so be it, neighbor, you've got anything in the shape of a yarn about this island o' yourn, in the name o' the fathers turn to and give us it quick!"

Wreck Island, so abhorred by Cap'n Job Gaskett, is a low reef of sad-colored granite on one side of the entrance to Killick Cove, and about two miles from the village. Between it and the mainland is a narrow strait crossed by a rocky bar, nearly dry at low water. Here and there among the blanched and rounded ledges are a few short stretches of coarse shingle crowned with a fringe of rock-weed and sea-drift, while on the highest part a straggling growth of rank beach-grass and thistles holds in place a slight remnant of pale gravelly soil.

On the extreme southeastern point, far down at low-water mark, among the long brown kelps that writhe endlessly to and fro in the constant undertow, a few great barnacle-studded ribs of an ancient wreck rise obliquely from the water for a short time each day, but so rarely is the body of the vessel visible that Simeon was in the habit of recording its appearance on phenomenally low tides by a series of hieroglyphics on the inside of his high, ink-stained desk in the store, where his father before him had in like manner noted important events.

Cap'n Job Gaskett seldom needed urging to recount his numerous strange experiences, and on this occasion lost no time in complying with the visitor's urgent request.

"Waal, Capting What's-y'r-name," he began, "I won't say 's it's any great of a yarn I can give ye in regards to the islant; same time I jes soon's not give ye it, sich 's 'tis, and what little I do give ye I cal'late to stan' by. 'Tain't no manner o' cock-and-bull story nor set-fired gossup-talk, this ain't, for the facts is all tol'ble well known here to this Cove.

"At the fust send-off, I'll have to take and tell ye that I was borned and brung up jest acrosst the gut there from Wrack Islant, on the main. That was allus the old home-place there till she burnt up, and I made the wusst kind o' slip-up the time I let them tormented rusticators git holt o' the prop'ty, in room o' hangin' on to it myself, but that ain't neither here nor there, as the ole feller says.

"Father he wa'n't seldom ever to home them days, and fin'lly him and his vess'l was lost in Quero one master breeze they took in the fall o' the year down there. 'Bout allst ever I rec'lect in regards to father, anyways, was the time he took and kind o' explained like in regards to the tormented meters that 'bout once in so often was sighted travellin' round by night-times over the no'theast p'int o' the islant there. Us small fry used to be skeered o' them things soon's ever they commenced to travel in good shape, and so father he goes to work one time to quiet us down in regards to 'em, in room o' havin' us allus and forever be gittin' nerved up so fashion. 'Jobey,' 's he, one time, 'I want you should allus rec'lect them meters won't never do ye no hurt ef only you take and leave alone of 'em. Don't never, long 's you live, un'take to tech of 'em,' 's he, 'and you can bate they won't trouble ye noways.'"

"Corposants like, same's we git aboard a vessel," suggested the visitor.

"I don't think, you!" replied Job, decidedly. "Meters them was. I seen jest sich ructions up back o' the meetin'-house a dezen times sence. The ole Sir had the rights on't fast 'nough. You couldn't learn him nor mother, ary one, no great in regards to all them style o' things!

"Set-fire, no! I'll be jiggered ef you could! Quick's ever it come to sich like works the two on 'em was right to home!" declared Simeon, with enthusiasm.

"Most assuridly!" puffed Squire Pelly, magisterially, though, as usual, too much occupied for extended remarks.

"I'll tell ye, cap'n," proceeded Job, "the why and wherefore o' them same meters ain't noways fur to seek. Clean away back in them ole ancient times jest after the war o' twelve, there was a brig cast away there to the islant in the winter-time. Whatever was the name o' that vessel, Simeon? She's wrote down there somewheres!"

Simeon here took a lamp, and opening his high desk, held the heavy cover up with his head while studying the records in pencil upon its time-darkened interior.

"*Hannibal*," said he at length. "'Brig *Hannibal* o' Castine come ashore on Thrumbcap'—that's the ole ancient name for the islant, ye know—'Feb. 20, 1815.'"

"That's the feller!" resumed Job. "*Hannibal*. Blowin' a livin' gale from the no'th-east, and thick o' snow. The bulk on 'em was swep' off'n her and drownded right there, and the rest part might full better been, for seems 's though they jest clim up on them rocks and froze afore daylight. Must suffered same's so many thole-pins, I cal'late. All except three was fetched onto the main and buried by their folks down East, but seems 's though there was these three fellers that never showed up for a fortni't, and then they was in sich pore shape they took and planted 'em right there on that no'theast p'int. There was a little stumpy stone sot up over 'em, that still sot there in '64, to my knowin'. Savvy in regards to them meters now, d'ye, cap'n?"

"Ain't they never sighted now'days?" asked the captain.

"Guess not," said Job. "O' course there's any God's slathers o' jes sich works, but them meters 'peared to quit troublin' the islant consid'ble many years afore I come to locate there in '64."

"Locate there?" repeated the stranger. "Why, there ain't scursely room there to sling a cat!"

"Godfrey mighty, you! She's washed away half her bigness sence my rec'lection!" declared Cap'n Gaskett. "I've heern the ole ancient folks tell how they use to cut hay on the islant, and team it acrosst the bar dry-shod at half-tide! To my knowin', the time I went there in '64 and put me up my little shanty, cal'latin' to foller lopsterin' that winter, there was quite a few foot o' mejum fair sile; 'nough anyways so's the woman cal'lated to have a flower-gardin ef we stopped over the summer. I'd fitted me up a master gang o' traps, and was extry anxious to see 'em fishin' and fetchin' me in a dollar. 'Twa'n't only a short spell I'd been hitched then, ye see, and time my bills was settled for the traps, and the shanty, and all the rest part o' the chicken-fixin's, why, I was jammed pretty nigh the wind in the matter o' cash, now I tell ye!

"This here shanty sot on the highest part o' the islant, and that wa'n't none too high neither, for we like to went adrift as 'twas. I took and banked her all up good with rock-weed and pumple stones atop on't, and rigged me up a flatform walk down over them steep rocks chock to the shore, and then 's I to the woman: 'Now let her turn to and snow and blow, and ice up soon's ever she gits good and ready! I'll resk but what we'll put in the winter complete!' 's I.

"Waal, for a month mebbe things 'peared to work about right. There was lopsters crawlin' off here them times to what there is now, and that winter in pertikler seems 's though nobody ever see 'em crawl so lively. The weather held fine's a fiddle chock to New-Year's, and I was some tickled to have her, for my traps was in only 'bout four fathom out here on the edge o' the Honeypinks, and 'lowin' there come a heavy breeze, I cal'lated a slue on 'em would strike adrift sure, but they was fishin' so complete I kep' stavin' off shiftin', and jest took chances.

"But right away after New-Year's, seems 's though winter never cal-lated to rot in the sky, and jest took holt for keeps. She blowed half a gale the whole blame' time,

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and was so tormented chowy outside 'twas seldom ever I could pull ary traps at all. Fin'lly down she settled into one o' them reg'lar-built ole-style no'theast hell-rippers with snow and slate; one o' them proper ole long-winded fellers, ye know, same's we used to git for a fortni't to a lick. Prob'ly I seen her blow full harder'n what she done that time, but she hung to it so ongodly long blowin' right out endways day and night that nacherly the sea growed to be sunthin' jest fairly scand'lous!

"Why, I'll tell ye, cap'n, what I see her do that time. I see her break a clean torch out here on the Big Bumpo at chock high-water, where your chart gives ye a plumb eight fathom! I see her cockle up and cockle up on Ole Aaron, and then bust and run half a mile to a clip, them seas would, roarin' fit to stund ye, and heavy 'nough to pitch-pole a seventy-four! I see her that time nothin' only one clean, solid breaker from the Hue and Cry chock into the Neck, and a streamin' white torch to the east'ard on the Broken Ground fur's ever you could see!"

"Holy scissors!" exclaimed the coaster captain. "Gittin' to be consid'ble hubbly, that is, ain't it?"

"Waal, yas, jest a few!" returned Job, dryly. "What I'm comin' at, though, is this here. The last night o' that breeze there was half a dezen seas made a clean breach acrosst the islant, and only that everything iced up solid as a pump-bolt with spray I cal'late the whole bus'niss would gone for it clip and clean to hell overboard! As 'twas, we didn't lose no very great sight adrift, but I took notice the islant growed all o' two sizes smaller that one breeze, and come to take my traps. I knowed well they was chowin' to bits on the beach to loo'ard fur's Cape Ann Lights."

"Most assuridly!" again rumbled Squire Pelly, consequentially.

"Yas, sir, I would bated on that," said Job. "Next day, though, she commenced to mortify down so's 't by night-time 'twas softenin' up under foot, and nigh stark calm agin. Bime-by she up and shot in a dungeon o' fog, same's she often doos, ye know, soon's ever the wind lets go. We hadn't ary one on us ketched forty winks the night afore, and so we turned in consid'ble early; but heavens to Betsey, there wa'n't no sleep to be had then, for the set-fired rote a-goin'. Seems 's though the whole islant was all of a stiddy tremble, and be jiggered ef I couldn't lay right to bed there and tell to a second when the Big Bumpo broke, jest by the jar o' the ground un'neath! Then 'bout once in every so often, a couple o' p'ints to the east'ard, crashity bang! Ole Aaron he'd git in his turn, and come down ker-wollop for every pound he was wuth, so's to make the winder fairly rattle. And the bell-buoy out here on the Hue and Cry she'd been all clogged with ice for quite a few days back, but seems 's though that night her ole tongue was thawed out in fust-class workin' order, so's 't she kep' up one everlastin' shindy same's ef the ole boy hisself was 'foul on her!"

"Fair horrid, ain't they?" said the stranger. "Jest take and let the wind once give up, and them things and the rote allus sounds double and thribble as loud's they done afore."

"Allus works that way every time," assented Job. "But fin'lly the—"

"Most assuridly!" interposed the Squire, between gasps for breath.

"Jes so, Squire," Cap'n Job said, politely; "but's I was sayin', fin'lly in room o' layin' awake to bed that way no longer, the woman she 'lowed she'd lievser turn out and do up some mendin' to kind o' quiet herself down like.

"Jest as she hauled the rockin'-cheer up nigher the stove, cap'n, we ketched a step on the flatform outside, and there come one, two, three real good smart knocks on the door, so's to make the latch rattle in good shape. Godfrey mighty, thinks I, who in hell can landed at this time o' night with sich a sea on? Must be some folks cast away, thinks I. Out o' bed I lep, and onhapsed the door quick's ever I could; but, sir, blow my shirt ef there was ary soul in sight! Out I steps onto the flatform and hollers, 'What's to pay now, you?' 's I, but couldn't raise a yip from nobody. Waal, then I took and looked each way of me round the shanty and over them rocks, a-peerin' one place and another, and hollerin' stiddy, but there wa'n't no soul a-nigh. By fire! thinks I, be te-totally jiggered ef this here don't beat tar-water all out o' sight and hearin'!

"Fin'lly I give it up, and un'took to make the woman think we must been mistakened someways; same time I knowed well we wa'n't by a long chalk. It give her consid'ble of a start, ye see, so's 't I misdoubted ef she'd ketch ary wink that night. Next mornin' I turned to fust thing and give another good search round, but couldn't find the leastest sign o' nobody's landin' and troublin' nothin' noways.

"Waal, sir, next day the sea smoothened down, so's 't by noon-time I was able to git out onto my marks; but 'twas jest how I cal'lated, for out o' the whole string o' traps I never sighted only half a dezen, and them was two mile to loo'ard o' the marks."

"Sho!" exclaimed the strange captain, sympathetically. "That didn't go fur towards buyin' baby no frock, did it? S'pose likely them traps stood ye a dollar apiece, ready to fish, outside your time!"

"I made me a clean hunnerd-dollar loss that time," declared Job. "'Twas a corker of a set-back on me, but I turned to all feather-white that same evenin' to fit me up a fresh gang, so's 't come to turn in I was dog-tired, and laid same's a log till nigh one o'clock she was, the woman up and woke me with a nudge. 'There's some person jest come up the flatform agin', 's she, all of a shake.

"'There, there, Clarry!' 's I. 'Don't go to work thinkin' up no sich rubbidge!' 's I. 'Seem 's though you was growin' most too skittish for anything!' 's I. But bedide, you! I hadn't more'n out with the words afore clump, clump, come the step agin up the flatform, plainer and louder every step, chock to the door she come, and then whack, whack, whack, come them same three smart raps, so's the latch rattled same's before!

"'Now,' 's I to the woman, 's I, 'you jest take and lay stock-still where you be,' 's I, 'and we'll soon show this fine feller what kind o' trees make shingles, see ef I don't!' I took and grabbed holt o' the gun that was kep' loaded up for birds, and outdoors I put her, hell-bent, and like to broke my neck fust thing over the saw-hoss, she was that black. Soon's ever I could git me the larntern lit up, out I give it to her agin round and round the shanty, and down to the shore, and all over the lot I went on the dead run, till bime-by the woman she commenced takin' on so bad 'bout bein' left all soul alone no longer, I had to give it up agin. Don't say a word, though, but wa'n't the woman some haired up! I had to try my dingdest 'fore ever she'd act half raytionable agin.

"'This here's nothin' only some mischeevous young cub cal'lates to have a grain o' sport 'long on us,' 's I. 'He's spryer'n ary weasil, damned ef he ain't,' 's I, 'but we'll snub him up with a round turn yit!'

"Then I goes to the door once more and hollers. 'S I, 'By the great horn spoon, you!' 's I, 'whoever you be, I give ye fair warnin' there's liable to be call for an inquest some day, without you quit this here!'"

"Waal, waal, neighbor," observed the captain. "Cur'us actions, them, I'll give in to ye. Never got no answer, did ye?"

"Yas," replied Job; "I rec-lect jest that minute the ole Hue and Cry bell way off in the sou'-sou'west; she up and give out a couple o' little easy cling-clangs acrosst the ship channel, ter'ble mockin' like. That's allst the answer ever I got!"

"Cu'rus works, and no mistake!" repeated the captain. "But give her a rap full agin, neighbor, and lets we hear how you come out."

"Waal," Job went on, "the next night there was the very same works, and the next, and by then the woman was so bad off I took and fetched her up home here to her folks. Set-fire, I cal'late she'd had a fit o' sickness onto her in a week's time more! I left her there on her folkses, and went right and see an ole shell-back o' the name o' Abner Haultaut—'Ole Swivel-eye,' they allus called him them times; one o' them ole deep-water fellers he was; been off-shore all his life, and only jest come back to the Cove a short spell afore. Didn't have ary reg'lar stoppin'-place, ye know, but jest kind o' cousined it round like. A ter'ble tough ole ereeter Swivel-eye was, and withey's ary wild-cat, too. I'll give ye a little inklin' o' the style o' citizen ole Abner was. I seen him right here in this store turn to and chomp up glass lamp-chimblies in his mouth same's pop-corn! Leave it to you, wouldn't he, Simeon?"

"God's own truth, he would so!" asserted Simeon. "Made mere nothin' o' ketchin' a pork-bar'l by the chines with his teeth and heavin' of her chock over his head! You take ole Swivel-eye about three sheets in the wind, same's he gin'ally made out to be, and he'd allus make his brags how he didn't give a tinker's for nothin' on two legs!"

"That's what they says to me to the time," said Job; "and thinks I to myself, 'Guess, by fire! he's all the one to this cove will make me a proper good pardner there to the islant till we can gaft onto the creetur that's raisin' them ructions, or leastways find out what in tunkett about 'em, someways or 'nother.' I went and seen him right away off, and asked would he jes soon go down and stop a spell 'long o' me.

"'Go down? Hell, yas!' 's he. 'Sure he would! Like nothin' better!' 's he; but afore startin' I slipped up to my brother's place, out back here a short piece, and borried me a big Newfoun'land o' his'n—crosser'n two sticks he was, so's 't nobody outside the fambly scursely, without 'twas me, dassent come a-nigh him. We got him aboard the bo't, and shoved off quick's ever we could, for there'd been a lee-set hermin' up thick all day, and the sun was droppin' into a bank o' snow, ef I was any jedge.

"Jest as we come to land to the islant I see a big stick o' timber that had come ashore way out on the no'theast p'int; so after I'd got ole Swivel-eye to work firin' up in the shanty, I took a walk round to see ef she was wuth savin' or no. Come to git over there, I took notice for the fust time the ole stone was missin', and come to find out, be jiggered ef all three o' them graves hadn't washed out clip and clean in the big breeze!"

"The devil you say!" cried the captain.

"Yas, they had so," continued Job; "and honest Injun, you! ef it hadn't ha' been for the name on't I'd up stakes and quit that same night! I knowed well what was up then, and don't you think I didn't, but the thing on it was, the wind had backened into the no'theast, and was prickin' on fresher every minute. She was commencin' to spit

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snow in good shape, too; so fin'lly thinks I, in room o' buckin' of it back agin this and the full strength o' the ebb, we'll stick it out, bein's we're here.

"I never yipped a word to ole Abner about them graves bein' goners that way, and the two on us so up knittin' heads into what few lopster-traps I'd hove together a'ready. Abner he didn't forgit to wet his whistle 'bout once in every so often outen a little kag—"

"S'pose you never teched of her yourself!" interrupted Simeon, with a wink at the stranger.

"Waal, now, you!" Job said, candidly. "Bein's you speak on't, I won't deny but what I may have sampled her a matter o' once or twice, though, as a gin'ral rule, I seldom ever tech o' the thing. My currage wa'n't none too good, though, after what I see out on the p'int, and I cal'late a nip o' the red rum didn't do me no hurt. Ole Abner he wa'n't noways drunk, you un'stand, only by midnight I figgered his blood was that much het so's ef the ole boy hisself showed up. Abner'd close in 'long on him quicker'n scat!

"She had shet in thick o' snow, and the flaws o' wind shifted it agin the winder by spells, and whistled round the shanty consid'ble lonesome, I tell ye! Fin'lly I turned to and stuffed the stove chock-a-block full o' green birch chunks, cal'latin' to lay down a spell. All to once the dog fetched a whimper, and the same minute them boards down along in the flatform walk commenced to snap, same's they will when some person walks over 'em in cold weather, ye know; and, by fire! then come the step, nigher and nigher every clip, with that hard snow squealin', and most every blame' board snappin' un'neath of her!

"Abner he never waited for no knock, but slat open the door and lep out with a snarl, same as a blame' old tiger cat, and God help the feller ever he run 'foul on that time, too! But I took damned good notice the dog wa'n't no airthly account at all; he jest made a break for the door soon's ever she was open, and off he put her, with his tail 'twixt his legs, jes though the devil kicked him on end! Waal, I ketched up the gun and larntern and run out, though, 's I say, my currage had all dreened away till I wisht myself well out o' the scrape more'n once. Ole Abner was hollerin' like a loon for to have the light fetched down along, but come to strike acrosst the flatform, I see there was foot-tracks in the snow on her, plain's the very nose on ye!

"We turned to with the larntern right away, and traced 'em up chock to the shanty door, and there they jest stopped short.

"'This is what gits me, this doos!' says Abner, and commences to scratch his ole head like mad. 'Whichever way could the creetur went to now?' 's he. 'There ain't no side nor back tracks, ary one!' 's he.

"'Whichever way could it went to, then, ye pore half-fool,' 's I, 'without 'twas *plumb into the shanty*?'

"Abner he up with that larntern and give me one good look, and jest that same time come a master-howl from the dog, clean down on the shore, nigh the boat!

"'Now look a-here, you!' says Abner; 'I never signed articles for no sich ructions as this here! You got anything you want inside that shanty to-night?' 's he.

"'Not the fust nameable thing!' 's I. 'Allst ever I want in God's world jest now is to git off'n this hell-fired islant!' and that's what we done, quick's ever we could hustle. What's more," added Cap'n Job, in conclusion. "I 'ain't sot foot on her sence to this day, and never cal'late to!"

"Most assuridly!" puffed Squire Pelly, rising with great difficulty.

Finance

THE course of the securities-markets at this writing is in some respects remarkable. Without the co-operation of the public and confronted by divers uncertainties in the money-market and elsewhere, strong cliques and individual operators have gone ahead as though there were no obstacles in their path. The result has been a "lifelike representation" of a bull market. In many particulars the phenomena which have attended the movement have been those which are always seen in genuine bull markets. This being the case, it was inevitable that sentiment among the more speculatively inclined should have been changed bullward. At this writing the daily transactions on the Stock Exchange are on a very large scale, the general tendency of prices is distinctly upward, and we are assured that the predicted boom is not only in process of manufacture, but that it is already "on" in real earnest. Rumors of "deals" fill the atmosphere of the financial district. The railway map of the United States undergoes at least six complete transformations daily. Prominent operators and operators not so prominent graciously "permit themselves to be interviewed" in long type-written statements, carefully prepared by themselves to save the busy reporters valuable time, and the consideration of what might be called the doubtful points of the general situation is painstakingly ignored. All of which has meant greater activity, and therefore cannot be unwelcome in so feverish a district as Wall Street.

It must not be inferred that there is on foot a gigantic conspiracy against the American public on the part of stock-gambling millionaires aided by a servile press. The newspapers have, indeed, been steadily dwelling on the wisdom of conservatism, with remarkable unanimity, and the really strong interests of the Street surely realize not less clearly than the financial writers that perhaps it would be just as well to wait a little. But Wall Street deals in securities. It buys them and it sells them and it manufactures them. Some merchants are more impulsive than others, more reckless, greater gamblers. They may inaugurate campaigns prematurely. But in one respect all are alike, and that is in that all look to the public to take securities off their hands. The public is the final buyer of the securities, new and old, accumulated by the wholesale dealers, and it obviously behooves the public to know what it is buying, when it buys stocks, no less than when it buys houses, horses, or anything else. Discrimination is necessary first, last, and all the time. Prevailing prices are certainly extremely high. The determination of intrinsic values is not always easy, but there are ways in which an investor may decide for himself whether he is about to invest wisely or the reverse.

Without specializing, it may be assumed that while many stocks are selling on a higher basis than actual values justify, there are many others which are not disproportionately high. A stock which pays dividends is worth in proportion to the company's ability to maintain that dividend rate through good times and bad. Stocks are selling to-day at prices at which the yield to the investor is less than could be obtained from good bonds. But those stocks are earning much more than they disburse to their holders, and earnings necessarily determine values. The main thing to consider, therefore, must seem to be the earning power. Such being the case, the question logically arises: Will those companies, railroad or industrial, whose net earnings now are eight or ten per cent. on their stocks, and are paying four or five per cent. thereon, be able to show the same earnings when the present era of prosperity and trade activity abates? Pennsylvania Railroad stock would be cheap at the present high price—the highest on record—if we could be certain that the company's business would never be much smaller than it is to-day. And among the "industrials," there is nobody who would not jump at the chance to invest in United States Steel common at $40 per share if it could be demonstrated that the great corporation would pay four per cent. uninterruptedly. But Mr. Carnegie has said that the steel trade is either prince or pauper, feast or famine. Investors think of famine and—do not rush to buy.

But the great financial interests believe that for another year, at least, business will show no abatement, and that when the reaction comes, the low point will not be as extreme as in the past; in other words, that high as prices are they are not too high, all things considered. There is no doubt that the country has grown enormously since the last period of depression. The increase in population and in wealth is permanent. We have, moreover, grown richer and stronger and wiser in more directions than one, and the failure of a crop will be severely felt, of course, but, even so, much less severely than in the past. We could suffer the loss of several hundreds of millions of bushels in corn, as we did last year, and not be seriously hurt.

Granting all the foregoing, the fact remains that to justify higher stock prices there must be an enhancement or, at the very least, a continuation of present earnings.

Trade in all quarters is most gratifying, and the agricultural outlook is all that reasonably could be hoped for, and the syndicates, which took desperate chances early this year in trusting in Providence to bless this country with bounteous harvests, have every reason to feel decidedly easier. The railroads, in many sections, will be hard put to it to handle the volume of traffic already "in sight," notwithstanding the improvements in their operating departments made during the past few years. It is, all in all, not difficult to understand why the great operators should endeavor to educate the public to the prevailing high price-level preparatory to a further advance. The principal point on which opinions differ is as to the timeliness of a bull campaign at a time like the present, when the supply of cash available for stock speculation is none too great, and is, moreover, threatened with a further contraction arising from the legitimate demands of the South and West. As to the point made that the public is not "in" the market, there is something to be said in contradiction. Professional Wall Street, and the financial writers generally, have been looking for the return of the old lambs. These have certainly not come back yet.

But there is a new crop of lambs. One must not look for them in the old places, that is all. There is reason to believe that the public is in the market to a greater extent than the average observer in Wall Street thinks. The West is speculating in stocks; not only the Chicago plungers, but hundreds of smaller speculators—lambs—in various inland cities. The return of the local lambs to the seductive pastures of the Stock Exchange may come later, perhaps earlier than might be imagined, provided the money-market does not call a halt.

It was the unexpectedly favorable showing of the bank statement that stimulated the trading after the Labor day holidays. The surplus reserves showed a very slight decrease.

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Financial

The Corn Exchange Bank

WILLIAM AND BEAVER STS., NEW YORK

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THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$3,000,000

BRANCHES

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Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
135 Fulton Avenue (Borough of Queens).
BROADWAY BRANCH,
Broadway and Spring Street.
EAST SIDE BRANCH,
Norfolk and Grand Streets.
ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
303 West 42d Street.
GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
7 East 42d Street.
HARLEM BRANCH,
153 West 125th Street.
HUDSON RIVER BRANCH,
72d Street and Columbus Avenue.
MECHANICS & TRADERS BANK OF BROOKLYN,
Franklin and Greenpoint Aves. (Borough of Brooklyn).
QUEENS COUNTY BRANCH,
Borden Ave. and Front St. (Borough of Queens).
UNIVERSITY BRANCH,
2902 Broadway.
UNION SQUARE BANK,
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DAVID BINGHAM, Grain.
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M. B. FIELDING, Cotton.
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WILLIAM H. NICHOLS, President of General Chemical Co.
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ANTHONY N. BRADY, Capitalist.
WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, Vice-President of National Bank of North America.
R. R. CABLE, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Co.
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The Mechanics' National Bank of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)
33 WALL STREET

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ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
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Financial

INCORPORATED 1885

The Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia

S. E. CORNER CHESTNUT AND BROAD STREETS

CAPITAL (Full Paid) - - - $1,500,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS - - $1,200,000

Solicits Current Deposit Accounts,
Allowing Interest.
Collects Interest, Dividends, and Income of all kinds.
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THE KENTONS. By W. D. HOWELLS.

A delightful story of an American family. It has been received enthusiastically by readers and critics everywhere, both here and abroad. One review says: "How give to any one who has not read this novel an idea of the delightful wit and humor that is in, through, and round-about every page?" It is one of Mr. Howells's most interesting works of fiction. $1.50.

OLYMPIAN NIGHTS. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Mr. Bangs tells the adventures of a mortal among the modern, up-to-date gods of Olympus. Like the "House-Boat" series, it is a book of fun that is really funny. If you want to laugh or want a good story to read aloud, get a copy of this new book by Mr. Bangs. Fully illustrated. $1.50.

ABNER DANIEL. By WILL N. HARBEN.

Many men like shrewd business with a turn of humor. This new novel centres around just such a motive. The love story is just as brightly and wittily told. It is a novel both men and women will read with special enjoyment. $1.50.

DARK O' THE MOON. By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," etc.

This novel is written on the lines of the author's recent success, "The Raiders." It is a stirring romance of Galloway. The smugglers play an important part, and the love interest lies between the young Laird of Rathan and the supposed daughter of one of the notorious smugglers of the country. It is a capital story, full of original situations and exciting adventure. Attractively bound and illustrated. $1.50.

HER SERENE HIGHNESS. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

The way the author tells of the love affairs and adventures of her attractive "Serene Highness" is what will appeal first to most readers. The dialogue has been compared with the best work of Anthony Hope. The story itself is original and full of interest. $1.50.

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"I hope you'll stay a long time, Miss Pollington"

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN AUNT—AND A FRIEND.

"BARSLETT, *July 11.*

"MY DEAR SARAH,—How I wish you were here! You would enjoy yourself, and I should like to see you doing it—indeed, I should be amused. I never dare tell you, face to face, that you amuse me—you'd swell visibly, like the person in *Pickwick*—but I can write it quite safely. We are a family party—or, at any rate, we look forward to being one some day, and even now escape none of the characteristics of such gatherings. We all think that the Proper Thing will happen some day, and we tell one another so. Not for a long while, of course! First—and officially—because Mortimer feels things so deeply (this is a reference to the Improper Thing which so nearly happened—are you wincing, Sarah?); secondly—and entirely unofficially—because of a bad chaperon and a heavy pupil. You are a genius; you ought to have had seventeen daughters, all twins and all out together, and five eldest sons, all immensely eligible! Nature is so limited. But me! I'm always there when I'm not wanted, and I do hate leaving a comfortable chair. But I try. Do I give you any clear idea when I say that a certain young person wants a deal of hoisting—and is very ponderous to hoist? And I'm not her mother, or I really wouldn't complain. But sometimes I could shake her, as they say. No, I couldn't shake her, but I should like to get some hydraulic machinery that could. However—it moves all the same! What's-his-name detected that in the world, which is certainly slow enough, and we all detect it in this interesting case—or say we do. And I've great faith in repeating things. It spreads confidence, whence comes, dear Sarah, action.

"Mortimer is here a lot, but is somewhat fretful. The Trans-Euphratic, it seems, is fractious, or teething, or something, and Beaufort Chance has been nasty in the House—notably nasty and rather able. (Do you trace any private history?) However, I dare say you hear enough about the Trans-Euphratic at home. It buzzes about here, mingling soothingly with the approaching flower show and a calamity that has happened to a pedigree cow. Never mind details of any of them! Sir Stapleton was indiscreet to me, but it stops there, if you please. How sweet the country is in a real English home!

"But sometimes we talk of the Past—and the P is large. There is a thank-heaveny atmosphere of pronounced density about Lady B.—quite sincere, I believe; she has realized that flightiness almost effected an entry into the family! Mortimer says little—deep feelings again. In my opinion it has done him some little good—which we and Audrey hope speedily to destroy. (Oh, that child! The perfection of English girlhood, Sarah; no less, believe me!) My Lord is more communicative—to me. I believe he likes to talk about it. In fact, Trix made some impression there; possibly there is a regret hidden somewhere in his circumference. He took me round the place yesterday, and showed me the scene of the flight. I should think going to Waterloo must give one something of the same feeling—if one could be conducted by a wounded hero of the fight. This was the conversation that passed—or something like it:

"*Lord B.* 'She looked almost like a ghost.'

"*Myself.* 'Heavens, Lord B.!'

"*Lord B. (inserting spud in ground):* 'This was the very spot—the SPOT!'

"*Myself.* 'You surprise me!'

"*Lord B.* 'I felt certain that something unusual was occurring.'

"*Myself.* 'Did that strike you at once?'

"*Lord B.* 'Almost, Viola—I say, almost—at once. She came up. I remonstrated. My words do not remain in my memory.'

"*Myself.* 'Moments of excitement—'

"*Lord B.* 'But I remonstrated, Viola.'

"*Myself.* 'And she pushed you away?'

"*Lord B.* 'She did—and ran along the path here—following this path to that gate—'

"*Myself (incredulously; however, one's supposed to show that).* 'That very gate, Lord B.?'

"*Lord B.* 'It's been painted since, but that is the gate, Viola.'

"*Myself.* 'Fancy!' (There isn't any other gate, you know, so

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unless Trix had taken the fence in a flying leap, one doesn't see what she could have done.)

"*Lord B.* 'Yes, that gate. She ran through it and along that road—'

"*Myself (distrustfully).* 'That road, Lord B.?'

"*Lord B. (firmly).* 'That road, Viola. She twisted her veil about her face, caught up her skirts—'

"*Myself.* '! ! ! ! !'

"*Lord B.* 'And ran away' *(impressively)* 'towards the station, Viola!'

"*Myself.* 'Did you watch her?'

"*Lord B.* 'Till she was out of sight—of sight, Viola!'

"*Myself.* 'I never realized it so clearly before, Lord B.'

"*Lord B.* 'It is an experience I shall never forget.'

"*Myself.* 'I should think not, Lord B.'

"Then the excellent old dear said that he trusted he had no unchristian feelings towards Trix; he had been inclined to like her, and so on. But he failed to perceive how they could have treated her differently in any single particular. 'You could not depend on her word, Viola.' I remembered, Sarah, that in early youth, and under circumstances needless to specify exactly, you could not depend on mine—unless the evidence against me was hopelessly clear. I suppose that was Trix's mistake. She fibbed when she was bound to be found out, and saw it herself a minute later. Have you any personal objection to my dropping a tear?

"I don't pretend to say I should go on writing if there was anything else to do, but it will open your mind to give you one more scrap.

"*Myself.* 'What, Audrey, dear, come in already?' (It is 9.30 p.m.—evening fine—moon full.)

"*Audrey.* 'Yes; it was rather chilly, auntie, and there's a heavy dew.'

"*Myself (sweetly).* 'I thought it such a charming evening for a stroll.'

"*Audrey.* 'I was afraid of my new frock, auntie.'

"*Myself (very sweetly).* 'You're so thoughtful, dear. Has Mortimer come in too?'

"*Audrey.* 'I knew he was busy, so I told him he mustn't leave his work for me. He went in directly then, auntie.'

"*Myself (most sweetly).* '*How* thoughtful of you, *darling!*'

"*Audrey.* 'He did suggest I should stay a little while, but the dew—'

"*Myself (breaking down).* 'Good gracious, Audrey, what in the world,' etc., etc., etc.

"*Audrey (pathetically).* 'I'm so sorry, auntie, dear!'

"Now what would you do in such a case, Herr Professor Sarah?

"No doubt things will turn out for the best in the end, and I suppose I shall be grateful to poor Trix. But for the moment I wish to goodness she'd never run away! Anyhow, she has achieved immorality. Barmouths of future ages will hush their sons and daughters into good marriages by threatening them with Trix Trevalla. She stands forever the Monument of Lawlessness—with locks bedraggled and skirts high above the ankle! She has made this aristocratic family safe for a hundred years. She has not lived in vain. And tell me any news of her. Have you had the Frickers to dinner since my eye was off you? There, I must have my little joke. Forgive me, Sarah!

Affectionately, V. B."

"Tut!" said Mrs. Bonfill, laying down the letter, extracts from which she had been reading to her friend Lord Glentorly.

"She's about right as to Chance, anyhow," he remarked. "I was in the House, and you couldn't mistake his venom."

"He doesn't count any longer." Mrs. Bonfill pronounced the sentence ruthlessly.

"No, not politically. And in every other way he's no more than a tool of Fricker's. Fricker must have him in the hollow of his hand. He knows how he stands; that's the meaning of his bitterness. But he can make poor Mortimer feel, all the same. Still, as you say, there's an end of him!"

"And of her too! She was an extraordinary young woman, George."

"Uncommonly attractive—no ballast," summed up Glentorly. "You never see her now, I suppose?"

"Nobody does," said Mrs. Bonfill, using 'nobody' in its accepted sense. She sighed gently. "You can't help people who won't be helped."

"So Viola Blixworth implies," he reminded her, with a laugh.

"Oh, Viola's hopelessly flippant; but she'll manage it in the end, I expect." She sighed again and went on: "I don't know that, after all, one does much good by meddling with other people's affairs."

"Come, come, this is only a moment of despondency, Sarah."

"I suppose so," she agreed, with returning hope. To consider that her present mood represented a right and ultimate conclusion would have been to pronounce a ban on all her activities. "I've half a mind to propose myself for a visit to Barslett."

"You couldn't do better," Lord Glentorly cordially agreed. "Everything will soon be over here, you see."

She looked at him a little suspiciously. Did he suggest that she should retreat for a while and let the talk of her failures blow over? He was an old friend, and it was conceivable that he should seek to convey such a hint delicately.

"I had one letter from Trix," she continued. "A confused rigmarole—explanations, and defence, and apologies, and all the rest of it."

"What did you write to her?"

"I didn't write at all. I put it in the fire."

Glentorly glanced at his friend as she made this decisive reply. Her handsome, rather massive features were set in a calm repose; no scruples or doubts as to the rectitude of her action assailed her. Trix had chosen to jump over the pale; outside the pale she must abide. But that night, when a lady at dinner argued that she ought to have a vote, he exclaimed, with an unmistakable shudder, "By Jove, you'd be wanting to be judges next!" What turned his thoughts to that direful possibility?

But of course he did not let Mrs. Bonfill perceive any dissent from her judgment or her sentence. He contented himself with saying, "Well, she's made a pretty mess of it!"

"There's nothing left for her—absolutely nothing," Mrs. Bonfill concluded. Her tone would have excused, if not justified, Trix's making an end of herself in the river.

Lady Glentorly was equally emphatic on another aspect of the case.

"It's a lesson to all of us," she told her husband. "I don't acquit myself, much less can I acquit Sarah Bonfill. This taking up of people merely because they're good-looking and agreeable has gone far enough. You men are mainly responsible for it."

"My dear!" murmured Glentorly, weakly.

"It's well enough to send them a card now and then, but anything more than that—we must put our foot down. The Barmouths of all people! I declare it serves them right!"

"The affair seems to have resulted in serving everybody right," he reflected. "So I suppose it's all for the best."

"Marriage is the point on which we must make a stand." After a short pause she added an inevitable qualification: "Unless there are overwhelming reasons the other way. And this woman was never even supposed to be more than decently off."

"The Barmouths are very much the old style. It was bad luck that she should happen on them."

"Bad luck, George? It was Sarah Bonfill!"

"Bad luck for Mrs. Trevalla, I mean."

"You take extraordinary views sometimes, George. Now I call it a Providence."

In face of a difference so irreconcilable, Glentorly abandoned the argument. There were a few like him who harbored a shame-faced sympathy for Trix. They were awed into silence, and the sentence of condemnation passed unopposed.

Yet there were regrets and longings in Mervyn's heart. Veiled under his dignified manner, censured by his cool judgment, hustled into the background by his resolute devotion to the Trans-Euphratic Railway and other affairs of state, made to seem shameful by his determination to find a new ideal in a girl of Audrey Pollington's irreproachable stamp, they maintained an obstinate vitality, and, by a perverse turn of feeling, drew their strength from the very features in Trix and in Trix's behavior which had incurred his severest censure while she was still his and with him.

Remembering her recklessness and her gayety, recalling her hardly suppressed rebellion against the life he asked her to lead and the air he gave her to breathe, rehearsing even the offences which had, directly or indirectly, driven her to flight and entailed exile on her, he found in her the embodiment of something that he condemned and yet desired, of something that could not be contained in his life, and thereby seemed in some sort to accuse that life of narrowness. She had shown him a country which he could not and would not enter; at moments the thought of her derisively beckoned him whither he could not go. At last, under the influence of these ideas, which grew and grew as the first shock of amazed resentment wore off, he came to put questions to himself as to the part that he had played, to realize a little how it had all seemed to her. This was not to blame himself or his part; he and it were still to him right and inevitable. But it was a step towards perceiving something deeper than the casual perversity or dishonesty of one woman. He had inklings of an ultimate incompatibility of lives, of ways, of training, of thought, of outlook on the world. Both she and he had disregarded the existence of such a thing. The immediate causes of her flight—her dishonesty and her fear of discovery—became, in this view, merely the occasion of it. In the end he asked whether she had not shown a kind of desperate courage, perhaps even a wild inspiration of wisdom, in what she had done. Gradually his anger against her died away, and there came in its place a sorrow, not that the thing she fled from was not to be, but that it never could have been in any true or adequate sense. Perhaps she herself had seen that — seen it in some flashing vision of despair which drove her headlong from the house by night. Feelings that Trix could not analyze for herself, he thought out for her with his slow, narrow, but patient and thorough-going mind. The task was hard, for wounded pride still cried out in loud protest against it; but he made way with it. If he could traverse the path of it to the end, there stood comprehension, yes, and acquiescence: then it would appear that Trix Trevalla had refused to pile error on error; in her blind way she would have done right.

That things we have desired did not come to pass may be sad: that they never could have, is sadder, by so much as the law we understand seems a more cruel force than the chance that hits us once, we know not whence, and may never strike again. The chance seems only a perverse accident falling on us from outside: the law abides, a limitation of ourselves. Towards such a consciousness as this, Mervyn struggled.

At last he hinted something of what was in his mind to Viola Blixworth. He talked in abstract terms, with an air of studying human nature, not of discussing any concrete case: he was still a little pompous over it, and still entirely engrossed in his own feelings. His preoccupation was to prove that he deserved no ridicule, since fate, and not merely folly, had made

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him its unwilling plaything. She heard him with unusual seriousness, in an instant divining the direction of his thoughts; and she fastened on the mood, turning it to what she wanted.

"That should make you tolerant towards Mrs. Trevalla," she suggested, as they walked together by the fountains.

"I suppose so, yes. It leaves us both slaves of something too strong for us."

She passed by the affected humility that defaced his smile; she never expected too much, and was finding in him more than she had hoped.

"If you've any allowance for her, any gentleness towards her—"

"I feel very little anger now."

"Then tell her so, Mortimer. Oh, I don't mean go to her. On all accounts you'd better not do that." (Her smile was not altogether for Mervyn here: she spared some of it for her duties and position as an aunt.) "But write to her."

"What should I say?" The idea was plainly new to him. "Do you mean that I'm to forgive her?"

"I wouldn't put it quite like that, Mortimer. That would be all right if you were proposing to—renew the arrangement. But I suppose you're not?"

He shook his head decisively. As a woman Lady Blixworth was rather sorry to see so much decision: it was her duty as an aunt to rejoice.

"Couldn't you manage to convey that it was nobody's fault in particular? Or something like that?"

He weighed the suggestion. "I couldn't go quite so far," he concluded, with a judicial air.

"Well, then, that the mistake was in trying it at all? Or in being in a hurry? Or—or that perhaps your manner—"

"No, I don't think there was anything wrong with my manner."

"Could you say you understood her feelings—or, at any rate, allowed for them?"

"Perhaps I might say that."

"At any rate, you could say something comforting." She put her arm through his.

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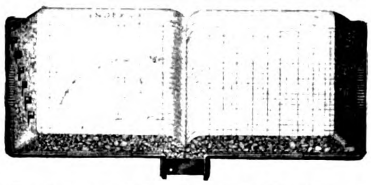
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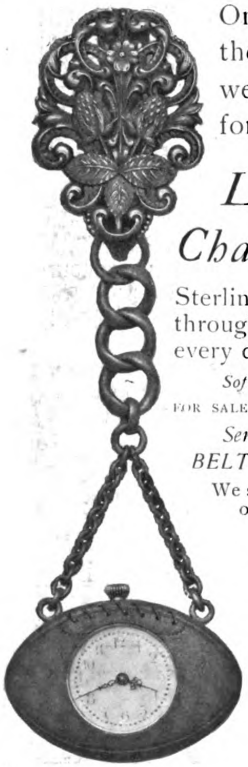
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"She's miserable about you, I know. You can say something?"

"I'll try to say something."

"I know you'll say it nicely. You're a gentleman, Mortimer."

She could not have used a better appeal, simple as it sounded. All through the affair—all through his life, it might be said—he had been a gentleman; he had never been consciously unkind, although he had often been to Trix unconsciously unbearable. Viola Blixworth put him on his honor by the name he reverenced.

"You'll feel better after you've done it, and more like settling down again," said she. Friendship and auntship mingled. It would comfort Trix to hear that he had no bitterness; it would certainly assist Audrey if he could cease from studying his precise feelings, of any nature whatsoever, about another woman. Lady Blixworth was so accustomed to finding her motives mixed that a moderate degree of adulteration in them had ceased to impair her satisfaction with a useful deed. Besides, is not auntship also praiseworthy? Society said yes, and she never differed from it when its verdicts were convenient.

The letter was written; it was a hard morning's work, for he penned it as carefully as though it were to go into some archives of state. He would say no more than the truth as he had at last reached it: he said no less with equal conscientiousness. The result was stiff with all his stiffness, but there was kindness in it too. It was not forgiveness; it was acquiescence and a measure of understanding. And he convinced himself more and more as he wrote: in the end he did come very near to saying that there had been mistakes on both sides; he even set it down as a possible hypothesis that the initial error had been his. He had a born respect for written documents, and of written documents not the least of his respect was for his own. He had never felt so sure that there was an end of Trix Trevalla, so far as he was concerned, as when he had put the fact on record over his own signature.

With a sigh he rose and came out into the garden. Audrey sat there reading a novel, which she laid face downward in her lap at his approach. He took a chair by her, and looked round on the domain that was to be his. Then he glanced at statuesque Audrey. Lady Blixworth viewed them from afar; an instinct told her that the letter had been written. The aunt hoped while the friend rejoiced.

"He must have proved that he needs quite a different wife from Trix, and where could he find one more different?" she mused.

"It's beautiful here in summer, isn't it?" he asked Audrey.

"It must be splendid always," said she.

"I wish public life allowed me to enjoy more of it." It is what public men generally say.

"Your work is so important, you see."

He stretched out his legs and took off his hat.

"But you must rest sometimes," she urged, with an imploring glance.

"So my mother's always telling me. Well, anyhow, since you like Barslett, I hope you'll stay a long time, Miss Pollington."

It was not much, but Audrey carried it to Lady Blixworth—or, to put the matter with more propriety, she repeated his remark quite casually. It was not poor Audrey's fault if, in self-defence, she had to make the most of such remarks. Lady Blixworth kissed her niece thoughtfully.

"Another year of my life," she remarked to the looking-glass that evening, in the course of a study of time's ravages—"another year or thereabouts will probably see a successful termination to the affair."

She smiled a little bitterly. Her life, as she understood the term, had few more years to run, and to give up one was a sacrifice. It was, however, no use trying to alter the Barmouth pace. She had done what she could—a good turn to Trix Trevalla, another little lift to Audrey.

"I'm becoming a regular Sarah Bonfill," she concluded, as she went down to dinner.

The next Saturday Mrs. Bonfill herself came.

"How is Mortimer?" she whispered at the first opportunity.

"My dear Sarah, I doubt if you could

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have interfered with more tactfulness yourself."

"And where's dear Audrey?"

"I hope and believe that she's sticking pins into a map to show where the Trans-Euphratic is to run. Kindly pat me on the back, Sarah."

Mrs. Bonfill's smile was friendly pat enough, but it was all for Audrey; she asked nothing about Trix Trevalla.

Wide apart as the two were, Trix read the letter with something of the feeling under which Mervyn had written it. He was a good man, but not good for her—that seemed to sum up the matter. Perhaps her first smile of genuine mirth since her fall and flight was summoned to her lips by the familiar stiffness, the old careful balance of his sentences, the pain by which he held himself back from lecturing. A smile of another kind recognized his straightforwardness and his chivalry; he wrote like a gentleman, as Viola Blixworth knew he would. She was more in sympathy with him when he deplored the gulf between them than when he had told her it was but a ford which duty called on her to pass. "How much have I escaped, and how much have I lost?" she asked: but the question came in sadness, not in doubt. It was not hers to taste the good; it would have been hers to drink the evil to the dregs. Reading his letter, she praised him and reviled herself: but she rejoiced that she had left him while yet there was time: she rejoiced honestly to see that she would remain in his memory as a thing that had come and gone, had given some pain, but had done no permanent harm.

"I've got off cheaply," she thought; her own sufferings were not in her mind, but his: she was glad that her burden of guilt was no heavier. For Mervyn was not as Beaufort Chance: he had done nothing to make her feel that they were quits and her wrong-doing obliterated by the revenge taken for it. She could blame herself less, since even Mervyn seemed to see that, if to begin had been criminal, to go on would have been worse. But bitterness was still in her; her folly seemed still so black, her ruin so humiliating, that she must cry: "Unfit for him! No, it's for any man that I'm unfit!" Mervyn could but comfort her a little as to what concerned himself; her sin against herself remained unpardoned.

Mervyn showed her reply to Lady Blixworth—another proof that Aunt Viola was advancing in his confidence and repressing natural emotions with a laudable devotion to duty—and Audrey Pollington. Upon this Lady Blixworth wrote to Peggy Ryle:

"This letter is not," she said, "to praise myself, Peggy, not to point out my many virtues, but to ask a question. I have indeed done much good. Mortimer is convinced that immutable laws were in fault—and I agree, since the dulness of Barslett and the family preachiness are absolutely immutable. Trix is convinced too—and again I agree, since Trix is naturally both headlong and sincere, an awful combination if one were married to Mortimer. So I praise myself for having made them both resigned and presently to be cheerful. Needless to say, I praise myself on another score, and am backing myself to mother young women against Sarah Bonfill herself (who, by-the-way, is here, and resettles the Cabinet twice a day—mere bravado, I believe, after her shocking blunders, but Sarah bravadoes with a noble solidity that makes the thing almost a British quality!). I wander! What I really ask—and I want to ask it in italics—is, '*Who is she in love with?*' Trix, I mean, of course. I am not in telegraphic, telephonic, or telepathic communication with her, but she says in her letter to Mortimer, 'I was not fit for you. Am I fit for any man?' My dear, believe your elders when you can, and listen in silence when you can't! In all my experience I never knew a woman ask that question unless she was in love. Heavens! do we want to be fit for or to please the Abstract Man? Not a bit of it, Peggy! The idea is even revolting, as a thousand good ladies would prove to you. 'Am I fit for any man?' Who's 'any man,' Peggy? Let's have his name and the street where he resides. For my part, I believed there was a man at the back of it all the time—which was no great sagacity—and I said so to Lord Barmouth—which I felt

(Continued on page 1293.)

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Chimmie Fadden: Easy Billions in Sight

"I HAS made up me mind to become a billionaire," says Mr. Paul.

"Good woik," says Whiskers. "I'll sign articles for to ship wit you when you start on dat cruise. I has discovered dat dis land, and de fruits dere off, is for de class of citizens you has decided to join. As I'm fond of fruit, I must get into dat class, or go hungry."

"Sir," says Mr. Paul, "you mistakes de motif of me industry. It is not because I hankers for more wealt dat I am checked for billionaire row; but because I can't help becoming so in de running of a philantropic scheme I has in mind."

"De woild is topsy-turvy, den," chips in Widdy. "I tought philantropy was de sure road to de Poor House, not to billions; dat you burnt money dat way, not earned it."

"Mostly you is right," says Mr. Paul. "Still, de scheme I now has de strangle holt on will do more good for mankind dan has been done since England adopted de American bat' tub, yet it will make so much money dat it seems foolish."

"It must be someting grand," says Miss Fannie. "Someting like putting de elevated roads underground, wit de telegraft wires, and odder unsightly nuisances."

"Madam," says Mr. Paul, "you dream of a time when New York will be ruled by angels, and de healt and comfort of mere tax-payers will be considered, as well as de pocket noives of Mr. Sage. As for me, I speak of practical tings: my scheme is no fairy, airy pipe dream."

"Den, for Heaven's sake!" says Widdy, "stop billing it so high, and ring up de coitain. I am so poor I has to wear de same lace on half a dozen different blouses, but, if your tip is half as good as you say, I'll put up me diâmonts for a bunch of de stock."

"Everybody eats," says Mr. Paul; and den looks at de folks like he expected 'em to trun fits of wonder. "Do you catch on?" says he.

"Let's play ping-pong," says Whiskers, wit a weary mug.

"Dey drinks, too," says Widdy. "Is you going to corner de water supply?"

"Seventy-five million Americans each eats tree meals a day: dat totes up two hundred and twenty-five million meals a day, or, say, six and tree-quarter billions meals a mont for de whole push."

"Granted," says Whiskers. "What's doing?"

"Excepting about six restaurants in New York, tree in San Francisco, and two in New Orleans, dere are no good public eating places in de country. My scheme, which, like all great and masterful tings, is simplicity itself, is to supply all Americans wit better meals dan dey now gets at home, or anywhere else, and for less money; at wholesale cost, indeed, sir; but charge 'em ten cents a day for de restaurant privilege. Even at dat dey will be saving money, and I!—By a simple sum on your cuff you discover dat my profit, out of de privilege charge, is six hundred and seventy-five million a mont, or, about one hundred million above eight billion profits a year."

"What will you do wit de extra hundred million a year?" says Widdy. "If it's in de way I'll take it off your hand, and have all de laundrying I want, for once in my life."

"If you jest," says Mr. Paul, "I remind you dat even a hundred million is a sum not to be sneezed at, but treated respectfully. De plan flashed into me dome of tought when, on a recent run into de mountains, I found at way-side inns dat, as usual, de coffee wasn't coffee, and dat de doughnuts was—doughnuts!

"I shall start trade by selling privilege coupons, good in any of my restaurants, to actors, commercial men, tourists and such like. Dey, hiking about de country, happy, contented, healty, because dey gets proper food, well cooked, decently soived, where before dey got dispepsia or starvation, will spread de good news; and witin a year de whole population will eat at my restaurants, abandon vice, praise de Lord, and be good and happy citizens."

"It seems too good to be true," says Miss Fannie.

"And maybe it is," says Whiskers.

"While eight billion a year will be enough for all reasonable wants," goes on Mr. Paul, not minding deir jolly—"aldough de price of golf balls, tennis rackets, outing shirts, and gardeners' wages is histing so de income will fit in very handy—still, dat is only de beginning. To start de business is really too easy. I wish I could find someting hard about de scheme, anywhere. Cooks and waiters will be trained by de tousands in Madison Square Garden, which will be toined into one of my restaurants. Cooks will be informed dat, under a law I shall have passed at Washington, de possession of a frying-pan means a deat sentence. Dey will be instructed dat heaven-sent fruit is not to be messed wit Satan-sent paste, called pastry. Lectures and demonstrations by my chefs will instruct 'em in de wickedness of not basting roasts; in de vice of treating vegetables in a pot as if dey was to be made into soup stock. Den I send fort an army prepared to make a nation rejoice while it eats! After dat—notting doing but pocketing profits."

When I tells Duchess de scheme she said it was great; only dat Mr. Paul would have to butt into de steamship combine if he wanted to collar de whole profit of de graft.

"How's dat?" I says. "You can't cook a ocean unless you run it ashore on Mount Pelée."

"You has little sense, Master Chames," says Duchess. "Mr. Paul he cannot excellent chefs train; not de real *cordon bleu*. But, of a soitainty, he will give de people cooks good enough to make 'em want better cooks—what you say?—de real ting. *Eh bien!* What de people do? To be sure, dey all go to France, where all dat Mr. Paul wants already is. *N'est-ce pas?* De steamship take seventy-five million American to France, at de profit of ten dollair each. It is enough. *Voilà!*"

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(Continued from page 1291.)

to be audacity. Peggy, tell me his name. 'Am I fit for any man?' Poor Trix is still rather upset and melodramatic! But we know what it means. And what are you doing? Do you want a husband? Here am I, started in trade as an honest broker! Come along!"

This letter, Peggy felt, was in a way consoling; she hoped that Trix was in love. But so far as it seemed to be intended to be amusing, Peggy really didn't see it. The fact is, Peggy was in a mood to perceive wit only of the clearest and most commanding quality. Things were very dark, indeed, just these days, with Peggy. However, she replied to Lady Blixworth, said she had no notion what she meant, but told her that she was a good friend and a good aunt.

"The latter statements," observed Lady Blixworth, complacently, "are at the present moment true. As for the former—oh, Peggy, Peggy!"

She was, in fact, rather hurt. A refusal to betray one friend is usually considered a reflection on the discretion of another.

To be Continued.

The Rise of the Trade-mark

THE trade-mark has become a factor in the commercial world of to-day—the coat of arms of the producer, the insignia of rank to the mercantile as the monogram and crest to the old English family.

Of the three main branches of what is commonly called industrial property, namely, patents, designs, and trade-marks, the one relating to trade-marks is decidedly the most extensive of the three.

A few years ago the definition of the word trade-mark called for an enumeration of emblems, imprints, stamps, seals, vignettes, reliefs, letters, numerals, envelopes or wrappers, and many other signs serving to distinguish the products of a factory or the articles of a manufactory. But in the present compact epoch, the word trade-mark may be correctly defined as a sign by which a manufacturer or trade distinguishes the product of his factory or commerce.

There seems to be a common belief that trade-marks are a product of recent manufacture in the world of design. The extensive use of the mark is indeed recent. But its existence can be traced many years back.

The practice of employing a mark to denote the goods of a particular trade grew out of the use of signs which, first affixed to the dealer's shop, were afterwards represented on his tokens, and were eventually placed on the goods themselves.

The rules of law governing the subject were developed during the nineteenth century. Registration is deemed equivalent to public use, and after five years is conclusive evidence of right of exclusive use. The high value placed on the trade-mark as a trade-mark is shown by the manner in which it is safeguarded, and the vigor with which infringements are fought.

It might be said that the trade-mark was but the evolution of the seal. The seal was the sign manual of the necessary exponent of the business transacted between man and man in the good old days of King Arthur. And as the seal was the affixed sign of authority of king and lord, merchant or manufacturer, in all matters of state or business, so in time the trade-mark composed of various symbols came into use with its double value—that of affording the purchasing public some assurance that they were getting the thing they wanted, and allowing the producer to endow his ware with a certain personality by which the article should stand or fall in the eyes of the public.

In the advertising world the trade-mark has become the leading medium. It selects for its victim "he who runs," leaping upon his thoughtful notice through the sight of impressions, and, fixing itself upon his mind, it far outstrips its slower brother, the declaimed advertisement.

Water-marks on paper dating from the fourteenth century are among the oldest trade-marks. The growth has been slow, but to-day the trade-mark register at the United States Patent Office shows a record of over one hundred and fifty thousand trade-marks, covering every line of business.

Eden

The superior

Imported Cigar

smoked by fashionable men. Owing to the favor with which our brands have been received by the English aristocracy, we earned the honor of being appointed to make the cigars for the Official and Royal Banquets at the Coronation of H.M.

King Edward VII.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

CALIXTO LOPEZ & CO.

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Women Are Most Interested

in Life Insurance. If the bread-winner dies, uninsured, the hardship of poverty usually falls heaviest on them.

In the policies of THE TRAVELERS, the premiums are known and guaranteed from the start. There is no guess-work about them. In mutual companies, the net cost depends upon dividends, entirely optional in amount with the company, and therefore you cannot know in advance what the premium will be. The difference between the lower cost in THE TRAVELERS and the higher cost of mutual or dividend-paying companies is in your pocket, first to last.

THE TRAVELERS is the oldest, largest, and strongest Accident Insurance Company in the world. Its accident policies guarantee a weekly income while disabled from accidents, and large amounts for loss of legs, arms, hands, feet, or eyes. If death ensues, a stated sum is paid. Over $27,000,000 have been distributed among 376,000 policy-holders or their families for injuries or death.

Agents in every town; or write for interesting literature.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

Hartford, Conn.

(*Founded 1863*)

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"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"



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THE HARVEST

of your life is secure - if you assure in the Equitable on the Endowment Plan. If you die early your family will be provided for. If you live you will reap the harvest yourself. Here is the harvest being reaped this year by the holder of Endowment No. 251,427 for $10,000 taken out in 1882.

Cash, $14,885.30

This is a return of all premiums paid, and $5,137.30 in addition; or he can have an annuity for life of $1,084.00

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Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2nd Vice President.

Send this coupon for particulars of such a policy issued at your age.

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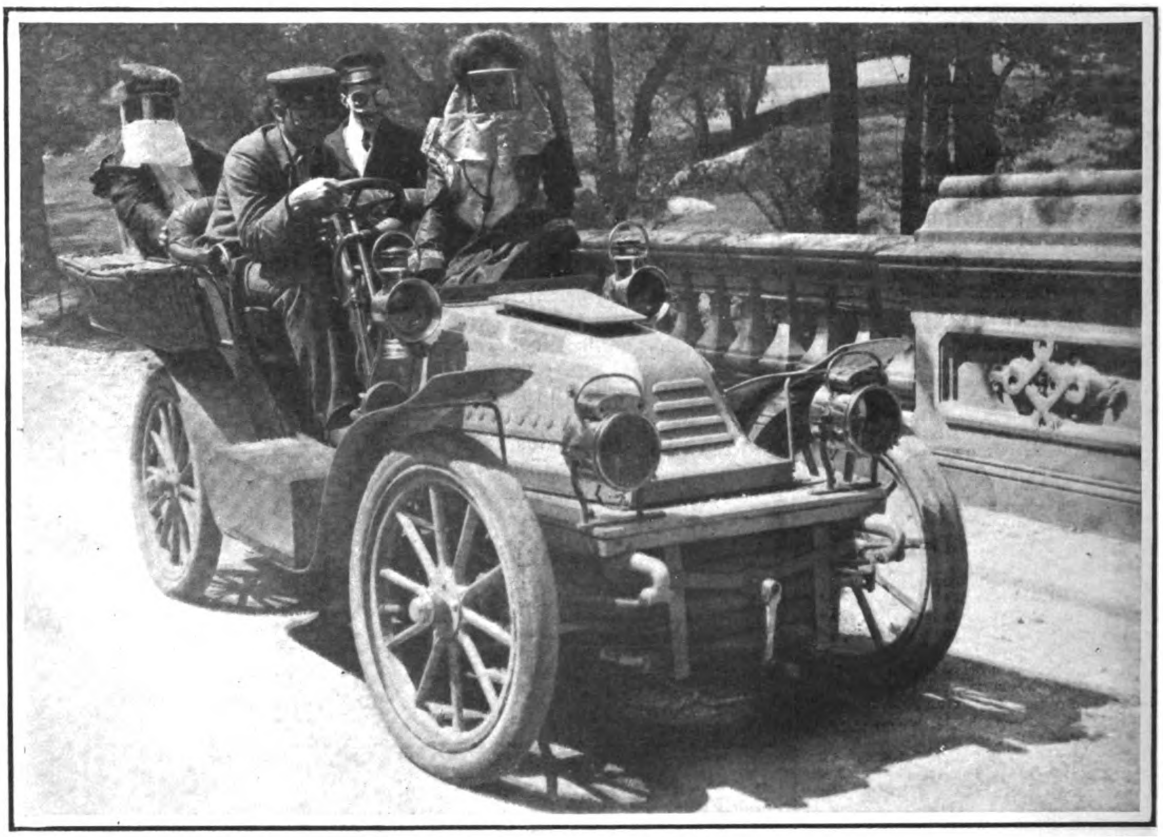
Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $.....

if issued at..... years of age.

Name.....

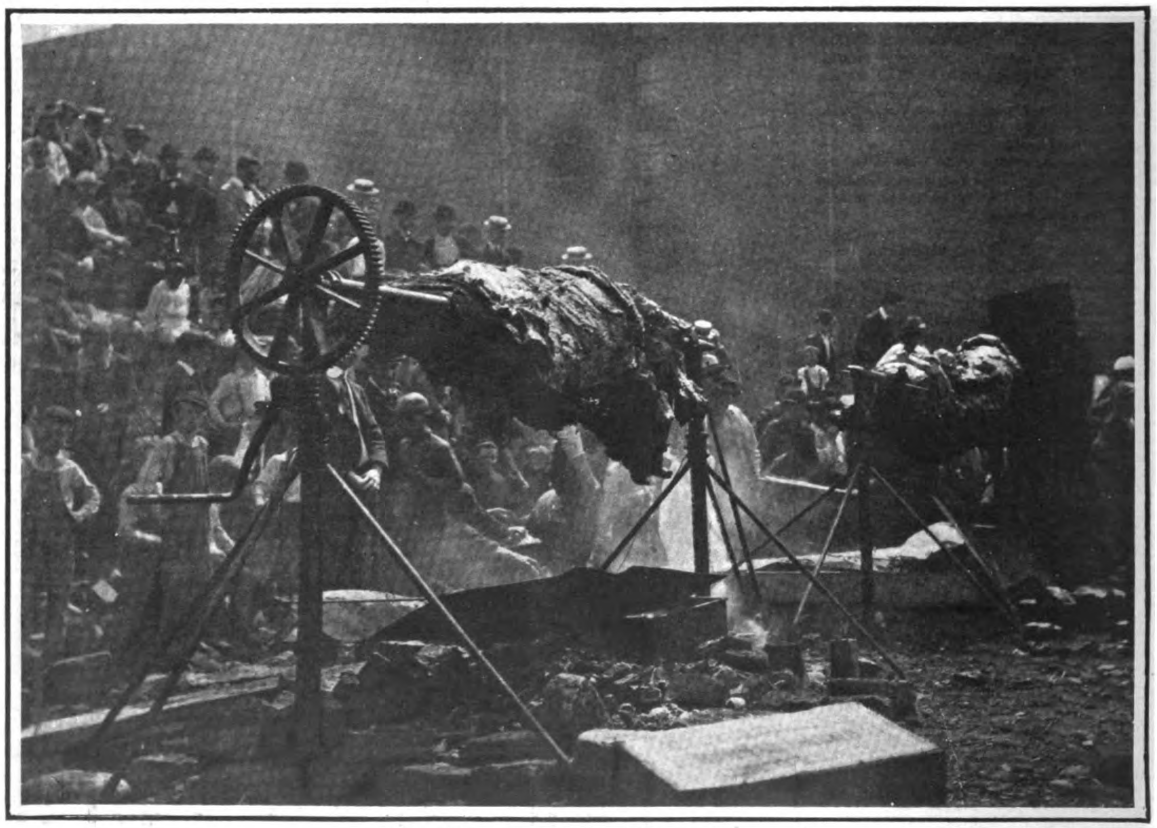
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The Fads of Automobiling

It is one of the peculiarities of beginners in motoring that the face must be covered with all sorts of ridiculous masks. As a matter of fact, such protections as those represented above are ridiculous, except where a long several-day race, averaging fifty miles an hour, is in progress



The Roasting of the Devery Oxen

At a time when King Edward's subjects of the scholarly town of Oxford, England, are roasting a whole ox in honor of his coronation, it is amusing to note that ex-Chief of Police W. S. Devery, who is bidding for Richard Croker's place as king of New York, is roasting two whole oxen for his people

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Ideal Country Life for Working People

ONE should be in sympathy with the power of nature in order to enjoy to the full country life in the prairie West. For all is not handsome villas, well-kept lawns, and expensive barn-yards, such as is so common in the East. But the beauty of the surroundings more than replace such losses; indeed, to the nature-lover it far excels. What can be more beautiful than a prairie covered for miles and miles with nodding wild flowers, their perfume almost stifling one with the fragrance?

Prairie country life may be seen at its best in Kansas, the great wheat-producing State. It is the people of the country who comprise the really aristocratic population of Kansas. For wealth is nowadays considered swell, and Kansas farmers are rich beyond the fondest dreams. They are the richest class of agriculturists in the United States. Five bountiful crops of wheat have caused gold to flow into their coffers until hardships are unknown, affluence is common.

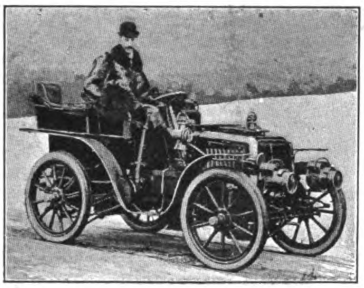
Country life in this modern Utopia does not consist of idleness and such pastimes as golf and tennis, but of work. However, there is now time for everything, and within the past year the farmer-folk have taken a fancy to golf. There are a number of golf clubs in the wheat belt, comprised principally of farmers, and many farmers who have homes in the prairie villages may be seen taking a turn around the links at times when they are not busy with the crops. Horse-racing, street fairs, carnivals, and corn and wheat jubilees are some of the prairie amusements.

Prosperity set in upon Kansas some five years ago. At once the people began to clear their homes of indebtedness; then they improved, bought new clothes and new household furniture, buggies, and farming machinery. As crop after crop outdone each other in abundance, the farmer commenced to think of a new home, buying more land, and investing in luxuries.

One cannot hope to attend any more up-to-date functions than at a country home in Kansas. The children have been sent away to Eastern finishing-schools until their education is complete, the grown-ups have taken lessons in parlor manners until they are adepts in the art of entertaining.

As spring passes into summer things grow strenuous in the wheat belt. It is the harvest season, and every farmer is keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement. He watches the clouds with anxiety, for a rain at the wrong time or too much sunshine in the ripening period is fatal to a good yield of wheat. In Kansas alone some twenty thousand men are imported from other States every year to assist in the wheat-gathering. The harvest lasts from two to five weeks. Some farmers own from five hundred to three or four thousand acres of wheat. This requires a small army of men, hundreds of horses, and many binders and threshers. These men must be fed, but not in the same old way that brought so many hardships to the farmer's wife and his daughters. In these piping times of prosperity the farmer establishes a separate kitchen for his hired men, and the housewife goes on with her regular duties just the same as if a hundred men were not working in her husband's field. At eventide the harvesters gather on the lawn, and if it be moonlight perhaps they will all engage in a dance. Farmer girls are indeed a jolly lot, and they are never too tired to enjoy themselves and give pleasure to those about them.

With the coming of prosperity to the residents of the Kansas wheat belt country life has been made much more pleasant than in the days of the sod house and prairie blizzards. The rural delivery of mail, the suburban telephone, rural deliveries of ice and groceries, make it much easier for the housewife and farmer. Every farm-house has its own water, inside and out. Wind-mills furnish the power. Acetyline gaslights add to the beauty of the evening's decorations; push-buttons here and there save many steps. Indeed, one cannot hope for a more ideal country life for working people than the one found in this greatest of all wheat-growing communities.



Col. John Jacob Astor in his Panhard, the one machine out of the many he owns that he reserves for his own personal use. A picture from "Automobiles," the new book (complimentary) issued by

Smith & Mabley
513-515 Seventh Avenue, New York
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A personally conducted tour, covering nine days, and including Gettysburg, Blue Mountain, Luray, Natural Bridge, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Asheville, and Washington, will leave New York by special Pullman train of sleeping, dining, and observation cars on October 8. Rate covering transportation, carriage drives, hotel accommodations, and all necessary expenses during the entire trip, $85 from New York and Newark, $83 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points. The party will be under the direction of an experienced Pennsylvania Railroad Tourist Agent and a chaperon. An entire day will be spent on the Gettysburg Battlefield, another day at Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, two days at Asheville, and two days at Washington.

Apply to Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, corner Twenty-ninth Street; or George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Account National Encampment, G. A. R.

For the Thirty-sixth National Encampment, G. A. R., to be held at Washington, D. C., October 6 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from October 4 to 7, inclusive, and good to return until October 14, inclusive. By depositing ticket with the Joint Agent at Washington between October 7 and 14, and the payment of 50 cents, an extension of the return limit to November 3 may be obtained.

For specific rates and further information apply to nearest ticket agent.

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BACK FROM THE SUMMER BOARDING-HOUSE.
"What are those strange-looking objects, mamma?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

VIII.—GEORGE JAY GOULD, *AET. 44*

See page 1316—Editorial Section

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THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH







The Welcome at Asheville, N. C.



United States Cavalry on Review at Chickamauga Park







Arrival at Wheeling, W. Va.

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

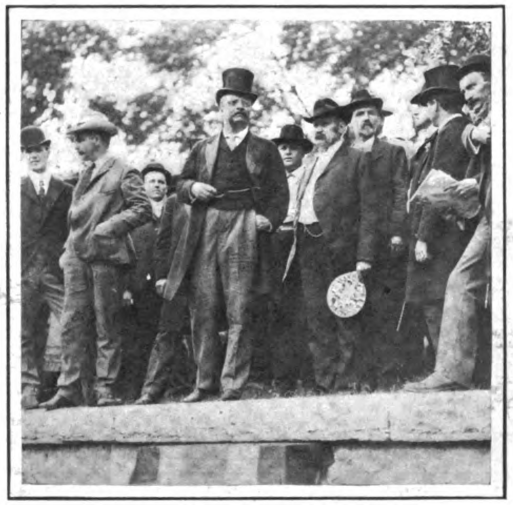
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The President reviewing Cavalry at Chickamauga Park



The President starting for Chickamauga Park



President and Governor of Tennessee reviewing Parade at Chattanooga



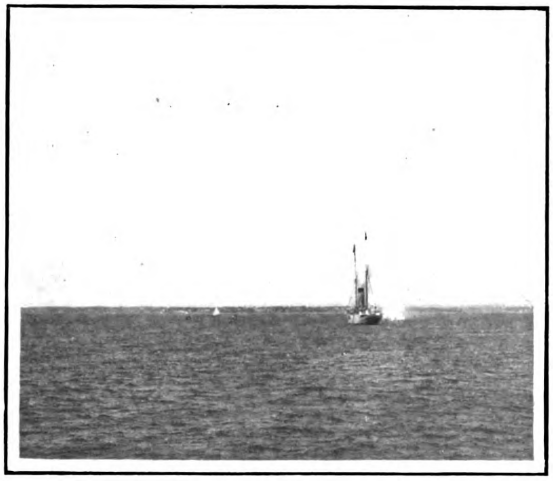
Grand-Master Sargent giving the Grip of Locomotive Firemen to the President just after he became an Honorary Member

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

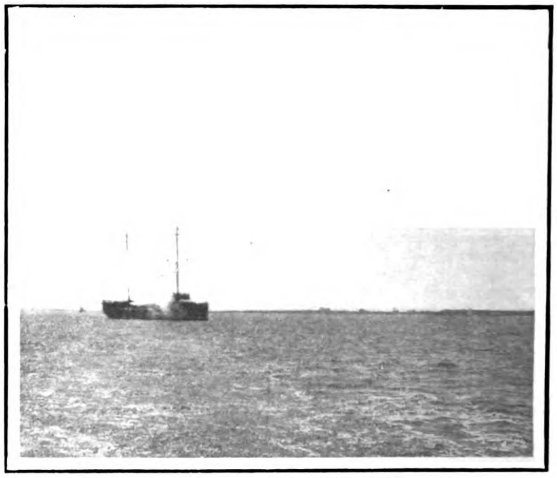
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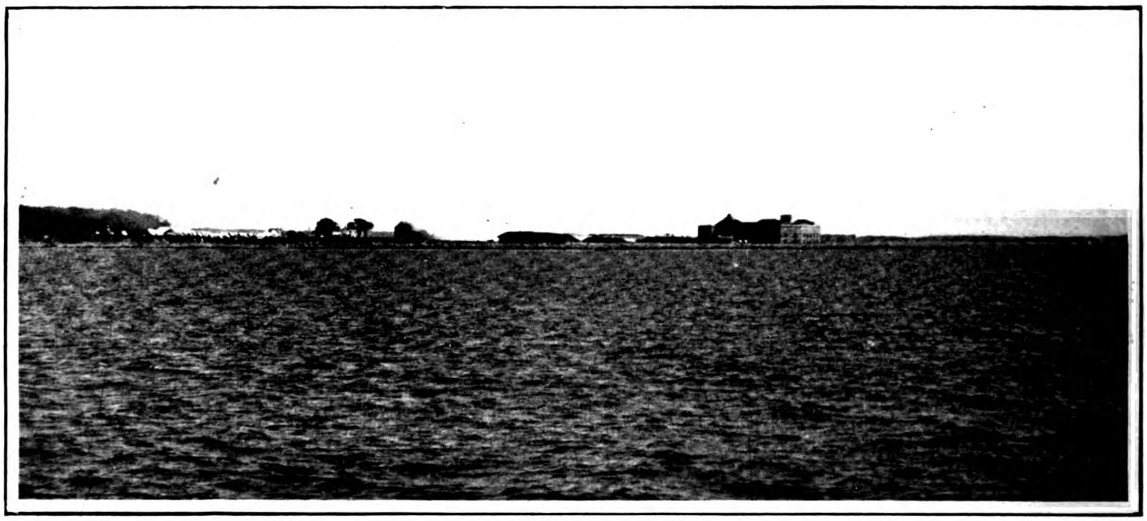
The "Olympia" using big Guns against Fort Rodman



The "Mayflower," with Rapid-firing Guns trained on the Fort



The "Montgomery" firing with Five-inch Guns at Fort Rodman



Fort Rodman returning Fire

THE NAVY IN THE WAR GAME

The attempted reduction of Fort Rodman by the hostile fleet

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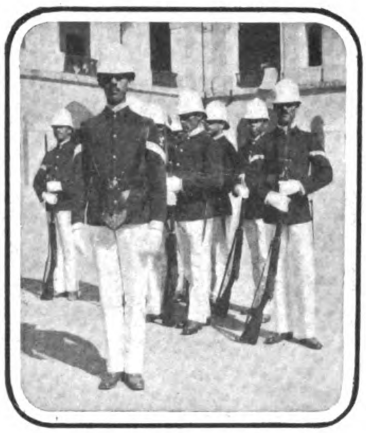
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The PORTO RICAN REGIMENT



Porto-Rican Soldier—Marching Order



Color-Guard, Porto-Rican Regiment

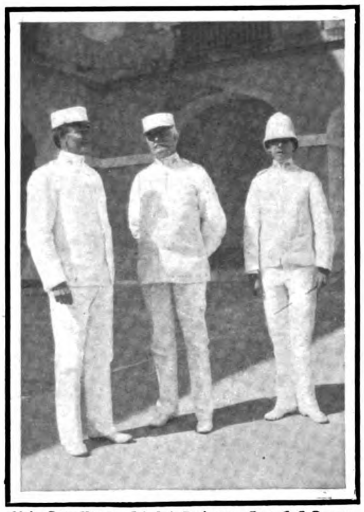


Porto-Rican Field Dress

THE most novel feature of the military parade at the second inauguration of President McKinley was the presence of a battalion of infantry of native Porto-Ricans. They belonged to the Porto Rico Regiment of Volunteers, formed at the time of the military occupation of the island. It was the first time that what in Great Britain would be called "colonial troops" had ever appeared in the United States as part of its military forces.

That regiment of volunteers passed out of existence on June 30, 1901, and in its place there came the Porto Rico Regiment of Regulars, which now constitutes the chief military force of the island. The army years ago made a success of the enlistment of Indians in its service, and the enlistment of natives in the Philippines has resulted satisfactorily, but to the Porto-Ricans must be awarded the distinction of first place in efficiency in this respect.

Strictly speaking, the Porto-Ricans are not foreigners. Practically, they are such, inasmuch as only four years ago they were Spanish subjects, and were almost entirely ignorant of American institutions. They are not American citizens yet, in the full sense of the term, belonging as they do to a country which the Supreme Court has decided is appertaining to the United States. Nevertheless they are members of the regular army of the United States, and, what is more to the purpose, they are most worthy members of it.



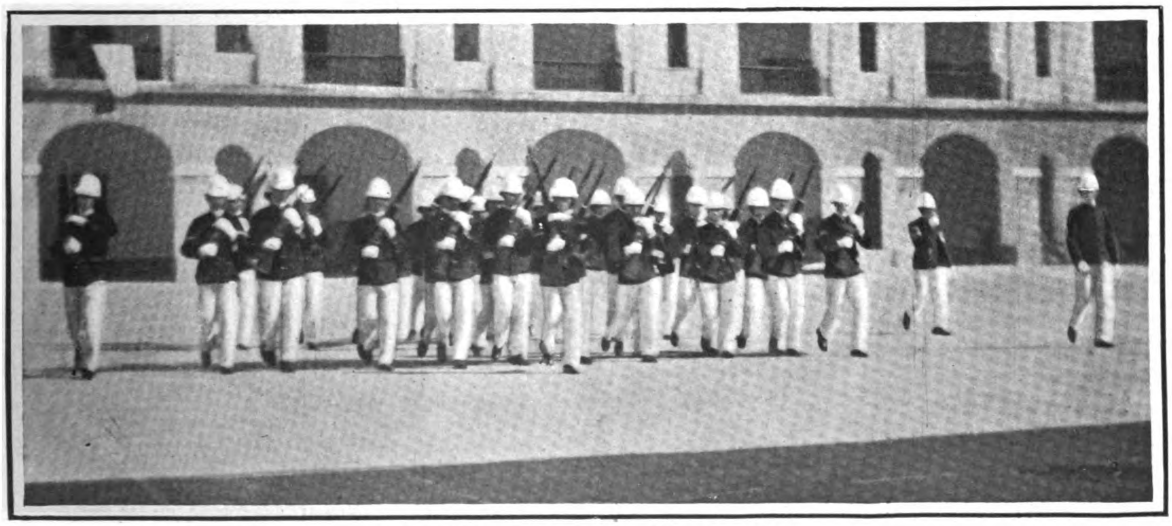
Major R. L. Howze Col. J. A. Buchanan Capt. G. C. Broome

American Officers in Command of Porto-Rican Regiment

In the volunteer regiment in Porto Rico there were 900 men. When it was disbanded on June 30 last, 450 of the volunteers became members of the provisional regiment. The law providing for their existence provides for three battalions. The enlistments have gone on until now the regiment is approaching a pretty full roster.

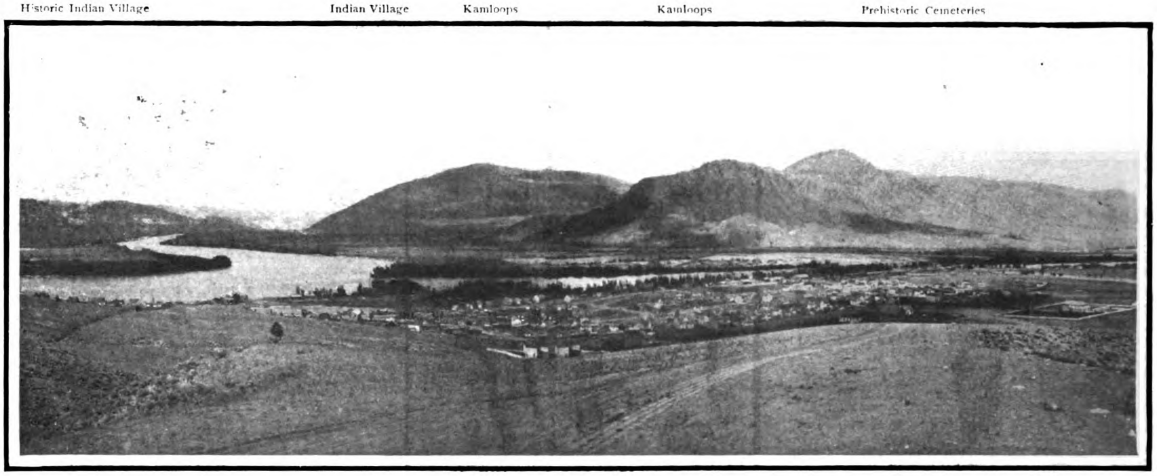
The officers are mostly Americans—that is, officers from the regular army of the United States. The regiment is commanded by Colonel James A. Buchanan, and he is assisted by Major Robert L. Howze, who, as lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, rescued Lieutenant Gilmour and party of the navy from the Filipinos after a prolonged and dangerous pursuit in the mountains. Captain G. C. Broome is another efficient member of Colonel Buchanan's force. The pictures presented herewith show at a glance what smart soldiers these Porto-Ricans are. Their officers are enthusiastic in their praise of them.

As a matter of fact they are soldierly in every respect—prompt, intelligent, willing, and amenable to rigorous discipline.



Guard Mount in the Barracks at San Juan

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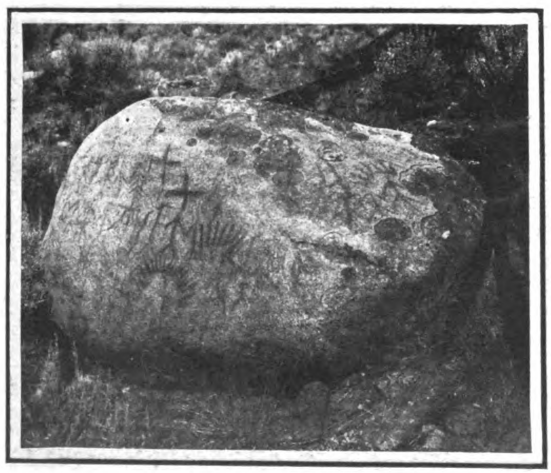
Kamloops, British Columbia

Showing the modern town, the present Indian village, and the historical Indian settlement, besides the prehistoric settlement which was the spot excavated by the expedition

The Jesup Archaeological Expedition

THE men sent out by President Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, to explore a little-known section of the interior of British Columbia, were rewarded with valuable discoveries and big collections. Many prehistoric tribes cremated their dead, making it nearly impossible to determine much about them. Mr. Harlan I. Smith, in charge of the expedition in British Columbia, had better luck in the Thompson River and coast regions. There, ancient aborigines preserved their dead in shell heaps, or in cairns of massive rock, or rock mounds, or at the bases of mountains, where avalanches rolled over the skeletons and protected them. Mr. Smith's story of his researches presents novel features, explaining, as it does, the uses to which the utensils of the ancients were put.

Four men employed in making excavations had much difficulty in persuading the modern Indians, who owned the land, to allow the remains to be disturbed, on account of the worship or reverence of ancestry prevailing among tribes entirely around the north temperate zone. The fertile and beautiful region of the lower Thompson River lies in the southern interior of British Columbia, just north of Washington State, inhabited by Thompson River Indians and Shuswaps. The age of the materials excavated cannot be definitely determined—that is, when they were made and used—as they were found in sandy valleys and hill-sides, where the wind is continually shifting the soil; but judging from the complete absence of objects made by white people, it may be concluded that the people who made these objects never met the whites, or any tribe who had secured things from the whites. It seems, therefore, that these things must have been made and used at least several hundred years ago. If some of them are much older, no one knows, and no trace of anything showing that men had lived in this region before the people who used these things has been found. After studying all the collections, it seems that the culture of the old people was similar to that of the present native inhabitants—that is, the Thompson River Indians. An examination of the bones found in the graves shows that the prehistoric people were physically very much like the Indians living in that region to-day, and no bones were found suggesting that any other people had lived in this region.



Prehistoric Indian Hieroglyphics

Discovered on a teit rock in ancient Indian village on the Thompson River, British Columbia

Some of the specimens suggest that these people had traded with the people of the coast beyond the high mountains, and one hundred and fifty miles to the west—at least they had secured sea-shells in that way, unless we consider that they visited the coast and obtained the shells for themselves. Some of the carvings so much resemble those of the coast people, and are so different from the carvings usually found there, that it seems they must either have obtained them from these people, or seen similar carvings in their hands, and endeavored themselves to imitate this sort of work. This latter theory may account for the fact that these carvings are slightly different from those of the coast people.

The character of the objects in general suggests that these people were much more like the people of the Western plateaus, and even the plains, than they were like the coast people. The general character of most of the remains found in exploring on the coast is totally different from the character of the things found in the interior. The coast country is very wet, while the interior is very dry, and the resources of the coast country are also different.

Since we find in exploring on the ancient sites, in both the coast country and this Thompson River Valley, that the Indians of to-day resemble very closely, not only physically, but also so far as their handiwork is concerned, all the earlier inhabitants of the region as far back as we can find out, it would seem that both people coming to these two regions, which are not far apart, had each adapted themselves so completely, the former to the wet region and the latter to the dry, that they had not changed their modes of life or physical form very particularly during the long time of which we now have knowledge of them. If either had come to the region recently, we should find them changing in order to adapt themselves each to their new and particular environment. It seems, therefore, that the people of this Thompson River Valley, not having changed for the long time of which we know, must have lived here for a great length of time to become so completely adapted to their environment.

The resources of the country, which the early Thompson Valley people had to use, are suggested by the various things which we find in digging in their village sites and graves. There are the mineral, animal, and plant materials.

They had quartz, because we find here a skin-scraper made of it; argillite was available, because here is an argillite fish-knife; steatite was used, because here is a fragment of a pipe made of it. Then the yellow and red earths must have been collected, for we find them in the graves, as if they had been in paint-bags, and we also find red earth daubed on some of the objects which were dug up. They used copper, because we find copper; but even if no copper had been found, the stains of copper on the human bones would show that they had had this material, and the fact that one of the neck bones is stained by copper would suggest that copper had been worn in the vicinity of the neck, perhaps on a necklace. It is known that among animal materials they had the deer, because we find in the old hearths the bones of the deer. These bones were made into implements, because we find such implements; and we must now suspect that if they had the deer bones as a resource they also had the flesh of this animal, and fragments of his skin, so useful for clothing, were really found preserved in the dry climate. The teeth of the beaver found show that they were a resource. Besides these there are the

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bones of many other animals. The conclusion may be drawn that when the bones of a certain animal are found they had this animal to use, otherwise we should not find them buried in the grave or hearth. Of course we do not know positively, because we find the dog bone, that they ate the dog, or used the skin, or had him for a companion, but we are at least sure that they had the dog to do with according to their best knowledge. Among the shells we find that they had some such as live in the fresh-water rivers of the vicinity, but more varieties that live in the sea, and must have been brought from the sea-coast. Whether collected by these people, or secured by them from other people, no one can know at present.

Among plant materials we find bits of charcoal in the hearths, and the expert on wood of various kinds can tell us from the charcoal what sort of wood the old Thompson Valley people burned. Then here is a bit of birch bark, which has not decayed in that dry climate. Again, we see here the gum of some pine-tree, and charred berries which have not decayed, because the fire when it charred them had removed everything that would decay, leaving the mineral charcoal that does not disintegrate. The climate was so dry that fragments of cord, and even woven mats made of sage-brush bark, have been preserved, so that we know not only that they used the sage-brush bark, but also the way in which they used it, and the style of weaving that they could do. A perforated piece of antler, which we find in the graves, is exactly like the handle of the digging-stick of to-day, and if these people had the digging-stick handle in their graves, it would seem that they used it before they died for digging. This suggests that among the resources which they used were edible roots.

Next let us glance at the means which these people probably had for securing some of these resources. These, as suggested by the things themselves, and by the mode of life of such primitive people, were undoubtedly secured by quarrying, hunting, fishing, digging roots, etc. We notice that they chipped many points out of stone that chip well, and also that they ground only a few out of slate or argillite. If we were to go to the coast we would find that the old coast people ground many in proportion to those which they chipped. The large points may have been used for knives with or without short handles. The points could have been set in a handle, one end of which was split, and held there by winding with wet thongs, which, when dry, would shrink and hold the knives securely. Some of the large points may have also been used on spears. The small points were probably used on arrows.

These small points with the peculiar serrated edges may have been used in surgery, or for some other purpose which we do not know. Of leaf-shaped points, sometimes as many as forty were deposited together in the ground. Sometimes a few of them had notches at the base to facilitate fastening them to arrows or spears. By the very little work of taking out two notches from these leaf-shaped forms, such finished points could be made, the style being governed entirely by the place from which these two little notches were taken. It would seem that these deposits were small arsenals, for the man, or family, or village owning them, with sometimes several such deposits within the distance of one hundred feet, and this would suggest that they were under individual houses, or possibly the various stocks of the arrow-makers, for we do not know that each man made his own arrows, and it is considered a higher plane which man has reached when there is a division of labor, so that one man could make the arrows for a number, while, perhaps, another man hunted not only for himself, but for many, among whom, of course, would be the man who furnished him his arrow-points.

Besides the chipped points were a few rubbed out of bone. In the old sites on the coast there are more bone points found than those made of stone, but here the bone points are rather scarce. Some of them are large, and have barbs, and were, perhaps, used in spearing fish, the salmon, in great numbers, which ascended the rivers from the sea to spawn.



Kickulie House

One of the three remaining underground prehistoric Indian houses in America, discovered on the Thompson River, British Columbia

We have to thank the dryness of the climate for these foreshafts of arrows or spears made of wood, and the other larger ones of bone.

There were stones which seem to be net-sinkers, club-heads, or hammer stones. If they are really net-sinkers, they suggest to us the means of securing some of the salmon by the use of nets. For securing some of the vegetation or plants for food, scrapers were found made of bone, for removing the outer bark of certain trees, to scrape or cut off the soft inner bark, which they used for food. Then there are these bone implements resembling paper-knives, which were also used for cutting bark in the securing of food.

The whole root-digger in the hands of the Indians of to-day is made of wood, and would more easily decay than these antler handles.

The graves were found in groups and singly. The bodies were buried upon the sides, with the knees drawn up to the chest. They were wrapped in the fabric of sage-brush bark, covered with mats of woven rushes. Over the foreheads and around the necks were strings of beads of copper or dentalium shells. At the sides, in pouches of woven sage-brush, were objects of glassy basalt, arrowlike points, grooved stones, beaver-teeth dice, bone awls and needles, and colored earths used for paint. Thus the ancient warrior went fully equipped to the happy hunting-grounds.

The expedition discovered three ancient underground lodges, believed to be the only ones in existence. The lodges have an excavation like a sky-scraper. The interior is supported with huge beams. The dome of the lodge rises above the surface. Exit and entrance were made on a notched log, the primitive ladder.

Kamloops, British Columbia, was found to be the only combination city of its kind extant. The city proper is a modern city of whites in every respect. In one section is a modern Shuswap Indian village of lodges. In another section are the ruins of a historic Indian village of a century agone. In still another section are the remains of a very ancient prehistoric Indian village, of whose inhabitants the modern Indians have no knowledge, the contents of the cairns of which now form great collections at the American Museum of Natural History.



Unopened Grave



Skeleton in the Shell Heap

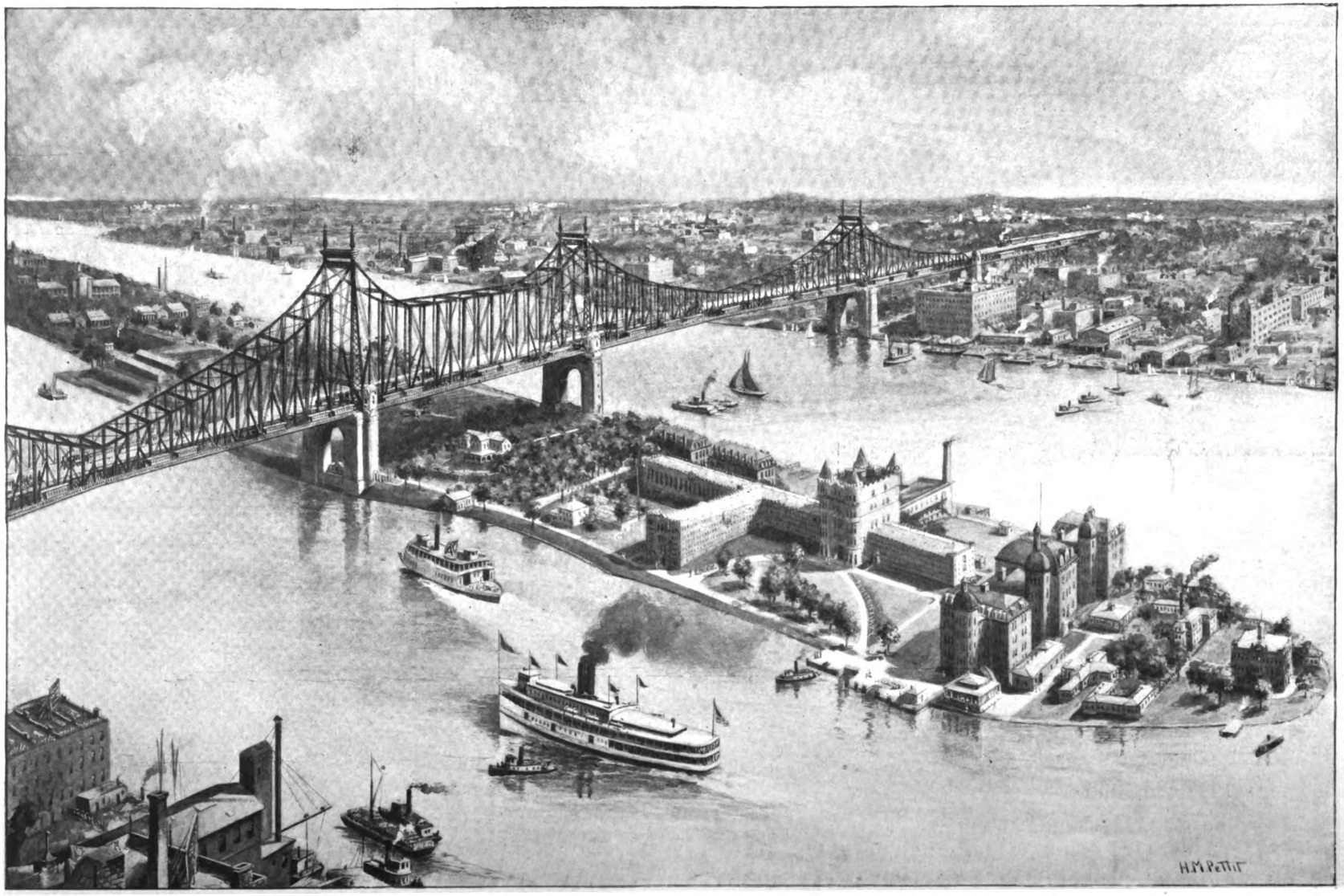
Prehistoric Shuswap Graves at Kamloops, British Columbia

Excavated by the Jesup expedition across the Thompson River from the new town

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THE BLACKWELLS ISLAND BRIDGE

The third bridge to span the East River from Long Island to Manhattan, New York, is now under construction. It is to be for steam and electric railways, for carriages, and for pedestrians

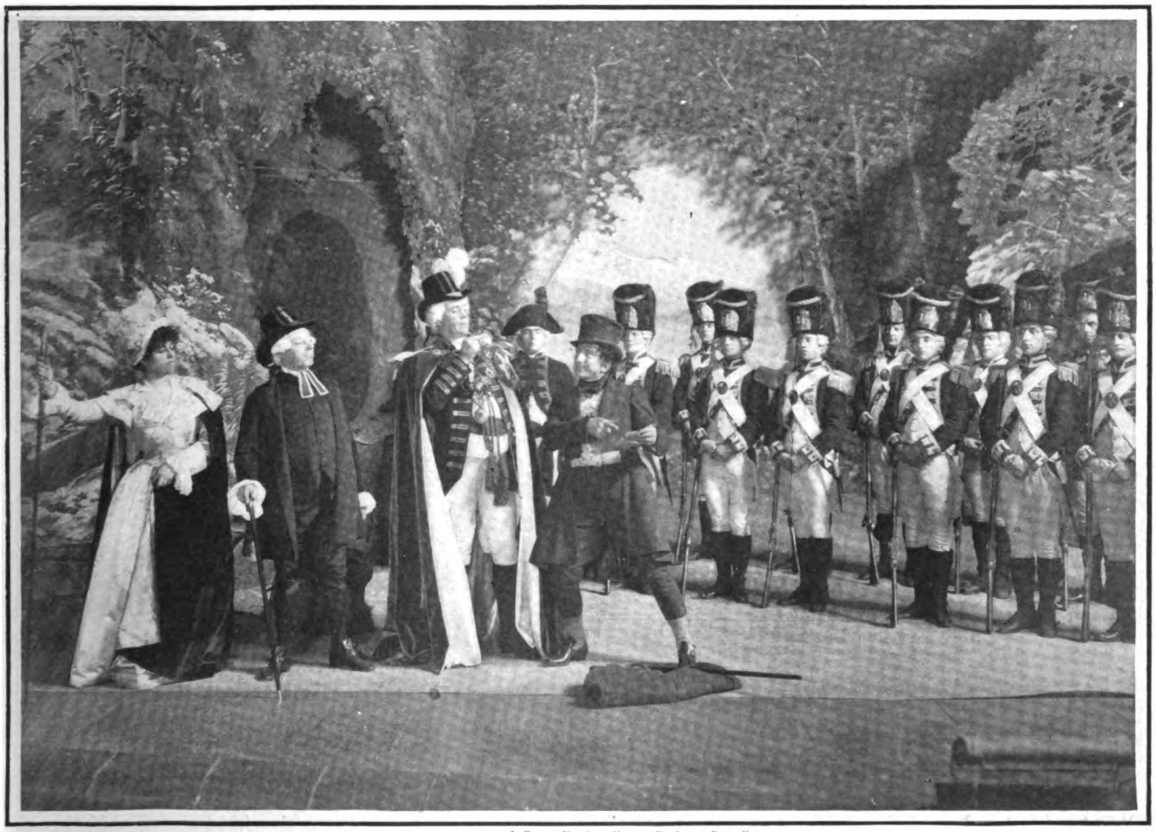
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Gus Rogers Clara Palmer Hattie Williams Max Rogers

"The Rogers Brothers in Harvard," at the Knickerbocker

The Rogers Brothers, as usual, have a variety show well worth going to see. As two German professors, the tutors of two Harvard youths, and as waiters at the Claremont restaurant, they keep the audience laughing at their characteristic conversations



Jefferson De Angelis as "Professor Bunn"

"The Emerald Isle," at the Herald Square

Act II. "The caves of Carrig-Cleena," in Sir Arthur Sullivan's last comic opera, with Mr. De Angelis in the principal part

TWO NEW MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE SEASON

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John Drew as "Lord Lumley" Marie Derickson as "Mrs. Ruth Thornton"

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BIRD," AT THE EMPIRE

Mr. Drew's new play is the London success of last season, where Wyndham took the part of "Lord Lumley." As the English nobleman, forgetful of his pretty wife, and wrapped up in science, Mr. Drew is capital; and only at the last, when the "Humming Bird," who is following his wife, wakes him up to realities, does he recognize that there are other interests than science in the world

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending September 20, 1902

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COMMENT

THE President repeated his trust speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, on his way to attend the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which was held at Chattanooga, September 8. The daily newspapers, in their head-lines, announced that the President had gone a step forward in his war on combinations, but a reading of the speech did not confirm the head-lines. The truth is that the President has not uttered a single statesmanlike word on the subject. He has dealt in the vaguest kind of generalities. He speaks of evils without specifying them, and has even seemed to admit that the ills he denounces with his customary vigor are yet to be discovered. He says that he believes that the national legislature can do something more than it has done for the prevention of these mysterious evils, and for the punishment of their responsible authors. But he does not tell us what he conceives to be the direction which legislation should take, or the end which it should seek to accomplish. This is not what the country has the right to expect and demand from the President. When a statesman who occupies the most responsible, as well as the most conspicuous, position in the country enters upon the discussion of proposed reforms, it is his duty to particularize, to present details, to give his reasons, and to unfold his argument and plan. The sort of speech which this involves is the old-fashioned informative and persuasive kind. It implies hard study, long reflection, steady application to the subject. But it is also the only kind of a speech worth making, and the kind which intelligent audiences have the right to expect from an intelligent public man. A flight of mere words at such a target as the so-called trusts may damage the target, but the damage may be precisely that which the President wants to avoid. He is not for their destruction, and yet he appeals merely to passion. His speeches have been as those of one who is talking merely for political effect, and for the purpose, quite unworthy of such a man as Theodore Roosevelt, of stealing the enemy's thunder, and of "putting the Democrats in a hole." If Mr. Roosevelt has anything definite to say on this subject let him say it like a well-prepared and thoughtful man; let him tell us what the trust evils are, wherein government may interfere, and why it should interfere, and what policy of repression or correction, other than an absurdly impossible "constitutional amendment," he has in mind.

A good many of the plain, sensible folk of the country are beginning to be uneasy about the President's conduct. And among these are some of his very best friends. We have already, in our allusion to his speeches on trusts, spoken of the concentration of mind, the thorough study, the long reflection, required for the composition of a statesmanlike speech on the subject concerning which the President is dealing in generalities. The question arises at once whether the President's habits of life are consonant with such effort as is required for the real work of a constructive statesman, such as he aspires to be. The President gallops through the country when he is not devoting his days to the reception of people, most of whom have nothing to say to him of higher import than the distribution of patronage. Among the weightiest subjects of discussion is that of party policy. The question of dignity involved may be dismissed for the moment as one largely of taste, although it is really of more importance than this dismissal would indicate, for it is surely one of the duties of the President to be impressive. The President's activities seem to sober minds to be a wasting of time. They do not approve of the wild gallops, the rough-riding. They are not much impressed by an exhibition of the President's ability to set too hard a pace for a few troopers. They are doubtful of the propriety of the President's taking the physical risks which fill him with delight, and, to them, while the President was in no way responsible for the tragic accident at Pittsfield, the episode of the collision of the trolley-car and the carriage seems somehow or other to be a congruous part of the President's day's work. This dashing, reckless, hard-riding, much-conversing President evidently has not the time to prepare the right kind of a speech upon the evils of trusts and the power which the national government ought to exercise for their suppression. And, unless the President ceases to give them the opportunity, people will begin to wonder, when real economic and business problems press for settlement, whether, after all, Mr. Roosevelt is the right kind of a man for the Chief-Magistracy of the nation. This is a contingency upon which he may profitably do a good deal of serious thinking.

Terrible *ifs:* If the President, on the morning of the 3d of September, had chanced to be in the spot where his guardian Craig sat when the madly driven trolley-car crashed into his vehicle; and if the first year following the death of one well-loved President at an assassin's hand had been rounded out with the death of another as the result of the stupid recklessness of one man and the insufficient caution of another! Among the evil consequences of such a national disaster, if it had not been escaped by a foot or so of space, we should have had to count the development of a whole brood of the superstitious notions that are so easily hatched into life. It would have been like the fate of the prince in the *Arabian Nights,* who had to die by the knife, just as had been predicted, even though, having been put in utter seclusion to pass the fatal period, there was no other way for him to do it except to fall on the point of a fruit-knife with which he was eating an orange. Here was a President quite safely guarded from cranks and anarchists, and wisely eschewing the practice of shaking hands with the multitude; but none the less to be hunted out in his safe seat, not by the assassin's bullet, but by the no less deadly shaft winged from the bow of stupidity. Such a calamity might well have coaxed into growth some such dark notion as that entertained by the Chinese, who suppose that malignant intelligences lurk about certain spots and follow up certain people, ready to perform

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feats of picturesquely fatal mischief. The President having escaped almost unhurt, we have the next worst thing—a swarm of references to the "Roosevelt luck." It really appears that there are a good many people who, though they would scorn to acknowledge their belief in this dark Chinese notion of evil place-spirits, more than half believe that certain people are blessed with a systematic arrangement of good happenings. That we incline to accept the benevolent phase of this superstition while rejecting its malevolent side may be creditable to our amiability, but it is not to our intelligence. The destructive intelligences exist, but they are human, and subject to human control. The fact remains that it was not necessary that President McKinley should have been killed by Czolgosz, nor that Motorman Madden's car should have run into President Roosevelt's carriage.

The American people have undoubtedly shown the qualities of greatness in certain ways, if we "do say it as shouldn't"; and we doubt if they ever showed it in any truer way than in voting against men whom they thoroughly like and personally admire—voting against them because they do not believe in the social or economic principles that they profess. The American people "took to" Mr. Bryan when he first came out—took to him because they found him clever, hearty, sincere, honest, enthusiastic, clean-minded, and clean-hearted. They flocked to hear him in prodigious numbers, and often cheered him generously. But they did not vote for him in sufficient force to bring him anywhere near election. In some of the Eastern cities the votes he received seemed to be in inverse proportion to the size and enthusiasm of the immense crowds that went to hear him. The people keep on liking Bryan, but they repudiate Bryanism. Side by side with Bryan may be mentioned another pretty good man whose case is likely to turn out in the same way. We refer to Mr. Tom L. Johnson, who lately made a surprising demonstration of his personal influence in the Ohio Democratic convention. Probably Mr. Johnson is not a mountebank. He is not a demagogue in any distinct or offensive sense. He is sincere and able. As a public man he has many of the qualities that the American people distinctly like. With the ability to make himself very successful, very rich, he thinks of others besides himself, and thinks of them in a large and generous way. He has many big projects of public benefit—and some of them, at least, he carries out. But his main political ideas are notions that the people, as a whole, take very little stock in. It is Bryanism *plus* Johnsonism, and Johnsonism involves much socialistic experiment which our people will not have. Therefore, in spite of his many virtues and his lovable love of his own economic ideal, it is altogether improbable that the people, either of the State of Ohio or of the nation, will be willing to take Mr. Tom L. Johnson for a leader.

Who will receive the Democratic nomination for Governor of the State of New York is still doubtful. There is, as we point out in other columns, a widespread impression that the Democrats have a better chance for electing their candidate than they had some weeks ago, provided that their choice shall fall upon a man who will not alienate any faction of the party, and will, at the same time, command the respect and confidence of the community at large. It is universally recognized that such a man might be found in Chief-Judge Parker, who was elected to his present place upon the bench of the Court of Appeals in 1897, the year after Mr. McKinley carried the State by an immense majority. It would be easy to stampede the State convention for Judge Parker, as was done when ex-Senator Hill was last nominated for Governor. It will be remembered that Horatio Seymour was nominated for President in 1868 against his will, and in the teeth of his solemn declaration to the Democratic National Convention, "Your candidate I cannot be." Judge Parker, however, will not be present at Saratoga, and cannot be carried away by a whirlwind of enthusiasm; he has firmly and repeatedly asserted that even a unanimous nomination would be rejected by him, and would merely impose upon the convention the necessity of reassembling and selecting some other candidate. Under the circumstances, we presume that Judge Parker is out of the question. The next choice of the Democratic leaders seems to be Mr. Bird S. Coler, who discharged, in a creditable way, the functions of Comptroller of the city of New York. The fact that Mr. Coler offended Mr. Croker by taxing him with introducing commercialism into politics would not damage the former in the eyes of "up-State" Democrats, and it is supposed that he would have the support of the present managers of Tammany Hall. He would be acceptable, it is thought, to conservative men, and he is not obnoxious to the Bryan element of the party. It has been alleged, however, that his membership of the Stock Exchange might militate against him in the rural districts. Evidently the Republicans could not make any campaign capital out of the fact, for their own prospective candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. George R. Sheldon, is also a member of the Stock Exchange. The theory that bankers and brokers are viewed with suspicion by agriculturists, and are, therefore, unpromising candidates for public office, is not borne out by the facts. Mr. S. V. White, a well-known broker, was elected to Congress, and Mr. David A. Boody, another broker, was chosen Mayor of Brooklyn. Roswell P. Flower, who was elected Governor of New York in 1891, was a member of the Stock Exchange, and Levi P. Morton was the head of a Wall Street banking-house when he was elevated to the same office in 1894. It will be remembered that Mr. Morton, six years previously, was elected Vice-President on the Harrison ticket. On the whole, the assertion that Mr. Coler's political availability is sensibly diminished by his membership of the Stock Exchange may be dismissed as groundless. If he fails to get the nomination, it will be because the leaders fear that the voters will not support a feather-weight.

The great war game is finished, and the country has manifested very little interest in what were, somewhat ambitiously, termed the manœuvres. These began by the invasion of the fleet by the Duchess of Marlborough on the eve of its departure for the sport of war. She and the officers had tea and conversation. The war ended on September 6 by a display of fireworks at Newport. After this, Admiral Higginson and General MacArthur congratulated each other and each other's services. As we remarked last week, the only possible effect of the game would be a demonstration of the character of our artillery service, while the only question, in the event that the coast artillery was shown to be not dependable, would be as to the responsibility for such a state of affairs. Are the forts properly constructed, and the guns properly placed? Are the magazines dry? If no, the engineer corps or Congress is responsible? Are the explosives sound and uniform? Are the guns effective? Are their mounts practicable? If no, the ordnance corps or Congress is to blame? Does the artillery itself lack instruction and practice? If it does, is Congress to blame for not providing money for target practice, as it may have been guilty of stinting the engineers and the ordnance? Or is the Secretary of War to blame, because he has insisted on putting untaught and unteachable officers, fresh from the volunteer service, into the regular artillery? Or is the artillery corps to blame by reason of idleness, indifference, the rust of years of enforced inactivity? The ships tried to run by the forts at the entrance of Long Island Sound, after a fashion which would not be followed by any real enemy; and they tried an attack on Newport, which resulted in a pyrotechnic display. It seems like opera-bouffe, but it may be that the temerity of the fleet disclosed weaknesses in our coast defences; if this is so, then the weaknesses must be very serious. We can only know the real state of the case, the real disclosures of the fulminatory exercises, when the board of umpires reports. What we do know now is that the navy and the army differed from beginning to end on every possible question of fact, and reached diametrically opposite conclusions in every process of reasoning.

In one of his recent speeches Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that the Monroe doctrine, whether in theory we give it a narrow or an elastic definition, will in practice prove nothing but wind, unless we can back it by a naval force more powerful than any which a European power is likely to be able to detach at any given time for service in American waters. That is true enough; but the army and navy manœuvres prosecuted during the week ending September 6 have demonstrated what was less obvious, namely, that a powerful navy is imperatively needed for a purpose that comes home to us still more closely, namely, to defend from capture the city of New York itself, the commercial and financial metropolis of the

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United States. However inconclusive the manœuvres may have proved in certain directions, and although more definite and exhaustive information may be looked for from a repetition of them hereafter, the mimic warfare established one fact of momentous import, namely, that in spite of any land fortifications that we possess, a hostile fleet aiming to enter Long Island Sound could secure anchorage in Buzzards Bay and a base of supplies on Block Island, whence it could proceed to cover the disembarkation on Long Island of a military force intended to capture the city of New York.

It would be superfluous to remind the reader that what is commonly known as the Greater New York has no fortifications on its Long Island side, where it is now shown to be vulnerable. The superiority of earth-works over battle-ships has been so repeatedly demonstrated in recent years that the chance of a hostile fleet reaching the Narrows from the south, or the East River from the north, is generally regarded by experts as negligible; but the manœuvres just ended have shown that there is a third way of attacking New York, and that if an enemy should gain temporarily the command of the sea which Admiral Higginson possessed, an army might not only be landed on Long Island, but might be protected on both flanks by the enemy's war-ships until it arrived at or near the eastern outskirts of the metropolis. The mimic warfare, therefore, however tentative and open to criticism in details, has administered to the nation and to Congress a weighty lesson and a timely warning. There is just one way of insuring the safety of the commercial metropolis of the United States, and that is so to strengthen our navy as to render it reasonably certain that the naval force available for the defence of New York will prove an over-match for any that a European power is able or likely to send across the Atlantic. We need not point out to any grain-shipper, railroad man, manufacturer, merchant, or financier that the capture of the city of New York would have consequences of incalculable gravity. For that very reason it is the point at which an enemy would strike, unless we profit by the warning just received to make it impregnable.

At the hour when we write there is a widespread impression that the prolonged strike in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, which has subjected to grave pecuniary losses all the consumers of hard coal, as well as the mine owners and operators and the miners themselves, will come to an end on or before September 20. The ground for the impression is unknown. The miners' union has, as yet, evinced no disposition to recognize the strike as a failure; the mine-operators seem firm in their refusal to make any concessions; there are no signs of a *deus ex machina* interposition on the part of financial magnates; neither are there any indications of an attempt to put political pressure upon the operators by a convocation of the Pennsylvania Legislature in special session. Whether or no the prediction shall be verified, it is already evident not only that the injury inflicted by the strike on the community at large is of vast proportions, but that, even when the strike is over, the recovery of normal conditions will by no means be immediate. It has been computed by an expert that the shortage in the output of anthracite during the present year will have amounted by September 12 to twenty million tons. Under the most favorable circumstances a considerable period must elapse before this enormous deficiency in respect of supply can be made good, and it is doubtful whether the price of the combustible will ever fall to the figures which obtained before the strike. Many of the anthracite mines have been for some time worked at a loss, and others have passed the maximum of production. Many months and a great deal of money will be needed to repair the damage done by the calling out of engineers, firemen, and pump-runners. Then, again, while, for the reasons named, the supply must fall short of the quantity produced eight months ago, the demand for the combustible is certain to increase with the expansion of population. The annual increase of demand is a matter of record, and, coupled with the diminished supply, it can hardly fail to be reflected in prices.

One feature of Mr. Carroll D. Wright's report to the President on the coal strike has escaped comment, possibly because the facts of the situation in the anthracite region are not generally known to the editors who are commenting on it. Mr. Wright dwells on the fact, known to all who are familiar with the anthracite business, that there is no confidence between the operators and their employees. Here lies the crux of the general situation in the anthracite region. There has been no confidence between the operators and the men since Molly Maguire days. This lack of confidence is strengthened by a condition which is the foundation of a recommendation made by Mr. Wright that there be formed a responsible union composed wholly of anthracite mine workers. The main reason why the employers and the mine-workers cannot get together for the settlement of their differences is that the union is irresponsible, does not keep its contracts, persuades its members to violate their promises, and has no real interest in the prosperity of the anthracite mines. The reason for this is that the United Mine-Workers is an order dominated by men who are bituminous miners, Mr. Mitchell himself being a bituminous miner. If anything, the interests of a majority of the members of Mitchell's organization are, or seem to be, aided by the shutting down of anthracite mines. The consumption of bituminous coal, for example, has been enormously increased during the present strike, and some part of this increase is likely to be permanent. Under such conditions there can be no confidence, and without confidence there can be no permanent peace. Evidently the first step towards the creation of the confidence will be the formation of such an organization as Mr. Wright suggests.

Another outbreak of mob violence against the "foreign devils," much like those which fastened the eyes of the world on China two years ago, has recently been reported. A mob of several hundred natives assembled and laid siege to a little group of fifty defenceless foreigners. The members of the mob were armed, and were plainly thirsting for blood. After terrifying shrieks and curses, the mob opened fire, and shot three of the "foreign devils," driving the remainder out of the town where they had been living, with threats of death if they dared return. Those who escaped, in terror of their lives, promptly and properly appealed to their ambassador, who laid the matter before the central government. The central government called the attention of the governor of the district in which the outrage occurred to the fact that complaint had been made, but announces that, under the law, it can do nothing more. Of course it deeply regrets the occurrence, but is not able even to give assurances that similar outrages will be prevented in the future. Nor can it do anything towards seeing that the ringleaders of the mob are punished. It would be certain that the home government of the "foreign devils" will take prompt and severe measures to compel the punishment of the rioters, and to secure the payment of indemnities to the families of those who were killed by the mob, were it not for the fact that the "foreign devils" in this case happened to be Chinamen, while the mob was made up of American citizens, living in and about Baker City, Oregon. Minister Wu is the diplomat to whom an appeal has been made by his countrymen, and the government at Washington has been able to do nothing more than to call the attention of the Governor of Oregon to the facts in the case, with which he was doubtless already familiar. Unless Oregon decides to make reparation and punish the offenders, nothing can be done in the case. The national government is helpless, and cannot interfere with the State government. It may, indeed, and probably will, following a well-sustained precedent, pay a sum of money to the Chinamen who were injured, but such money will be paid merely as a gratuity, and not in acknowledgment of any right in the premises. The whole situation is a good example of the inconsistencies of which the tactful Wu occasionally reminds us.

Piet Cronje's captivity at St. Helena is not likely to be as illustrious as Napoleon Bonaparte's, but it yields a story that is quite as fine in its way. The old man, like Bonaparte, was a general by right of his own abilities and of his people's belief in them. Unlike Bonaparte's, his sword was drawn first for his people, and only incidentally for himself. Like Bonaparte again, he was overthrown, after a noble struggle, by the Britannic power, and, following his own Quatre-Bras in the Modder's bed, he was sent in captivity to the lonely rock in the South Atlantic seas. Possibly the old Dutch farmer-general's exile was less dismal, as it certainly was more philosophic, than the Corsican adventurer's; but it had one feature

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of deep sadness that Bonaparte's lacked. Cronje has a heart; and there was scarcely a mail that came to St. Helena that did not bring him its shaft of sorrow. Loved kinsmen, sons, nephews, fell in the struggle that still raged—the brave struggle in which he was now, by the galling circumstances of his defeat and captivity, debarred from taking part. His kinswomen were dying, one by one, of fever, perhaps of hunger, in the British concentration camps, or in insecure and ill-provided homes. From his melancholy distance, the old commander watched not only the death of those he loved, one by one, until twenty of his near relatives had been buried as the direct result of the war, but the decimation of his race and the slow downfall of the cause that was still dearer to him than his wife and children. Cronje has now returned to Cape Town, his exile over. One could not blame him if he had returned in a dark and resentful frame of mind. But this is what he says at Cape Town: "I am prepared not only to forgive, but, so far as God has given me the power, to forget. I believe the British and Dutch races should and will work amicably together for the development of the country." Evidently there resides in Piet Cronje's heart one form of greatness which the more famous exile of St. Helena did not possess. His words are a fresh reminder that the Boer leaders are as epic a lot of farmers and drovers as ever lived.

In the death of Professor Rudolf Virchow, which took place in Berlin on September 5, Germany loses one of her most picturesque figures, and the world one of its greatest scientists. Professor Virchow had been famous for more than forty years as the founder of the theory of cellular pathology. He applied the theory of the cell as the basis of organic life to diseased tissues in the human body, proving that what we term disease is the expression of the abnormal action or development of those cells of which the tissues are ultimately composed. This theory gave the first rational basis to modern pathology, and forms the ground-work upon which all later developments of the subject are based. This was Virchow's greatest contribution to human knowledge; it is the secure basis of his lasting fame. But this is by no means the only field he entered as an originator. For example, he was one of the first to make a scientific study of the races of mankind, and he became one of the founders, as he remained a chief exponent, of the modern science of anthropology. The great pathologist and technologist was also a practical politician. Just forty years ago he entered the Lower House of the Prussian Legislature, and from 1880 till 1893 he was a member of the Reichstag. Here he showed the same originality that made him a discoverer in science. He was one of the founders of the famous Fortschrittspartie, and was the author of the word "Kulturkampf," which came to be so prominent a political war-cry. In earlier life his radicalism sometimes got him into difficulties, as in 1849, when for political reasons he lost his position in the Charité hospital. In later years his progressive ideas brought him repeatedly into conflict with Bismarck, but now his fame as a scientist stood him in good stead, even against the assaults of the Iron Chancellor. Nowhere else is versatility so frowned upon as in Germany. In general, it is counted almost a crime against scholarship there for one man to pretend to know more than one subject. But Virchow was excepted from this criticism, and listened to with respect on any topic. "Ah, Virchow knows everything," said a Berlinite to whom I mentioned his name; and this seemed to voice the general sentiment. The physician, pathologist, anthropologist, and parliamentarian had proved his capacity in too many fields to have it questioned in any. It seemed as fitting that he should assist Schliemann in his excavations at Hissarlik, and write a scholarly essay about Troy, as that he should lead a debate in the Legislature, conduct a reform in the sewage system of Berlin, organize an anthropological society, preside at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, discuss Roman archæology with Mommsen at the Academy of Science, or deliver a lecture on the blood at the Pathological Institute: everywhere he seemed equally at home. If one were to choose, perhaps he might say that no rôle suited the versatile scholar better than that of lecturer. He was preeminently a teacher, and while not at all oratorical, his impromptu discussions before his medical class, aided by off-hand chalk pictures, had a fervor that held the attention of his audience and carried conviction. The home life of Professor Virchow was refreshingly simple by contrast. One found the famous scientist living in a small apartment, up several rather forbidding flights of stairs; comfortably housed, to be sure, but on a scale which any but a mere beginner in the medical profession in an American city would consider rather beneath his dignity. Professor Virchow was most hospitable to strangers, in spite of the demands upon his time. He was particularly cordial to Americans, and he conversed fluently in English. In talking with the present writer recently he expressed the keenest interest in American affairs. Commenting on the dilapidated condition of his own Charité hospital, he remarked, with a tone of regret, "You see, we have no millionaires here to give us such beautiful hospitals as you have in America." He added: "Some day I mean to come over there to see all the wonderful things we read about. Hitherto the difficulties of ocean travel have kept me from coming; but one of these days, when steamboats are swifter, I shall certainly come." That was a cheery view for an octogenarian. But the expectation was not to be realized; the great pathologist died just before completing his eighty-first year.

The precise plans of Sir Thomas Lipton in reference to the Cup races are at this time so shrouded in uncertainty that we are disposed to join with an expert contemporary in the suggestion that the challenger pave the way for a real yacht-race, and not for a speed contest between two freak machines. There is more significance in the term "Cup races" than at first occurs to the mind. It describes more aptly than was intended what the evolution in these international contests is coming to be. The doughty *Columbia* has all of our grateful loyalty that is her due, and she is not only a thing of speed, but a craft of beauty, but, after all, she is not a yacht in any true sense of the word, but a racing-machine. We do not hear of anybody cruising about in her for pleasure. The idea that in her more illustrious capacity, with all her sails set, and the full complement of her crew aboard of her, she could go off on an exhibition trip for all the world to see never occurs to any one, because it is a preposterous notion. Fit and sleek as she appears at the finish of one of her trials, stanch of hull, and equal to the most strenuous weather, in her ocean-going capacity she is a racer merely, and having served her purpose for a few short weeks, adorns some anchorage or dry dock until some new emergency arises to call her special qualities into action. She is a Cup-racer, and nothing else. Before it is definitely decided, then, just what kind of a challenger Sir Thomas, or anybody else, is to have constructed for the next trial, why may we not consider the desirability of restoring to the contest some of its old-time dignity and significance? It has been demonstrated that both the Yankee and the Briton can build a floating machine of wonderful speed—now let us get back to yachts, to yachts that are such in fact as well as in name, and ascertain whether or not the energies of our designers and builders of ocean craft have been wholly absorbed in producing lively single-stickers carrying an abnormal sail area and requiring the services of so large a crew that the idea of sailing them for pleasure does not occur even to our multi-millionaires. As our expert contemporary intimates, a contest between a British-built schooner and the similar product of one of our American shipyards would have all the sporting qualities of the style of race now in vogue, and would be far more instructive, and hence of greater value to all concerned.

A rather novel sort of crime is that for which a contortionist must shortly stand trial at Philadelphia. An ingenious individual named Doran, having discovered that, as an expert tumbler, he could without risk to life hurl himself from and before trolley-cars, has for some time past enjoyed a steady income in damages collected from the traction companies of New York and Philadelphia for injuries alleged to have been received. At the psychological moment he would be hurled from car platform to pavement, or by the sudden intrusion of his shoulder into the sphere of action of the front of the car he would be knocked down, into assumed unconsciousness, and with a voluntary dislocation here or there on his person, for which the companies might be, and, it seems, have been, made to pay. This would appear to be the strenuous life carried to the *n*th power, and it seems a pity that a creature of such ingenuity and of such extraordinary talents could not be surrounded by such influences as

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should transform him into a useful and honorable citizen. It would not be difficult to make of such as he a real and valuable factor in our modern life. It was recently said, for instance, by an undoubted authority, that the injuries people sustained while riding in hansom-cabs were largely due to their not knowing how to ride in vehicles of that sort. It is a matter of common knowledge that the patron of our street-car lines who knows the curves of the route and has got what we may call his "car legs on" reaches the end of his journey with fewer bruises than the fresh chap from the country who never enjoyed the experience before. Now here is a man who, through some special gift, knows how to fall all over himself without hurt. In such a hansom accident as recently befell Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, of England, for example, this man would probably have shot out over the horse and landed on his feet, or, if on his back, with no more bones broken than if the street were paved with mattresses. To such as he the recent trolley accident to the President of the United States would have been of no more moment than that of the Englishman who, after falling head over heels down two flights of stairs, observed, to a solicitous enquirer as to his mishap, that he always came down stairs that way. The talented Doran, being thus equipped, should be able to open a school in tumbling, wherein those persons of the present day who are worth saving might be taught the arts of which he is a master. The hour calls for the strenuous life, and of late we have been shown some of its perils. These may be averted if we can only be taught how, and we suggest to the capitalists of the traction companies who are prosecuting the man for crime that instead of sending Mr. Dorarr to jail, they would far better incorporate him into an "Academy of the Fine Art of Lofty Tumbling," for the Use of Statesmen and Other Strenuous Persons for Whom the World Still has Use. Certainly Doran, and there is no telling how many other citizens of more lofty mould, would be saved by such action, and no one can deny that the act would be one of the highest philanthropy and utility.

The annual report of President Faunce of Brown University is notable not only for the announcement that Brown University will follow Harvard in granting the degree of A. B. for a three years' course of study, but also because of its frank discussion of the ethics of college athletics and the relatively unsatisfactory aspect of that particular phase of college life throughout the country. President Faunce points out that while it is true that on the side of joint legislation against "professionalism" the situation was never more satisfactory than it is to-day, yet at the same time there is no confidence that the rules which have been created are developing a higher code of conduct or a better standard of amateur athletics among the rank and file of college men. As with theologians, so with athletes, the ethic of creed subscription is not clearly defined; and under the clause of the pledge which the college student takes who enters athletics, namely, that he has not received "indirect compensation," it is possible for almost as many different interpretations of that phrase as there are applicants. President Faunce is quite right in pointing out that it is the duty of college officials, editors of student publications, and sporting judges to create a better sentiment respecting the ends for which men compete in college sports. Recreation, enjoyment, good-fellowship, manhood, character—these, rather than the championship, should be the ideal kept in view. Back to the individual and to his sense of right and wrong President Faunce would go rather than on to new restrictive legislation. He is as wise as those who prescribe a higher personal code of honor rather than more monitorial oversight to abolish such incidents respecting cribbing for examinations as recently came to the surface at Phillips Andover.

Report is made in the daily papers of a young man of eighteen years of youth who has fled into the wilds of the Maine forest, there to hide from his father, who is determined that his son shall attend Harvard, while the young man himself prefers to go elsewhere. Without at all commending the taste of the fugitive in not liking Harvard, and without criticising the parent for choosing it, we think the latter has got himself into a wholly indefensible position. With certain restrictions of an obvious nature, a youngster should be permitted to choose his *alma mater,* if he is going to college at all, just as later on he will exercise the right to choose his own wife. Nothing is gained and much is lost by forcing a youth into an uncongenial environment, and inasmuch as young men are supposed to go to college with the expectation of making the most of the opportunities there offered, it is a serious error to require him to go physically where his heart cannot be enlisted in the service of his development. We know nothing of the individual case which is in point. We are inclined to believe that even though he is eighteen years young, the rebellious youth should be chastised for taking to the woods; but as a large general question we cannot see two sides to that of the boy's liberty of choice if he is expected to benefit from a college training. There is a cheerfulness in a duty that one performs gladly that adds immeasurably to the effectiveness of the results attained; there is a resentment involved in a duty performed reluctantly that cannot fail to operate against a successful issue. We should expect flunking extraordinary from an unwilling Princetonian, and yet the same youngster seeking the advantages of Yale because he felt himself happy there might win the highest honors of his course, and *vice versa.* In this particular instance we advise the reluct youth to return to the parental tree at once, no matter how dark and dismal the shadow it casts upon his future; and as for his father, we trust the light of reason will dawn upon his mind with sufficient effulgence to show him clearly the true line of duty. If in face of this he is relentless, the young man would better try Cambridge for a little while, and demonstrate to his stern parent that there are other ways of keeping out of Harvard than by refusing to go there. In this effort his examinations will aid him materially.

Aiming to temper religion with enjoyment, or to sanctify enjoyment with religion, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, England, submits a new scheme for the union of the church and the stage. Clergymen, he says, overdo the religious side of life, and action must be taken in arrest of such a mistake. So he proposes the establishment in each parish of a sort of Oberammergau society, with a revival of the mystery plays of the Middle Ages. Allowing that the Rev. Mr. Phillips will get his plan into operation, it is safe enough to predict that however the clergyman may err, the parishioners will never fall into the mistake of overdoing the religious side of their lives. As a provocative of the vices of hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness, the amateur stage has long been acknowledged without a superior, and its presence in every parish would establish a fine recruiting-ground for the Adversary of All Souls. Those in the play would be consumed with jealousy or vanity, while those in the audience would be given over to a bored contempt—neither emotion being friendly to pure and undefiled religion. Seriously, why cannot clergymen have sufficient faith in their work to let it bear its own burdens and accomplish its own tasks in its own way? Why should they try to make the church a big department store, with bargains on every counter every day in the week? Men who succeed in other avocations are men who believe that their work is worth something in itself, and who are not inclined to cheapen it by incongruous attachments. Of all men, the preacher, claiming to deal with the eternal verities, ought least to need the help of gimcrackery. There is no more occasion to prop the church with a theatre than to fortify it with a "dental parlor" or a bootblacking emporium. Church and stage may well dwell in peace in the same community; but their keeping house together is neither necessary nor desirable.

For the first time in so many years that the oldest office-seeker may well have forgotten it, the sign of "Help Wanted" is, metaphorically at least, hanging in front of almost every department of the government at Washington. The eligible lists of the Civil Service Commission are depleted, and since the last regular examination was held no less than 831 special examinations have been necessary to find people to fill governmental positions. If any further proof were needed of the general and splendid prosperity which now prevails, these facts would furnish it. A new regular examination is about to be held, and the authorities are actually afraid that they will be unable to find a sufficient number of competent men and women to fill the thousands of good-paying positions which are open. Fifty-one different classes of offices are to be contested for under the pending examination. Some of these

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fifty-one separate examinations offer opportunities for hundreds and even thousands to enter the government service. The better paid of these new officials will start with salaries of $1200 a year, with a chance of doubling that amount within a year or two. Yet the examiners have no hope of filling more than a small majority of them at the first trial. In England and in France such positions are eagerly sought for by young men who may work for the government without injuring their reputation as "gentlemen." In the United States, fortunately, such false standards do not prevail. Here every tub stands on its own bottom, and while the rewards possible to individual enterprise and ability are so much greater than anything the government can offer there will continue to be a scarcity of applicants.

The Hon. Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Kentucky, has been commenting in his own peculiar way upon that portion of American society that calls itself the Four Hundred. Dropping the rapier for the moment, Mr. Watterson takes up the bludgeon, and swings it with a lustiness which makes us marvel that he thought it worth while to waste so much strength in smashing so slight a bubble. The excoriation which he applies to this infinitesimally small portion of the society of the United States suggests the employment of a regiment of artillery to crush a mosquito; for, after all, the Four Hundred in the whole body of American life is of no more moment than this temporarily annoying insect. In running over the real factors of life as we live it in this land, we cannot find that the men and women who constitute this Spartan band of pleasure-seekers impede any more than they assist in the great movements which are at the bottom of our national growth. The man of action brushes them aside, as he walks the difficult paths from obscurity to achievement, as if they were so many gnats, the only difference being that the gnat has a power to sting which the money-spenders of Newport and New York are not invested with. In art they have done nothing; as patrons of music it is not they, but their money, that counts, for no one ever hears of an intelligent appreciation of the subtleties of the great composers among them; their influence on the drama is *nil*, and where they try to make it otherwise, experience has shown that the effort is futile, and little short of ludicrous; in university life they are never even considered; and the interest that the public take in them is merely the same interest they would show in any other collection of strange things, and is based wholly upon a morbid quality of mind about as important as that which prompts crowds to gather when a horse falls in the street. It therefore matters not at all who they are or what they do, where or how they do it; and since they are not truly as vicious as they would like people to believe they are, there is no reason why they should attract the attention even of Henry Watterson, who is old enough to have become a philosopher, and who should be astute enough, now that he has become a man, to put aside childish things. The man who talks about the Four Hundred when there are great social problems on every side of him to be solved is as wasteful of his time as a fiddling Nero at the burning of a Rome.

If there ever really was a person who seriously considered the ancient question "Is marriage a failure?" he may now be finally answered, and by the highest conceivable authority. That authority is none other than Mrs. Lilian Bell Bogue, who is more widely known under her maiden name as the author of *The Love-Affairs of an Old Maid.* Mrs. Bogue has been married two years and a half, and when she came back the other day to her old home in Chicago, a daring interviewer put the question straight at her, "From the stand-point of the sweet singer of the joys of spinsterhood, Mrs. Bogue, Is Marriage a Failure?" Not for a moment did she hesitate. She cast her ancient doctrines to the winds, and declared in a breath that "it's royally, enchantingly delightful to be a married woman." Nor does Mrs. Bogue stop there. She goes on and explains just why she is so happy, incidentally furnishing a set of rules by which other young women may be guided in the selection of congenial husbands. To the merely masculine mind some of these rules may seem a trifle exacting, but that does not in any way alter the fact. For instance, if a woman is not athletic her husband should willingly give up golf; he should go shopping with his wife, and help her in the selection of belts and ribbons, while she assists at the purchase of guns and other masculine requirements; he must come home to luncheon every day; he must get up at five o'clock each morning, and work with her in the garden; and he must completely and permanently fulfil his wife's ideal in every way—"no seven-eighths of the ideal should satisfy." It must be admitted that Mrs. Bogue has been more fortunate in the incidentals of her married life than most people. She has found, for instance, "the loveliest, dearest, smartest kitten you ever heard of," and is the enviable employer of an Irish house-maid who calls her mistress "sweetheart," and refers to her master as "boss, darlin'." But, after all, she has answered the old question, and answered it so emphatically that one may hope it will hereafter be allowed to rest, untouched, in the files where forgotten problems are tucked away.

It seems that we were all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.3. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement made by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."

William Allen Butler died at his home in Yonkers last week at the ripe age of seventy-seven. He was one of the most distinguished lawyers in this country, and for more than fifty years held a record for integrity and ability in the practice of his profession that has been equalled by few men. He was a jurist who in his less busy moments turned to literary work, and it is safe to say that after his name as an able member of the New York bar has passed into history, he will be well remembered as the author of a poem which, originally written to amuse himself in 1857, has continued to amuse people the world over ever since. "Nothing to Wear" appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY originally without a signature, but later on it became known that Mr. Butler was the author, and Miss Flora McFlimsey, who

> The last time we met was in utter despair
> Because she had nothing whatever to wear,

will be in the hearts of all of us for many a day to come.

George Jay Gould is the young American whose portrait appears this week. He is known chiefly as the inheritor of a large fortune which he has trebled for himself and his relatives by cautious management and by "holding on." He never sells and seldom buys. He goes slow, but his progress thus far has been sure. He attends strictly to business—always his own, never anybody else's—and he is bringing up his boys to do the same. He plays as hard and enjoyably as he works, and is as democratic and unassuming in his personal life as some young Americans in like circumstances are blatant and snobbish. He makes no pretence of giving, but his service to his fellows is in many ways greater than that of many who do. If he keeps on working, as he surely will, there is no telling what his position in the financial and commercial world may be fifteen years hence. He is now forty-four years old.

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The Trusts and a Constitutional Amendment

LAST week we directed attention to the method of dealing with the trusts mooted by Mr. Roosevelt in his speech at Providence, and again recommended, though still in a tentative way, in his speech at Boston. The proposal was to confer upon the Federal government, by means of a constitutional amendment, full powers of supervision and control over not only the inter-State business of corporations, but also the business transacted by them within the several States, for the due conduct of which business corporations are now answerable to the State governments. We pointed out that the proposal was revolutionary in the sense that it aimed to transfer from the States to the Federal government jurisdiction over some of their most important interests, and thus constituted a longer and more dangerous step than has ever yet been contemplated by any powerful political party toward a transformation of our Federal Union into a highly centralized and unified republic like that which exists to-day in France. At the time when we last discussed the subject, however, it was uncertain whether the President would allow his proposal to be treated as a mere academical suggestion, the merits of which might be weighed at some distant epoch, or whether he meant to press it as a practical measure to be carried out as speedily as possible. It was also, and to some extent yet remains, uncertain how the proposal will be viewed by the two great political parties.

About Mr. Roosevelt's personal position there is no longer any doubt. This was made unmistakable by his speech at Dalton, Massachusetts, on September 2, and again by the speech delivered at Wheeling, West Virginia, four days later. On both occasions he distinctly asserted a firm belief that, through a constitutional amendment, power must be given to the national government to exercise full supervision and regulation of the within-State as well as the inter-State business of corporations. His mode of procedure was thus formulated: he would subject the workings of all corporations to the searching light of publicity, the exhaustive information needed being secured through an inspection of their property and their books by agents of the Federal government. From the publicity thus obtained he expects to acquire the necessary data. From the data thus collected he expects to learn wherein and to what extent the prodigious productive and distributive energies now massed in corporations are beneficial to the community at large, and to what extent they are susceptible of abuses. The President does not assume that mere publicity will extinguish all abuses, though he thinks that it will check them in many instances, and will at least disclose the points to which remedies should be applied. For the remedies, he says that in his opinion a constitutional amendment of the kind just outlined will be indispensable. He cannot, therefore, be accused of a lack of frankness, or consistency, or persistency. He has planted himself squarely and inflexibly on the revolutionary ground which he took in his speech at Providence. He has set up his standard; whether any large number of men of weight and influence in either political party can be rallied to it has become a question of paramount interest to the friends of our Federal Constitution as it was originally framed and as it stands to-day.

No Republican State Convention has been held in any State of the Union since Mr. Roosevelt's suggested invasion of State rights in a vital particular has become the chief topic of the hour. It is, therefore, as yet, undetermined whether the President's pronouncement in favor of a constitutional amendment of the kind above described will be officially approved by his own party in any State, either directly by an insertion of his proposal in its platform, or indirectly by pledging the support of the Republican party in that State to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for the nomination for the Presidency in the next Republican National Convention. So far, however, as any light is thrown upon the matter by utterances of eminent spokesmen and representative newspapers of the Republican party in important States, it seems that an official endorsement of the President's proposal, in any way, direct or indirect, is doubtful.

There is reason to believe, for instance, that the New York State Convention will refrain not only from approving categorically Mr. Roosevelt's advocacy of a constitutional amendment, but even from pledging him the support of the delegates from his own State in the next national convention of his party. The refusal to follow the precedents set by some other States, the Republican conventions of which have promised Mr. Roosevelt their support in 1904, will be defended, we presume, upon the ground that they acted in ignorance of the position which the President was to take at Providence concerning a question of tremendous import, a question that strikes at the root of the relation of the individual States to the Federal government. In view of so momentous a question having been suddenly sprung upon the country, it may reasonably be argued that ample time is needed to ponder it in all its bearings, and that a great political party, conscious of its responsibilities, should not be asked to align itself thereon without mature and anxious consideration of its vast significance. Such an argument would commend itself the more forcibly to men of foresight, inasmuch as it is already patent that the Democracy will be swift to take advantage of any grave tactical blunder of the Republicans.

Even when we touched this topic last week it was plain enough that those Democrats who have any claim to consistency and conservatism would oppose with zeal and vigor the subversion of those rights involved in the constitutional amendment proposed by Mr. Roosevelt. There is no longer any doubt, however, that the dangerous, if not fatal, character of such an amendment is recognized and denounced by even the most radical representatives of the Democracy. In the number of his newspaper, the *Commoner*, which was issued on Friday, September 5, Mr. William J. Bryan seems to perceive the opportunity of triumph at the ballot-box which would accrue to the Democracy should the constitutional amendment advocated by Mr. Roosevelt be endorsed by Republican conventions.

He assails with vehemence a proposal that would take from the States such powers of controlling corporations as they already possess. While, in his opinion, State remedies are insufficient, he insists that they must not be surrendered, for then the people would have to depend for protection entirely upon the Federal government, and it would only be needful for the trusts to dominate a single branch thereof in order to defeat unwelcome legislation. Mr. Bryan does not seem, as yet, to discern that the amendment urged by Mr. Roosevelt would be destructive of the Federal Constitution. The position which he takes, however, makes it clear that the Democracy, as a whole, will set its face like flint against the President's proposal.

The Certain Result of the President's Agitation

THERE is doubtless no truth whatever in the report that the financiers of the country, angry with the President for his anti-trust speeches, have combined to prevent his renomination in 1904. Senator Platt is the reputed author of the statement, and he vigorously denies that he ever uttered the words attributed to him. The financiers of the country, on this subject, are naturally in agreement with the general conservative thought of the country, and, in its last term, the conservative thought of the republic is that of property owners, from the man of many millions to the man of the small house. But, while the President is clearly not gratifying the conservatives, there is no combination against him, for the simple reason that, in the opinion of his party, his excellences outweigh his defects. Besides, there is no one to think of as his successor, unless it be some one who stands for the dead issues of a dead past, whose mind is, or at least seems to be, incapable of realizing that new problems are upon us, problems which not only demand solution, but which are bound to be solved, either correctly or incorrectly.

No reasoning member of the class known as financiers has any fear that Mr. Roosevelt's speeches will materialize in legislation more hostile to modern combinations, or trusts, than are the laws already on the statute-book. In other words, the legislating politician has done his worst. His laws, including the Sherman act and many State statutes, were apparently made for the purpose of destroying the corporations known as trusts. They purport to make criminal all combinations, or corporations, formed for the purpose of creating monopolies, or in restraint of trade, or for the purpose of raising prices. The legislator has not only done his utmost, but the courts have aided him by declaring that not only is monopoly odious, but a "tendency towards monopoly" is inimical to modern civilization and the modern state. What can be more drastic than the purpose of the Sherman act? and if the language of the statute is not as drastic and thorough as the intent of the legislator, why has not the latter improved the language in the dozen years during which the statute has existed, enjoying, as he has, the interpretations and suggestions of the judiciary? Is it not because he is unable to do so?

No; the legislator is not to be dreaded, nor is the danger imminent of the constitutional amendment which the President says will be necessary. Such an amendment cannot even be considered by the States until it has received two-thirds of the votes of both Houses of Congress, and then it must receive the votes of the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. Mr. Roosevelt will long have enjoyed the honor of being an ex-President, no matter how many terms he may have before him, and will be the "Sage of Sagamore" before such a constitutional amendment can be adopted. But, though no new legislation may be the outcome of the President's crusade, his speeches are doing mischief. They are exciting the public mind to a hostile attitude, without furnishing any reason for its hostility, without enlightening it as to the evils against which its anger should be directed, and without suggesting to it any practical remedy for such evils as may possibly be revealed on inquiry. If the speeches were addressed to a purely Gallic audience, their effect would doubtless be to awaken a general desire to go into the business of smashing; being spoken to American audiences, they may lead to agitation which will be

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of no practical value, but which may affect the timidities of elected judges, or which may prevail upon the United States Supreme Court, whose judges, as Dooley says, "watch the returns."

Whatever evil it may or may not do, however, the protected interests understand perfectly that one outcome is sure to follow from the agitation. The President has not said anything touching the protection afforded to the trusts. Whatever he may believe on this subject, however, his speeches are strengthening the movement for the abolition of the tariff privileges and benefits now enjoyed by the unpopular combinations. Consciously or unconsciously, he is leading the country up to the conflict of the future. He may be engaged in the small game of party politics, as we have suggested elsewhere; he may have nothing in view but the old, old paltry game of putting the other party "in a hole"; he may not have the remotest intention of laying sacrilegious hands on that "perfect tariff law"; but his march towards the field of tariff battle is as direct and rapid as it well can be. The demand for the abolition of tariff taxes on trust products is loud and clear. The movement within and without the Republican party is well defined. The purpose of the movement is clear. The justice of it is obvious to those who see that the greatest, and to those who believe that the only, evil with which legislation can deal is the partnership between the government and the combinations, or corporations. At least, it is demonstrable that the first attack should be against the laws which enable some trusts to sell abroad for lower prices than they demand at home, which tempt them to corrupt government, to buy seats in Congress, and to raise million-dollar campaign funds, in order to strengthen themselves in the laws. It is to this that the Roosevelt campaign is coming. He may bring about a revolution in the Republican party on the tariff question, or he may turn the country over to the Democratic party. The simple fact is that he is arousing the country to a trial of its strength against the so-called trusts. The agitation may cause some mischief, may result in some heavy losses, may retard or temporarily divert a healthful economic process; but, in the end, it is bound to be practical, and then the country will take from the great combinations, usually called trusts, all the benefits they now enjoy from the Dingley tariff laws.

'Tis certain that the one thing we wish to know is, where power is to be bought. But we want a finer kind than that of commerce; and every reasonable man would give any price of house and land, and future provision, for condensation, concentration, and the recalling at will of high mental energy. Our money is only a second best. We would jump to buy power with it, that is, intellectual perception moving the will. That is first best. But we don't know where the shop is.—*Emerson.*

Men, though never so thickly clad in dignities, sit not inaccessible to the influences of their time; especially men whose life is business; who at all turns, were it even from behind judgment-seats, have come in contact with the actual workings of the world.—*Carlyle.*

Taken in its widest sense, culture means preparation for complete living. Acquisition of fitness for carrying on the business of life is primarily a duty to self, and, secondarily, a duty to others.—*Herbert Spencer.*

After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice?—*Landor.*

Has the Democracy an Opportunity?

WITHIN the last ten days the keener-sighted watchers on the political Zion have reported an improvement in the prospects of the Democratic party. As lately as the middle of August few of them were sufficiently optimistic to predict that the Democrats would carry the Empire commonwealth this autumn, or any of the great doubtful States; much less that they would secure a majority in the next House of Representatives. Now, on the other hand, in the judgment of more than one expert observer, they have a chance of success in the State of New York, and even of controlling the next House of Representatives, provided they turn certain recent incidents to full account.

To make a campaign issue out of President Roosevelt's Cuban policy is obviously impracticable, because it is favored by most Democrats in Congress, as well as by most Republicans, and has been approved by Republican conventions even in States the spokesmen of which at Washington opposed a reduction of the duties on Cuban sugars. Neither is an alignment of parties possible on the Philippine question. On the one hand, very few Democrats desire to cast the islands adrift, while, on the other hand, most Republicans vie with the Democrats in proclaiming a wish to give the Filipinos, as quickly as possible, a measure of self-government equal to that possessed by our Territories, if not to that which our States now enjoy.

No less futile was the attempt of certain Democratic tacticians to compass party advantage by holding up to obloquy the conduct of American soldiers in the Philippines. The reputation of their army is dear to the American people, and aspersions upon it will not be tolerated, unless they rest upon much ampler and better evidence than is thus far forth-coming.

What is it that in the last ten days has materially changed the position of the Democratic party, and has lighted up what seemed a blank and hopeless vista with gleams of conceivable success? What has happened is this: events have suddenly brought to the front, and nailed there, the one great fundamental issue which has divided parties ever since the Federal government was launched under the Constitution; the issue as to which, from the outset, the Democracy has taken the cautious and conservative side; the issue on which Thomas Jefferson was elected Chief Magistrate, and by means of which the Jeffersonian party became ultimately so triumphant that Monroe, on his second election to the Presidency, received every electoral vote but one. That fundamental issue is the question whether the powers reserved by the Constitution to the constituent States shall be invaded by the Federal government in a way so trenchant and so vital that a State's jurisdiction over the private rights and personal interests of its citizens would be jeopardized, if not extinguished.

That question has been thrust upon the country, and driven home to the brain and conscience of every voter, by President Roosevelt's advocacy of a constitutional amendment giving to Congress absolute control of corporations, not only with regard to the transportation of their products from one State to another, but with reference to the creation of their products, the management of their property, and the conduct of their business within State boundaries. That is to say, every corporation which now is legally the creature of a particular State, and which may constitute its most precious and fruitful asset, is, by the fiat of a constitutional amendment, to be wrenched from the jurisdiction of its creator, and to be riveted under the authority of the Federal legislature and the Federal judiciary.

The mere mooting of the proposal is enough to make Jefferson turn in his grave, for it is obvious that if such a usurpation on the part of the Federal government can be carried out under constitutional forms, there would be left scarcely a remnant of State rights worth contending for. What grievance had Kentucky and Virginia in 1798; what grievance had New England at the time of the Hartford Convention; what grievance had South Carolina in 1830—what grievance has any State ever had in the past comparable to that with which every State would be threatened if the suggested constitutional amendment should become a law?

Once take away from any one of the States its control over the corporations which have come to absorb, organize, and energize the capital, the enterprise, and the labor invested in its manufactures, its mines, its transportation, and its trade,—and to what end should it burden itself any longer with a legislature, an executive, and a judiciary of its own? Under such conditions a State might justly say to the Federal government, "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live."

For a State thus mutilated and extravasated, thus maimed and sucked dry, it would be cheaper and saner to abdicate all residuary functions of self-government, and sink to the level of a province in the centralized and unified French Republic.

As the party which from its birth has been indissolubly wedded to the maintenance of State rights, the Democracy cannot decline the challenge which Mr. Roosevelt has put forward. It will not commit an act of self-stultification and of suicide. But, it may be asked, is it certain that the coming campaign will turn on the question whether the reserved rights of the States shall be invaded in a vital particular? Is it not possible that the Republican organization will repudiate the constitutional amendment advocated by Mr. Roosevelt? We answer that it is too late to effect any such divorce between the Republican party and its President during the campaign that is now under way.

This is manifestly true of those States wherein the Republicans through their State conventions have not only endorsed Mr. Roosevelt's administration, but have promised to support his candidacy for the nomination to the Presidency in their next national convention. It may be that in the State of New York the Republican State Convention will try to stave off a dangerous issue by refraining from a pledge to support Mr. Roosevelt in 1904, and by confining itself to an endorsement of his administration which could be privately described as perfunctory and empty. In view of the precedents set in other States, however, we doubt whether such a manœuvre would have the effect desired. In any event, the Republican party is likely to be considered bound by the utterances of its standard-bearer until these are officially disavowed.

That is why some shrewd observers think that Mr. Roosevelt has given the Democracy an opportunity, and that, should that party seize it, and show its grasp of the situation by a wise choice of a candidate for Governor, it may carry the State of New York, if not also the next House of Representatives. Such a Democratic victory would be, of course, interpreted, inside as well as outside the Republican organization, as a reprimand of Mr. Roosevelt's proposed violation of State rights.

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The Monroe Doctrine and the Haitian Episode

WHEN President Roosevelt announced in his speech at Augusta, Maine, that the United States are now more firmly planted on the Monroe doctrine than ever before, he could not have expected that he would soon be called upon to give a more explicit definition of that doctrine than was furnished in his first message to Congress. Does the doctrine merely bind us to safeguard the territory of an American republic from mutilation at the hands of a European power, or may it involve such an extension of tutelary duties as would impose on us the obligation of shielding the government and people of a weak American commonwealth from vindictive retaliation that would scarcely be attempted against a strong and self-respecting state? The question is brought home to us by the incident which occurred on Sunday, September 7, in the harbor of Gonaïves, Haiti. On that day the Haitian gunboat *Crête-à-Pierrot*, belonging to the provisional government established at the seaport named, was destroyed by the German cruiser *Panther*. To appreciate the significance of this incident it is needful to recall the antecedent circumstances.

Last May the administration of President Sam was overthrown by an uprising in Port-au-Prince, and the lawful chief magistrate fled from Haiti on a French steamer. Subsequently two provisional governments were established in the country, one at Port-au-Prince, which was recognized by the consular representatives of foreign powers residing in that place, and another at Gonaïves, headed by General Firmin, formerly Haitian Minister to France. There is no doubt that both of these irregular governments were belligerents in fact, and neither of them could reasonably be stigmatized by the other or by outsiders as a pirate. On September 2 the *Crête-à-Pierrot*, acting for the Gonaïves government, stopped a German merchant steamer, and took from her a cargo of arms and ammunition which was being conveyed to Cape Haitien for the benefit of supporters of the rival government at Port-au-Prince. After removing the supplies intended for the public enemy of the government which he represented, the commander of the Haitian gunboat allowed the German steamer to proceed. On the face of things this was a case for diplomatic expostulation, and, in case the Gonaïves government should be shown to be in the wrong, for due reparation. It is certain that if Haiti had been a strong power, and had possessed a regular government, the German Foreign Office would have made its protest through diplomatic channels. During the South-African war a British cruiser committed a much graver offence by seizing a German merchantman conveying arms and ammunition, not to the seaport of a belligerent, but to the Portuguese neutral port of Lourenço Marques. It will also be remembered that when Captain Wilkes took the rebel commissioners, Mason and Slidell, from the British merchant steamer *Trent*, the British government sought redress through diplomatic channels, not by ordering its war-ships to find and sink Wilkes's vessel. It certainly was a high-handed proceeding on the part of the German cruiser *Panther* to treat the accredited agent of one of the two provisional governments in Haiti as if he were a common pirate, and it presents, as we have said, a striking contrast to the pacific course pursued when Great Britain was guilty of a flagrant violation of international law.

To say that the consequences of the incessant outbreaks of revolution in Haiti constitute an international scandal, and that foreigners transacting business with the island would be much better off if some strong power would assume control of the whole of Hispaniola, at present divided between two negro republics, is beside the question. That is true enough, but the fact remains that so long as the independence of Haiti is acknowledged by the United States and by other great powers, just so long its people are entitled, in the eye of international law, to as much respect and consideration as are the people of any other country.

It is not for an aggrieved party, or a party professing to be aggrieved, to arrogate the right to say when the rules of international law and international comity may be set aside. Although, however, by the vindictive destruction of the *Crête-à-Pierrot*, five days after her seizure of German merchandise, the German government must be held to have gone much further than it would have gone had the seizure been made by the vessel of a great power, it does not follow that we are constrained by the Monroe doctrine, as hitherto interpreted, to protest against the sinking of the Haitian gunboat. Since the proclamation of the doctrine we have witnessed without a protest an attempt of Spain to conquer San Domingo, and we have permitted the same power to make war on Chile and Peru; furthermore, in one of Mr. Cleveland's administrations, we suffered Great Britain, temporarily, to occupy a seaport of Nicaragua on the Pacific coast for the purpose of collecting a debt alleged to be due from that republic.

So far, then, as precedents are concerned, it seems that European powers may deal pretty much as they choose with American commonwealths, so long as they refrain from the permanent occupation of territory. But while this is undoubtedly the letter of the Monroe doctrine, as thus far construed by our State Department, it is scarcely the spirit of it, which would impel us to declare that European powers must not presume to inflict indignities and injuries upon American commonwealths which they would not dare to inflict upon each other.

Edward M. Shepard, the Proper Candidate

THE Democratic party of the State of New York seems to be envious of winning the prize for folly. Why should its leaders imagine that Mr. Bird S. Coler will make a strong candidate for Governor? Why should they assume that the people of New York, measurably content with the administration of Governor Odell, are likely to betray a preference for Mr. Coler?

This is a kind of candidacy which impels men to believe that those who urge it are insincere. Why should Mr. Coler be Governor? He was a respectable Comptroller of the city of New York. He insisted on an honest administration of the city's finances. He is a trained business man, and therefore had a preference for business methods in public affairs. He stood between the city and what was known as the Ramapo water job. He quarrelled with Mayor Van Wyck, and he gave such mortal offence to Croker that the latter would doubtless have preferred Mr. Low to Mr. Coler for the Mayoralty or any other office. He has remained the friend and protégé of Hugh McLaughlin, the boss of the Borough of Brooklyn, and of David B. Hill, who wanted him for a candidate in 1900, and who now wants him again.

But what is Coler? Beyond what we have already said, he is nothing. Those who have had the misfortune to hear him read his after-dinner speeches are aware of the poverty of his thought; those who have had the greater misfortune to listen to his spontaneous interpellations in these essays of extemporary speech are aware of the brevity of his vocabulary. The only apology that Coler ever made for his speeches, so far as known, is that he is no "wind-jammer," and this apology is characteristic of this candidate for Governor, and of his mind. The only capital that he ever possessed was a short-lived independence which was manifested, as we have already said, by his opposition to Tammany methods and by the hostility towards him, in consequence, by Tammany leaders. This gave him a certain support, which is said to be of the "press-bureau" sort, but his reputation was lost when he confessed his willingness to forget all and to accept a Tammany nomination, and it is now so dried up that it rattles whenever it is blown by the winds of chance into public notice.

If the Democratic party of New York intends to be serious its course lies plainly before it. It can hardly expect to compass the defeat of Governor Odell, but it may give evidence of a change of heart and an improvement of mind that will stand it in good stead in the future. The whole country, including the wiser among the Republicans, desires the building up of a strong opposition. Naturally, we turn to the Democratic party, and ask it, "Are you prepared and are you competent for the undertaking?" If the New York Democracy answers with Coler it proves its incompetency; but if it answers by nominating Edward M. Shepard it gives heart not only to its own party throughout the country, but to all who want to see the Republican party face to face with an opponent which will hold it up to its responsibility, to honest work, to sincere consideration of the public welfare.

To the intelligent man who is looking at this subject from the point of view of a patriot, there is only one of the suggested candidates for Governor of New York upon whom the Democratic party should bestow any attention. Edward M. Shepard represents all that is best in character, high in purpose, noble in patriotic impulses, and all that is intelligent in the Democratic party—nay, to put it more broadly, in anti-Republicanism. Regarded tactically, the nomination is the best that could be made, for Mr. Shepard will not only command the votes of all Democrats, but of all who are against the principles and tendencies of the Republican party. Regarded ethically, Mr. Shepard's nomination would elevate and dignify not only his party, but the politics of the State. Again we say, if the Democratic party in New York is both serious and intelligent, it will nominate Mr. Shepard.

We plant a solid foot into the Time,
And mould a generation strong to move
With claim on claim from right to right, till she
Whose name is yoked with children's know herself;
And Knowledge in our own land make her free,
And ever following those two crowned twins,
Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain
Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
Between the Northern and the Southern morn. —*Tennyson.*

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.—*Landor.*

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Correspondence

THE NEW NAVY UNIFORM

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It was with deep regret that I read an article by Thomas A. Walker, in a recent edition of the New York *Times*, which criticised, with a varying degree of intelligence, the present navy uniform for seamen. We all know that this uniform is the result of years and years of development, and is based upon the experience of generations of American and English naval officers, not the mushroom growth of a single night.

The uniform is referred to as being nonsensical, antiquated, and useless. I trust you will pardon a reference to my own experience. As an American midshipman, I have worn, both afloat and ashore, this uniform, and have found it at all times useful, comfortable, and, above all things, *serviceable*—more so, in fact, than the more artistic, closer-fitting commissioned ones that followed.

Jack must always be an active man, and ready to jump at the first word of command, whether below or aloft. He has to "stand by" for a call at any moment on board, and may be sent from jib-boom to spanker-sheet, or from general quarters to magazine and shell-room far below, into a pulling boat, or aloft, loosing, furling, and mending sail, or clearing the lead of a piece of fouled gear on topsail-yard or cross-trees. His motions are at all times to be free, easy, and rapid, and his clothing must be constructed so as to allow free movement of shoulders, legs, arms, back, and neck, whether he be steering a course, stroke oar in a pulling boat, hoisting topsails, or heaving up anchor. Hence the loose clothing that has been his for years. Put him in a tight-fitting blouse, cap with visor, and leggings, and he will be as clumsy as a "lubber," and liable at any moment to get a severe fall from aloft.

Mr. Walker states that in our modern naval vessels there is more room for stowing sailor's gear than formerly. This is a sad mistake. Engines, boilers, electrical gear, heavier guns, increased ammunition, coal, water, and provisions, and a thousand and one other things that the old navy never dreamed of, take up the room aboard a battle-ship, so that a hammock and one clothes-bag are the extent of Jack's storage facilities. On vessels of the *Kearsarge* type, the gun's crews eat, sleep, and work on the gun-deck beside their guns, each crew between the splinter bulkheads placed on either side its gun. A swinging table is suspended from the deck above at meal hours, and at night hammocks are slung in the same way. In the daytime a clear place must be maintained for work and drill, and especially must this be available in action. Hence the clear decks of the old pirates. All this, then, necessitates small space for stowage of clothes. These ships were not built for comfort.

The gentleman essays to become humorous at the expense of the square collar, and refers to the entire dress as old-fashioned. Now this square sailor collar is an excellent thing to turn up around the ears and tuck into a pea-coat and watch-cap on an icy night-watch, and is a good havelock in the hot countries. Besides, what is more manly than a great, broad-shouldered seaman swinging down the street on shore leave with sailor collar and stars, rate-marks on his blue sleeves, and smooth blue cap with grommet in place, and everything clean and snug about his whole make-up, from clew to ear-ring!

Then, too, there are other things to think of; this man is liable at any moment to be washed overboard and compelled to battle for his life in a rough sea. His clothes must be loose and easily thrown off or wriggled out of; for no man can keep afloat long in ordinary clothing, water-sogged, heavy, and a dead-weight. Besides, his trousers must be loose enough at bottom to admit rolling up to the knee when working along the shore on landing duty, scrubbing down or cleaning ship. Hence the wide spring at the instep.

A sailor is a sailor still, in spite of all uniform, and can never be made into a marine, any attempt to dress him as such being both ridiculous and impossible. An attempt to change his present uniform is surely doomed to failure. What would you? Frock-coat, white trousers, Panama hat? Heaven forbid!

Our naval expert asserts that a sailor has no need of a knife and laniard in these days of progress. Ask Admiral Luce or any of the other admirals, and each one will tell you with a snort that a sailor without a knife is like a ship without a rudder—useless. I have seen the timely use of a knife in clearing away life-boat lashings save the life of a drowning man before now, and have witnessed its use in a thousand and one different ways, and always with ready and satisfactory results.

Big, healthy, hearty, good-humored Jack! Let him alone, that is all he asks, and leave his clothes to himself, and the men who have lived with him for years. He would be the first to laugh at you—if he didn't offer to fight you—for any such well-meant attempts to make him artistically uncomfortable.

JACK SHIPMATE.

THAT HIGHEST ELECTRIC PLANT AGAIN

ST. PAUL, MINN., *August 28, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice in your current issue a protest against giving the Bogota electric plant the title of "highest." In justice to the author of that article it is only fair to note that he says "is claimed to be one of the highest," although the photograph title uses the unqualified superlative.

I am slightly acquainted with the topography of the Cripple Creek district, and I give you friendly warning that if some loyal employee of the Ajax or Portland mine sees that letter from the gentleman of the Independence, he will feel in duty bound to get out his brass trumpet and inform you that his mine is some hundreds of feet above the Independence, and that it too has an active electric plant.

I have seen the electric equipment of the three mines mentioned, and, if my memory serves, none generates over three or four hundred horse-power, all of which is used at the mine. So they are hardly to be compared to a plant generating 5400 horse-power.

I doubt not that there are other electrically equipped mines in the United States whose elevation entitles them to mention among the "highest in the world." Perhaps you may hear from them, provided, of course, that some interested man has shown his good sense by gaining the right to sign himself "A Subscriber."

I am, sir,

FRANKLIN W. SMITH.

AS TO OUR SLANG

SHELBYVILLE COLLEGE,
SHELBYVILLE, KY., *August 29, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am equally surprised at Professor Hall's advocacy of slang and at your endorsement of his views. I am a teacher of young people, but if a youngster should tell me of a "hunch," or a "straight tip," or a "pipe," I should be utterly unable to "give him a stiff substitute," as I should wish to do, for the reason that the words convey no meaning to me whatever. Though intimately associated with boys and girls for more than a score of years, I have never heard the words used, nor have I seen them in print before to-day. I plead total ignorance also of the "scholarly editor's" meaning in the statement that Mr. Henry James was "woozy." If Professor Hall's advice is to be generally followed, and our boys and girls are to be encouraged to use slang rather than English undefiled, I respectfully suggest the establishment of institutions—"summer schools" would perhaps answer the purpose—for instructing the elders in "up-to-date" speech. For one, I confess that I am not a little chagrined to find myself unfitted for conversation with the young folks in the language which, according to Professor Hall, is the one we should encourage them to use.

I am, sir,

M. M. HARGRAVE,
Professor of Latin and French,
Shelbyville College.

WRITING AND SPELLING

ST. PAUL, MINN., *September 6, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I wish to rise in meeting and say "Amen." In your editorial on the general inability of technical men to write printable English, you have told a lamentable truth. The best technical journals are ably edited, but once in a while an article gets into print which is made up of sentences in a terribly demoralized condition.

But while you are advocating that technical students be taught to write presentable English, wouldn't it be a good idea to go back one step more and advise the teaching of spelling? There is more than a little evidence that spelling is completing a cycle in its evolution, and approaching that blissful state of fifteenth-century freedom when one might be governed solely by his artistic taste in deciding how many and what letters to put into a given word. It seems that spelling has ceased to be taught in the schools.

A concrete example: A banker in this city advertised for a young man to fill a certain position. He received about one hundred answers. All but three were thrown out because of defective spelling, bad composition, or illegible writing.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has the gift of stirring pretty effectively and with a sufficiently sharp stick. Is it not time to do something?

I am, sir,

F. W. S.

IS THE MONKEY AN ASS?

NEW YORK, *August 25, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been reading with much interest your correspondence on the subject of the horse and his foolishness. Yet this topic does not seem to me quite so live as some others that might be discussed. For instance, "Is the Monkey an Ass?" In these days when our socially elect sit down to dine with a simian guest in the chair of honor, at the right of his hostess, one naturally inquires somewhat into his qualifications for the distinction. I should like very much indeed to have your views on the matter, as well as those of your correspondents, who, by their intelligent discussion of the propositions you occasionally advance, give material evidence of the extraordinary influence your journal exerts in promoting thought. I am, sir,

Faithfully yours,

WILBERFORCE JENKINS.

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The Exile*

By George Moore

I

PAT PHELAN had two fat bullocks ready for the fair, but he did not know if he could take them there himself. He wanted to go to the pig fair, and his son James wanted to stay at home to see Catherine Ford, whom he was courting. Peter, his second son, knew nothing about cattle, but Pat thought that he might sell a couple of bullocks without fail. He had been told the lowest price he could take for them, and there was a good demand for cattle. Peter was a good boy, and a clever boy. The only fault with Peter was that he never seemed to be able to keep to anything for long, and Pat Phelan and his son James had sat up many a night talking of Peter. Last night they had sat up talking, and at the pig fair Peter had never been out of his father's mind.

Pat was to meet Peter at the cross-roads about twelve o'clock in the day. But he had sold his pigs early and was half an hour in front of him, and sitting on the stile waiting for his son; he thought if Peter got thirteen pounds apiece for the bullocks he would say he had done very well. A good jobber, he thought, would be able to get ten shillings apiece more for them. And he went on thinking of what price Peter would get, until, suddenly looking up the road, whom should he see but Peter coming down the road with the bullocks in front of him. He could hardly believe his eyes, and it was a long story that Peter told him about two men who wanted to buy the bullocks early in the morning. They had offered him eleven pounds ten, and when he would not sell them at that price, they had stood laughing at the bullocks and doing all they could to keep off other buyers. Peter was quite certain it was not his fault, and he began to argue. But Pat Phelan was too disappointed to argue with him, and he let him go on talking. At last Peter ceased talking, and this seemed to Pat Phelan a good thing. The bullocks trotted in front of them. They were seven miles from home, and fifteen miles are hard on fat animals, and he could truly say he was at a loss of three pounds that day if he took into account the animals' keep. And father and son walked on, and not a word passed between them till they came to Michael Quinn's public-house.

"Did you get three pounds apiece for the pigs, father?"

"I did, and three pounds five."

"We might have a drink out of that."

It seemed to Peter that the men inside were talking at him, and seeing among them one who had been interfering with him all day, he told him he would put him out of the house, and he would have done it if Mrs. Quinn had not told him that no one put a man out of her house without her leave.

"Do you hear that, Peter Phelan?"

"If you can't best them at the fair," said his father, "it will be little good for you to put them out of the public-house afterwards."

On that Peter swore he would never go to a fair again, and they walked on until they came to the priest's house.

"It was a bad day for me when I listened to you and James. If I hadn't I might have been in Maynooth now."

"And now, didn't you come home talking of the polis?"

"Wasn't that after?"

They could not agree as to the date of this change of mood, but Pat Phelan gave in to Peter that he used to come home talking of the authors he had been reading with Father Tom—Cæsar and Virgil, even Quintilian; but the priest had said Quintilian was too difficult an author for him yet. He had said that, and his father let him talk on. There was no use asking him why he had come home saying he would like to go into the police; Pat Phelan and his son James had puzzled over that at home long enough, and many a time Pat had said to James: "It isn't a girl that is troubling him. Police indeed! It's dreaming he is."

Peter's next mood was for a clerkship; he might have got it if it had not been for his spelling. Peter explained his failure to spell, over the fire in the evening: "Father Tom makes mistakes in spelling. Yet he is a great scholar. Deny that if you can," and he left the kitchen abruptly; and his father and brother were glad, for they liked nothing better than to be talking about Peter's faults, and they could not do this comfortably while he was in the room.

Peter was a great big fellow, over six feet high, that many a girl would take a fancy to, and Pat Phelan had long had his eye on a girl who would marry him. Peter's failure to sell the bullocks called this girl to his mind; the bullocks had stopped to graze, and father and son stood looking at each other. Pat was now fairly out of his humor, for Peter had said he would not marry any girl he was not in love with.

"If you won't marry, and want to be a priest, go in there. Father Tom will listen to you and tell you what to do, and I'll drive the bullocks home myself."

And on that Pat laid his hand on the priest's green gate, and Peter walked through.

II

There were trees about the priest's house. It stood back about a hundred yards from the road, and there were two rooms on the right and left of the front door. The dining-room was on the right, the parlor on the left, and when Peter came in the priest was sitting reading in his mahogany arm-chair. Ever since Peter could remember he had wished to sit in an arm-chair, and perhaps it was this very mahogany chair that had put the idea of being a priest into his head; and just now, while walking with his father, he had been thinking that they had not even a wooden arm-chair in their house, though it was the best house in the village, only some stools and some plain wooden chairs.

The priest could see that Peter had come to him for a purpose, and he waited for Peter to tell him what it was. But Peter hesitated to tell the priest; he raised his pale perplexed eyes shyly, looking at the priest from time to time. If he told Father Tom of his failure at the fair, Father Tom might think he only wished to become a priest because he had no taste for farming.

"You said, Father Tom, that Quintilian was a difficult author, but if I worked hard I would be able to read him in six months."

The priest's face lighted up — it always lighted up when you spoke of the classics; and then Peter said he was sorry he had been taken away from his studies: he said he had been thinking over the matter, and felt he would sooner be a priest than anything else.

"My boy, I knew you would never put on the policeman's belt."

Father Tom told him the bishop would hold an examination for the places that were vacant in Maynooth, and Peter promised to work hard, and he and the priest were sure that he could pass the examination.

"You will have two months to prepare for it."

And then Peter saw himself sitting in an arm-chair, perhaps a mahogany arm-chair, reading classics, and winning admiration for his learning. And he walked home, thinking that everything was at last decided, when suddenly, without warning, when he was thinking of something else, his heart misgave him. It was as if he heard a voice saying: "My boy, I don't think you will ever put on the cassock. You will never walk with the biretta on your head." The priest had said that he did not believe he would ever buckle on the policeman's belt, and he had been surprised to hear the priest say this, for he had often heard a voice within saying the same thing while he was telling his father he would like to go into the force. What surprised and frightened him now was that he heard the voice saying he would never put on the cassock and the biretta. And it is frightening to hear a voice, that is not your own voice, saying you are not going to do the thing you have just made up your mind you will do. If he were not going to be a priest—what then? He had often thought he would like to put the money he would get out of the farm into a shop, but when it came to the point of deciding he had not been able to make up his mind. He never did know his mind; he never was quite sure. But his uncle William had never thought of anything but the priesthood. James never thought of anything but the farm. A certain friend of his had never thought of doing anything but America. Suddenly he heard some one call him.

It was Catherine, and Peter wondered if she were going to tell him she was going to marry James.

Catherine knew what she wanted. Every one said Catherine knew what she wanted; many said that James was not the one she wanted; anyhow, she knew what she wanted. He thought what a credit she would be to the family. Every one remarked upon her shoes and stockings; no one wore such beautifully knitted stockings as Catherine, and no one's boots were so prettily laced—and not knowing exactly what to say, he asked her if she had come from their house. And he went on talking, telling her that she would find nobody in the parish like James. He was the best farmer in the parish,—no one was such a judge of cattle; and he said all this and a great deal more, until he saw that Catherine did not care to talk about James at all.

"I dare say all you say is right, Peter, but, you see, he's your brother."

And then fearing she had said something hurtful, she told him that she liked James as much as a girl could like a man who was not going to be her husband.

"And you are sure, Catherine, that James is not going to be your husband?"

"Yes," she said, "quite sure."

Their talk had taken them as far as Catherine's door, and Peter went away wondering why he had not told her he was going to Maynooth; for no one would have been able to advise him as well as Catherine, she had such good sense.

III

There was a quarter of a mile between the two houses, and while Peter was talking to Catherine, Pat Phelan was listening to James, who was telling his father that Catherine had said she would not marry him. Pat was over sixty, but he did not give one the impression of an old man. The hair was not gray, there was still a little red in the whiskers. His son James, who sat opposite to him holding his hands to the blaze — the backs of his hands were covered with reddish hair—was not as good-looking a man as his father: the nose was not as fine, nor were the eyes as keen. There was more of the father in Peter than in James. James had large good-natured eyes, and he looked up when his brother opened the half-door and awoke the dozen hens that roosted on the beam. Peter

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glanced from one to the other, for he suspected that his father was telling James how he had failed to sell the bullocks. But the tone of his father's voice when he asked him what had detained him on the road told him he was mistaken, and then he remembered that Catherine had said she would not marry James, and he began to pity his brother.

"I met Catherine on the road, and I could do no less than walk as far as her door with her."

"You could do no less than that, Peter," said James.

"And what do you mean by that, James?"

"Only this, that it is always the crooked way, Peter, for if it had been you that had asked her she would have had you and jumping."

"She would have had me!"

"And now don't you think you had better run after her, Peter, and ask her if she'll have you?"

"I'll never do that, and it is hurtful, James, that you should think such a thing of me, that I would go behind your back and try to get a girl from you."

"I did not mean that, Peter; but if she won't have me, you had better try if you can get her."

And suddenly Peter felt a resolve come into his heart, and his manner grew exultant.

"I've seen Father Tom, and he said I can pass the examination. I'm going to be a priest."

The brothers slept in the one bed, and when they were lying down side by side Peter said, "James, it will be all right." And knowing there was a great heart-sickness on his brother, he put out his hand. "As sure as I lie here she will be lying next you before this day twelve months. Yes, James, in this very bed, lying here where I am lying now."

"I don't believe it, Peter."

And to prove his belief Peter took some money from his father and went to live at Father Tom's, and he worked so hard during the next two months that he passed the bishop's examination. And he went late one night to bid them good-by at home.

"Why are you so late, Peter?"

"Well, James, I did not want to meet Catherine on the road."

"You are a good boy, Peter, and God will reward you for the love you bear your brother. I don't think there are two better men in the world. God has been good to me to give me two such sons."

And then the three sat round the fire, and Pat Phelan began to talk family history.

"Well, Peter, you see there has always been a priest in the family, and it would be a pity if there's not one in this generation. In '48 your granduncles joined the rebels, and they had to leave the country. You have an uncle a priest, and you are just like your uncle William."

And then James talked, but he did not seem to know very well what he was saying, and his father told him to stop, that Peter was going where God had called him.

"And you will tell her," Peter said, getting up, "that I have gone."

"I haven't the heart for telling her such a thing. She will be finding it out soon enough."

Outside the house—for he was sleeping at Father Tom's that night—Peter thought there was little luck in James's eyes. Inside the house Pat Phelan and James thought that Peter was now settled for life.

"He will be a fine man standing on an altar," James said, "and perhaps he will be a bishop some day."

"And you won't forget what he told you," said Pat Phelan. "You'll see her when you're done reaping."

The wall of this field was the boundary between the two farms, and after reaping he put on his coat and walked up the hillside, where he thought he would find Catherine.

"I hear Peter has left you," she said, as he opened the gate to let the cows through.

"He came last night to bid us good-by."

And they followed the cows under the tall hedges.

"I shall be reaping to-morrow," he said; "I will see you at the same time."

And henceforth he was always at hand to help her to drive her cows home; and every night as he sat with his father by the fire Pat Phelan expected James to tell him about Catherine. One evening he came back overcome, looking so wretched that his father could see that Catherine had told him she would not marry him.

"She won't have me," he said.

"A man can always get a girl if he tries long enough," his father said, hoping to encourage him.

"That would be true enough for another. Catherine knows she will never get Peter. Another man might get her, but I'm always reminding her of Peter."

One day she said if she did not marry Peter, she would marry no one, and James felt like dying. He grew pale and he could not speak. At last he said,

"How is that?"

"I don't know. I don't know, James. But you mustn't talk to me about marriage again."

And he had to promise her not to speak of marriage again, and he kept his word. At the end of the year she asked him if he had any news of Peter.

"The last news we had of him was about a month ago, and he said he hoped to be admitted into the minor orders."

And a few days afterwards he heard that Catherine had decided to go into a convent.

"So this is the way it has ended," he thought. And he seemed no longer fit for work on the farm. He was seen about the road smoking, and sometimes he went down to the ball-alley, and sat watching the games in the evening. It was thought that he would take to drink, but he took to fishing instead, and was out all day in his little boat on the lake, however hard the wind might blow. The fisherman said he had seen him in the part of the lake where the wind blew the hardest, and that he could hardly pull against the waves.

"His mind is away. I don't think he'll do any good in this country," his father said.

The old man was very sad, for when James was gone he would have no one, and he did not feel he would be able to work the farm for many years longer. He and James used to sit smoking on either side of the fireplace, and Pat Phelan knew that James was thinking of America all the while. One evening as they were sitting like this the door was opened suddenly.

"Peter!" said James.

And he jumped up from the fire to welcome his brother.

"It is good for sore eyes to see the sight of you again," said Pat Phelan. "Well, tell us the news. If we had known you were coming we would have sent the cart to meet you."

As Peter did not answer they began to think that something must have happened. Perhaps Peter was not going to become a priest after all, and would stay at home with his father to learn to work the farm.

"You see, I did not know myself till yesterday. It was only yesterday that—"

"So you are not going to be a priest? We are glad to hear that, Peter."

Peter had thought over what he should say so carefully that without waiting to hear why they were glad he was not going to be a priest, he told them of the professor who overlooked his essays, and had refused to recognize their merits; he had condemned the best things in them, and Peter said it was extraordinary that such a man should be appointed to such a place. And then the Church was not all they thought it was; it afforded little chances for the talents of young men unless they had a great deal of influence.

They sat listening to him, hearing how the college might be reformed. He had a gentle, winning way of talking, and his father and brother forgot their own misfortunes thinking of him and how they might help him.

"Well, Peter, you have come back none too soon."

"Ah! how is that? Tell me what you have been doing since I went away. You know you all wanted to hear about Maynooth first."

"Of course we did, my boy. Tell him, James."

"Oh! it is nothing particular," said James. "It is only this, Peter—I am going to America."

"And who will work the farm?"

"Well, Peter, we were thinking that you might work it yourself."

"I work the farm! Going to America, James! But what about Catherine?"

"Ah! that's what I'm coming to, Peter. She has gone into a convent. And that's what's happened since you went away. I can't stop here, Peter, I will never do a hand's turn in Ireland, and father is getting too old to go to the fairs. That's what we were thinking when you came in."

There was a faint tremble in his voice, and Peter saw how heart-sick his brother was.

"I will do my best, James."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, I will," said Peter. And he sat down by the fire, and his father said,

"You are not smoking, Peter."

"No," he said. "I've given up smoking."

"Will you drink something?" said James. "We have got some beer in the house."

"No, I have had to give up beer. It doesn't agree with me. And I don't take tea in the morning. Have you got any cocoa in the house?"

It was not the cocoa he liked, but he said he would be able to manage.

IV

And when the old man came through the doorway in the morning buttoning his braces, he saw Peter stirring his cocoa. There was something absurd as well as something attractive in Peter, and his father had to laugh when he said he couldn't eat American bacon.

"My stomach would not retain it. I require very little, but that little must be the best."

And when James took him into the farmyard, he noticed that Peter crossed the yard like one who had never been in a farm-yard before; he looked less like a farmer than ever, and when he looked at the cows, James wondered if he could be taught to see the difference between an Alderney and a Durham.

"There's Kate," he said; "she's a good cow, as good a cow as we have, and we can't get any price for her because of that hump on her back."

They went to the sties; there were three pigs there, and a great sow with twelve little bonhams, and the little ones were white with silky hair, and Peter asked how old they were, when they would be fit for killing. Then they drove the cows into the big field, and James told Peter there were seven acres in it.

"Last year we had oats in the Holly field. Next year you will sow potatoes

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there." And he explained the rotation of crops. "And now," he said, "we will go down to Crow's Oak. You have never done any ploughing, Peter; I will show you."

It was extraordinary how little Peter knew. He could not put the harness on the horse, and he reminded James that he had gone into the post-office when he left school. James gave in to him that the old red horse was hard to drive. But James could drive him better than Peter could lead him, and Peter marvelled at the skill with which James raised his hand from the shaft of the plough and struck the horse with the rein while he kept the plough steady with the other hand.

"Now, Peter, you must try again."

At the end of the headland where the plough turned, Peter always wanted to stop and talk about something, but James said they would have to get on with the work, and Peter walked after the plough, straining after it for three hours, and then he said:

"James, let me drive the horse. I can do no more."

"You won't feel it so much when you are accustomed to it," said James.

Anything seemed to him better than a day's ploughing, even getting up at three in the morning to go to a fair, even driving a load of hay from the middle of Meath up to Dublin, forty long miles.

As he did not smoke or drink, he said there was no reason why he should sit looking at his father and brother, and he went to bed early, and they talked of him over the fire just as they used to do in the old days. But, however much they talked, they never seemed to find what they were seeking—his vocation—until one evening an idea suddenly rose out of their talk.

"A good wife is the only thing for Peter," said Pat.

And they went on thinking.

"A husband would be better for her," said Pat Phelan, "than a convent."

"I cannot say I agree with you there. Think of all the good them nuns are doing."

"She isn't a nun yet," said Pat Phelan.

And the men smoked on awhile, and they ruminated as they smoked.

"It would be better, James, that Peter got her than she should stay in a convent."

"I wouldn't say that," said James.

"You see," said his father, "she did not go into the convent because she had a calling, but because she was crossed in love."

And after another long while James said, "It is a bitter dose, I am thinking, father, but you must go and tell her that Peter has left Maynooth."

"And what would the Reverend Mother be saying to me if I went to her with such a story as that? Isn't your heart broken enough already, James, without wanting me to be breaking it still more? Sure, James, you could never see her married to Peter?"

"If she were to marry Peter I should be able to go to America, and that is the only thing for me."

"That would be poor consolation for you, James."

"Well, it is the best I shall get, to see Peter settled, and to know that there will be some one to look after you, father."

"You are a good son, James."

They talked on, and as they talked it became clearer to them that some one must go to-morrow to the convent and tell Catherine that Peter had left Maynooth.

"But wouldn't it be a pity," said Pat Phelan, "to tell her this if Peter was not going to marry her in the end?"

"I will have him out of his bed," said James, "and he'll tell us before this fire if he will or won't."

"It's a serious thing you are doing, James, to get a girl out of a convent, I am thinking."

"It will be on my advice that you will be doing this, father; and now I'll go and get Peter out of his bed."

And Peter was brought in, asking what they wanted of him at this hour of the night; and when they told him what they had been talking about and the plans they had been making, he said he would be catching his death of cold, and they threw some sods of turf on the fire.

"It is against myself that I'm asking a girl to leave the convent, even for you, Peter," said James. "But we can think of nothing else."

"Peter will be able to tell us if it is a sin that we'd be doing."

"It is only right that Catherine should know the truth before she made her vows," Peter said. "But this is very unexpected, father. I really—"

"Peter, I'd take it as a great kindness. I shall never do a hand's turn in this country. I want to get to America. It will be the saving of me."

"And now, Peter," said his father, "tell us for sure if you will have the girl?"

"I never thought of marriage, and this is why I thought I should like to be a priest." But seeing how heart-sick his brother was, he said: "I can't say I like her as you like her; but if she likes me I will promise to do right by her. James, it is very sad to think you are going away; we may never see you again. It is all very sad; and now you'll let me back to bed. I cannot bear to talk of it any longer."

"Peter, I knew you would not say no to me, and I can't bear this no longer."

"And now," said Peter, "let me go back to bed. I am catching my death."

And he ran back to his room, and left his brother and father talking by the fire.

V

Pat Phelan said he thought the gray mare would take him in faster than the old red horse, and the old man sat, his legs swinging over the shaft, wondering what he should say to the Reverend Mother, and how she would listen to his story; and when he came to the priest's house a great wish came upon him to ask the priest's advice. The priest was walking up his little lawn reading his breviary, and he had only to stop the cart and call to the priest over the wall.

"It is a serious thing you're doing, Pat Phelan."

"It wasn't that I expected to hear from your reverence," and he struck the mare with the ends of the reins, though the priest was calling him, and he let her trot up the hill. But when she was near the top she stopped by herself, and Pat Phelan thought of the many fine loads of turf he had had out of that bog, and the many young fellows he had seen there cutting turf. "But every one is leaving the country," the old man said to himself, and his chin dropped into his shirt collar, and he held the reins loosely, letting the mare trot or walk as she liked. And he passed several people without bidding them the hour of the day, for he was too much overcome by his own grief to notice any one. His good son James was leaving him, every one was against him. Hadn't the priest told him he should not go into the convent?

The day was a beautiful one, and the mare trotted gleefully; soft clouds curled over the low horizon far away, and the sky was blue overhead. Never did the country look more beautiful than it did that day in the still autumn weather. He passed two or three fine houses which the gentry had left to care-takers long ago. The fences were gone and the cattle strayed through the woods, and the drains were choked with weeds, and the stagnant water was spreading out into the fields. Pat Phelan noticed these things, for he remembered this country as it was forty years ago. There was no loneliness in it then; but more than half of the people had left it, and the cabins were falling into ruins. He asked a girl whom he met on the road if they would be thatching their house that autumn, but she answered that it would last out the old people, and she was going to join her sister in America. "She's right; they're all there now. Why should any one stop here?" the old man said.

The mare tripped going down the long hill, and he took this to be a sign that he should turn back. But he did not go back, and the town soon began with broken pavements and dirty cottages, and going up the hill there were some slated roofs, but there was no building of any importance except the church. The church was new, the priest's house was new, and at the end of the main street where the trees began again the convent stood in the middle of a large garden, and Pat Phelan remembered he had heard that the nuns were doing well with their dairy.

And at first he thought he would have to go back without seeing either Catherine or the Reverend Mother, for the lay sister who peeped through the grating and then opened the door a little way would not hear his story. He had got no further than to say he wished to see Sister Catherine, when she cut him short with the news that Sister Catherine was in retreat, and was going to be clothed at the end of the week. They were expecting the bishop, and the Reverend Mother was too busy to see any one.

"But," said Pat, "you're not going to let Catherine take vows without hearing me."

"If it is about Sister Catherine's vows—"

"Yes, it is about them I've come."

And the lay sister led him into the parlor.

The floor was so thickly beeswaxed that the rug slipped under his feet, and, afraid lest he might break something, he remained standing. He was impressed by the pious pictures on the walls and by the large books upon the table, and by the poor-box, and by the pious inscriptions, and he began to wonder if Catherine would leave the convent, and he thought vaguely of the hard work that awaited her if she married Peter. Vague thoughts of her and Peter flitted through his mind as he stood holding his old hat in old hands deformed by long toil in the fields. And he was so nervous that the time seemed to him very long. At last the door was suddenly opened, and the Reverend Mother, a tall woman with sharp inquisitive eyes, came in.

"You have come to speak to me about Sister Catherine?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And what have you got to tell me about her?"

"Well, my son thought and I thought . . . we were all thinking last night we had better tell you—last night was the night that my son came back."

The fact that his son had once wanted to become a policeman, and that he had been in the post-office, did not interest the nun. But at the word Maynooth a change of expression came into her face; but when he came to tell her that Peter no longer wished to be a priest, her manner began to grow hostile again, and she got up from her chair and said:

"But really, Mr. Phelan, I have got a great deal of business to attend to."

"But, my lady, you see that Catherine wanted to marry my son Peter, and it is because he went to Maynooth that she came here. I don't think she'd want to be a nun if she knew that he didn't want to be a priest."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Phelan, in

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that. I have seen a great deal of Sister Catherine; she has been with us now for nearly a year, and if she ever entertained the wishes you speak of, I feel sure she has forgotten them. Her mind is now set on higher things."

"Of course, you may be right, my lady, very likely. It isn't for me to argue with you about such a thing, but you see I have come a long way, and if I could see Catherine herself—"

"That is impossible. Catherine is in retreat."

"So the lay sister told me; but I thought as it—"

"Sister Catherine is going to be clothed next Saturday, and I can assure you, Mr. Phelan, that the wishes you tell me of are forgotten. I know her very well. I can answer for Sister Catherine."

The rug slipped under the peasant's feet and his eyes wandered round the room, and the Reverend Mother told him how busy she was; she really could not talk to him any more that day.

"You see, it all rests with Sister Catherine herself."

"That's just it," said the old man; "that's just it, my lady. My son Peter, who has come from Maynooth, told us last night that Catherine should know everything that has happened, so that she may not be sorry afterwards, otherwise I would not have come here, my lady. I would not have come to trouble you."

"I am sorry, Mr. Phelan, that your son Peter has left Maynooth. It is sad, indeed, when one finds that one has not a vocation. But that happens sometimes. I don't think it will be Catherine's case. And now, Mr. Phelan, I must ask you to excuse me," and the Reverend Mother persuaded the unwilling peasant into the passage, and he followed the lay sister down the passage to the gate and got into his cart again.

"No wonder," he thought, "they don't want to let Catherine out, now that they have got that great farm, and not one among them, I'll be bound, who can manage it, except Catherine."

Almost at the very same moment the same thoughts were passing through the Reverend Mother's mind. She had not left the parlor yet. She stood thinking how she should manage if Catherine were to leave them. "Why," she asked, "should he choose to leave Maynooth at such a time? It is indeed unfortunate. There is nothing," she reflected, "that gives a woman so much strength as to receive the veil. She always feels stronger after her clothing. She feels then that the world is behind her."

The Reverend Mother reflected that perhaps it would be better for Catherine's sake and for Peter's sake—indeed, for every one's sake—if she were not to tell Catherine of Pat Phelan's visit until after the clothing. She might tell Catherine three months hence. The disadvantage of this would be that Catherine might hear that Peter had left Maynooth. In a country place news of this kind cannot be kept out of a convent. And if Catherine were going to leave, it were better that she should leave them now than leave them six months hence after her clothing.

"There are many ways of looking at it," the Reverend Mother reflected. "If I don't tell her she may never hear it. If I don't tell her now she will have taught one of our other nuns how to manage the farm before she hears it."

But to conceal the fact of Pat Phelan's visit was a responsibility that the Reverend Mother shrank from. She took two steps towards the door and stopped to think again, and she was thinking when a knock came to the door. She answered mechanically, "Come in." For her thoughts were far away.

Catherine wondered at the Reverend Mother's astonishment.

"I wish to speak to you, dear mother," she said, timidly. But seeing the Reverend Mother's face change expression she said, "Perhaps another time will suit you better."

The Reverend Mother stood looking at her irresolute, and Catherine, who had never seen the Reverend Mother irresolute before, wondered what was passing in her mind.

"I know you are busy, dear mother, but what I have come to tell you won't take very long."

"Well, then, tell it to me, my child."

"It is only this, Reverend Mother. I had better tell you now, for you are expecting the bishop, and my clothing is fixed for the end of the week, and—"

"And," said the Reverend Mother, "you feel that you are not certain of your vocation."

"That is it, dear mother. I thought I had better tell you." And reading disappointment in the nun's face, Catherine said, "I hesitated to tell you yesterday and the day before. I had hoped that the feeling would pass away; but, dear mother, it isn't my fault; every one has not a vocation."

Then Catherine noticed a softening in the Reverend Mother's face, and she asked Catherine to sit down by her, and Catherine told her she had come to the convent because she was crossed in love, and not as the others came, because they wished to give up their wills to God.

"Our will is the most precious thing in us, and that is why the best thing we can do is to give it up to you, for in giving it up to you, dear mother, we are giving it up to God. I know all these things, but—"

"You should have told me of this when you came here, Catherine, and then I would not have advised you to come to live with us."

"Mother, you must forgive me. My heart was broken, and I could not do otherwise. And you have said yourself that I made the dairy a success."

"If you had stayed with us, Catherine, you would have made the dairy a success; but we have got no one to take your place. However, since it is the will of God, I suppose we must try to get on as well as we can without you. And now tell me, Catherine, when it was that you changed your mind. It was only the other day you told me you wished to become a nun. You said you were most anxious for your clothing. How is it that you have changed your mind?"

Catherine's eyes brightened, and speaking like one illuminated by some inward light, she said:

"It was the second day of my retreat, mother. I was walking in the garden where the great cross stands amid the rocks. Sister Angela and Sister Mary were with me, and I was listening to what they were saying, when suddenly my thoughts were taken away and I remembered those at home. I remembered Mr. Phelan, and James, who wanted to marry me, but whom I would not marry, and it seemed to me that I saw him leaving his father; it seemed to me that I saw him going away to America. I don't know how it was. You will not believe me, dear mother, but I saw the ship lying in the harbor, that is to take him away. And then I thought of the old man sitting at home with no one to look after him, and it seemed to me it was not seeming, but a certainty, mother. It came over me suddenly that my duty was not here, but there. Of course you can't agree with me, but I cannot resist it; it was a call."

"But the Evil One, my dear child, calls us too; we must be careful not to mistake the devil's call for God's call."

"Mother, I dare say that all you say is true."

Tears came to Catherine's eyes, she began to weep. I can't argue with you, mother; I only know—" She could not speak for sobbing, and between her sobs she said, "I only know that I must go home."

She recovered herself very soon, and the Reverend Mother took her hand and said:

"Well, my dear child, I shall not stand in your way."

Catherine looked very pretty under her veil, and even the Reverend Mother could not help thinking that the man who got her would get a charming wife. Her face was rather long and white, and she had long female eyes with dark lashes, and her eyes were full of tenderness. And she had spoken out of so deep a conviction that the Reverend Mother had begun to believe that her mission was perhaps to look after this hapless young man; and when she told the Reverend Mother that yesterday she had felt a certain conviction that Peter was not going to be a priest, the Reverend Mother felt that she must tell her of Pat Phelan's visit.

"I did not tell you at once, my dear child, because I wished to know from yourself how you felt about this matter."

"I'm sorry now I did not keep him," the nun said, and she told Catherine that she was quite right, that Peter had left Maynooth. "He hopes to marry you, Catherine."

A quiet glow came into the postulant's eyes, and she seemed engulfed in some deep joy.

"How did he know that I cared for him?" the girl said half to herself, half to the nun.

"I suppose his father or his brother must have told him," the nun answered.

And then Catherine, fearing to show too much interest in things that the nun deemed frivolous, said, "I am sorry to leave before my work is done here. But, mother, so it has all come true; it was extraordinary what I felt that morning in the garden," she said, returning to her joy. "Mother, do you believe in visions?"

"The saints, of course, have had visions. We believe in the visions of the saints."

"But after all, mother, there are many duties beside religious duties."

"I suppose, Catherine, you feel it to be your duty to look after this young man?"

"Yes, I think that is it."

"I must go now, mother, and see Sister Angela, and write out for her all I know about the farm, and what she is to do, for if one is not very careful with a farm one loses a great deal of money. There is no such thing as making two ends meet. One either makes money or loses money."

And then Catherine again seemed to be engulfed in some deep joy out of which she roused herself with difficulty.

VI

When her postulant left the room, the Reverend Mother wrote to Pat Phelan, asking him to come next morning with his cart to fetch Catherine. And next morning when the lay sister told Catherine that he was waiting for her, the Reverend Mother said:

"We shall be able to manage, Catherine. You have told Sister Angela everything, and you will not forget to come to see us, I hope."

"Mr. Phelan told me to tell you that one of his sons is going to America to-day," said the lay sister. "Sister Catherine will have to go at once if she wishes to see him."

"I must see James. I must see him before he leaves for America. Oh," she said, turning to the Reverend Mother, "do you remember that I told you I had seen the

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ship? Everything has come true. You can't believe any longer that it is not a call."

A few minutes after her box was in the cart, and as Pat turned the mare round he said: "I hope we won't miss James at the station. That's the reason I came for you so early. I thought you would like to see him."

"Why did you not come earlier?" she cried. "All my happiness will be spoilt if I don't see James."

The convent was already behind her, and her thoughts were now upon poor James, whose heart she had broken. She knew that Peter would never love her as well as James, but this could not be helped. Her vision in the garden consoled her, for she could no longer doubt that she was doing right in going to Peter, that her destiny was with him.

She knew the road well, she knew all the fields, every house and every gap in the walls. Sign after sign went by. The train had not gone yet. At the end of the platform she saw James and Peter. She let Pat Phelan drive the cart round; she could get to them quicker by running down the steps and crossing the line. The signal was down. There were only a few minutes.

"Peter," she said, "we shall have time to talk presently. I want to speak to James now."

And they walked up the platform, leaving Peter to talk to his father.

"Paddy Maguire is outside," Pat said; "I asked him to stand at the mare's head."

"James," said Catherine, "it is very sad you are going away. We may never see you again, and there is no time to talk, and I have so much to say to you."

"I am going away, Catherine, but maybe I will be coming back some day. I was going to say maybe you would be coming over after me; but the land is good land, and you will be able to make a living out of it."

And then they spoke of Peter. James said he was too great a scholar for a farmer, and it was a pity he could not find out what he was fit for—for surely he was fit for something, perhaps for something great, after all.

And Catherine said, "I shall be able to make something out of Peter."

His emotion almost overcame him, and Catherine looked aside so that she should not see his tears.

"This is no time for talking of Peter," she said. "You are going away, James, but you will come back. You will find another woman better than I am in America, James. I don't know what to say to you. The train will be here in a minute. I am distracted. But one day you will be coming back, and we shall be very proud of you when you come back. I shall rebuild the house, and we shall be all happy then. Oh! here's the train. Good-by. You have been very good to me. Oh, James! shall I ever see you again?"

Then the crowd swept them along, and James had to take his father's hand and his brother's hand. There were a great many people in the station; hundreds were going away in the same ship that James was going in. The train was followed by wailing relatives. They ran alongside of the train, waving their hands until they could no longer keep up with the train. James waved a red handkerchief until the train was out of sight. It disappeared in a cutting, and a moment after Catherine and Peter remembered they were standing side by side. They were going to be married in a few days! They started a little, hearing a step beside them. It was old Phelan.

"I think," he said, "it is time to be getting home."

Finance

THE securities markets during the past few days have given a most remarkable exhibition of strength and activity, violating tradition, upsetting Wall Street precedents, making both the reckless little stock-gamblers and the conservative wealthy investors ponder deeply. It is a long time since the cry was first heard that the extraordinary prosperity which has blessed the country had created extraordinary conditions, and that just as there existed no precedents for the stupendous expansion in our trade, so prevailing conditions were not to be measured by standards which served well enough in the past. Timid speculators of the hopeless "lamb" type and hardened Wall Street men alike have from time to time endeavored to swim against the stock-market tide, fortifying themselves with the lessons of experience in past periods, only to find the tide too strongly flowing in the direction of higher values for any progress to be made, excepting, as it were, progress backward. To-day we find the same thing. Judging by what in the past has been wisdom, the present market attitude of powerful operators would appear to be eminently unwise. Stocks, instead of rising violently, should be drooping. It is the normal season of money-market uncertainties, and it is obvious that we are not to escape them this fall. The course of the market is therefore abnormal. It is not basic conditions which have created the activity and strength shown lately by securities, but rather the efforts of powerful financial cliques. This has raised a great hue-and-cry about the "artificiality" of the stock-market at this writing, with which, it must be admitted, conservative people sympathize. We find, in consequence, much perturbation of mind among those who find it impossible to "sympathize" with bull operations at the moment. It recalls the dark days of 1893, when the people who worried the most over the panicky markets were precisely those who held no stocks, and therefore had nothing to lose from a crash. To-day there are hundreds of good souls who find themselves suffering from insomnia as the result of their solicitude over the inevitable losses which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and other financial giants must sustain when the market shall crash down upon their reckless heads. They themselves have been so fearful of the smash that they disposed of their stock these many months, and market disasters could not reach them. But they tremble for Mr. Morgan and his fortune, and Mr. Morgan, who should be white with fear, is losing neither sleep nor any portion of his fortune visible to the naked eye. He and his fellow-giants of the world of finance appear to be calm and confident; and it is they who hold the great bulk of securities which are not locked up in the strong-boxes of investors throughout the country, or securely lodged in the treasury of this or the other railway company.

It is "human nature" which makes men worry over the troubles of their fellows. The tendency to "sweat over the exertions of others," as the Spaniards have it, is universal. Naturally it is the public which is not "in" the market or "sold-out" speculators who are the most alarmed—not that their fears are unreasonable or altogether baseless, as has been remarked, but that in studying financial laws and deriving lessons from statistics, many are apt to overlook the human element. The latter is no more a negligible factor in speculation than it is in politics, literature, or love. There is a bridge over the Lehigh River, near Easton, Pennsylvania, which is a mathematical impossibility. Every law of bridge-engineering is violated. There are some thirty-odd reasons, backed by the irrefutable logic of mathematics, why that bridge should have collapsed six seconds after it was completed. But there it stands to-day, after many years, used by hundreds of pedestrians, who commit mathematical suicide every day. The rising stock-market just now is similarly regarded as illogical, as a freak of finance. There have been many and sound reasons why stock-prices should not have advanced, but they have, notwithstanding. The financial writers almost to a man have preached the necessity of conservatism, and the public has heeded the advice. But they have been very decidedly wrong. There is the danger that people may grow to regard such advice as the fabled cry of "Wolf!" and that the gambling spirit will yet reassert itself at the last—that is, at the wrong moment.

In considering the "absence of the general public from the speculative arena," of which so much is heard, it is, however, well to bear in mind that this "absence" consists rather of a relatively small attendance than of a total absence. There are not at present in Wall Street the thousands upon thousands of men who went ticker-mad before the crash following the cornering of Northern Pacific stock; but there are many more non-professional speculators "in" the market than one would gather from the current observations as to the "absence" of the lambs. Moreover, many of these speculators, unknown in Wall Street before the present period of prosperity, are men who "swing" great lines of stock, so that if the flocks of "hundred-share" gamblers are absent, there are in their stead scores of five-thousand-share men and some dozens of even heavier "plungers." Prosperity and the development of large corporations formed of smaller individual enterprises have created a class of men who have come into large fortunes in ready cash. In their wake has come extravagance. The privations of the last hard times have been buried beneath a glittering mass of luxuries. The remarkable gambling orgy at Saratoga this season is but one expression of the newly developed extravagance. Palatial stables, costly steam-yachts, expensive summer cottages, are other degrees of the same American extravagance which permeate every stratum of society, and for which, obviously, the material prosperity of the wealth-winning class these past six years is responsible.

It is natural enough to find extravagance in the stock-market also. There, as in domestic life and in business matters, will come a day of reckoning. The inevitable readjustment of these habits of extravagance to fit the change in the conditions of prosperity and the resultant diminution in incomes, will be attended by discomforts and sufferings easily enough imaginable. But at the moment the wisdom of retrenchment is not glaringly apparent. Take, for example, the universal cry that security prices are too high, and that stocks are selling at such figures as to net to the investor therein a smaller return than could be obtained from good bonds. The fact remains that many such stocks are earning twice or three times as much as they disburse to their holders. In periods of depression it was a general practice to "doctor" the reports in order that they might make a less unfavorable showing than was actually the case.

To-day many companies are doing the reverse, and their bookkeeping methods are resorted to in order to "bury" a portion of the profits. It is not that the stockholders are defrauded in the slightest, but that to show phenomenal profits is not always politic.

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THOMAS T. BARR, - - - - - Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, - - - - - Vice-President
FREDERICK T. MARTIN, - - - - - Cashier
WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, - - - - Asst. Cashier

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
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Astor Place and Lafayette Place.
ASTORIA BRANCH,
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EAST SIDE BRANCH,
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ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH,
Avenue D and 10th Street.
FIFTH AVENUE BRANCH,
Fifth Avenue and 19th Street.
FORTY-SECOND STREET BRANCH,
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GRAND CENTRAL BRANCH,
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HARLEM BRANCH,
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ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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ANSON R. FLOWER, H. S. REDMOND, JNO. R. HEGEMAN, GEORGE C. BOLDT, C. I. HUDSON, PHILIP LEHMAN,
GEORGE BLUMENTHAL, FRANK JAY GOULD, WILLIAM A. CLARK, JOHN W. GRIGGS, EDWIN GOULD.

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38 NASSAU STREET

Capital - - - - - - $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,000,000

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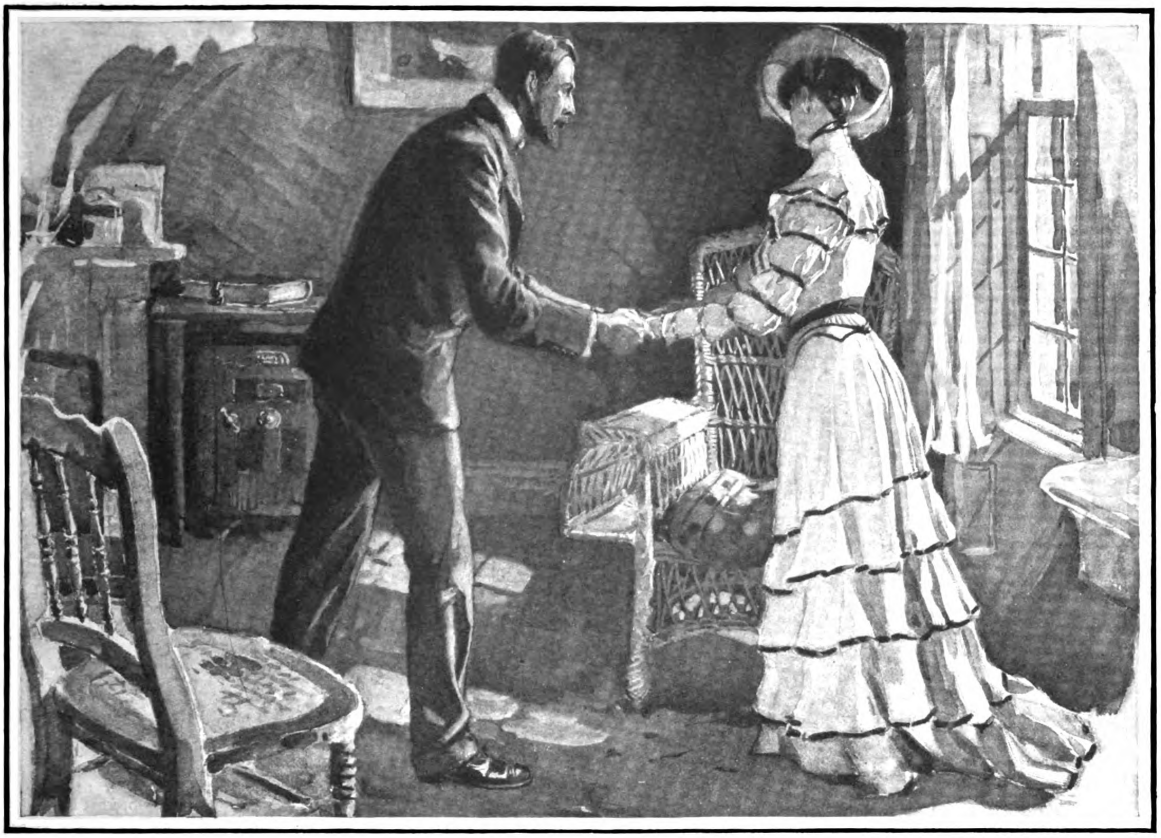
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"Don't go!" he said, in a peremptory yet half-stifled whisper

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XIX

NO MORE THAN A GLIMMER

FORTY-EIGHT hours had passed since Peggy Ryle fled from Danes Inn. How they had gone Airey Newton could scarcely tell; as he looked back, they seemed to hold little except the ever-reiterated cry, "The shame of it!—you're rich!" But still the contents of the safe were intact, and no entries had been cancelled in the red-leather book. A dozen times he had taken the book, looked through it, and thrown it from him again. A clash of passions filled him: the old life he had chosen, with its strange, strong, secret delight and its sense of hidden power, fought against the new suggestion. It was no longer of much moment to him that Peggy knew or that it was Peggy's voice which had cried out the bitter reproach. These things now seemed accidental. Peggy or another—it mattered little.

Yet he had sent for Tommy Trent, and reproached him; he was eager to reproach anybody besides himself.

"I told nobody," protested Tommy, in indignant surprise. Then the thought flashed on him. "Was it Peggy?" he asked, incredulously. Airey's nod started all the story. His view was what Peggy had foreseen; he found no arguments to weigh against that breaking of her word which had made him seem a traitor in the eyes of his friend.

"A woman setting the world right is the most unscrupulous thing in the world," he declared, angrily. "You believe I never meant to break faith, old fellow? I shall have it out with her, you may be sure." He paused and then added, "I can't believe she'll let it go any further, you know."

To that also Airey seemed more than half indifferent now; the old furtive solicitude for his secret, the old shame lest it should escape, seemed to be leaving him, or at least to be losing half their force, in face of some greater thing in his mind. He had himself to deal with now—what he was, not what was said or thought of him. But he did not intercede with Tommy's sternness against Peggy; he let it pass.

"I don't blame you. It's done now. You'd better leave me alone," he said.

Tommy went and sought Peggy with wrath in his heart; but for all these two days she was obstinately invisible. She was not to be found in Harriet Street, and none of her circle had seen her. It may be surmised that she wandered desolately through fashionable gatherings and haunts of amusement, slinking home late at night. It is certain that she did not wish to meet Tommy Trent, that she would not for the world have encountered Airey Newton. There seemed to be gunpowder in the air of all familiar places; in the reaction of fear after her desperate venture Peggy withdrew herself to the safety of the unknown.

Airey sat waiting, his eyes constantly looking to the clock. Trix was coming to see him; she had written that she needed advice, and that he was the only friend she had to turn to in such a matter. "Peggy is no use to me in the particular way I want help, and I have something to tell which I could tell to nobody but her or you." He knew what she had to tell; the fact that she came to tell it to him was proof positive that she had heard nothing from Peggy. He had not forbidden her coming. Though it might be agony to him, yet he willed that she should come; beyond that point his will was paralyzed.

In dainty and costly garb she came, still the vision of riches that had first struck his eyes when he saw her at the beginning of her campaign in London; yet, though this was her outward seeming, her air and manner raised in him a remoter memory, bringing back to mind the pathetic figure at the Paris hotel. It was easy to see that she held no secret of his, and that he had no reproach to fear. Her burden lay in her own secret that she must tell, in the self-reproach against which she had no defence. Of neither part of Peggy's double treachery had she any suspicion.

"Long ago I told you I should come if I got into trouble. Here I am!" Her effort at gayety was ill-sustained.

"Yes, I know you've been in trouble."

"Oh, I don't mean that. That's all over. It's something else. Will you listen? It's not easy to say."

He gave her a chair and stood by the mantelpiece himself, leaning his elbow on it and his chin on his hand. For a minute or two he did not attend to her; his mind flew back to his own life, to his past work and its success, to those fruits of success which had come to usurp the place, not merely of success but of the worthy work itself. She had been stammering out the first part of her story for some while before he turned to her and listened, with sombre eyes set on her nervous face. At that instant she seemed to him an enemy. She had come to rob him.

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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Why should he be robbed because this woman had been a fool? So put, the argument sounded strong and sensible; it made short work of sentimentality. If he sent her away empty, what harm was done? Tommy Trent would think as he had always thought—no less, no worse. For the rest, it was only to take just offence with the girl who had put him to shame, and to see her no more. The old life, the old delight, held out alluring arms to him.

Trix Trevalla stumbled on, all unconscious of the great battle that she fought for another, anxious only to tell her story truthfully, and yet not so as to seem a creature too abject.

"That's the end of it," she said at last, with a woeful smile. "After Glowing Stars and the other debts, I may have forty shillings a week or thereabouts. But I want to show you my investments, and I want you to tell me what I ought to sell and what few I might best try to keep. Every pound makes a difference, you know." The intense conviction of a convert spoke in the concluding words.

"Why do you think I know about such things?"

"Oh, I dare say Mr. Trent would know better, but I couldn't make up my mind to tell him. And I've no right to bother him. I seem to have a right to bother you, somehow." She smiled again for an instant, and raised her eyes to his. "Because of what you said at Paris! You remember?"

"You hold me responsible still, I see."

"Oh, that's our old joke," she said, fearing to seem too serious in her fanciful claim. "But still it does always seem to me that we've been in it together; all through it your words have kept coming back, and I've thought of you here. I think you were always in my mind. Well, that's foolish. Anyhow, you'll tell me what you think?"

"At least I didn't tell you to trust Fricker."

"Please don't," she implored. "That's the worst of all. That's the thing I can't bear to think of. I thought myself a match for him. And now—" Her outspread hands accepted any scornful description.

She came to him and put into his hand a paper on which she had drawn up some sort of a statement of her ventures, of her debts, and of her position as she understood it. He took it and glanced through it.

"Heavens, how you spent money!" he exclaimed, in involuntary horror.

She blushed painfully; could she point out how little that had mattered when she was going to be Lady Mervyn?

"And the losses in speculation! You seem never to have made anything!"

"They deceived me," she faltered. "Oh, I know all that! Must you say that again? Tell me—what will there be left? Will there be enough to—to exist upon? Or must I"—she broke into a smile of ridicule—"or must I try to work?"

There was a pathetic absurdity about the suggestion. Airey's gruff laugh relieved the sternness of his indignation.

"Yes, I've shown such fine practical talents, haven't I?" she asked, forlornly.

"You were very extravagant, but you'd have been in a tolerable position but for Fricker. Dramoffskys and Glowing Stars between them have done the mischief."

"Yes. If I hadn't cheated him, and he hadn't cheated me in return, I should have been in a tolerable position. But I knew that before I came here, Mr. Newton."

"Well, it's the truth," he persisted, looking at her grimly over the top of the paper.

"You needn't repeat it," she flashed out, indignantly. Then her tone changed suddenly. "Forgive me; it's so hard to hear the truth sometimes, to know it's true, to have nothing to answer."

"Yes, it is hard sometimes," Airey agreed.

"Oh, you don't know. You've not cheated and been cheated; you've had nothing to conceal, nothing to lie about, nothing that you dreaded being found out in." She wrung her hands despairingly.

"I've warned you before now not to idealize me."

"I can't help it. I believe even your Paris advice was all right, if I'd understood it rightly. You didn't mean that I was to think only of myself and nothing of anybody else, to do nothing for any one, to share nothing with any one. You meant I was to make other people happy too, didn't you?"

"I don't know what I meant," he growled, as he laid her paper on the mantelpiece.

Trix wandered to the window and sat down in the chair generally appropriated to Peggy Ryle.

"I'm sick of myself," she said.

"A self's not such an easy thing to get rid of, though."

She glanced at him with some constraint. "I'm afraid I'm bothering you. I really have no right to make you doleful over my follies. You've kept out of it all yourself; I needn't drag you into it." She rose as if she would go. Airey Newton stood motionless. It seemed as though he would let her leave him without a word.

She had not in her heart believed that he would. She in her turn stood still for a moment. When he made no sign, she raised her head in proud resentment; her voice was cold and offended. "I'm sorry I troubled you, Mr. Newton." She began to walk towards the door, passing him on the way. Suddenly he sprang forward and caught her by the hands.

"Don't go!" he said, in a peremptory yet half-stifled whisper.

Trix's eyes filled with tears. "I thought you couldn't really mean to do that," she murmured. "Oh, think of what it is, think of it! What's left for me?"

He had loosed her hands as quickly as he had caught them, and she clasped them in entreaty.

"I'm neither bad enough nor good enough. I tried to marry for position and money. I was bad enough to do that. I wasn't bad enough to go on telling the lies. Oh, I began! Now I'm not good enough or brave enough to face what I've brought myself to. And yet it would kill me to be bad enough and degraded enough to take the only way out."

"What way do you mean?"

"I can't tell you about that," she said. "I should be too ashamed. But some day you may hear that I've done it. How am I to resist? Is it worth resisting? Am I worth saving at all?"

She had never seemed to him so much worth saving. And he knew that he could save her, if he would pay the price. He guessed, too, what she hinted at; there was only one thing that a woman like her could speak of as at once a refuge and a degradation, as a thing that killed her and yet a thing that she might come to do. Peggy Ryle had told him that he loved her, and he had not denied it then. Still less could he deny it now, with the woman herself before him in living presence.

She saw that he had guessed what was in her mind.

"Men can't understand women doing that sort of thing, I know," she went on. "I suppose it strikes them with horror. They don't understand what it is to be helpless." Her voice shook. "I've had a great deal of hardship, and I can't bear it any more. I'm a coward in the end, I suppose. My gleam of good days has made me a coward at the thought of bad ones again." She added, after a pause, "You'll look at the statement and let me know what you think, won't you? It might just make all the difference." Again she paused. "It seems funny to stand here and tell you that, if necessary, I shall probably sell myself; that's what it comes to. But you know so much about me already, and—and I know you'd like me if—if it was humanly possible to do anything except despise me. Wouldn't you? So do look carefully at the paper and go into the figures, please. Because I—even I—don't want to sell myself for money."

What else was he doing with himself? The words hit home. If the body were sold, did not the soul pass too? If the soul were bartered, what value was it to keep the body? Peggy had begged him to save this woman pain; unconsciously she herself asked a greater rescue than that. And she offered him, still all unconsciously, a great salvation. Was it strange that she should talk of selling herself for money? Then was it not strange too that he had been doing that very thing for years, and had done it of deliberate choice, under the stress of no fear and of no necessity? The picture of himself that had been dim, that Tommy Trent had always refused to make clearer, that even Peggy Ryle's passionate reproach had left still but half revealed, suddenly stood out before his eyes plain and sharp in every outline. He felt that it was a thing to be loathed.

She saw his face stern and contracted with the pain of his thoughts.

"Yes, I've told you all the truth about myself, and that's how you look!" she said.

He smiled bitterly at her mistake, and fixed his eyes on her as he asked:

"Could you change a man, if you gave yourself to him? Could you drive out his devil, and make a new fellow of him? Could you give him a new life, a new heart, a new character?"

"I should have no such hopes. My eyes would be quite open." Her thoughts were on Beaufort Chance.

"No, but couldn't you?" he urged, with a wistful persistence. "If you knew the worst of him and would still look for something good—something you could love and could use to make the rest better? Couldn't you make him cease being what he hated being? Couldn't you have a power greater than the power of the enemy in him? If you loved him, I mean."

"How could I love him?" she asked, wonderingly.

"If he loved you?"

"What does such a man mean by love?" she murmured, scornfully.

"I wonder if you could do anything like that," he went on. "Women have, I suppose. Could you?"

"Oh, don't talk about the thing. I hope I may have courage to throw it aside."

He started a little. "Ah, you mean— No, I was thinking of something else."

"And how could such a woman as I am make any man better?" She smiled in a faint ridicule of the idea; but she ceased to think of leaving him, and sat down by the table. For the moment he seemed to pay little attention to where she was or what she did; he spoke to her indeed, but his air was absent and his eyes aloof.

"Because, if the woman couldn't, if it turned out that she couldn't, the last state would be worse than the first. Murder added to *felo de se!* There's that to consider." Now he returned to her in an active consciousness of her presence. "Suppose you loved a man who had one great—well, one great devil in him? Could you love a man with a devil in him?"

There was a touch of humor hardly won in his voice. Trix responded to it.

"With a thousand, if he was a man after all!"

"Ah, yes, I dare say. But with one—one immense fellow—a fellow who had sat on him and flattened him for years? Could you fight the fellow and beat him?"

Trix thought. "I think I might have perhaps, before—before I got a devil too, you know."

"Say he was a swindler—could you keep him straight? Say he was cruel—could you make him kind?" He paused an instant. "Suppose he was a churl—could you open his heart?"

"All that would be very, very hard, even for a good woman."

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said Trix Trevalla. "And you know that in a case something like those I failed before."

"Because, if you couldn't, it would be hell to you, and worse hell to him."

"Yes," murmured Trix. "That would be it exactly."

"But if you could—" He walked to the window and looked out. "It would be something like pulling down the other side of the Inn and giving the sun fair play," said he.

"But could the man do anything for her?" asked Trix. "Something I said started you on this. The man I thought of would do nothing but make the bad worse. If she were mean first, he'd make her meaner; if she lied before, she'd have to lie more; and he'd—he'd break down the last of her woman's pride."

"I don't mean a man like that."

"No, and you're not thinking of a woman like me."

"She'd have to take the place of the thing that had mastered him; he'd have to find more delight in her than in it; she'd have to take its place as the centre of his life." He was thinking out his problem before her.

At last Trix was stirred to curiosity. Did any man argue another's case like this? Was any man roused in this fashion by an abstract discussion? Or if he were dissuading her from the step she had hinted

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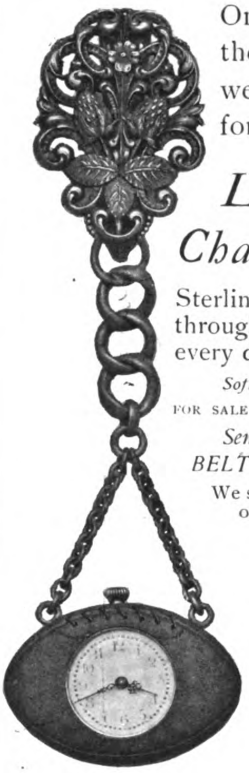
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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

at, was not his method perversely roundabout? She looked at him with inquiring eyes. In answer he came across the room to her.

"Yet, if there were a man and a woman such as we've been speaking of, and there was half the shadow of a chance, oughtn't they to clutch at it? Oughtn't they to play the bold game? Ought they to give it up?"

His excitement was unmistakable now. Again he looked in her eyes as he had once before. She could do nothing but look up at him, expecting what he would say next. But he drew back from her, seeming to repent of what he had said, or to retreat from its natural meaning.

"Wouldn't they be fools not to have a shot?" he asked, presently. "Only she ought to know the truth first, and he'd find it deuced hard to tell her."

"She would have found it very hard to tell him."

"But she would have?"

"Yes—if she loved him," said Trix, smiling. "Confession and humiliation comfort women when they're in love. When they're not—" She shuddered. Presumably Barslett came into her mind.

"If he never told her at all, would that be fair?"

"She couldn't forgive that, if she found it out."

"No?"

"Well, it would be very difficult."

"But if she never found it out?"

"That would be the grandest triumph of all for her, perhaps," said Trix, very softly. For now, vague, undefined, ignorant still, but yet sure at its mark, had come the idea that somehow, for some reason, Airey Newton spoke not of Beaufort Chance, nor of another, not of some abstraction or some hypothetical man, but of his very self. "My prayer to him would be not to tell me, and that I might never know on earth. If I knew ever, anywhere, then I should know, too, what God had let me do."

"But if he never told you, and some day you found out?"

Trix looked across at him—at his dreary smile and his knitted brow. She amended the judgment she had given a minute before: "We could cry together, or laugh together, or something, couldn't we?"

"It's a confounded incongruous thing that you should be ruined," he grumbled; his tone was a sheer grumble, and it made Trix smile again.

"A fool and her money—" she suggested as a time-honored explanation. "But ruin doesn't suit me, there's no doubt of that. Perhaps, after all, I was right to try to be rich, though I tried in such questionable ways."

"You wouldn't be content to be poor?"

Trix was candid with him and with herself. "Possibly—if everything else was very perfect."

He pressed her hard. "Could everything else seem perfect?"

She laughed uncomfortably. "You understand wonderfully well, considering—!" A little wave of her arm indicated the room in Danes Inn.

"Yes, I understand," he agreed, gravely.

Again she rose. "Well, I'm a little comforted," she declared. "You and Peggy and the rest of you always do me good. You always seemed the alternative in the background. You're the only thing now—or I'll try to make you. That doesn't sound overwhelmingly cordial, but it's well meant, Mr. Newton."

She held out her hand to him, but added as an after-thought, "And you will tell me what to do about the investments?"

"And what will you do about the other man?"

Her answer was to give him both her hands, saying, "Help me!"

He looked long at her and at last answered, "Yes, if you'll let me."

"Thanks," she murmured, pressing his hands and then letting them go with a sigh of relief. He smiled at her, but not very brightly; there was an effort about it.

He took up the paper again, and appeared to read it over.

"Not a bad list," he said. "You ought to be able to realize pretty well, as prices go now; they're not ruling high, you know."

"What a lot you learn from your eyry here!"

Rich Rye

Rye whiskies are richer in nutrition than those made from any other grain, as is proved by chemical analysis, which concedes to



Hunter Baltimore Rye

The merit of being the most perfect development of an alcoholic stimulant.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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For the Thirty-sixth National Encampment, G. A. R., to be held at Washington, D. C., October 6 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from October 4 to 7, inclusive, and good to return until October 14, inclusive. By depositing ticket with the Joint Agent at Washington between October 7 and 14, and the payment of 50 cents, an extension of the return limit to November 3 may be obtained.

For specific rates and further information apply to nearest ticket agent.

Those who have grown old know how little use the world has for them unless—well, it is BETTER to have something. A policy does it in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
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Makers of and Dealers in
FINE GLASSWARE
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"All that comes in in business," he assured her. "No, they're not so bad."

"Except Glowing Stars! But, after all, most of them are Glowing Stars."

He appeared to consider again; then he said, slowly, and as though every word cost him a thought: "I shouldn't altogether despair even of Glowing Stars. No, don't be in a hurry to despair of Glowing Stars."

"What?" Incredulity cried out in her tone, mingled with the fancied hope of impossible good-fortune. "You can't conceivably mean that Mr. Fricker is wrong about them? Oh, if that were true!"

"Does it make all that difference?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Not the money only, but the sense of folly—of childish, miserable silliness." She was eager to show him how much that fancied distant hope could mean.

"I promise nothing—but Fricker deceived you before. He lied when he told you they were all right; he may be lying when he tells you they're all wrong."

"But what good could that do him?"

"If you threw them on the market the price would fall. Suppose he wanted to buy!"

Luckily Trix did not wait to analyze the suggestion; she flew to the next difficulty.

"But the liability?"

"I'll look into it and let you know. Don't cherish any hope."

"No; but you must have meant that there was a glimmer of hope?" she insisted, urgently, turning a strained, agitated face up to his.

"If you'll swear to think it no more than a glimmer—a glimmer let it be."

"You always tell me the truth. I'll remember—a glimmer."

"No more," he insisted, with a marked pertinacity.

"No more, on my honor," said Trix Trevalla.

She had gone towards the door: he followed till he was by the little table. He stood there and picked up the red book in his hand.

"No more than a glimmer," he repeated, "because things may go all wrong in the end still."

"Not if they depend on you!" she cried, with a gayety inspired by the hope which he did not altogether forbid, and by the trust that she had in him.

"Even though they depended altogether on me." He flung the book down and came close to her. "If they go right, I shall thank Heaven for sending you here to-day. And now—I have a thing that I must do."

"Yes, I've taken a terrible lot of your time. Good-by." She yielded to her impulse towards intimacy, towards knowing what he did, how he spent his time. "Are you going to work? Are you going to try and invent things?"

"No, I'm going to study that book."

"What's inside?"

"I don't know what I shall find inside," he told her. "Good news or bad? The old story or a new one? I can't tell."

"You don't mean to tell me—that's clear anyhow," laughed Trix. "Impertinent questions politely evaded! I take the hint. Good-by. And, Mr. Newton, a glimmer of hope!"

"Yes, a glimmer," he said, passing his hand over his brow rather wearily.

"Well, I must leave you to the secrets of the red book," she ended.

He came to the top of the stairs with her. Half-way down she turned and kissed her hand to him. Her step was a thousand times more buoyant; her smiles came as though native-born again and no longer timid strangers. Such was the work that a glimmer of hope could do.

To subtract instead of adding, to divide instead of multiplying, to lessen after increase, to draw out instead of paying in—these operations, whether with regard to a man's fame, or his power, or his substance, or even the scope of his tastes and the joy of his recreations, are precisely those which philosophy assumes to teach us to perform gracefully and with no exaggerated pangs. The man himself remains, says popular philosophy; and the pulpit sometimes seconds the remark, adding thereunto illustrative texts. Consolations conceived in this vein are probably useful, even though they may

(Continued on page 1333.)

LEARN TO EARN



I AM NOT a "professor" in a "college" of advertising, nor even a teacher in an advertising "school." I am an experienced business man, who has in the past twenty-two years created business amounting to millions of dollars in a variety of great industries. I have done this sometimes by giving my clients good business counsel—sometimes by judicious advertising—more frequently by both.

I am now planning, writing and placing the advertising for, and acting as business counsel to a number of the largest manufacturing and retail concerns, whose total sales annually amount to nearly **$50,000,000.00.** I have taught some of the ablest advertising men much of what they know of the art to-day, and have secured many their present positions. The lowest salaried man in the number is with a leading firm in Providence and **earns $3,000** per annum—**another earns $8,000 a year** in one of the big department stores in one of the largest Western cities.

I am now teaching a number of men and women my art of advertising and business management. I can add a limited number of students—not many—as every student or client receives my personal attention. I write out every lesson myself, review and correct the work—answer every letter personally—therefore I must limit the number of my student-clientele. But, from no other man or "school" or "college" can you get the knowledge that I can impart to you in a comparatively short time.

My terms are $50 for a complete course of instruction by mail, at your home, or at my own place; you will learn as quickly and thoroughly either way—I guarantee that.

It may take you only three months, or a year, before you are a finished scholar—I will continue to teach you as long as you are willing to learn—and, you'll enjoy every minute of it.

Send me $15 and the names of two parties of whom I can inquire as to your character and reliability, with your application; the balance you pay as follows: $10 at end of first month; $10 at end of second month; $15 at end of third month. I refer by permission to the following well known firms, corporations and individuals.

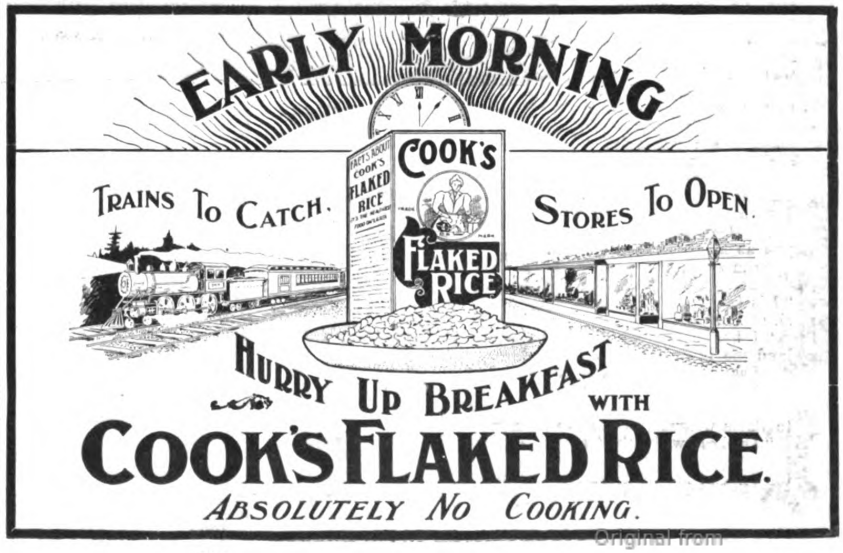
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Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., The "Star Shirts," N. Y.	Mabley & Carew Co., Outfitters.....Cincinnati, O.
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B. Priestley & Co., "Cravenettes".....N. Y.	Union Clothing Company.....Rochester, N. Y.
V. Henry Rothschild Co., Shirt Mfrs.....N. Y.	H. C. Cohn & Co., Neckwear Mfrs..Rochester, N. Y.
The United Cigar Mfrs., The "General Arthur" Cigars, etc..... N. Y.	L. Strauss & Co., Outfitters.....Indianapolis, Ind.
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Greenebaum Bros., "Puritan" Waist .....Phila. Pa.	Holzman Bros., Clothing Mfrs. ....New York City
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J. L. Hudson Co., Dept. Store..... .....Detroit, Mich.	Garson, Meyer & Co., Cloth'g Mfrs..Rochester, N.Y.
Blumenthal Bros. & Co., Clothing Mfrs....Phila., Pa.	Steefel Bros., Outfitters.....Albany, N. Y.
The Thompson Co., Clothiers.....N. Y.	Michaels, Stern & Co, Clothing Mfrs. Rochester, N.Y.
The Manhattan Shirt Co..... .....N. Y.	E. Regensburg & Sons, The "American" Cigars.N.Y.
	J. M. Grady, May Co., Outfitters.....Denver

I can give you the names of hundreds of others on application.

NOTE.—Because of the limited number of student-clients I wish to take on, I reserve the right to reject any application.

SAMUEL KNOPF, Master of the Art of Advertising and Business Management.

Write for booklet D. **61 East Ninth Street, New York.**



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Chimmie Fadden: Mr. Paul's Winning

Wherein a Parson and Others are Surprised

ME to France! Sure: *le gai* Paris, by de limited!

Listen: If you bought me for what I feel like, and sold me on me looks, you'd be so broke you'd never get togedder again. I feel like ready money, and all dere is of it; but I look like a block of subway, 'cause I haven't blinked me peepers for two days and nights. Packing. Dat's right. I've packed everybody, and everyting, including Kiddie.

Wait till I tell you how it happened. But, my, my! I'm dat dry I'll have to—well, tanks, Boss, if you say so: absinthe *gourmet* is mine. Notting but French goes wit me, after dis. Where was I at?

It was like dis: tings was getting jammed—blocked, do you see?—up to our place on de Sound. Notting had a move on. Duchess was as rattled as a dice box; Whiskers was frosty; Widdy was pouty; Miss Fannie mopey; and Mr. Paul was shying at tea, and toining a glad eye again at small bottles. He'd waited two years since Mr. Burton was wiped off de slate, but de odds again' him was still so long it looked like he was going to be scratched.

"It is of a ridiculous!" says Duchess. "Whiskair want Ma'amzelle Fannie to marry, so he can be of liberty to wed Madam Harding; Widdy want ma'amzelle to marry for de same reason, also; M'sieu Paul is of love wiz Ma'amzelle Fannie, and she is of love wiz him. And you, *mon enfant*, and I, should go to France, but can only go if a wedding joiney happens. It is of foolishness!"

"Sure," I says. "I'll take a crack at de game meself. I'll give Mr. Paul a hunch dat will start a wedding—or a fight."

Remember me telling you of de moonlight night on board Mr. Paul's yacht, when I puts it up dat he had cinched de game, and dat a wedding was on hand? Well, Duchess finds out, de way loidies' maids cops such tings, dat what made Mr. Paul feel so happy was dat Miss Fannie told him to wait. He tought it was up to him to wait only a mont or so; but near a year has went, and she's kept him on de waiting list all de time. I seen dat he was getting icy feet; so I says to him, one day when I'd give him a little excise wit de mitts, I says, "Excuse me, sir," I says, "but de excise don't do you as much good as it used to."

"I'm stale," he says.

"Den you needs to run around in a soicle for a while," I says. "Dis training don't suit. Why don't you chase yourself to Paris, sir?" I says.

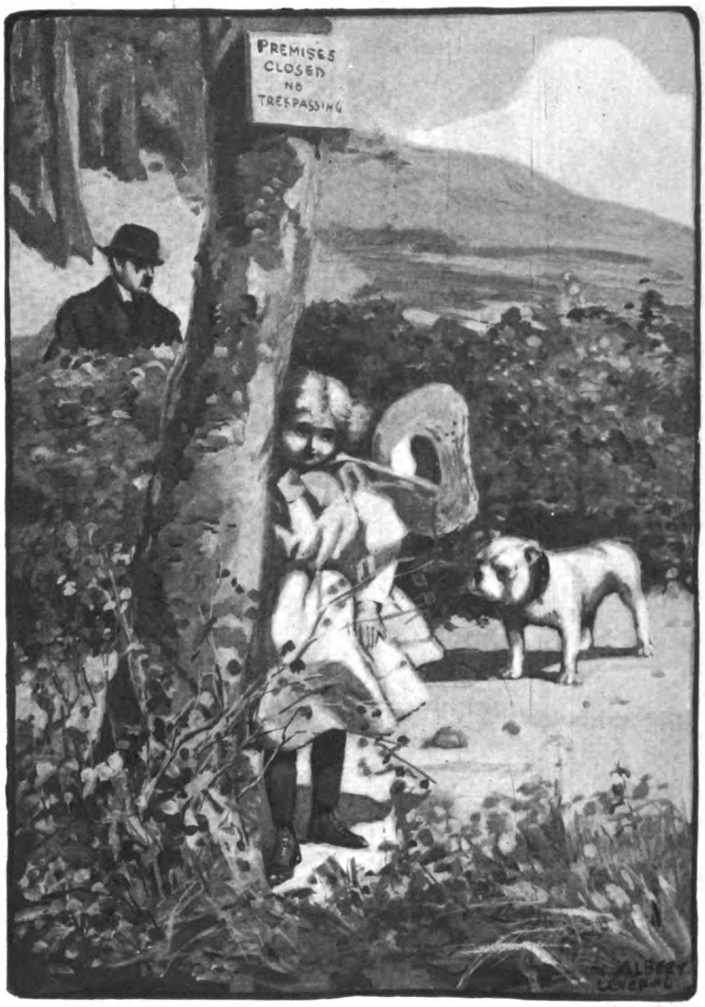
"I has tought of Paris," he says; "but me Chap valet would land me in Tokio if he got me started."

"Leave your Chap wit Mr. Van Courtlandt," I says, "and take me."

"But," says he, tinking I was jollying, "you couldn't fetch me to Paris witout Hortense to help you."

"Duchess will help," I says, passing him de wise wink.

He pipes me, toughtful, for a while; den he says, "Isn't Duchess too fond of her mistress to leave her?"



Good-by!

"She is," I says.

Mr. Paul pulls de mitts off slow, and says, "Chames, you has someting up your sleeve besides your elbow. I never caught you chasing no rainbows—especial when Duchess was wit you. Go ahead. I'll take me cue from you."

Duchess and me packs up, and Mr. Paul packs, too. Dis was on de open, but on de sly Duchess packs Miss Fannie's trunks, too.

Miss Fannie says why was we going to leave, and Duchess says we must go to France to show Kiddie to a aunt she expected would leave him a bunch of boodle. But Miss Fannie didn't like our leaving for a little bit. But when she hears dat Mr. Paul was going to France, too, she said it was splendid, fine! She was so tickled she couldn't say how tickled she was, but had to go to her room to tink it over. In a little time Duchess comes out, wit weeps in her eyes—what made me know dat Miss Fannie was crying—but she gives me de wink, and says, "Queek!"

I hustles to de telegraph office, den to de stables, and den hustles over to Mr. Paul. After a while he wanders over to our place, and finds Miss Fannie on de lawn wit Whiskers and Widdy. Duchess hoists a eyebrow to Widdy, who chases off, wit Whiskers, and we chases off, too.

Say, to look at Mr. Paul, you'd size him up to be a lazy-going mug, mostly, but he must been de busiest ting dat ever started de next hour, for, when he comes up to de veranda, he was holding Miss Fannie's hand like de fellow in de picture; and he looks like he'd won de woild. I guess he tought he had.

Duchess and me pipes 'em trou de window. Whiskers was saying "God bless my soul!" and "God bless you, children!" Widdy was whispering to Little Miss Fannie, who scampered away. Miss Fannie was blushing, and Mr. Paul was getting chestier and chestier, when one of our traps drives up wit de parson of our city church in it. As I helps de parson out, Mr. Paul puts his arm around Miss Fannie, and says, "Doctor, we sail for Paris to-morrow if you are prepared to marry us now."

"A wedding!" says de parson. "Mr. Van Courtlandt's telegram only mentioned dinner."

"My telegram?" says Whiskers, but Widdy gives him a pinch, and he quits.

"Stop, stop!" says Miss Fannie. "This is absurd. In six monts. Why, I haven't even a gown, or—"

"Pardon, madam," chips in Duchess. "I happens to fetch a proper gown up from de city yesterday."

"And here comes Little Miss Fannie from de conservatory wid a beautiful wedding bouquet," says Widdy.

"I've had de ring in me pocket for six monts," says Mr. Paul.

Miss Fannie stoops and kisses Little One; den she raises her head, gives her hand to Mr. Paul, and says, "I am ready, Paul. I tink it would not have been any other way," and she gives him a look dat starts de tears to my peepers, all right.

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DR. SIEGERT'S
1824 A. D.
ANGOSTURA BITTERS
The World's Best Tonic
Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.
22 GOLD MEDALS
LONDON 1862 | LONDON 1886
PHILADELPHIA 1876 | BUFFALO 1901
VIENNA 1873 | PARIS 1867, 1878, 1900
CHICAGO 1893
The Only Genuine
Unrivalled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective, recommended by physicians. Lends an exquisite flavor to champagne, sherry, and all liquors. None genuine except Dr. Siegert's. On the market seventy years. Refuse imitations and substitutes.
J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent, New York, N. Y.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

The Acme of Luxury
Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists
The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

Kitchen Utensils
HAVING THIS TRADE MARK
AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE
WE MAKE 1520 KINDS
ARE SAFE.
NO POISON
Has Ever Been Found in the Enamel of
Agate Nickel-Steel Ware.
The BLUE LABEL,
Protected by Decision of United States Court, pasted on every piece,
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If substitutes are offered, write us. New Booklet Free.
Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—
These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.
CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

(Continued from page 1331.)

conceal a fallacy or succeed by some pious fraud on the truth. It is a narrow view of a man which excludes what he holds, what he has done and made. If he must lose his grasp on that, part of his true self goes with it. The better teachers inculcate not throwing away but exchange, renunciation here for the sake of acquisition there, a narrowing of borders on one side that there may be strength to conquer fairer fields on the other. Could Airey Newton, who had so often turned in impatience or deafness from the first gospel, perceive the truth of the second? He was left to fight for that—left between the red book and the memory of Trix Trevalla.

But Trix went home on feet lighter than had borne her for many a day. To her nature hope was ever fact, or even better—richer, wider, more brightly colored. Airey had given her hope. She swung back the baize door of Peggy's flat with a cheerful vigor, and called aloud:

"Peggy, where are you? I've something to tell you, Peggy."

For once Peggy was there. "I'm changing my frock," she cried from her room, in a voice that sounded needlessly prohibitory.

"I want to tell you something," called Trix. "I've been to Airey Newton's—"

Peggy's door flew open; she appeared gownless; her brush was in her hand, and her hair streamed down her back.

"Oh, your hair!" exclaimed Trix—as she always did when she saw it thus displayed.

Peggy's scared face showed no appreciation of the impulsive compliment.

"You've been to Airey's, and you've something to tell me?" she said, scanning Trix with unconcealed anxiety.

But Trix did not appear to be in an accusing mood; she had no charge of broken faith to launch or of confidence betrayed.

"I told him how I stood—that I was pretty well ruined," she explained, "and he was so kind about it. And what do you think?" She paused for effect. Peggy had recourse to diplomacy; she flung her masses of hair to and fro, passing the brush over them in quick, dexterous strokes as they went.

"Well?" she asked, with more indifference than was even polite, much less plausible.

But Trix noticed nothing; she was much too full of the news.

"He told me there was a glimmer of hope for Glowing Stars!"

"He said that?"

Peggy's voice now did full justice to the importance of the tidings.

"Yes, hope for Glowing Stars. Peggy, if it should come out right!"

"If it should!" gasped Peggy. "What did you say he said?"

"That there was hope for Glowing Stars—that I oughtn't to—"

"No, you told me another word; you said he used another word."

"Oh yes, he was very particular about it," smiled Trix. "And, of course, I mustn't exaggerate. He said there was a glimmer of hope."

"Ah!" said Peggy. "I'll come into the other room directly, dear."

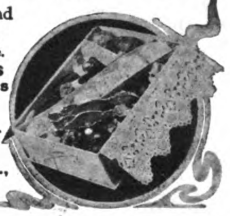
She went back to the looking-glass and proceeded with the task of brushing her hair. Her face underwent changes which that operation (however artistically performed and consistently successful in its effect) hardly warranted. She frowned, she smiled, she grew pensive, she became gloomy, she nodded, she shook her head. Once she shivered as though in apprehension. Once she danced a step, and then stopped herself with an emphatic and angry stamp.

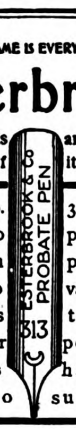
"A glimmer of hope!" she murmured at last. "And poor, dear old Airey's left there in Danes Inn, fighting it out alone!" She joined her hands behind her head, burying them in the thickness of her hair. "Oh, Airey, dear, be good," she whispered; "do be good!"

She was so wrapped up in this invocation or entreaty that she quite lost sight of the fact that she herself was relieved of one part of her burden. Trix could not charge her with treachery now. But then it had never been Trix's accusation that she feared the most.

To be Continued.

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The Prince of Wales Automobiling

Lord Roberts Lord Kitchener Crown-Prince of Denmark The King Prince of Wales



The Queen Empress Eugenie Princess Victoria Princess Henry of Battenberg

The Party on the King's Yacht during the Coronation Manoeuvres

This was one of the most remarkable gatherings of distinguished soldiers, sailors, and members of royal families ever gotten together

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To Increase Man's Longevity

MAN'S worst living foe is now acknowledged in some expert scientific quarters to be the little mosquito, which heretofore was considered merely as a tantalizing nuisance to make life unpleasant for bald-headed paterfamilias, at the summer resorts; but the blasting of the insect's innocent reputation by science has practically doomed it to extermination. A second season of unremitting warfare against it has drawn to a close, and the fields and marshes are scattered with the slaughtered hosts; but whether there will be any apparent diminution in the numbers of the insects another year by reason of this widespread destruction future observations alone can determine. Meanwhile, we are informed by eminent authority that malaria can be checked and stamped out only through the extermination of the little pests, and that already in Italy, where it seems the mortality from this mosquito-carried disease is alarmingly high, the death-rate has been materially decreased since the authorities undertook to reduce the billions of mosquitoes to something like respectable numbers.

But a world free from mosquitoes, it seems, would still be made miserable by diseases which would spread from one corner of the globe to another by means of Nature's agencies that have not yet been brought under human control. There is the common house-fly, for instance. Little Musca domestica is more than an annoying insect. It has a newly discovered reputation for carrying pestilential diseases little less alarming than that of the buzzing mosquito, and to prolong man's life it is necessary to exterminate the house-fly. Typhoid, which seems far more dangerous to most of us, is the house-fly's special favorite, and its peculiar affinity to this disease makes it the transmitting agent for thousands of the virulent little bacilli. Warfare, therefore, upon the house-fly has become a necessary part of the modern movement to increase man's longevity by removing from him, so far as possible, all the infectious and contagious diseases. Typhoid has a peculiar way of becoming epidemic in the cities in the autumn of the year, and eminent medical authorities declare, with local patriotic fervor, that it is all due to the drinking-water taken into the system at the various seaside and mountain resorts. It is now a question whether the drinking-water will not be relieved of some of the heavy responsibilities that have heretofore been shouldered upon it, and a few of them at least be transferred to the house-fly, whose well-known ubiquity might easily account for the widespread presence of this disease.

Another disease-carrying creature has more recently been brought under the ban of modern medical science, and by another season systematic warfare will be declared against it. They have been experimenting in the East with the ship and wharf rats to see if they were not responsible for the spread of the bubonic plague, and after duly testing the matter, the physicians and biological experts unhesitatingly inform us that the rodents have been the chief agencies for inundating the world with millions of the germs of this most dreaded of human diseases. The ship rat is one of the most persistent travellers of the high seas imaginable, and there is no quarter of the globe where these rodents have not appeared, or if there is such a place it is because man has never sailed there in ships of wood or steel.

The little sea-travelling rodents are found on every ship that leaves or approaches any port in the world, and they have a highly developed system of exchange which indicates almost human foresight. As if tired of sailing the high seas after a long voyage in a leaky old wooden vessel, the rats all desert the craft when it touches a new port, and as the ship loads up with a new cargo, preparatory to resuming its journey, other rats will swarm aboard as passengers. Those which have disembarked for a season will remain ashore until another vessel is ready to depart, and then they will seize their opportunity to renew their travels. There is no fighting or disputing of rights. By some mutual arrangement among themselves certain numbers are paired off to occupy the hold of a given ship, while the others on shore wait patiently their turn.

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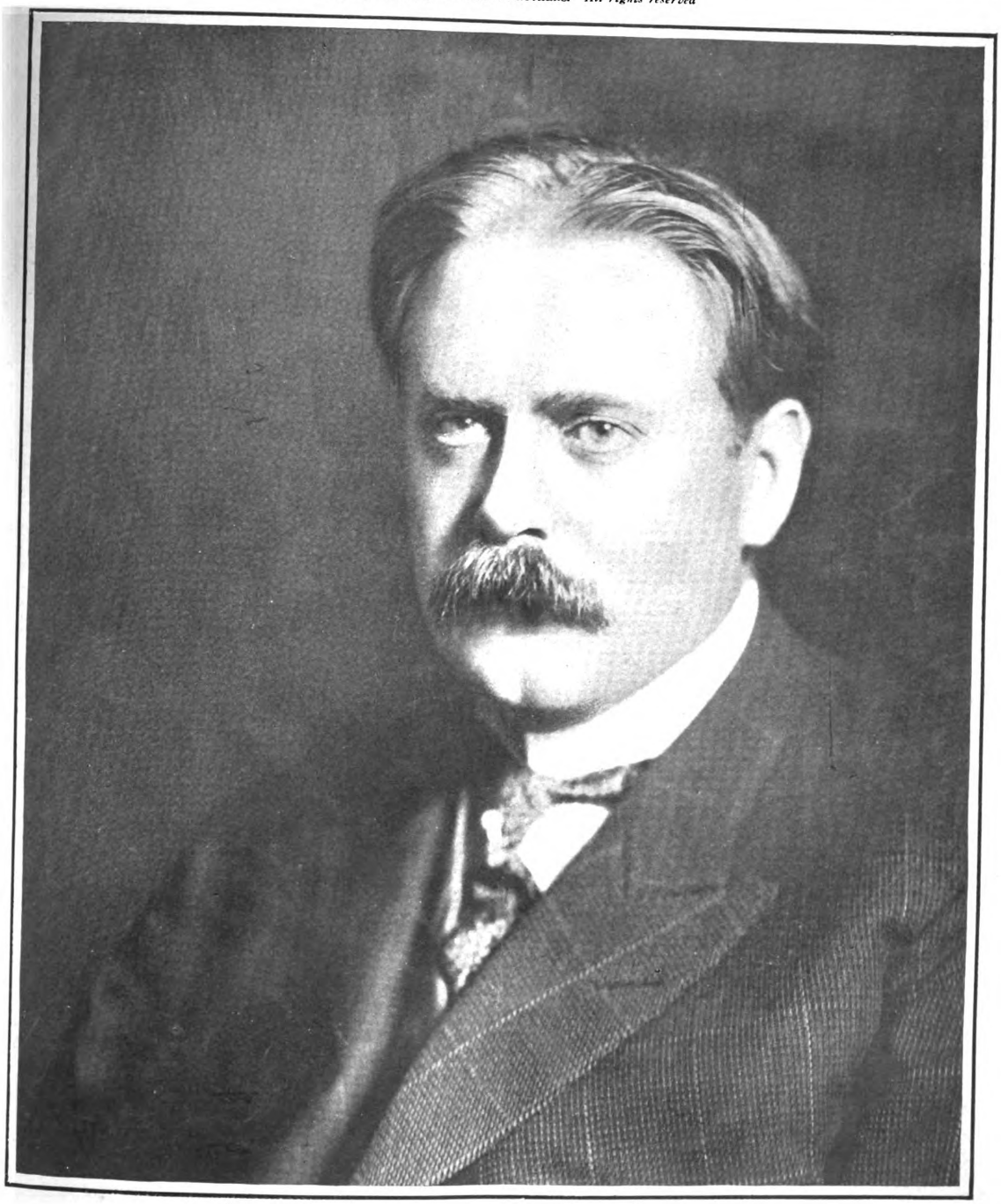
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, September 27, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2388

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

IX.—GEORGE W. YOUNG, *AET. 38*

See page 1357—Editorial Section

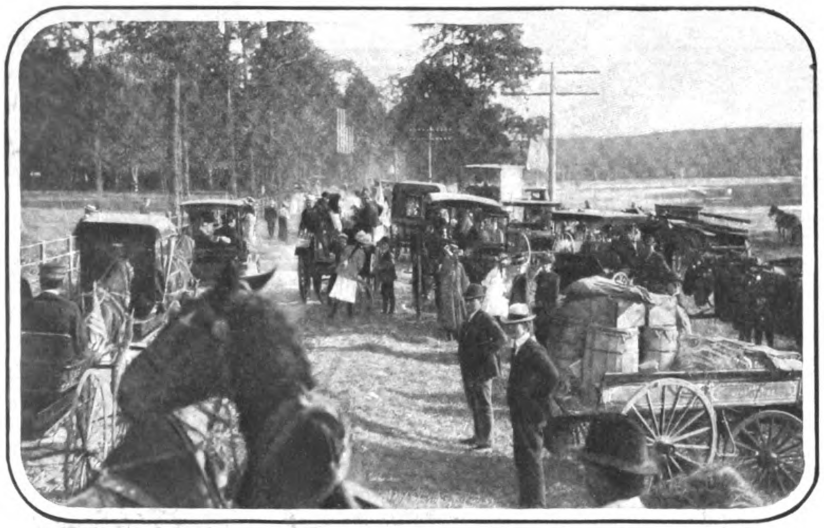
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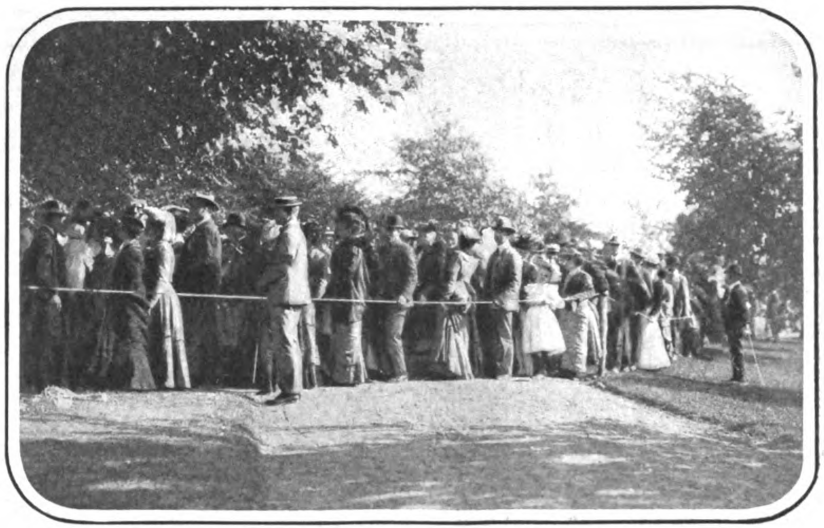
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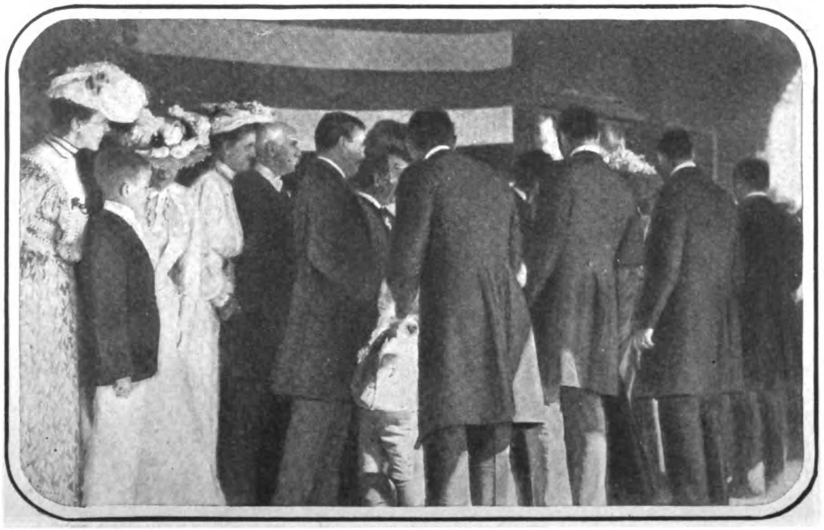
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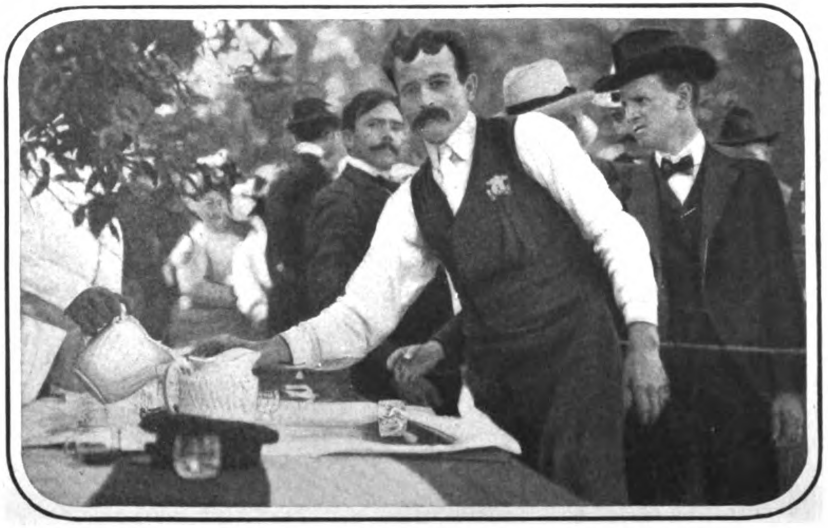
The Road to the President's, showing the Wagons, the Crowd, and the Popcorn and Banana Stands



Forming the Crowd into Single File as the People approached the Piazza where the President stood



The President shaking Hands at the rate of Fifty-two to the Minute—Mrs. Roosevelt is the Second from the Left



The Raspberry Shrub—The Glasses bearing the Name of the President were given away

THE PRESIDENT RECEIVING THE CITIZENS OF LONG ISLAND

On Monday, September 15, the President shook hands with close upon 8000 people from the towns adjoining Oyster Bay. They came in all sorts of wagons, bringing babies and lunches, and camped upon the grounds at Sagamore Hill to shake hands with neighbor Roosevelt

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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CAPTAINS OF THE COAL STRIKE



Thomas P. Fowler
President of the New York, Ontario, and Western R. R.



John Mitchell
President of the Miners' Union



William H. Truesdale
President of the Del., Lack., and Western R. R.

THE conditions of the coal situation are now simplified to the several positions of the parties concerned. The public is having, and will continue to have, cheaper coal than it ever enjoyed before, because the municipal authorities dare not enforce the ordinances against the use of bituminous. There is all the soft coal in stock at low prices that can possibly be needed.

The laboring men and the politicians want the strike settled for obvious reasons. The operators continue to be indifferent, for the reason, one of them has stated, that they have a "community of interest," which consists of "a certain number of people who own property to do what they like with it." As the settlement of the strike continues to be "up to" the captains of the industry who hold the point of view stated, it may be assumed that there are dreary times ahead for the miners unless they return to work on the terms offered to them—very nearly unconditional surrender. Among these captains, the personality of Mr. George F. Baer, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, is the most striking, pugnacious, interesting, and unique, since he holds the divine right of captains as the custodians in whose hands the Almighty has vested the supreme authority over the coal world.



George F. Baer
President of the Phila. and Read., and Cent. R. R. of N. J.

No strike has ever presented such features as this one, for the reason that the miners are fighting for a principle, the recognition of unionism. To carry their point they have invoked public sentiment, Senators, the Governors of States, and the President. While it possibly may concern Governors to restore harmony amongst their citizens, not even the most rabid socialist can plead that it is any part of the duty of the President of the United States to intervene in a matter where he has not the remotest justification in law or constitution. He can only act when, as in the case of President Cleveland in Illinois, and President McKinley in Idaho, he is compelled to employ the Federal army to suppress internal violence and disorder, either ignored by the Governors or unequal to their resources.

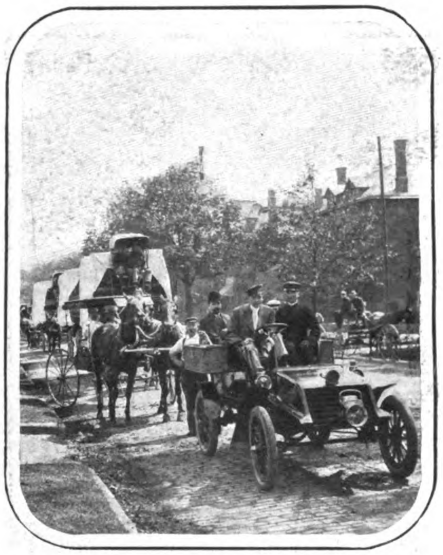


A. J. Cassatt
President of the Pennsylvania Railroad



E. B. Thomas
President of the Erie Railroad

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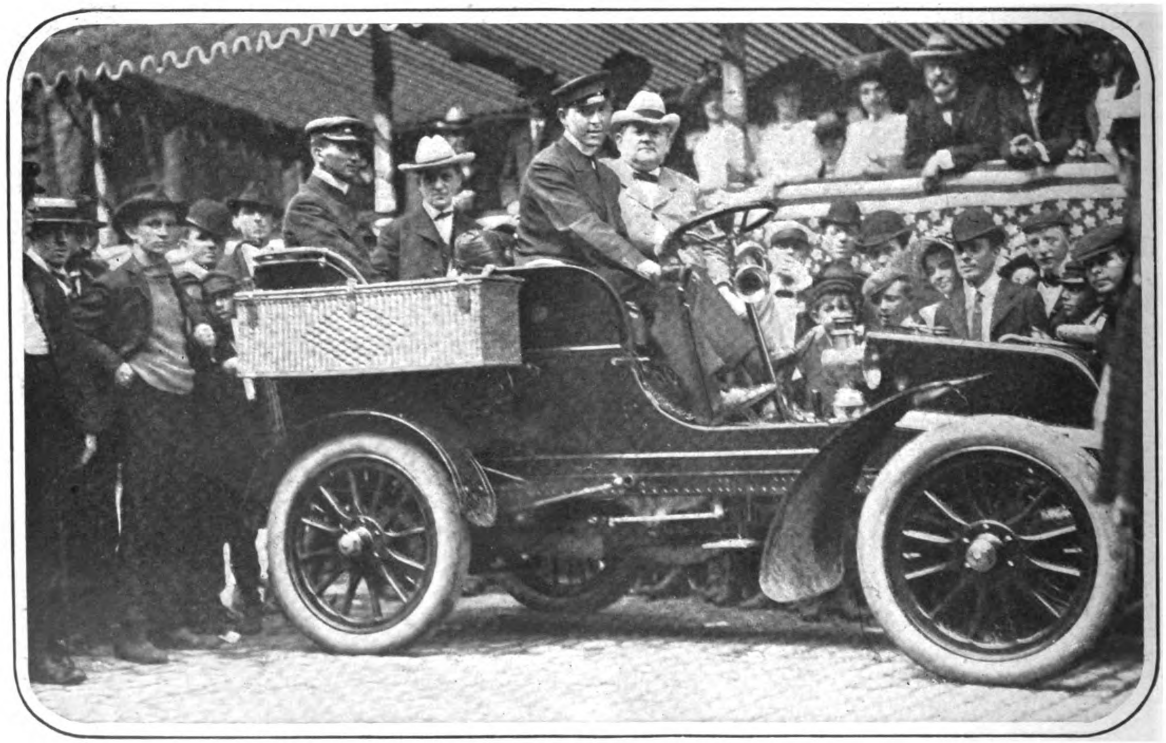
The Johnson Expedition, headed by Tom L. Johnson's Son

The Latest METHOD of the MIDDLE WEST in POLITICS



Col. C. F. Wagner, Manager of the Expedition

FEW political stumping-tours in recent years have matched in histrionic interest that which Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, is now making throughout Ohio. It will be recalled that the recent State convention of Ohio Democrats showed its faith in Mayor Johnson by adopting his platform as its own, accepting his candidates for minor State officers, and enthusiastically supporting him in his campaign. To the ratification of this work Mr. Johnson has addressed himself with his usual energy and originality. No more picturesque campaign has been devised, and no more modern. Mr. Johnson himself travels in an automobile, and the procession which he leads from town to town includes ten baggage-drays, a tally-ho with places for forty musicians, a tent large enough to hold an audience of six thousand persons, and a large number of attendants clad in khaki, with blue shirts and campaign hats. On reading the newspaper reports of rousing meetings addressed by Mr. Johnson in his big tent, the mind jumps to the lively campaigns of the past, when coonskin caps and butternut jeans were the latest fashion in fall uniforms, and vociferous shouts for "Tippecanoe" and "Old Hickory" made the tallow-dips flicker. But Mayor Johnson's campaign, strong as it is in the personal element, means something more than the popularity of one man or the local interests of his neighbors. Mr. Johnson's friends intimate that the Governorship of Ohio is not the end of his ambition, and Mr. Bryan himself has considered the canvass important enough to support by his presence and his speeches. At Toledo, on September 13, Mr. Bryan, after referring to the need of a popular captain in the struggle for "righteousness and justice," said: "In no one except Mr. Johnson is there the combination of heart, head, and moral courage necessary for the man who will finally achieve the great victory for the people against tyranny, injustice, and greed." To understand the significance of this eulogy it is necessary to remember that in the convention which nominated him, Mr. Johnson said frankly that he did not believe in the free-silver theories of Mr. Bryan. At the same time he approved the general course of that leader, and made his support in 1900 a test of present membership in the Democratic party. For these reasons the citizens of Ohio who have an affinity with politics are eagerly following the course of Mr. Johnson's automobile, filling his great tent every evening, and listening with interest to his addresses.



The Motor-Car in which Tom L. Johnson leads his Political Expedition

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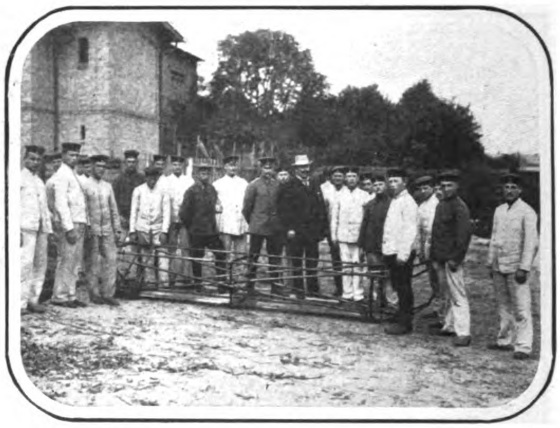
VIRGINIA HARNED

Miss Harned is to play the title role in Pinero's drama "Iris," which will be produced this month at the Criterion Theatre, in New York. Miss Harned feels that the character of "Iris" will offer her unusual opportunities. The play has already been given with marked success in London

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The first Step in the Construction



Finished Frame of Lances before Cloth is put on

The New Lance-Boat of the German Army

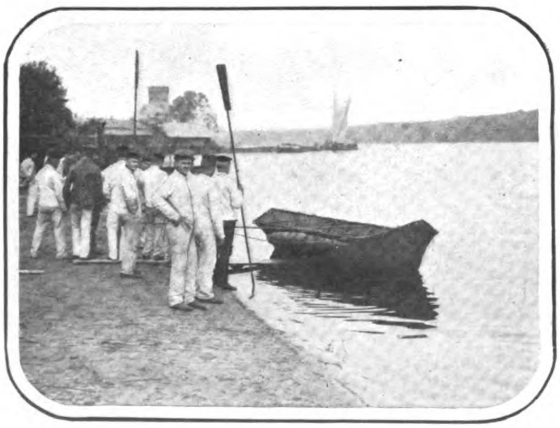
A MOST important demonstration of the practical use of the new lance-boats, now being furnished to most of the German regiments, was given during the recent great manœuvres. They are of the most simple construction of lances and sail-cloths, or tarpaulins, and the question of their being put together, as the result of constant drill, has become a question of moments rather than of minutes.

A most exciting scene was the rapid crossing of the river of a corps of a cavalry, all regiments of which now carry, when on campaign or field duty, the necessary outfit for the construction of these lance-boats. The squadrons came to the river on a trot, dismounted, unsaddled their horses, unloaded the lances and cloths, and in a few seconds the building of the boats was under way. Each horse can be loaded with the paraphernalia for a single boat, but this is so placed that the animal can take any gait or clear any ordinary obstacle. The men unload, construct the boat, and have it afloat, with themselves and horses aboard, in eight minutes, and they can take it apart and have it reloaded inside of two minutes. The boats are so steady on the water that they cannot be overturned. Each boat has twenty-four water-tight compartments, and should ten of these be pierced by shot, the remaining fourteen would keep it afloat.

Every test during the late manœuvres had a successful result, and the foreign officers and critics, who watched them carefully, were unanimous in their praises of this new means of crossing streams and rivers for large bodies of men.



Driving a double Tandem for crossing a River



Finished Boat of Lances and Sail-cloth



Embarking on the Boat to cross a River

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The Gathering of the Tribes



Pau-Pu-Kee-Wis



The Processional

"Hiawatha," Played by Indians in the Open

THERE closed, September 3, near Desbarats, Ontario, the third season of the production of their drama "Hiawatha," or "Nanabozho," as given by Ojibway Indians on their century-old play-ground and park, Kensington Point.

The actors, who number about thirty, with their accompanying families and friends, are natives of Garden River Reservation, several miles below Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. They, like their sires and grandsires, come each summer holiday to Desbarats, huddling their bark tepees circlewise on Huron's rocky shore at the isle-begirt entrance to Georgian Bay.

The locality was chosen by the Ojibways as their recreation-ground because, in the words of an old chief, "it is never too hot and never too cool in the islands; it never blows too hard for our canoes; there are berries and fish, and it is good to look at."

Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, who went, four years ago, as a cottager to one of the islands a mile away from the encampment, being something of an ethnologist, early made the acquaintance of his Indian neighbors; visits were exchanged, old legends rehearsed, and tribal songs sung around the evening fires. On one of these occasions Mr. Armstrong asked the Indians if they knew the poem "Hiawatha," which embodied many of their traditions. One or two had heard of it, none had read it. Mr. Armstrong thereupon invited a number to hear it read at his cottage next evening.

His guests came early; they stayed until two in the morning, and the Armstrong household was kept very much awake. It was an attentive audience that heard the Indian "Edda" for the first time. Where the legends were faulty, it clamored long and loud for their rights; where correct, it grunted satisfaction. It was at this time that Mr. Armstrong broached the subject of a dramatization of "Hiawatha," not only as a unique exhibition, but as an inspiration to the Indians to revive a knowledge of their ancient customs, ceremonials, arts, and styles of dress, which was in a fair way to be lost.

The suggestion met with favor, and the first acting version was written and rehearsed. The players undertook its expression with deep seriousness, imparting the reverence due scenes from the life of their spirit-man "Nanabozho."

In 1900 it was given publicly for the first time, on the occasion of a visit to Desbarats of members of the Longfellow family. Crude as it then was, Miss Alice M. Longfellow, the poet's daughter, wrote: "It possessed an indescribable charm . . . . and although many of the minor parts are omitted, the whole legend has been told at the conclusion of the performance."

Each year has seen improvement in the manner and the method of presentation, and to-day "Hiawatha" stands not only as a creditable spectacular exhibition, but as a faithful restoration of the Indian as a romantic figure.

From a natural amphitheatre on the mainland, where rows of logs and rustic benches divide honors with bowlders and sloping shore in impartial seating capacity, an audience is grouped each summer afternoon before a stage-island just across the blue water. The island has been levelled and floored, although it still preserves its rugged water-line of gnarled roots and scrub-balsams. It is one hundred and ten feet long by seventy wide.

So munificent has Nature been with her settings of water and sky, her background of velvety forests, and the convenient disposal of her islands, that stage artifice is wellnigh unnecessary.

On the stage to the right of the audience is placed the bark wigwam of Nokomis, the grandmother of Hiawatha: on the left, across a short stretch of water, rises a densely wooded cliff, while farther to left are shown, on cleverly painted canvas, the Falls of Minnehaha,—the only real departure from nature in the setting. At the foot of the falls appears the tent of the ancient Arrow-maker, the father of Minnehaha; half a mile distant, west of the stage and to the right of the audience, is a small island known to the Ojibways as the Woman's Face. It is, in the play, the objective point of Hiawatha's spirit flight.

The Ojibway songs hold a charm of spontaneity and a surprising completeness of expression which endear them at once to the hearer. Mr. Frederick R. Burton, of Yonkers, New York, has harmonized two, "My Bark Canoe" and the song of "Absence and Longing," ancient melodies suggestive of eighteenth-century German composition.

The ceremonial songs are usually enhanced by dancing, the time always in plain double rhythm.

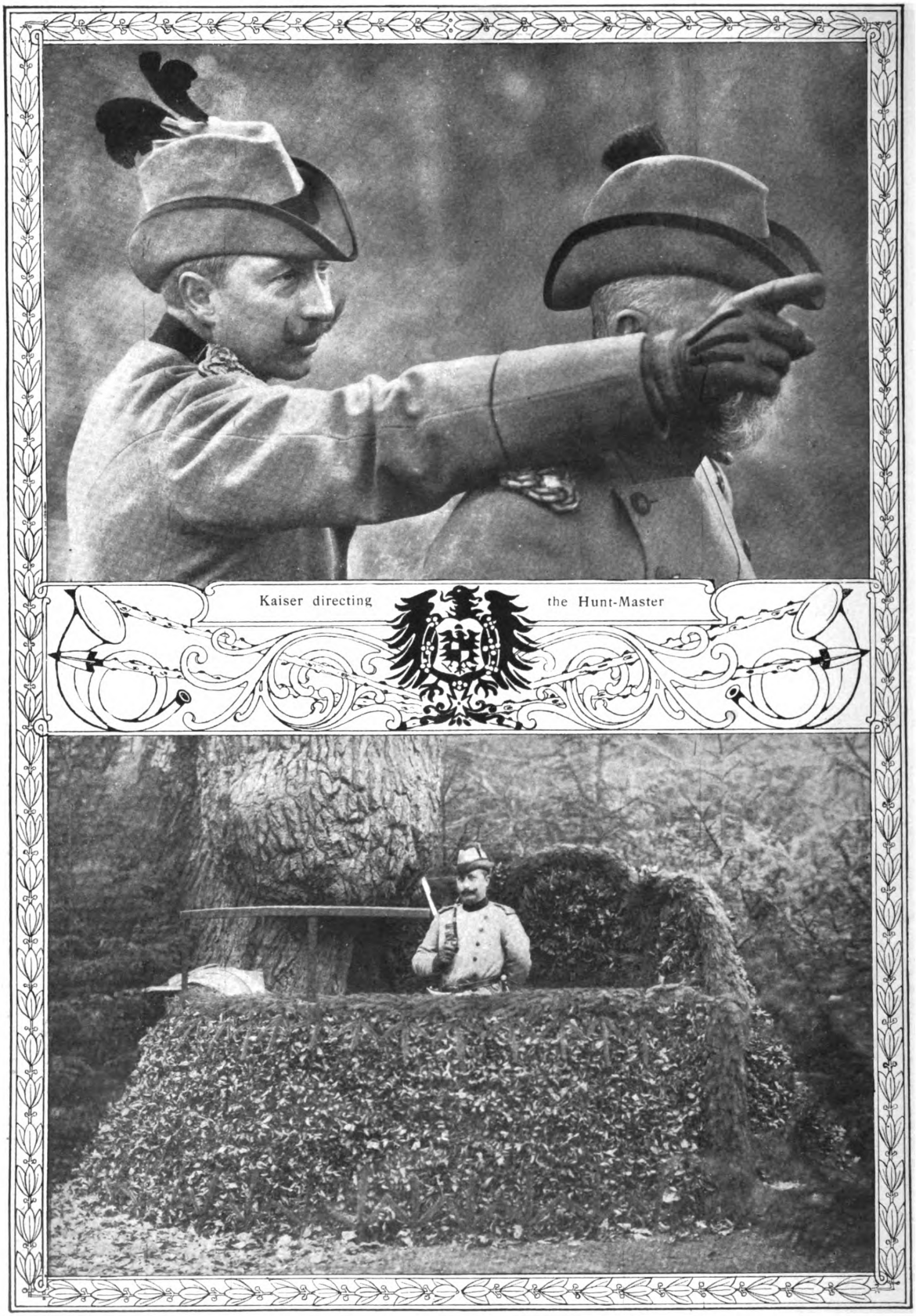


Hiawatha Returning with his Bride



Hiawatha's Departure

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Kaiser directing the Hunt-Master

In the Shooting-box, ready for the Drive

THE KAISER GOES A-HUNTING

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending September 27, 1902

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COMMENT

WHEN the next appropriations for our navy are under discussion in Congress, we hope that due attention will be given to a remarkable fact set forth in the *Naval Annual* for 1902, just published by the Office of Naval Intelligence. We refer to the unexpected progress made towards the completion of the German naval programme formulated in 1898 and amended two years later. Because the year 1916 was named as the extreme limit of the period within which the war-ships authorized must be finished, it has been commonly supposed that the German navy would not reach the full strength contemplated before that date. Now we learn from Lieutenant Louis M. Nulton, who was deputed by the Navy Department to make a study of the subject, that the execution of the programme of 1898-1900 has been pressed so strenuously that it will probably be completed by 1908, if not a twelvemonth earlier. That is to say, the German Empire will six years hence have at its command no fewer than thirty-eight battle-ships, fourteen armored cruisers, and thirty-eight cruisers. For what purpose is this formidable fleet required? As M. de Bloch pointed out in his memorable book on modern warfare, the command of the sea was useless to France in 1870-71, and it would be superfluous to Germany in the event of a war between the Triple Alliance on the one hand and the Russian-French League on the other, for that contest would have to be fought out on land. Neither is a great fleet needed by Germany for the purpose of protecting her existing colonies. With the exception of a few trading-posts on the west coast of Africa, she has at present no colonial possessions bordering the Atlantic, and her dependencies in or adjoining the Pacific are insignificant compared with those of Great Britain, France, and Russia, or even with those of Holland and the United States. Germany, therefore, is not constrained to keep a large proportion of her war-ships permanently in distant waters, as is the case with Great Britain, or to maintain two powerful flying squadrons, one in the Atlantic and one in the Pacific, as the French Ministry of Marine is compelled to do by a recent law. Consequently, six years hence she will have at her disposal in home waters, ready for a sudden aggressive movement, almost the whole of the ninety war-ships which she will then possess. That is to say, she could place at a given moment in the British Channel a larger naval force than could be quickly arrayed by France or even England, owing to the fact that the navies of the two powers last named are in peace times widely scattered. It follows *a fortiori* that the German Empire could direct against any point on the Atlantic coast of North or South America a fleet overwhelmingly superior to any that the United States, with their existing naval resources, could concentrate in opposition. Under such circumstances what would become of the Monroe doctrine? We enforced that doctrine in the case of Mexico, and compelled Napoleon III. to withdraw his army therefrom, because we were able to reach that country by land. But how, in the teeth of a navy vastly stronger than our own, could we enforce the Monroe doctrine against Germany if that power chose to occupy Haiti, on the pretext that the condition of that black republic has long been an international scandal; or Venezuela, on the ground that German subjects have large railway and industrial interests in that country; or the southern provinces of Brazil, on the plea that German emigrants and their descendants constitute a large element of the population. It should be clear to American statesmen that, by 1908 at furthest, the Monroe doctrine will be a laughing-stock in the eyes of Germany, unless, meanwhile, we shall have taken one of two precautions. Either we must see to it that our navy six years hence is a great deal stronger than it is to-day, or we must bring ourselves to acknowledge that only through an alliance with Great Britain and the assistance of her navy can we carry out our vaunted promise to shield American republics from European aggression.

The late lamented "pirate" Admiral Killick, who went down gloriously with his "fleet," the *Crête-à-Pierrot,* for the honor of his country, had a very narrow escape from becoming an international incident, a stumbling-block, and a rock of offence in the path of the Monroe doctrine. Germany's drastic action seems to have created a precedent which, though apparently leading to no results in the present, may be the cause of serious trouble in the future. Now that we have practically admitted the right of a European power to intervene with an armed force on this continent, where are we to draw the line? It is true that the Haitian revolutionists had not secured belligerent rights; but in a region of perpetual outbreaks and uprisings, like Latin America, it is by no means easy to say who is likely to be the authorized and authentic government in the near future. Colombia and Venezuela illustrate this. In both the revolutionists are strong, and hold large tracts of territory in their possession. If it is lawful for Germany or any European power to sink a revolutionary gunboat on the high seas, is it lawful for the same power to attack a revolutionary force on land—let us say, the Venezuelan forces under General Matos—who may be menacing the interests of German colonists at Angostura? To protect German interests, it might be necessary for a German war-ship to sail up the Orinoco, to land marines, as we are doing at Panama, and to occupy intrenched positions on the shore. How would the United States and the Monroe doctrine view this? Where would the line be drawn? How long would such an occupation be lawful? At what point would this country intervene? These are some of the problems merely shelved by the present inaction of the Department of State, but certain to come up pressing for solution in the future which the gifted and much-regretted "pirate" Admiral Killick and his comic-opera fleet have left us as a legacy. Meanwhile the Admiral's epitaph has been written by his great friend Admiral Firmin, who has launched a violently worded proclamation referring to the Admiral's

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heroic death, and urging his adherents to fight on to the bitter end against the provisional government, which he accuses of having incited Germany to destroy his "fleet." The people of Gonaïves and St. Marc, both strongholds of the Firminists, are greatly excited, and placards denouncing Germany are posted in the streets. Meanwhile the advance-guard of the government army has started for Gonaïves, and the greater part of the army will follow. We may expect decisive events in Haiti at any moment.

The Haitians are the saddest kind of a problem. Their republic was born in a blaze of glory. Toussaint Louverture was accepted as the proof that greatness could nestle in black-walled brains as well as in white. It had been discovered, when the black Haitians triumphed over the army of Napoleon, that the black race, as Emerson expressed it, could at last contend with the white. All "disqualifications and distinctions of color" were to cease. Not merely was a new republic born, but a despised race had taken its place among peoples fit to rule themselves. Alas! the history of the Black Republic has been a steady descent from Toussaint's day to this, and a great share of the little glory that was still left to Haiti was snuffed out when Admiral Killick's fine little war-craft, the *Crête-à-Pierrot,* was crushed and destroyed by German guns, which earned from the Haitian government of the moment thanks for working the destruction. The *Crête-à-Pierrot* had already done her share in reducing once rich Haitian cities to jungle; for when one of the good houses built by the French on the island is destroyed by fire, nothing better than a shack ever rises to take its place. Every step of the Black Republic, indeed, is a step back into the jungle. The blacks drove out all the whites who were among them, but they could not drive out the white blood that had crept into their own veins, and they have been making war against that ever since the white men left them. Their wars are chiefly wars between the black men of the back country and the yellow and brown men of the towns; and if the blacks succeed in overwhelming at last all the yellow and brown men among them, there will then surely be war of blacks against blacks, for the factious habit is too deeply fixed ever to fail. And the Haitians, with it all, are ordinarily so mild, so gentle, and so urbane a people that it seems almost incredible that they should always be at war. Even at the worst, it must be owned, their warfare is rather mild. The violent and destructive proceedings of the German gunboat *Panther* are almost unknown in their annals; for the murders and other crimes of the black Emperor Soulouque were deeds of deliberate tyranny rather than of war. However desperately the Haitians decline, they cannot be waved away by our government or any other that undertakes their management or tuition; there are upwards of a million of them. We could never swamp them with settlers, though their country invites development; their population is as dense as our own. If any one knows of an intelligent solution of the problem they present, he has not yet published it to the world.

Germany, not sated with the glory of putting the *Crête-à-Pierrot* out of business, has been arousing a tide of mimic war in the broad plains of eastern Prussia, between Berlin and the Russian frontier. The Kaiser, having laid the Slavonic djin in one form at Posen, has now evoked it in another, and has indulged himself and his army in all the thrills of a Russian invasion. We have all noticed how, in the great Wild West Show, the cowboys invariably defeat the Indians; but, strange to say, the Kaiser departed from precedent and allowed the invading Russian army to conquer his invincible Prussian hosts. Perhaps there was a secret feeling in his breast that this would not have been possible had not he himself been leading the invaders; and he may have solaced himself with the sweet thought that were the mimic war to be converted into dead earnest, he would be on the side of the defence, unless he chose to emulate and perhaps excel the great Napoleon marching on Moscow or St. Petersburg. General Young and Brigadier-General Wood were with the Kaiser in the final swoop of the invading host, when nearly ten thousand horsemen, lancers, cuirassiers, and dragoons fell upon the retreating defenders, capturing thirty of the latter's guns and some two thousand of their infantry. The cavalry started at daylight, made a twelve-mile curve, and at about half past eight swept over rolling meadows upon the enemy's forces, which had been disorganized by a prolonged infantry attack. The ten thousand cavalrymen had a frontage of a mile and a half as they rushed forward at a hard gallop upon the enemy's artillery, which continued to fire until the invaders were near at hand. The Kaiser, mounted on a white Arab steed, directed the movement, galloping ahead with the wild recklessness of a young dragoon. One wonders how many of the charging ten thousand would really have reached those guns had the artillery been firing with ball instead of blank cartridge. One would like to have had the Boer generals, with their genius for real war, present to criticise and suggest. Amongst the actual spectators were the Empress Augusta and General Corbin, besides a host of European notabilities. General Corbin is said to have declared the great cavalry charge to have been the finest military spectacle he had ever seen. One wonders whether his inward thought was not, It is magnificent,—but it is not war! The manœuvres ended in a nebulous splendor of dinners and champagne, amid rejoicing that Germany had not been invaded, after all.

"When de quality do meet, de compliments dey pass," used to be the observation of an old colored flunky in the South, who had studied elegant plantation manners in the season of their finest flower. General Corbin, General Young, and General Wood, touching glasses with the Kaiser as they took their leave after the great Eastern manœuvres, undoubtedly felt themselves under the obligation of being complimentary even in the superlative degree. They must also have been under the pressure of a really enthusiastic admiration for the magnificent organization and discipline of the German army. But there will be a pang or two under blue and khaki cloth in the United States and the Philippines when General Corbin's words to Lord Roberts are read: "The German army altogether is matchless." There are certainly several respects in which the United States army does not match the German. It does not match it in numbers, for instance, nor in completeness of organization, nor in the sort of discipline which borders on subjection. But in the sense that "matchless" means the best, unequalled for excellence, most American military authorities will patriotically insist that our own army, rather than the German, now deserves the adjective. There is now not a regiment in the United States army that has not seen active service. Every officer, with the exception of the youngest subalterns, has personally had to solve the problems connected with transportation, subsistence, and management of bodies of men in transit over long distances, and nearly every officer knows what it is to handle men on the field of real battle. The men themselves have had the faculty of initiative and self-dependence, in which they are supposed to excel by nature, developed by actual use. We know that the Germans do not equal our men in physique, and we do not admit that they surpass ours in courage. In availability for modern military crises, we really seem to be justified in supposing that our little regular army is "matchless." But that proud claim should not in the least prevent us from acknowledging the fact that we may learn a great deal from the Germans. Our representatives at the imperial manœuvres must surely bring home in their haversacks many practical military ideas. Let us hope Congress will consent to their being made effective.

While the Kaiser has been playing Russian on the plains along the Oder, the veritable Russians have been making history far away by the Amur and the Usuri. M. Paul Lessar, the brilliant diplomatist, who left the embassy in London to preside over the Russian ministry at Peking, is said to have advised the Russian commander in Manchuria that the presence of foreigners in Manchuria during Russian military occupation is highly objectionable, and to have directed him to expel the British imperial-customs employees who may be sent to Manchuria to resume charge of the postal service. This rumor must be taken with a modicum of salt, as it is not within the province of the Russian minister at Peking to issue orders to generals in Manchuria, who would get their directions from the War Office at St. Petersburg, where General Kuropatkin is in charge,—a man hardly likely to allow any interference with the prerogatives of his office. But it seems to be tolerably certain that Russia has taken no steps towards the proposed evacuation of Manchuria. It will

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be remembered that we predicted this, as a result of the Japanese treaty with Korea, a few weeks ago. We saw that Russia could not afford to withdraw from her outlets to the Pacific, with the certainty that Japan, now become possessed of a base of operations extending along the whole eastern border of Manchuria, would proceed to step in as Russia stepped out. Japan has never forgiven Russia for forcing her out of the Liao-tung peninsula in 1896; and she hardly disguises her determination to get back there at the earliest possible moment. Naturally Russia, instead of withdrawing her troops from the southernmost of the three Manchurian provinces, is adding to them; she has far too much at stake there to run any risks. And we could well believe that she had even taken the extreme step of excluding from the neighborhood of her Manchurian fortresses certain English officials, who, as Japan's allies in a possible war with Russia, might be expected to keep their eyes open for any military information that might fall in their way. Another bone of contention between England and Russia in Asia is Lord Curzon's approval of the Indian railway system to Nushki, on the eastern border of Baluchistan. This is taken as the first step towards an English railroad across Persia to Constantinople, which would lie directly in the way of Russia's proposed railroad from the Caucasus to the Persian Gulf. It seems probable that Russia will try to forestall this by pushing forward the Persian road while the way is yet open.

From Caracas we have recently received a considerable amount of information as to the position and resources of the combatants. General Castro, the leader of the government forces, was at Casimiro, awaiting re-enforcements, in order to attack the revolutionary position at Altagracia de Orituco. His army was estimated at 5000 men, well armed and disciplined. His first lieutenant, General Leopoldo Batista, was at Valla de Cura, with 2000 men, and General Arauco had an additional body of government troops, estimated at 3000, on the frontier of the state of Trujilo. General Matos, at Zaraza, had been receiving important supplies, including 5,000,000 rifle cartridges, which had to be brought on mules through a difficult country, where the complete absence of roads, the torrents of rain, and the deep morasses made transport difficult. As a mule can only carry four boxes—500 cartridges to a box—this makes 2500 mule-loads, and a small army of drivers. The revolutionists have had to construct bridges, to cut roads, to make causeways over swamps, and in this way have done a considerable amount of pioneer work that might have had to wait long but for the stirring energies of war. Besides the main body with General Matos, which may number 5000 men, the revolutionists have about 3000 men at Altagracia. They are in possession of the country about Valencia, and Los Teques is also in their power, while they have a force of about 1400 in the mountains between Caracas and La Guayra. It will probably be two or three weeks longer before a decisive engagement can be fought; this will be brought on if the insurgents attempt to converge and advance on the capital, Caracas, which they are not yet ready to do. They cannot hope to bring the revolution to a successful conclusion unless they get possession of the capital; but when they try to do this, they will at once come under the immense disadvantage which modern conditions impose on the attacking party. Meanwhile President Castro's pecuniary difficulties are for the moment removed. He has received a sum of 1,000,000 bolivars, or $200,000, by the steamship *Philadelphia,* and has thus been enabled to meet certain pressing engagements, and, even more important, has been able to escape the necessity of making forced loans, a very dangerous expedient, at a moment when he cannot afford to make enemies. By government decree, the title of "pirate," so recently held by the great Admiral Killick, has been conferred on General Matos, who seems likely to uphold the glorious traditions created by the Haitian hero.

Commander Potter of the gunboat *Ranger,* who has been holding the fort at Panama, set the ball rolling vigorously by his recent despatch. He announced that two thousand men had surrendered to the revolutionists at Agua Dolce; and reported that the revolutionist army was advancing rapidly in the direction of Panama. As the United States is bound by treaty to protect the railroad from Colon on the Caribbean to Panama on the Pacific, and to assure the freedom of commerce from ocean to ocean across the isthmus, and as the approach of the revolutionary general Herrera, with a formidable force amounting to seven or eight thousand men, is a decided menace to the railroad, it was necessary to take instant action. An order was immediately flashed to the battle-ship *Wisconsin,* at her station in Bremerton, Washington, to proceed to Panama to re-enforce the *Ranger;* the cruiser *Cincinnati,* which has been guarding American interests in Haiti, was hurried towards Colon; and the *Panther* was ordered to League Island, to take on board three hundred marines, destined to swell our forces at the isthmus. At this point, a second message was received from Commander Potter, announcing that the revolutionists were nearing the railroad line, and that the situation was serious, though transit across the isthmus was still open. There is something Olympian in this sudden converging of forces from points thousands of miles apart, on the vulnerable point between the two oceans. It is an admirable object-lesson as to what can be done later, when the Panama Canal is completed, though the present action has nothing to do with the canal. A similar expedition was necessary in 1885, under the same treaty obligation to keep the road open across the isthmus; and over eight hundred men were landed at that time to protect American and international interests. In addition to the vessels mentioned, the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee* is under orders to proceed to Colon, and our fleet there will be under the command of Rear-Admiral Casey, who is on the *Wisconsin.* Commander McCrea of the *Machias,* whose duties in Haiti have been greatly lightened by the demise of the ill-fated "pirate" Admiral Killick, considers that the revolutionists are decidedly gaining, not only in territory, but in organization and the sympathy of the masses. He holds that the capture of Agua Dolce practically gives the Liberals control of the isthmus, though some hard fighting will be necessary before the capture of the terminal cities of Panama and Colon, both of which are strongly intrenched. From our point of view, it is desirable that things should reach a condition of stationary equilibrium as soon as possible, as it will be very annoying to find that we have been negotiating the isthmian treaty with the wrong King of Brentford, and have to begin all over again. Troublesome little details like that are the penalty one pays for becoming a world-power.

News from Paris a few days ago announced that Attorney-General Knox had discovered a flaw in the title of the French Panama Canal Company. It is said that the extension of the Wyse concession was illegal, because it was not ratified by the Colombian Congress. Secondly, it is charged that this fact has been concealed from our government. The second charge, or assertion, is untrue. It has always been known that the Wyse concession was extended by Executive decree, and the decree is actually printed in one of the Walker Commission reports. As for the irregularity itself, it does not make a particle of difference if it does exist. This country has no intention to build the Panama Canal on the Wyse, or French, concession. The agreement is that we shall pay $40,000,000 for the property and rights of the French company in the canal and in the Panama Railroad. In other words, in buying this property and these rights we purchase all the material, right of way, the completed or partly completed work of the canal company, and its shares in the railroad, besides whatever concessions it may have from the Colombian government. We may buy out the company, but, under the act of Congress, we do not intend to do this until we obtain from the Colombian government a concession of our own,—a concession which will wipe out the French concession, whether it be legal or illegal. It will be seen, therefore, that this French concession is really not an important element of our contract with the French company. In naming it in the preliminary act we are simply protecting ourselves from a possible future claim for damages from that company. We shall not pay out a dollar until we possess from Colombia rights that are both more extensive and more recent than those of the French corporation. So the news from Paris is, after all, of little importance.

The spectacle at the Hague is pleasant, but there is no reason why it should be hailed as the "fair beginning of a

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time." Mexico and the United States have agreed to arbitrate an issue growing out of the Pious fund established more than two centuries ago in aid of the Catholic Church in California. The government of Mexico, it is said, sold the properties of the fund in 1842, and then guaranteed to the Church six per cent. in perpetuity on the sum received. In 1869, Sir Edward Thornton, then British minister to this country, acting as arbitrator, found that Mexico was in arrears to the Church in the sum of $904,700. This sum was paid, but since then nothing more has been paid. The Church authorities in California claim $1,000,000 interest money as now due. This is not a contention which affects the honor, or the rights, or, very materially, the selfishness of either nation. Arbitration is the natural method for its settlement; indeed, as our brief *résumé* of the history of the claim shows, arbitration has once before been resorted to, and would undoubtedly be resorted to at the present time even if there were no Hague tribunal. In other words, it is not the existence of the tribunal which has tempted the parties into court, and the congratulatory speeches of Dr. Matgen, the president, of Baron Van Lynden, the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of the other participants in the controversy, were perhaps more laudatory of the spirit which permits the two nations to submit to arbitration than the occasion warranted. The use of the tribunal, however, is a hopeful sign, and the more its offices are employed, even in cases which are certain to be arbitrated, the more familiar with it in operation become the nations which have instituted it, the better for the cause of peace and for the advancement of civilization. We shall have no occasion, however, for great and consuming joy until a case is voluntarily brought before the tribunal by two nations each having against the other what civilized powers would now esteem to be a cause of war. When such an event occurs, the world will indeed have taken a step forward.

The withdrawal of Speaker Henderson from the contest for his seat in Congress is one of the most surprising political events of the time. The reason which Mr. Henderson gives is that his views as to trusts and tariff revision are evidently not those of his constituents. This is equivalent to saying that Mr. Henderson does not represent the sentiment of Iowa Republicans. More than this, it is a public recognition of the fact that there is to be a struggle within the party against the Iowa views. In Mr. Henderson's opinion, the party in his State has gone over to Democratic ground, and has adopted Democratic principles. It has, he thinks, determined in favor of endeavoring to restrain the trusts by the abolition or restriction of their tariff privileges. He is opposed to interference with the tariff, and insists that a reduction of trust duties would cripple other American industries, and thus do more harm than the trusts can possibly effect. This is, in little, the expression of the policy of the present leaders of the party who are not in sympathy with the President. As was indicated by the conference which took place at Oyster Bay on the 17th between the President and Senators Hanna, Allison, Aldrich, Spooner, and Lodge, these leaders are willing that ineffective and wordy war may be made on the trusts, but are opposed to depriving them of their protection. Mr. Henderson is in agreement with them, and in disagreement with his home people. His attitude has induced the Democrats to nominate for his seat Horace Boies, who was strong enough to be twice chosen Governor of Iowa on the Democratic ticket—1890 and 1894. Speaker Henderson feared this struggle, apparently, for, although he carried the district in 1900 by a plurality of nearly 12,000, he realizes that this year Governor Boies represents the prevailing opinion of the people. Moreover, a contest for the Speakership awaited him if he had been elected. The Reed rules make the Speaker and his Committee on Rules the dominant power in the House of Representatives, provided they are strong personalities. At the last session Mr. Henderson showed that he was not strong enough to be the ruler of the popular branch of Congress.

For the sake of those who live at a distance from the metropolis of the country, it ought to be explained that the contests in the Tammany, or Democratic, primaries on Tuesday, September 16, were not struggles between vice and virtue. This explanation is the more essential because occasionally the virtuous of the city do make war upon the vicious, and sometimes the latter are defeated, as when Mayor Strong and Mayor Low were elected. As a rule, it is also true that where the virtuous are in power, they so conduct the business of the city that the vicious return at the next election. Therefore there is always abundant reason for the activity of the vicious in the primaries and within their organizations, even in years when virtue is theoretically reigning. So it was in the recent primaries that the struggle really was between those who desired to be the recipients of the plunder of the city when the good should go back to their private business and when the bad should return to their own. Devery did not care to oust Goodwin in order that Tammany might be cleaner on its possible return to power, but that he, and not Goodwin, should enjoy its golden dish. And so with Sheehan against Devery, and so with Carroll against Croker. All these political marauders think that they see signs of disintegration among the reformers who voted for Low, and signs of dissatisfaction among good citizens who are not willing to wait a reasonable time for a change for the better. These graceless men scent the prey, and are at each other's wicked throats, just as wild animals fight to the death for the carcass that has fallen among them. The victory of neither one nor the other bodes any good to the city.

There is cold comfort for the reformer in the sweeping victory of William S. Devery for the office of leader in the Ninth District, but there is an undoubted lesson in his triumph which all reformers will do well to take to heart. Reformers who mean to accomplish something must come out of the five-o'clock-tea atmosphere by which they delight to surround themselves and physically put their shoulder to the wheel. Mr. Devery's victory, as we all know, is not the reward of virtue, but an actual, tangible return for solid, hard work. Not for a moment has his vigilant eye been taken from the task by which he was confronted; his hand has not left the tiller by which his craft has been guided for a single instant, and his personality, which, after all, is one of the chief factors of a man's success or defeat, has been all-pervasive throughout the campaign. It is not fair to assume that the endorsement which Mr. Devery has received from his district is an endorsement of "Deveryism," so much as a certification from his neighbors that as a man he is good enough to represent them in the councils of the party, and he has achieved this distinction by going out into the highways himself, and, by the compelling power of his way, of his manner, winning the regard of the voters. There is none of the dilettante about Devery, and he has won out, as the man who works is bound to do sooner or later; and while we must all in a measure regret the triumph of one who, justly or unjustly, in the eye of the general public, is the symbol of deplorable things, if this victory serves as a corrective of the fastidiousness of the reformer it will not be without good results. There is no record of the precise methods of Hercules in his task of ancient doings, but it is proper to assume that he did not clean the Augean stables by means of lectures on veterinary surgery and the exorbitance of provision bills. It is more likely that he plunged into the mess and did yeoman's service himself. There is a deal of suggestion in this fact for our reformers, in office and out of it, and the recent victory of Mr. Devery merely serves to emphasize the moral.

The outcome of the State election in Maine, where the Republicans obtained a majority considerably larger than that promised by their own campaign managers, was a surprise to those who expected to witness throughout the United States the change in political sentiment which usually, though not invariably, has been observed in off years since the close of the reconstruction period. Seldom in the last thirty years has the party controlling for the time being the Federal Executive succeeded also in electing a majority of the House of Representatives in the second year of a Presidential term. It now looks, however, as if the Republicans would perform this uncommon feat next November. That they will retain preponderance in the State of New York seems to be generally taken for granted, though nobody pretends to forecast the result in New York city. It is true, on the one hand, that Tammany Hall is rent with discord, but, on the other hand, it should be remembered that, under normal conditions, New York city is Democratic by a large majority, and this year

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one of the Democratic factions, the Greater New York Democracy, headed by Mr. John C. Sheehan, which supported the fusion ticket last November, is expected to co-operate with the Carroll section of the Tammany Hall organization. It is also possible that many, if not most, of the independent Democrats who voted for McKinley in 1900, and for Low in 1901, may return this autumn to the party standard. Much, of course, depends on the selection of a candidate for Governor made by the Democratic State Convention. In no event, however, is it now believed that the Republicans will lose the State—not even though Chief-Judge Parker should be the Democratic nominee, and though the city of New York should give him a considerable majority. Not only in New York, but in the country at large, the rural voters seem too well satisfied with the prevalent prosperity to desire or permit a political change. It will have been noticed that in Ohio, although the Democratic nominee for Governor is conducting a vigorous personal campaign, he is fixing the attention of his hearers almost exclusively on State and municipal questions. He is too shrewd a man not to recognize that, although, for reasons of his own, he caused the Democratic State Convention of Ohio to endorse the Kansas City platform, the less said about it in his speeches during this happy harvest-time the better. In Pennsylvania the supporters of ex-Governor Pattison caressed for a time the hope that the strike in the anthracite-coal region would provoke a decisive defection of votes from the Republican candidate. Such a defection now seems improbable in view of the pains taken by Senator Quay, Senator Penrose, and Governor Stone to convince the strikers that the sympathies of the Republican leaders are enlisted on their side. This may prove to have been good politics, but it was bad ethics and bad political economy, for it is clearly the duty of the State Executive to protect the non-union workmen who desire to mine coal.

Until the Republican State Convention of New York shall have framed its platform, we shall not know how the Republican party purposes to deal with the canal question in the event of its retaining control of the State government next year. It is already certain that the Democrats, in their platform, will favor an enlargement of the Erie Canal in pursuance of the 1000-ton barge plan—an enlargement responsive to that of the Welland Canal. The project is advocated by the Canal Association of Greater New York, and by most, if not all, of the daily newspapers in the metropolis. Hitherto Governor Odell has declined to countenance the 1000-ton barge scheme on account of the great expense incident to the widening and deepening of the canal that would be requisite. During the last session of the Legislature, however, the Governor showed himself willing to go further in the direction of canal improvement than he had previously been disposed to go, and we presume that he would yield to the wishes of his party if these were definitely and peremptorily expressed. Nobody denies that the Erie Canal now discharges in a very inadequate way the function which was contemplated when it was conceived and constructed by De Witt Clinton, and which it continued to perform for many years after its completion. There is no doubt that it constituted a material, if not an indispensable, factor in the promotion of New York to the place of primacy among American seaports. That place, of course, it still retains, but it is relatively losing ground, other cities on the Atlantic seaboard having been for some time increasing their respective shares of our foreign commerce at the cost of New York. It is not Montreal, assisted as she is by the Welland Canal, that the American commercial metropolis has most reason to fear. No doubt strenuous efforts have been made, and are still making, to divert the export trade of the Great Lakes to the Canadian entrepôt, but Montreal, being ice-bound during a large fraction of the year, is not really a dangerous competitor. The cities that may prove more formidable rivals of New York in the not distant future, unless the Erie Canal undergoes speedy and signal improvement, are Philadelphia, Boston, and Newport News, in the commercial development of which powerful railway corporations are deeply interested. The late Mr. Huntington showed at Newport News what a single capitalist can do toward the creation of a seaport, and the foreign trade of Baltimore cannot fail to receive a decided impetus now that the city has become the Atlantic terminus of the railway lines controlled by Mr. Gould. The Pennsylvania will no doubt bring passengers from the Middle, Southern, and Western States into the heart of Manhattan Island as soon as the tunnel under the North River is completed, but whether the railway will prefer New York to Philadelphia as the entrepôt of its vast ocean-bound freight is a different question. The prosperity of the State of New York is inseparable from that of its chief city, and it should not be difficult to persuade the Legislature at Albany next winter so to enlarge the Erie Canal as to make it capable of performing for the metropolis in the first quarter of the twentieth century something like the service which it rendered in the second quarter of the nineteenth.

There was a brief period in the fifties when the merchant navy of the United States engaged in foreign commerce was about equal to that of Great Britain, and when even a preponderant share of the Atlantic carrying trade was transacted under the American flag. Then came the civil war, the rapidly increasing substitution of steamships for sailing-vessels, and the supersession of wood by iron in the construction of hulls. The outcome of these three causes, coupled with the relatively high cost of running vessels under the American flag, brought to the verge of extinction our ocean-going mercantile marine, so far as the traffic between the United States and foreign countries was concerned. The fact, however, is often overlooked that we still had to maintain a considerable fleet of ocean-going merchantmen, because only vessels carrying the American flag could engage in the coastal trade anywhere between Eastport, Maine, and the mouth of the Rio Grande, and between the border of British Columbia and that of Lower or Mexican California. Another fact is often lost sight of, namely, that even before Hawaii was annexed, almost the whole of the large and continually increasing trade between our Pacific ports and the Hawaiian archipelago was transacted by American vessels. Important as it is to keep these data in view when we undertake to estimate the positive and relative volume of American shipping, they sink into insignificance when compared with the stupendous magnitude of the American merchant navy employed on the Great Lakes. It is a fact familiar in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Detroit, but seldom recognized in New York, and almost unknown in Europe, that a considerably larger tonnage traverses yearly the "Soo" canal than passes through the Suez waterway. Even more astonishing are the figures just prepared by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, and exhibiting the commerce on the Great Lakes during the seven months ending July 31. The total freight receipts at our lake ports for those seven months were 25,718,826 net tons, as against 18,891,257 net tons for the corresponding term in the preceding season. That is an increase of over thirty per cent.—a conclusive proof that the high-water mark of prosperity had not been reached in the lake region during 1901. The movement of registered tonnage on these inland waters was officially reported for the first time this year. It should be borne in mind that only the vessel movement between American lake ports is included, no account being taken of the American vessels engaged in traffic between Canadian ports or between American and Canadian harbors, for such vessels are not technically engaged in our coastal trade. It seems that in seven months no fewer than 37,413 vessels, all carrying the American flag, arrived in our lake ports, and that their aggregate tonnage was 35,087,876 registered net tons. As the Bureau of Statistics points out, this is more than twice the registered tonnage of all the foreign and American vessels engaged in the foreign trade of the United States during the same seven months. No fact is more calculated to bring home to foreign observers the amazing proportions of our inter-State free trade, inasmuch as those colossal figures relate only to the small group of States bordering the chain of great lakes lying on or near our northern border, and also only to the merchandise conveyed by water.

Some of the illiteracy statistics published by the Census Bureau have given European readers a false impression of the efficiency of the school systems in the United States. The proportion of illiteracy exhibited in some sections of our country was unexpectedly large, owing to the settlement of many uneducated adult immigrants in some of the Northern States during the preceding decade, and owing to the existence of a large adult negro element in the population of many Southern

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States. The true way to estimate the value of the work that is being done by our free schools is, obviously, to ascertain the proportion of the children of a certain age—say from ten to fourteen years—who are able to read and write. This course was pursued in the two last censuses, and the highly satisfactory figures obtained in 1900 are now made known by the Census Office. It seems that in Nebraska and Iowa, which, from this point of view, head the list of States, more than 99.63 per cent. of all the children between ten and fourteen years old were able to read and write in 1900. If we examine the States as a whole, together with the Territories and the District of Columbia, we find that, in all the political units except thirteen, more than 90 per cent. of the children between the years named were able to read and write. Even in Louisiana, which is at the bottom of the list, the percentage was 67.12, or about 10 per cent. higher than it was in 1890. How widespread was the improvement in the efficiency of our educational systems will be made clear if we group the States into classes, as is done in the report of the Census Bureau. It appears, for instance, that in 1890 there were eleven States, whereas in 1900 there were only eight States, wherein the percentage of children of the ages named who were able to read and write fell below 80 per cent. Once more, in 1890 there were only thirteen States, whereas in 1900 there were twenty-seven States, in which the percentage of children, from ten to fourteen years old, able to read and write, exceeded 98 per cent. We add that these twenty-seven States in 1900 included 62.2 per cent. of the whole population. Especially creditable is the improvement in many of the Southern States which have been accused of neglecting the education of colored children. Louisiana we have already mentioned. In North Carolina the percentage of children able to read and write increased within the decade nearly 9 per cent.; in South Carolina, more than 9 per cent.; and in Georgia, 10½ per cent. Evidently the children of negroes, as well as the children of immigrants, are being rapidly qualified for American citizenship, so far as this can be effected by elementary education.

Like all other questions, the question of child labor in the South has two sides. There is no favorable side, of course, to the employment of young children in any shop industry, looking at the matter in the abstract; and yet the Southern people are able to show that in certain of the cases where children have been employed in factories, whole families have by this industrial employment been rescued from conditions which were very much worse than those in which they all found themselves after obtaining this new employment. The children were better off working in the mills than they had been before they worked in them, and their future was immeasurably brightened. The condition of thousands of the cabin-dwellers of the Southern States, white as well as black, is one of hopeless misery and abandonment. It may be true that, by factory work, some of these Southern children have contributed to their own and their parents' happiness and advancement, but the defenders of the system confess the essential badness of it when they call attention to the fact that several of the most progressive Southern States have already forbidden child labor by law. No doubt it takes something like the prevalence of general manufacturing conditions to produce proper industrial legislation. When the employment of children in the South was a matter of such casual assistance in house-work and agriculture as children could profitably give, there was little occasion for prohibitive legislation. The occasion for it has now arisen, for the happy reason that the South has manufactures. The Southern States have made a good beginning toward a proper regulation of factory labor. Probably the recent agitation against child labor will have the effect to cure the evil, gradually, in the rest of them.

Illustrations of that aspect of the trust which makes it "a local issue"—quoting General Hancock's famous phrase—are not difficult to find. A Republican candidate for membership in the Massachusetts Legislature from a cotton-manufacturing city of that State was lately interrogated by a local newspaper concerning his views on various political topics. This man is professionally a representative of the working-man, being the paid executive of a flourishing cotton-operatives' union, so that presumptively he reflects the views of his associates. Nor, when he came to consider the trusts, did he abate any of the intensity of condemnation which is naturally expected from such a source. He was for having the national government go out at once to call a halt on the oppressive beef trust and the oppressive coal trust. Yet, he allowed with candor, there might be trusts to which he would extend a cordial welcome. For example, a trust of cotton manufacturers, controlling the market, might, in cooperation with a strong union of cotton operatives, agree to advance wages materially, "adding the increased cost to the price of the goods," thus, of course, making the public pay. To such a trust, he conceived, there could be no objection,—at least, not on his part. All of which is as delightfully inconsistent as humanity, in or out of a cotton-mill, is likely to be in the contemplation of its own interests. Right in the same line is the report of a Boston editor, lately returned from the cattle-raising districts of the West, where he found an entirely cordial approval of higher prices of beef, and a disposition to give glory to that shadowy entity which is popularly known as the beef trust. And why not? Values had advanced, incomes had increased, prosperity was even extravagantly apparent. To be sure, the coal trust was an object of aversion, because of its soulless juggling with the necessities of life. They, too, discover that distance does not lend enchantment to the trust. As for the miners, one of Mr. Mitchell's propositions to the operators was for an amicable agreement to various propositions calculated to increase the expense of mining coal and to shift the extra cost upon the public. That the head of the miners' union has published his opinions concerning trusts in general we do not at this moment recall; of his disapproval of all but that sort of a trust which would bring gain to his flock, small question can be raised. If he does not disapprove, he is wonderfully exceptional. The rule is, if the crudeness of the adaptation can be pardoned, that every goose of a section or an interest thinks its own trust a swan of probably public, and certainly private, advantage.

No end of reflections might be educed from such a showing of the evidence. One of them is that through the so-called trust and its operations the country is being forced, in a manner that it has not been forced before, into a realization of the interdependence of all these sections and interests. General Hancock's "local issue" saying, true enough in a narrow and superficial way, is at the bottom not true at all. There is no such thing as a local issue in the strict sense. Everything depends on everything else, and everybody depends on everybody else. The man who wants a beef trust, or a coal trust, or a cotton-cloth trust, because it will help him, finds that he does not live to himself alone. And this is where such course of action as President Roosevelt proposes, whether it be wise or not, gets strength. As the effects of the trust are universal, so the dealing with it must be universal. Perhaps the realization of this principle is vague, but there is an evident beginning to see. Another reflection, not deeply enough appreciated, especially by many who affect to deal practically and scientifically with the subject, is the intensely human aspect and element of all this trust discussion. These various representatives of various interests here referred to evidently feel, and feel from their own point of view, more than they think. They see how the problem touches them and theirs, sometimes for good, sometimes for ill; and they jump to their conclusions from the spring-board of their emotions. In the diversity of humanity is found the chief riddle of the trust.

The United States government having made itself responsible for the publication of a cook-book, it need surprise no one to learn that it is also about to establish a boarding-house. The two would seem naturally to go hand in hand, although, as a matter of fact, there is no real relation between the two enterprises. The cook-book is issued for the guidance of the *chefs* of the Navy Department, and teaches them how suitably to prepare the provender of Uncle Sam's man-o'-war's men, while the boarding-house is to be established under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, not for the purpose of feeding national boarders, but for the trying of certain experiments upon the digestion of the human kind. Professor Wiley, who is chief of the Division of Chemistry in this department, desires, in the course of his experi-

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ments on behalf of the general health of the nation, to ascertain the precise effects of certain adulterants used in the preparation and preservation of foodstuffs manufactured here and abroad, and he has secured an appropriation from Congress which enables him to do so. The boarding-house will be opened at Washington this autumn, and those who are willing to take the chances of Dr. Wiley's table will be welcome guests, the only pay required of them being at the expense of their stomachs. Everything served at the table is guaranteed to be under the suspicion of the landlord, but it will rest with the guest to prove that it is harmful or harmless. The department expects to find many volunteers, even in these prosperous times, for this strenuous gastronomic campaign, just as in Cuba the government officials found no lack of men ready for a stipulated sum to contract yellow fever in the cause of science, and it is believed that the results of the investigations will be of great value. Certainly the experiment will be of much interest, and we await the publication of the menus with a real impatience—especially those which Dr. Wiley will prepare for the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners of his guests. If there is any combination of foodstuffs that is more of a menace to the stomach of man than the average series of courses served at a Christmas dinner, or less likely to cultivate a spirit of thankfulness in the soul of man than the banquet of Thanksgiving time, delightful as these repasts ever are, we should like to hear of it, not for the purpose of advocating or of deprecating its use in our homes, but merely as a strange and curious fact.

The dressmakers of America, in convention assembled, have resolved to invade Europe. They are about to establish a sort of co-operative branch in large European cities, and especially in London and Paris, with a view to supplying American and other travelling women with toilets presumably in good American taste. The discussion which accompanied the adoption of this proposition brought out the fact that American modistes really hope to declare themselves, in some measure at least, independent of Parisian dressmakers and milliners in the creation of fashions. The fact was cited that a certain garment, called the "albatross waist," originated in Texas, was taken to Paris last year, and was there definitely adopted by a great French modiste, and returned to America as a brand-new Paris fashion. It is evident that logic and dress-making do not go together, if this circumstance was accepted as proof that America is beginning to set the fashions. Would the albatross waist of Texas have become the fashion if it had not gone to Paris and had the great modiste's mark put upon it? Paris takes up all sorts of local and natural freaks of dress—Normandy and Scottish caps, German peasant waists, and Russian blouses, for instance. *"C'est mon bien,—je le prends ou je le trouve,"* is Fashion's word about these things. She makes them her own, and imposes them on the world. Doubtless the Texas waist had an exotic charm to the Paris modiste. There may be other American notions that he would like to adopt. But until New York can impose her styles on the world without their making the journey to Paris first, we can hardly hope to call ourselves the fashion capital. It is a pity, too, for Europe, including Paris, readily admits the admirable taste and grace of American women—especially the free grace of the American girl, whose inheritance of a certain dash of manner, which is not impudence or coquetry, but which in Europe is expected only of very grand people, is the wonder of the time. Perhaps the recognition of this gift of native "style" will some time lead even Paris to look to New York for modes. But the hour has not yet struck.

Summer travellers who have not escaped the institution of the tip, wherever they have been, return to New York and find it still in vogue here. It seems to be on the increase—not at all on the wane. Not only is the waiter invariably tipped, except by very brave men and women, but the barber is tipped, the professional large-scale bootblack is tipped, the attendant and the baggage-man in railroad stations are tipped, and there is even a story abroad that salesmen and saleswomen in stores are expecting a small gratuity when they have been attentive and courteous. It is an evil; it is even a wrong. And yet is it not to be surmised that so practical a people as the American must have found some element of value in the custom?—else they would not have adopted it. The proposition has to be looked at this way: Suppose you estimate that the viands served to you in a certain way, at a table-d'hôte dinner, are worth one dollar to you, which is the amount of your check. But suppose you consider that the same viands are worth one dollar and fifteen cents to you if served in another way. A certain degree of comfort at a meal; a certain amount of friendly information about the bill of fare; certain small services, outside of the breaking of eggs and the opening of a napkin; and possibly a flavor of cheerfulness and benevolence overspreading the board—these things may really add to the value of a meal. You pay $1 15 or $1 10, instead of $1, and the waiter gets the difference. May there not be *quid pro quo*, after all? And into the account must be figured the shortness of life, and some consideration of the price that the poor men have to pay for coal and beef for their families, and the costliness to you in gray matter of all hard-hearted opposition of people on points of principle. Moreover, the days of the extravagant tip are over, at any rate, in New York. There were days when it took a bold man to tip with less than a quarter. Nowadays a ten-cent tip is ample for ordinary restaurant meals, while a regular tip of five cents on a luncheon is gratefully accepted, and secures the most courteous and cheerful attention day by day. After all, though there is no condoning the tip as a matter of abstract principle, American people endure patiently worse impositions.

Are bad manners on the increase among us? Riding the other day on a suburban train there were five men sitting without their coats within the immediate range of the writer's vision, and it was not an inordinately warm day either. One of these gentlemen had gone so far as to roll up his sleeves and take off his collar, a pair of red suspenders being much in evidence. There were also three women in the same car who divested themselves of gloves and hats with the utmost unconcern, and who were possibly prepared to go further had the thermometer been a few degrees higher. Five, or even three, years ago such spectacles were confined to the smoking-car and to the day coaches of immigrant trains.

Since Mr. Justice Gray had already retired from the Supreme Court bench, his death does not fall so heavily upon the public service as it would had it occurred a year ago, but to the nation which had cause to look upon him as one of the finest fruits of its citizenship the passing away of such a man at any time is a grievous loss. He was an impressive figure in every way, physically as well as intellectually, and he combined in his person all of those rarer gifts of man which we have come to believe are embodied in the best type of American. Both as man and as public servant he fulfilled the highest ideals that we have in our life—on the bench, mindful always of its dignity as well as of his own: clear-headed and lucid in expression, sound in judgment, forceful and authoritative in manner; in private life, genial, courteous, and companionable always, Judge Gray will be greatly mourned by those with whose ways his own had something in common, official as well as private. The Supreme Court has lost one of its most useful members; the circle of society in which he moved has lost one of its brightest ornaments; and the commonwealth of Massachusetts, as it mourns for its departed son, may well be proud of the added lustre which another name has brought to the record of its citizenship.

The American of To-day and To-morrow whose portrait appears this week is George W. Young. He was born in Jersey City, began business early in life as a clerk in a bank, and passed through the various stages of promotion, until in 1894, at the age of thirty, he became the youngest president of a big New York trust company. In the eight years that have elapsed, the net earnings of his company have amounted to $4,500,000, considerably more than double its capitalization. For this really splendid result Mr. Young's associates frankly accord him full credit. He is what is known as a "working president," and the strenuosity of endeavor characteristic of the term is satisfactorily manifest, at least to the shareholders of his company. His chief asset, aside from the fertility of an alert and eager mind, is his ability to make and keep friends. He is thirty-eight years old.

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The President and his Party

THE Republican leaders of New York determined at last to express, in their State platform, the hope that Mr. Roosevelt shall be nominated for President in 1904. This expression is said to be against precedent, so far as this State is concerned, but the decision to include it is eminently proper, for, so far at least, the rank and file of the Republican party are in favor of Mr. Roosevelt. They agree with his vague anti-trust pronouncements. They are not shocked by his advocacy of a constitutional amendment which, if adopted, will revolutionize our system of government and flatly contradict our fundamental political principles. Moreover, other States have gone further than the New York Republicans were willing to go, even when they conceded a point. These foreign States have declared for the nomination in such a way as to amount to a promise to send Roosevelt delegations to the national convention. A refusal, therefore, on the part of the party in his own State to express a preference for him would have been little short of an insult.

There is another reason for this action of the leaders, which is so different from their original intention, and this reason deserves a word or two of explanation and comment. The game of politics is promotive of shrewd manœuvring and of skilful shifts. It is played by able men in the Republican party —men who are content with the *status quo*, and who are intensely interested in preventing change and in blocking what the President and the enthusiasts in the ranks call progress. The old-time leaders are plotting to hold their power, their management of the Republican organization, and to prevent the party from facing new issues and setting itself to the solution of new problems. Especially are they determined to defeat the President's purpose to make war on trusts either through statutes or by the promised amendment to the Constitution. They have no innate hostility to setting up the Federal government over the States, to robbing the latter of the jurisdiction which is theirs by both written and prescriptive right, for they belong to a party the tendency of which has always been to wipe out State boundaries. They oppose, however, any attack upon corporations, large or small, either by direct legislation or by the abolition of the protective tariff on their products. As we have already pointed out, the President's idea that the government can restrain, punish, or destroy the creatures of its bounty is logical Republicanism; and it would be, therefore, in accord with its vital principle if the Republican party, in dealing with alleged trust evils, should proceed by directly hostile legislation, or by constitutional amendment. By the same token, a logical and consistent Democratic party must, as we pointed out last week, oppose the proposition to give to the Federal government full power over all corporations, and must also confine itself, in its action as to trusts, to removing or reducing tariff duties on their products.

The present leaders of the Republican party are opposed to both movements. Logically, they oppose the alignment of their party against the combinations, many of which are naturally, almost spontaneously, the products of the party's tariff policy. The only purpose or plan which they have conceived is to keep the party together on the tariff question; to stamp out the rising rebellion in the West; to weld together once more all protected interests, agricultural as well as manufacturing, into the formidable solidarity which has already often defeated the uprisings of consumers for lower duties and for cheaper necessaries of life. If they can becloud the issue once more so that it shall seem only a repetition of the old tariff fight, they will be content, and if the Democrats are wise they will aid their old opponents by forcing the fighting on the tariff. Then we shall have the old-fashioned Republican party, bound to its tariff idol, refusing to face the future, binding the President with its obligations to its beneficiaries, facing a Democratic party intent on preserving the rights of the States, and on dissolving the partnership between the government and private business enterprises.

This is the condition which the old leaders of the Republican party desire to bring about. They are working to make their party the defender of conditions as they are—of the tariff as it is—and they are opposed to taking the trusts out from among the beneficiaries of the tariff law, or of doing anything else that may appear unfriendly to them. If they have their way, the new conditions of our industrial and commercial life shall not work any change in the attitude or the policy of the Republican party—the President and his enthusiastic friends to the contrary notwithstanding. Still, they realize that they are more or less at the mercy of the President and of the growing element in the party which is demanding something new, something popular, something which will quicken the popular imagination and satisfy the popular demand that action shall be taken against what is thought to be the growing and dangerous power of the trusts. Apparently they have not the wisdom nor the manliness to contend openly against the President and his personal following; therefore they resort to a policy which is thoroughly characteristic of politicians when they are at their wits' ends. They have made up their minds that they will probably be obliged to take Mr. Roosevelt, because the people, the rank and file, of the Republican party will insist upon his nomination; but in taking him they will, if they can, construct a platform which will mean no harm to the trusts, and which will so bind the President to their economic policy that he cannot move in his own direction without moving against the expressed will of the party. This is the real significance of the apparent surrender of the New York Republicans. We shall see how it will work with the President; and two years from now we shall see what effect it will produce on the national convention. The Republican party is to become either a reckless trust-smasher under Roosevelt, or a defender of the tariff on trust products under Hanna and Aldrich.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriot's flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
And different good by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even. —*Goldsmith.*

The society exists for the benefit of its members; not its members for the benefit of society. It has ever to be remembered that great as may be the efforts made for the prosperity of the body politic, yet the claims of the body politic are nothing in themselves, and become something only in so far as they embody the claims of its component individuals.—*Spencer.*

Nature .... has her own purposes to work out, which in a sense have nothing to do with the individual—her racial purposes. But she acts in the rough, with tremendous sweep and power, and with little adjustment to or consideration for the later developed and more conscious and intelligent ideals of humanity.—*Carpenter.*

The Memorial Sermons

THE memorial sermons preached by the clergy of this land upon the first anniversary of the death of President McKinley do not, we must confess, testify very strongly to the inspiration of the pulpit. On the contrary, they were characterized by a dead level of mediocrity—where not appalling for their lack of taste and judgment—that is at once surprising and disquieting. One is forced to ask if an inspiring theme no longer inspires, or if from the ranks of the most exalted of the professions the gift of eloquence and the ability to rise to a fine opportunity have forever departed? Are the times such that we cannot see and feel and fittingly express in words the influence of those intangible glories of character which in other days spurred our men of eloquence on to oratorical periods that rank with the classics in literature; or is the fault with the generation of men who now stand before the world as our spiritual leaders, their minds so vexed with the material things of life, their environment so far away from the true mainsprings of human nature, that they cannot do even poor justice to the things of the spirit?

Taking the man and his career all together, his personal character, his long record of achievement, his peculiar influence over men, the beauty of his life, the tragedy of his death, we cannot find in the history of our country a figure which should have proven a greater inspiration to the preacher than that of William McKinley. Consideration of his career suggests a thousand lessons, any one of which is better worth the while of the pulpit than centuries of doctrinal expoundings, which profit few and send many forth with spiritual hunger in their souls—lessons for the man and the boy, lessons for the statesman, the soldier, and the lawyer, lessons for every individual citizen of this republic. His simplicity of mind, his integrity of heart, his purity of soul, his devotion to country—all the things which went to make up his Americanism—were ready to the hand of these preachers, and in the whole length and breadth of the land we look in vain for a notable discourse, save, regrettably, where there was a certain manner of offending. Because the late President was a politician, his eulogist must play politics; because the President occupies a pew, the memorialist must play the courtier, forgetting not only himself and his special responsibility, but the dignity of the man who was forced to listen to his tactless paragraphs; because a day of national significance is at hand, one preacher preaches against the trusts, another against the coal strike, another against and another for Imperialism, and so on and on through the whole gamut of politics, until one is forced to believe that the clergy of the day have lost their point of view.

It is rather a pitiable picture that confronts us, and we do not know that we or any one else can point out a remedy for the conditions. Orators are born, not made, and there is no recipe by which one may be constructed. Taste is either an inherent quality or one that is forever absent; but judgment, we think, might, under proper conditions, be imparted in some degree to those who lack it. Perhaps it would profit the future somewhat if our theological seminaries were to take the problem the case presents in hand, and make such additions to the requirements of their courses of study as shall insure the public against such another shock as that which they have just sustained, and the pulpit against that deterioration of its influence which has already gathered sufficient impetus to give grave cause of apprehension to its friends.

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Foreign Views of American Trusts

THE old saying that a looker-on is the best judge of a game has been verified of late by the shrewd comments made on American trusts in the congress of German jurists at Berlin and at the meeting of the British Association in Belfast, Ireland. Let us contrast their ideas with those that have found some currency on this side of the Atlantic.

The native critics of great aggregations of capital have hitherto confined their attention to the possible effect of such aggregations upon prices in our home markets and upon our own political institutions. They profess to discern in trusts an economical and a political danger. The economical danger which they apprehend is monopoly and the incidental power of raising and maintaining prices. The political danger, about which comparatively little has yet been said, but which is probably the source of the vague uneasiness exhibited, is the alleged possibility that trusts, or a combination of them, may privily usurp the powers ostensibly vested in the people by practically gaining control of the machinery of both of the great political parties, and thus dictating national, State, and municipal nominations for executive and judicial offices.

The one peril is really as imaginary as the other, but even if both perils could be shown to exist, no efficient safeguard would be found in the proposed constitutional amendment giving Congress the power over the within-State business of corporations which is now exercised by the State governments. The economical peril, or, in other words, the dreaded acquisition of a monopoly, is an illusion, because, as experience has shown, the moment a group of manufacturers is known to be securing from its output of a given commodity profits considerably larger than are attainable in other fields of industry, a rival group of manufacturers springs up, the inchoate monopoly is shattered, and prices fall through competition. Capital is as certain to seek profitable investment as water is to find its level. The Standard Oil Company is sometimes put forward as an exception to the operation of the economical law which we have mentioned. The exception is apparent rather than real, first, because the prices of refined petroleum have declined so signally since the organization of the company, that the consumers do not feel themselves the victims of an oppressive monopoly, and, secondly, because the economical law just cited has become operative even in this case, the recent discoveries of mineral oil in Texas and elsewhere having caused capital to flow thither, and called into existence a rival group of producers and refiners.

The vague political peril by which some denouncers of these trusts pretend to be haunted is equally chimerical. So long as American citizens retain their traditional spirit of independence and habits of self-government, so long as they remember that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so long as they practise what they preach by attending town-meetings and primaries, so long as they strenuously resist encroachments upon municipal and county self-rule by State Legislatures, and, above all, inflexibly oppose invasions of State rights by the Federal government, they need be troubled by no misgiving lest any combination of capitalists should obtain control of our political machinery. Were it conceivable, on the other hand, that American citizens would surrender the palladium of their liberties by transferring to a central government that authority over corporations, or, in other words, over private property, which is now vested in the States, they would, indeed, be confronted by political and economical dangers of a portentous kind, to wit, the spectre of Cæsarism and the blight of socialism.

The German jurists who have lately been conferring in Berlin, and the English political economists who have been taking part in the meeting of the British Association at Belfast, have wasted no time in discussing whether American trusts hold within them the seeds of injury to the American people. They concentrated their gaze upon what they accepted as an indisputable fact, namely, that American trusts constitute a serious menace to the manufacturing interests of Germany and of Great Britain—a menace not only in neutral markets, like those of South America, but in the home markets of Great Britain and Germany themselves. It was pointed out as no mere coincidence, but as an example of the relation of cause and effect, that the present colossal combinations of capital were unheard of in the United States so long as American exports were confined to food products and raw materials, and so long as fabrics of general consumption could be manufactured more cheaply in Europe than on the western side of the Atlantic. No sooner, however, was it discovered that American manufacturers in certain fields of industry were able to undersell their European competitors in neutral markets than the expediency of combination to that end was recognized. No sooner, for instance, did it become possible for the United States to figure in the markets of the world as an exporter of iron and steel products than the advisability, nay, the necessity, of co-operative efforts for that purpose was attested by the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. The tremendous advantage secured in the struggle for the control of neutral markets by that timely consolidation of American manufacturing energies is so patent to expert observers in Germany and Great Britain, that the iron and steel manufacturers of those countries are urgently advised to combine promptly in return, and thus pay us the sincere homage of imitation. Already has the advice been taken.

A syndicate of steel-rail makers of Great Britain is in process of formation, and a combination of all the British manufacturers of iron and steel products is earnestly discussed, if it is not actually under way. For the purpose of retaining and extending their present hold upon foreign markets for iron and steel products, the German manufacturers of those fabrics and the German producers of coal and coke have formed a syndicate, based on an agreement to make good the difference between the price at which the iron and steel products of Germany may be sold in foreign countries and the prices which similar commodities command when sold at home. Such an agreement is, of course, a rampart thrown up in panic-stricken recognition of the fact that the true aim of the great conglomerations of American capital in certain fields of industry is to win for the United States ascendency in the markets of the world. That is the real danger with which American trusts are fraught—a danger that threatens, not American workmen, but their European rivals. It is a danger to which German and British experts are alive, and nothing can give them keener satisfaction than to watch the efforts making by some short-sighted Americans to impede and trammel the new economical forces whose specific function is to find a vent for the ever-increasing surplus of our productive energies.

A Persistent Question

THE tragedy which has recently stirred the whole community to a shocking extent, in which a man hitherto honored to an unusual degree by his fellows met the death of a common street brawler, gives rise to many sad reflections. The moral significance of the incident is so obvious that it may be passed over in silence.

But what of the police conditions which make such occurrences possible? What would not have been said had this scandalous affair happened under the rule of Tammany Hall? It requires little stretch of the imagination to picture the city of New York ringing with righteous denunciation of the authorities, from the lowest to the highest, had one of the city's prominent citizens been killed by a thug with a Robert A. Van Wyck in the Mayor's office. We should then have heard of a System, and there undoubtedly was a system to be heard of, but to-day it is the sad fact that we can speak of nothing but the condition of demoralization into which the city has been allowed to lapse. Under Tammany we had at least a semblance of protection from the police; hideous things happened, no doubt, but the citizen knew of them only by rumor, and did not believe they were quite so bad as they seemed to be, and he was able to walk his way with some confidence in his own security against the criminal elements of the community. Under Fusion, with no improvement in the personnel of the force, we have not even that misplaced confidence to fall back upon, and just as we now know into what outrageous chaos our Police Department has fallen, so do the criminal elements know it, and acting accordingly, where once we were face to face with System, we now stand appalled before a veritable Saturnalia.

Chief issue in the campaign, the reform of the Police Department was the one to which the immediate and drastic attention of the administration should have been given, yet when, having ridden into office on this stalking-horse, Mr. Low is asked, after a reasonable lapse of time, "What of the police, Mr. Mayor?" he suavely indulges in academic monologues on Double Taxation, Public Health, and Civil Service Reform. Meanwhile gambling of the most brazen sort goes on; Broadway has become a boulevard of rogues, who do not even wait for darkness to cover up the evil deeds they perpetrate; garroting, a crime of the times of Tweed, raises its head once more; and in broad daylight a man marked in the community for the distinction of his presence, as well as for that of his family connections, is felled to the earth and actually killed within a dozen yards of men wearing the city's uniform. Admitting the difficulties which have confronted Mr. Low and his associates, admitting the rottenness of the conditions they have had to meet, we must nevertheless call them to a rigorous accounting for their stewardship. They were chosen because we supposed they were equal to the task of reorganizing the city. They were not chosen because it was supposed that they would make already existing confusion worse confounded, and plead "*non possumus*" when asked either to explain their derelictions or to restore our shattered confidence by a statement of their intentions. In Tweed days the administration used to laugh in the face of the public and say, "What are you going to do about it?"

To-day the positions are reversed. It is the public that is asking the administration that question, but it is not in any laughing mood as it puts the query. It wants to know, and our friendly advice to Mr. Low is that he answer it clearly and satisfactorily before it is too late.

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The "Smart" Set

We cannot safely believe all we hear, and it may not be true that Mr. John W. Gates, after reading Colonel Watterson's denunciation of the "smart set," immediately claimed an *alibi*, and submitted proofs, which were accepted by Mrs. Astor. Almost any one who cares to do so can prove an *alibi* acquitting him of membership in the "smart set." Mr. Joseph—Joseph—the name escapes one—the young man who cornered wheat—his *alibi* would be accepted, too, no doubt. If Bishop Potter says he is not of that coterie, that settles the matter as far as he is concerned, though he is doubtless too sincere a Christian to care to detach himself from any company merely because it has fallen into discredit. Colonel Watterson, in saying hard things of the "400," has not only brought his charges against a very vague lot of defendants, but seems to have based all his denunciations on hearsay evidence. He must have been reading some salacious record of the doings of our fellow-countrymen at Newport. Heaven knows how much or how little truth there is in such records, but as we all believe that there is a vague body which we describe as the "smart set," so we all suspect that the behavior of some of its members is considerably indecorous and foolish. They are people with nothing to do, and with very large fortunes to help them do it. What ails them? Colonel Watterson declares that the society they constitute is "rotten through and through." What ails them? Are they such particularly bad people? Not particularly. The whole trouble with them is that they have too much money, too little responsibility, and probably too little education. They are trying to get something for nothing—for nothing, that is, that they personally contribute. They spend money, to be sure, but their money has cost them nothing. As a rule, they have neither earned nor saved it. It has come to them through the exertions of others, their predecessors or contemporaries.

A man came out of the West to New York, and being able, upright, and exceptionally equipped with experience and knowledge of great commercial value, he found a place that suited him close by Wall Street, and proceeded to make money. As he sat at lunch with a man whose experience was much less marketable, and who toiled at a much less remunerative job, he said: "It is a pity about me. I have got more than my share already. I don't want to work so hard, but I can't stop. It is the only thing I know how to do. You will work along, and at the end of ten years you will be more of a man. But *I* won't. I shall not grow. I may be a little more keen, and know a little better what to avoid, but I won't be a bigger man. I shall just go on making money, because that is the only thing I know how to do. It is so with hundreds of men down here. We are caught, and can't get out. We stick to business and work hard at it, because we don't know how to work effectively at anything else."

It is to men such as this one that the "smart set" owes its existence; to men who learned how to make money, and kept at it because no other career was open to them. Back of the individuals whom we read of as members of the circle that stirs Colonel Watterson to denunciation were very able men, some of whom in their day did very useful work in the world. But their very shrewdness in money-getting and investment seems to have condemned their descendants to a life of pleasure-seeking, which is not only a poor thing in itself, but exceeding demoralizing in its influences.

There are inconsiderate people, too many of them, who read the Newport tattle in the newspapers with excited and somewhat envious minds, and there are moralists like Colonel Watterson who read the same stories with indignation. Still another class takes some note of them—a class of thoughtful and honorable money-making men, with growing fortunes and growing families. Such men, knowing what life is, and how it should be lived, ask themselves with something like dismay what chance there is that their children may be drawn into any such pleasure-chasing existence. In so far as they may they train them to better things, and when the training is wise and the stock sound they find themselves finally the glad fathers of wise sons. When the training is not effectual or the stock loses its vigor, there comes a do-nothing brood that is a heaviness to its mother. Things come right in the end, for do-nothings come to nothing and earth is finally quit of them, but often enough there is scandal in the process.

Correspondence

MR. BRYAN AGAIN.

Philadelphia, *Sept. 15, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I was interested in the letter of Mr. A. H. Johnson, of Holden, Missouri, and your comments thereon, in the current number of Harper's Weekly. Mr. Johnson, in proclaiming Mr. Bryan a back number in a company of friends, says that one of the persons present said, "he was wrong; that Mr. Bryan was twenty years ahead of his time, that he could not be appreciated by the people of this time and age."

Mr. Johnson's friend was wrong. This is just the age for the Roosevelts and Bryans to be appreciated; they both stand for civic righteousness; they both dare and do. To give one illustration of Mr. Bryan being better, and better understood, let us take the popular vote of 1896 and 1900 in seven States which contain more conscience votes, as shown by events, than all the rest of the country put together — Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and New York. In these States McKinley had, in 1896, 1,538,802. Bryan, in the same States in 1896, had 780,795. Four years of unexampled prosperity, according to the capitalists' idea of prosperity, followed; the same candidates were again before the people, Mr. McKinley had everything in his favor — money, prestige, orators, and office-holders. In the vote that followed, McKinley had, in the same above-mentioned States, 1,368,291; Bryan had 1,069,058; showing that McKinley had lost 170,511 votes and that Bryan had gained 288,263 votes. This is a sufficient answer to Mr. Johnson's saying Mr. Bryan is a back number; also a sufficient answer to his friend, who considers him not being understood by this generation.

Harper's Weekly's comment on Mr. Johnson's letter is manifestly unjust to Mr. Bryan. Over six million people in 1896 believed in him and what he represented. Again, in 1900, over six million people stood by him in his labors against the monopolistic evils that so sorely trouble the country. But light is breaking. The Republican Iowa State Convention endorses one of his fixed principles, and we now see the head of the nation pleading for his party friends to stem the swelling trust tide, against which Mr. Bryan has given the most useful years of his life. I am, sir,

Very truly yours,
Ryerson W. Jennings.

[We made no denial of the fact that six millions of votes were cast for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900; neither do we doubt that he would poll an equal number a third time. But six millions are not enough. He must have another million or more, which two elections have proven he cannot get. His refusal, therefore, to make way for a candidate who would have at least a chance of success is, as we said, politically immoral and the act of an ingrate.—Editor.]

Lawrence, Mass., *Sept. 13, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your reply (September 13) to Mr. Johnson's question you are quite unfair to Mr. Bryan. I have long read the Weekly, and I also know something of Mr. Bryan.

I am not a partisan. I am confirmed in the opinion that you wilfully shut your eyes and close your ears against the evidences of his virtues when you say he now uses his powers for sordid gain. No public man of modern times has had greater opportunities for "sordid gain" than he.

The very fact that he is poor, that he holds to his ideals notwithstanding abuse the like of which has been visited upon no statesman in recent years, is evidence of his integrity and steadfastness. I deny that he is working for "sordid gain." On the contrary, I know several gentlemen whom you have not censured who merit a great deal more criticism than Mr. Bryan. One may not believe in his silver doctrine or in his extreme views apropos of the trusts. In the latter instance there is no question that Bryan has paved the way for Roosevelt.

It is quite possible that continued abuse of a good man may swing public opinion in his favor. At least, many persons think so. I should be agreeably surprised to pick up an issue of the Weekly wherein you, for once, did not hold him up to ridicule and contempt.

There are some public men in New York who live in darkness—at least, their deeds are evil—and the Journal of Civilization might cast a few beams from its torch on their careers.

Yours truly,
Jos. E. Wright.

[We dare say there are others.—Editor.]

THE THREE-YEAR A.B.

Northeast Harbor, Me., *Sept. 13, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In reading the admirable article on the change in the requirements for an A.B. degree at Harvard University in your issue of September 13, the impression is made that Harvard University is alone in this change.

Probably the writer of the article was not aware that last October the University of Pennsylvania announced that, commencing October, 1902, sixty (60) units would be required of candidates for an A.B. degree, and so arranged the several courses that the work can be performed in three, four, or five years, as the student may elect, and similar to the Harvard plan, which was announced about the same time.

Curiously, the two universities have worked out the same plan, yet each entirely independent of and without the knowledge of the other, and I hope later on you may note the above in your columns.

I am, sir,
Louis C. Madeira, Jr.,
'72 Pennsylvania.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

(A Satire)

By J. Storer Clouston

PART I

THE following extracts are culled *(choisie* in the original text) from that popular French work *The Adventures of M. d'Haricot*, a full translation of which is shortly to be placed before the English-speaking public. In the mean time it is hoped that this foretaste may not dissuade even the most austere from venturing upon the omitted portions. TRANSLATOR.

MONSIEUR MAKES A FRIEND AND A PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

I

The first scene is a railway carriage swiftly travelling farther and farther from the sea that washes the dear shores of France. Look out of the window, and behold!—the green fields; the heavy hedge-rows enclosing them so tightly; the trees,—not in woods, but scattered everywhere as by a reckless forester; the brick farms; the hop-fields; the moist, vaporous atmosphere of



England. Cast your eyes within, and you will see, wrapped in an ulster of a British pattern, concealing all that is not British in his appearance, an exile from his native land. Not to make a mystery of this individual, you will see, indeed, myself. And I, —why did I travel thus enshrouded, why did my eye look with melancholy upon the fertile landscape, why did I sit sad and sombre as I travelled through this strange land?

I shall tell you, since the affair is now no secret, and as it hereafter touches my narrative. I was a Royalist, an adherent of the rightful King of France. I am still; I boast it openly. But at that time a demonstration had been premature, a government was alarmed, and I fled.

Hereafter I shall tell you more of the secret and formidable society of which I was then a young, enthusiastic member—the Une, Deux, Trois League; or U. D. T's., as we styled ourselves in brief, the forlorn hope of royalty in France. At present it is sufficient to say that we had failed. Baffled hopes, doubt as to the future, fear for the present, were my companions; and they are not gay, these friends. I felt, I confess it now mirthfully enough, suspicious of the porter of the train, of the guard, of the people who eyed me. The prospect of entering history by the martyr's postern had seemed noble in the heat of action and the excitement of intrigue. Now I only desired my liberty and as little public attention as possible. I commend this personal experience to all conspirators.

Such a frame of mind begets suspicions fast, and when I found myself in the same compartment with a young man who had already glanced at me in the Gare du Nord, and taken a longer look on board the steamboat, I felt, I admit, decidedly uncomfortable. From beneath the shade of my travelling-cap I eyed him for the first half-hour with a deep distrust. Yet, since he regarded me with that total lack of interest an Englishman bestows upon the unintroduced, and had, besides, an appearance of honesty written on his countenance, I began to feel somewhat ashamed of my suspicions, until at last I even came to consider him with interest as one type of that strange people among whom for a longer or shorter time I was doomed to dwell. He differed, it is true, both from the busts of Shakspere and from the statues of Wellington, yet he was far from unpleasing. An athletic form, good features, a steady blue eye, a complexion rosy as a girl's, fair hair brushed flat across his forehead, thirty years of truth-telling, cricket-playing, and the practice of three or four elementary ethical principles, not to mention an excellent tailor—all went to make this young man a refreshing and encouraging spectacle.

"Bah!" I said to myself. "My friend may not be the poet-laureate or the philanthropic M. Carnegie, but at least he is no spy."

"Monsieur," I said, aloud, "the sun is bright."

With this remark he showed his agreement by a slight smile and a murmured phrase. The smile was pleasant, and I felt encouraged to continue.

"Yet it does not always follow that the heart is gay. Indeed, monsieur, how often we see tears on a June morning, and hear laughter in March! It must have struck you often, this want of harmony in the world. Has it not?"

I had been so carried away by my thoughts that I had failed to observe the lack of sympathy in my fellow-traveller's countenance.

"Possibly," he remarked, dryly.

"Ah," I said, with a smile, "you do not appreciate. You are English."

"I am," he replied. "And you are French, I suppose?"

At his words suspicion woke in my heart. It was only as a Frenchman that I ran the risk of arrest.

"No; I am an American."

This was my first attempt to disclaim my nationality, and each time I denied my country I, like St. Peter, suffered for it. Fair France, your lovers should be true! That is the lesson.

"Yes," I said, "I am told that I do not resemble an American, but my name at least is good Anglo-Saxon."

And I handed him a card prepared for such an emergency. On it I had written, "Nelson Bunyan, Esq." If that sounded French, then I had studied philology in vain.

"I am a traveller in search of curios," I added. "And you?"

"I am not," he replied, with a trace of a smile and a humorous look in his blue eyes.

He was quite friendly, perfectly polite, but that was all the information about himself I could extract—"I am not," followed by a commonplace concerning the weather.

"Ah! he is a dolt! a lump of lead!" I said to myself, and I sighed to think of the people I was leaving, the people of spirit, the people of wit. Little did I think how my opinion of my fellow-traveller would one day alter, how my heart would expand.

But now I had something else to catch my attention. I looked out of the window, and, behold! there was nothing to be seen but houses.

"Pardon me," I said to my companion, "but I am new to this country. What city is this?"

"London," said he.

London, the far-famed! So this was London!

We crossed the Thames, gray and gleaming in the sunshine, and now I am at Charing Cross. Just as the train was slowing down I turned to my fellow-traveller.

"Have you been vaccinated?" I asked.

"I have," he said, in surprise.

You see, even reticence has its limits.

"I thank you for the confidence," I replied, gravely.

As he stood up to take his umbrella from the rack, he handed me back my card.

"I say," he abruptly remarked, in a tone, I thought, of mingled severity and innuendo, "I should have this legend altered if I were you. Good-morning."

And with that he was gone and my doubts had returned. Evidently he suspected something! Well, there was nothing to be done but maintain a stout heart and trust to fortune. And it takes much to drive gayety from my spirits for long.

II

It was in the morning that I arrived in London, and my first day I spent in losing my way through the labyrinth of streets, which are set never at a right angle to one another, and are of such different lengths that I could scarcely persuade myself it had not all been specially arranged to mislead me.

About one o'clock I entered a restaurant and ordered a genuine English steak—the porterhouse it was called. In quality I admit this segment of an ox was admirable, but as for its quantity—my faith! I ate it till half past two, and scarcely had made an impression then. Half stupefied with this orgy and the British beer I had taken to assist me in the protracted effort, I returned to my hotel, and had just begun the journal on which these memoirs are founded, when a waiter entered bearing a letter for me. I sprang up and seized it eagerly. It was addressed, "Mr. Nelson Bunyan, Esq.," and marked "immediate and confidential." These words were written in English and execrably misspelled.

It could come from but one source, for who else knew my *nom de plume*, who else would write "immediate and confidential," and, I grieve to say it, who else would take their precautions in such a way as instantly to raise suspicion? Had the secretary of the Une, Deux, Trois no English dictionary, that he need make the very waiter stare at his extraordinary address?

I opened the letter, and, as I expected, it was headed by the letters U. D. T.

"Go at once to the house of Mr. Frederick Hankey, No. 114 or 115 George Road, Streatham. Knock thrice on the third win-



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dow, and when he comes say distinctly, 'For the King.' He will give directions for your safety."

This missive was only signed F. 11, but of course I knew the writer—our most indefatigable, our most enthusiastic, the secretary himself.

Well, here was something to be done, a friend perhaps to be made, a spice of interest



suddenly thrown into this city of strangers. I whistled an air and began to think this somewhat dreary hotel not so bad a place, after all. I should only wait till darkness fell, and then set out to interview Mr. Frederick Hankey.

Having made cautious inquiries, asking of different servants at the hotel, I had little difficulty in making my way by train as far as the suburb in which he lived. There I encountered the first disquieting circumstance. Inquiring of a policeman, I found there was no such place as George Road, but a St. George's Road was well known to him. If F. 11 had been so inaccurate in one statement, might he not be equally so in another?

Up an immensely long and very dark road I went, studying the numbers of the houses on either side; and here at once a fresh difficulty presented itself. In an English suburb it is the custom to conceal the number provided by the municipal authorities, and decorate the gates instead with a fanciful or high-sounding title. Thus I passed "Blenheim Lodge," "Strathcorry," "Rhododendron Grove," and many other such residences, but only here and there could I find a number to guide me. By counting from 84, I came at last upon two houses, standing with their gates close together, that must either be 114 and 115, or 115 and 116. I could not be sure which, nor in either case did I know whether the one or the other sheltered the conspiring Hankey. The gate on the left was labelled "Chickawungaree Villa," that on the right "Mount Olympus House." In the house I could see through the trees that all was darkness, and the gate was so shabby as to suggest that no one lived there. In the villa, on the contrary, I saw two or three lighted windows. I determined to try the villa.

The drive wound so as to encircle what appeared in the darkness to be a tennis-court and an arbor, and finally emerged through a clump of trees before a considerable mansion. And here I was confronted by another difficulty. My directions said, knock upon the third window. But there were three on either side of the front door, and then how did I know that Hankey might not prefer me to knock upon his back or his side windows? My friend F. 11 might be a martyr and a patriot, but businesslike? No!

"Blind fortune is the goddess to-night," I said to myself, and with that I tapped gently upon the third window from the door, counting towards the right. I have often since consoled myself by thinking that I should have exhibited no greater intuition had I counted towards the left.

I tap three times. No answer. Again three times. Still no answer. It was diabolically dark, and the trees made rustling noises, very disconcerting to the conscience of one unaccustomed to practise these preliminaries before calling upon a friend.

"The devil!" I say to myself. "This time I shall make M. Hankey hear me."

And so I knocked very sharply and loudly, so sharply that I cracked the pane.

"Unfortunate," I thought; "but why should I not convert Hankey's misfortune into my advantage?"

With the intention of perhaps obtaining a glimpse into the room, I pushed the pane till with an alarming crash a considerable portion fell upon the gravel.

With a start I turned, and there, approaching me from either side, were two men. Hankey had evidently heard me at last.

"Who are you?" said one of them, a stout gentleman, I could see, with a consequential voice.

I came a step towards him.

"For the King," I replied.

He seemed to be staring at me.

"What the devil—" he exclaimed, in surprise.

My heart began to sink.

"You are Mr. Hankey?" I inquired.

"I am not," he replied, with emphasis.

Here was a delicate predicament! But I was not yet at the end of my resources.

"May I inquire your name?" I asked, politely.

"My name is Fisher," he said, with a greater air of consequence than ever, but no greater friendliness.

"What, Fisher himself!" I exclaimed, with pretended delight. "This is indeed a fortunate coincidence! How are you, Fisher?" I held out my hand, but this monster of British brutality paid no attention to my overture.

"Who are you?" he asked once more.

Not having yet made up my mind who I was, I thought it better to temporize.

"My explanations will take a few minutes, I am afraid," I answered. "The hour is late. May I call upon you in the morning?"

"I think you had better step in and explain now," said Fisher, curtly.

They were two to one and very close to me, while I was hampered with my British ulster. I must trust to my wits to get me safely out of this house again.

"I shall be charmed, if I am not disturbing you."

"You are disturbing me," said the inexorable Fisher. "In fact, you have been causing a considerable disturbance, and I should like to know the reason."

Under these cheerful circumstances I entered Chickawungaree Villa, Fisher preceding me, and the other man, whom I now saw to be his butler, walking uncomfortably close behind.

"Step in here," said Fisher.

He showed me into what was evidently his dining-room, and then, after saying a few words in an undertone to his servant, he closed the door, drew forward a chair so as to cut off any possible line of flight, sat upon it, and breathed heavily towards me.

Figure to yourself my situation: a large, red-faced, gray-whiskered individual, in a black morning coat and red slippers, staring stolidly at me from a meat-eating eye; name, Fisher, but all other facts concerning him unknown. A stiff, uninhabited-looking apartment of considerable size, lit with the electric light, upholstered in light wood and new red leather, and ornamented by a life-size portrait of Fisher himself; this picture being as uncompromising and apoplectic as the original. Finally, standing in an artificially easy attitude before the fireplace containing a frilled arrangement of pink paper, picture an exceedingly uncomfortable Frenchman.

"You scarcely expected me?" I begin with a smile.

"I did not," says Fisher.

"I did not expect to see you," I continue, but to this he makes no reply.

"I was looking for the house of Mr. Hankey."

"Were you?" says Fisher.

"Do you know him?" I ask.

"No," says Fisher.

A pause. The campaign has opened badly; no doubt of that. I must try another move.

"You will wonder how I know you," I say, pleasantly.

Fisher only breathes more heavily.

"Our mutual friend Smith—" I begin, watching closely to see if his mind responds to this name. I know that Smith is common in England, and think he will surely know some one so called—"Smith mentioned you."

But no, there is no gleam of recognition.

"Indeed," is all he remarks, very calmly.

There is no help for it; I must go on.

"I intended to call upon you some day this week. I have heard you highly spoken of—'the great Fisher,' 'the famous Fisher.' Indeed, sir, I assure you your name is a household word in Scotland."

I choose Scotland because I know its accent is different from English. My own also is different. Therefore I shall be Scotch. Unhappy selection!

"Do you mean to pretend you are Scotch?" says Fisher, frowning as well as breathing at me.

I must withdraw one foot.

"Half Scotch, half Italian," I reply.

Ah, France, why did I deny you? I was afraid to own you; I blush to confess it. And I was righteously punished!

"Italian?" says he, with more interest. "Ah, indeed."

He stares more intently, frowns more portentously, and respires more loudly than ever, when we hear heavy steps in the passage.

"They have come at last!" he exclaims, and opens the door.

"More visitors!" I say to myself, hoping now for a diversion. In another moment I get it. Enter the butler and two gigantic policemen!

"Constable," says Fisher, "I have caught him."

Both bobbies (as with kindly humor the English term their police) look at me with much the same depressing glance as Fisher himself.

"Yes, sir," says one, in what evidently was intended for a tone of congratulation. "So I see."

The other bobby evidently agrees with this sentiment. Wonderful unanimity! I have noticed it in the Paris gendarmes; also the same quick and intelligent grasp of a situation. This latter quality was so conspicuous



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Still no answer

in my two blue-coated friends that I named them instantly Lecoq and Holmes.

Holmes speaks next, after an impressive pause.

"What's he done?"

"That is the point," says Fisher, in a tone of such damaging insinuation that I am spurred to my defence.

"Exactly, what have I done?"

"He has endeavored to effect an entry into my house by removing a pane of glass," says Fisher.

"Pardon me; to call the attention of the servants by rapping upon a pane of glass."

"Come now, none of that," says Lecoq, with such severity that I see the situation at once.

He is jealous. I have cast an imputation on some fair house-maid, the future Mrs. Lecoq, no doubt.

"An assignation, you think?" I ask, with a reassuring smile.

Fisher breathes with more apparent difficulty than ever. He is evidently going to deal a heavy blow this time. It falls.

"I charge this person with being concerned in the burglary at Mrs. Thompson's house last night, and with trying to burgle mine," says he.

He pauses, and then delivers another.

"He has confessed to being an Italian."

The constables prick up their ears.

"The organ-grinder!" exclaims Holmes, with more excitement than I had thought him capable of.

"The man as made the butler drunk and gagged the cook!" cries Lecoq.

Here is a fine situation for a political fugitive! I am indignant. I am pathetic. No use. I explain frankly that I came to see Mr. Hankey. That only deepens suspicion, for it seems that the excellent Hankey inhabited Mount Olympus, next door, for only three weeks, and departed a month ago without either paying his rent or explaining the odor of dead bodies proceeding from his cellars. Doubtless my French friends had acted for the best in sending me to him, but would that he had taken the trouble to inform them of his change of address! But then, why had I ever thought of being an Italian? It appeared now that a gentleman of that nationality, having won the confidence of the Thompson children and the Thompson servants by his skill upon the hand-organ, had basely misused it in the fashion indicated by Lecoq. Certainly it was hard to see why such a skilful artist should have returned the very next night to a house three doors away, and then bungled his business so shamefully; but that argument is beyond the imagination of my bobbies. In fact, they seem only too pleased to find a thief so ready to meet them halfway.

"Thank you, sir," says Holmes, at the conclusion of the painful scene. "We shouldn't mind a drop."

This means that they are about to be rewarded for their share in the capture by a glass of Fisher's ale. And I? Well, I am not to have any ale, but I am to accompany them to the cells, and next morning to make my appearance before the magistrate on one charge of burglary and another of attempted burglary.

III

Over the rest of that night I shall draw a veil. I was taken to Newgate,* immured in the condemned cell, and left to my reflections. They were sombre enough, I assure you. Young, ambitious, errant, I sat there in that foreign prison, without a friend, without a hope. If I state the truth about myself, this excuse will be seized for sending me back to France. And what then? Another prison! If I keep my identity concealed, how shall I prove that I am not the burgling musician?

As you can well imagine, I slept little and dreamt much. I was only thankful I had no parent to mourn my loss; for by this time I had quite made up my mind that the organ-grinder's antecedents would certainly hang me.

I cursed Fisher, I cursed the League, I cursed F. 11, that indefatigable conspirator who had dragged me from a comfortable hotel and a safe alias to—what? The scaffold; ah yes, the scaffold!

It may sound amusing now, when I am still unhanged; but it was far from amusing then, I assure you.

Well, the morning broke at last, and I was led, strongly escorted by the twins of Lecoq and Holmes, towards the venerable law court at Westminster. I recognized the judge, the jury, the witnesses, and the counsel, though my thoughts were too engrossed to take a careful note of these. In fact, in writing this account I am to some extent dependent on reports of other trials. They are all much the same, I understand, differing chiefly as one or more judges sit upon the bench. In this case there was only one, a little gentleman with a shrewd eye and a dry voice—a typical hanging judge, I said to myself. I prepared for the worst.

First comes the formal accusation. Then my friend Holmes enters the box, stiff and evidently nervous, and in a halting voice and incoherent manner (which in France would inevitably have led to his being placed in the dock himself) he describes the clever way I was caught by himself and the astute Lecoq. Thereupon Lecoq takes his place, and in precisely the same manner and with the same criminal look of abasement repeats almost exactly the same words.

So misleading is his account of my guilty demeanor and suspicious conduct that I instantly resolve to cross-examine him. Politely but firmly I request the judge's permission. It is granted, and I can see there is a stir of excitement in the court.

Assuming an encouraging air, I ask, "You know the servants at Fisher's house?"

He stammers, "Yes."

"With one in particular you are well acquainted?"

He looks at the judge for protection, but so little is my line of attack suspected that the judge only gazes at us in rapt attention.

"I do," says Lecoq, after a horribly incriminating pause.

"Now tell me this," I demand, sternly, "have you always behaved towards her as an honorable policeman?"

Would you believe it?—this question is disallowed! But I think I have damaged Lecoq, all the same.

Next comes Fisher, red-faced, more pompous than ever, and inspired, I can see, with a vindictive hatred towards myself. It appears that he is a London merchant, that his daughter heard a tapping on her window and called her father, that he and his servant caught me in the act of entering the chaste bed-chamber through a broken window.

At this point I ask if I may put a question. The judge says yes.

"How much glass fell out?" I ask.

"Half a pane," says he.

"And the rest stayed in?"

He has to admit that it did, very ungraciously, however.

"How many panes to the window?"

He cannot answer this; but the judge, much to my surprise, comes to my rescue and elicits the fact that there are six.

"How far had I gone through a twelfth of your window?" I ask.

His face grows redder, and there is a laugh through the court. I feel that I have "scored a try," as they say, and my spirits begin to rise again.

But, alas! they are soon damped. Mrs. Thompson's butler steps into the witness-box, and a more shameless liar I have never heard. Yes, he remembers an organ-grinder coming to the house on various occasions during the past fortnight. Here I interpose.

"What did he play?" I ask.

"Not being interested in such kinds of music, I cannot say."

"Possibly you have a poor ear?" I suggest.

"My ear is as right as some people's, but it has not been accustomed to the hand-



organ," says the butler, with a significance that seems to impress even the judge.

"You should have it boxed, my friend," I cannot help retorting, though I fear this does not meet the unqualified approval of the judge.

Next he is asked for an account of his dealings with the musician when that gentleman visited the kitchen upon the night of the burglary, and it appears that shortly after the grinder's departure he lost consciousness with a completeness and rapidity that can only have been caused by some insidious drug surreptitiously introduced into the glass of beer he happened to be finishing at that moment. He scorns the insinuation

*For this account of his imprisonment and his trial, M. d'Haricot is alone responsible.
TRANSLATOR.

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(made by myself) that he and the musician were drinking together; he would not so far demean himself. That outcast did, however, on one occasion approach suspiciously near his half-empty glass.

"Well," I remark, with a smile, "the moral is that next time you should provide your guests with glasses of their own."

Again I score, but quickly he has his revenge. Does he recognize me as the organ-grinder? he is asked. He is not sure of the face, not taking particular notice of persons of that description;—he is ready to swear to my voice!

It seems, then, that I have the same accent as an Italian organ-grinder! I bow ironically, but the sarcasm, I fear, is lost.

The butler retires with such an air of self-satisfaction that I could have shot him, and the gagged cook takes his place.

This young woman is not ill-looking, and is very abashed at having to make this public appearance. It appears that her glimpse of the burglar was brief, as with commendable prudence he rapidly fastened her night-shift over her head, but in that glimpse she recognized—my mustache!

"Could she tell how it felt?" I ask.

This point is appreciated by the court; though not, I fear, by the judge, who looks at me as though calculating the drop he should allow. Yes, it is all very well to jest about my mustache, but to be hanged by it, that is a different affair. And the case is very black against me.

"Has the prisoner any witnesses to call?" asks the judge.

"No," I reply, "but I shall make you a speech."

And thereupon I delight them with the following oration—an oration which should have gone on much longer than it did but for an unforeseen interruption.

"My lord, the jury, and my peers," I begin, remembering so much from my historical stories, "I am entirely guiltless of this extraordinary and infamous charge. No one but such a man as Fisher would have brought it!" (Here I point my finger at the unhappy tenant of Chickawungaree.) "No one else of the brave English would have stooped thus to injure an innocent and defenceless stranger! As to the butler and the cook, you have seen their untruthful faces, you have heard their incredible testimony. I say no more regarding them. The policemen have only shown that they found me an unwilling and insulted—though invited—guest of the perfidious Fisher. What harm, then? Have you never been the unwilling guests of a distasteful host?

"Who am I? Why did I visit such a person as Fisher? I shall tell you. I am a French subject, a traveller in England. Only yesterday I arrived in London. How can I, then, have burgled Madame Thompson? Impossible! Absurd! I had not set my foot upon the shores of England!"

At this point the judge in his dry voice interrupts me to ask if I can bring any witnesses to prove this assertion.

"Witnesses!" I exclaim, not knowing what the devil to add to this dramatic cry, when, behold! I see, sent by Providence, a young man rising from his seat in the court. It is my fair-haired fellow-passenger!

"May I give evidence?" says he.

"Though your name be Iscariot, yes!" I cry.

The judge frowns, for it seems the demand was addressed to me and not to him; but he permits my acquaintance to enter the box. And now a doubt assails me. What will he say? Add still more damaging testimony, or prove that I am the harmless Bunyan?

He does neither, but in a very composed and assured fashion that carries conviction with it he tells the judge that he travelled with me from Paris on the very night of the crime, adding that I appeared to him a very harmless though somewhat eccentric person. Not the adjectives I should have chosen myself, perhaps; but I assure you I should have let him call me vulgar or dirty without a word of protest.

Of course it follows that I cannot be the musical burglar, while as for my friend Fisher, that worthy gentleman is so disconcerted at the turn things have taken that he seems as anxious to withdraw his share of the charge as he was to make it.

I am saved; the case breaks down.

"How's that?" says the judge.

"Guiltless!" cry the jury.

And so I am a free man once more, and the cook must swear to another mustache.

The first thing I do is to seize my witness



and drag him from the court, repeating my thanks all the while.

"But how did you come to be in court?" I ask.

"Oh, I happen to be a barrister," he explains. "I came in about another case, and finding you'd been burgling, I thought I'd stay and see the fun."

"Your case must take care of itself. Come and lunch with me."

Yes, he finds he can escape. His case will not come on to-day, as mine has taken so long, and so we go forth together, to begin a friendship that I trust may always endure.

And to this day I have never paid for Fisher's broken pane of glass.

To be Continued.

Finance

It was rather that the forgotten was remembered and not that the unexpected happened in the stock-market. That a scarcity of money could not fail to restrain speculation is obvious. That there would be such a scarcity this month has been manifest to all students of the financial situation for some weeks past. But, though the newspaper press with truly astonishing equanimity has been counselling "conservatism" for a long time, precisely by reason of the tight money that was early seen to be inevitable, stock prices continued to rise under the aggressive manipulation of cliques and individuals, all of whom were working to establish a higher level of prices. The steady dwindling of the surplus reserves of the New York banks gave ample warning to all, excepting to a few operators and possibly to some of the banks themselves. The belief grew that the cry of a flurry in the rates for money was but "Wolf!" shouted, in all sincerity as it might be, by timid unbelievers in bull markets. We had the "views" of bank presidents in the West and South on the probable extent of the demand for money by their respective localities for crop-moving, and all agreed that New York would be called upon to a lesser extent than in past years. And, anyhow, argued the more enthusiastic bulls on the stock-market, it is on record that there have been "roaring bull markets" with the cash rate "as high as the moon."

As the bank reserves continued to diminish we heard of "relief" from the Federal government through the Secretary of the Treasury, and stocks rose still further. When it became evident that the "relief" would not relieve greatly, came the talk of gold importations from Europe. All of this is ancient history in Wall Street, a district which is as little interested in "last month" as in "last year." But when the pinch came the stock-market behaved as the "conservatives" had predicted; that is, the bull movement came to a halt. That the advance in the cash rate to twenty per cent. was not followed by violent declines, as in the past, was due to the fact that the public's commitments were relatively unimportant. The absence of urgent liquidation on anything like a substantial scale was accounted for by the manner in which securities have been and are to-day held. The "speculative community," if by that favorite phrase we are to mean the general public that is prone to gamble in stocks, had paid heed to the advice of the conservatives and speculated but lightly. The wholesale calling of loans by the banks, therefore, was felt by the stock-market relatively little, in that there was no wholesale liquidation. The more powerful syndicates, we may take for granted, had prepared for precisely such an emergency by means of time loans. Their resources, moreover, are always greater than those of the average outside speculator. With the handicap of commissions, the added expense of high interest charges is more than the outsider can stand in a market in which the price fluctuations are slight or, if extensive, are on the wrong—that is, the downward—side. Liquidation of small speculative accounts was, of course, noted, and declines in prices were general, though in no important instance were they severe enough to justify the name of "slump." The market was weak, hesitating. Hopes of further sharp advances were deferred, and Wall Street, as it should have done weeks before, recognized in the monetary situation the chief determining influence of speculation, so far as the immediate future was concerned. But the bulk of the stocks continue in "strong hands."

The most unpopular utterance that can come from man, woman, or writer is, "I told you so!" Notwithstanding this, the attention of the readers of this column must be called to what for many months past has here been dwelt upon, namely, that the operations of our fiscal system at a critical time would prove to be the chief obstacle to ascending values sooner or later. The eternal "Treasury problem" loomed large this week in the money-market. General business is highly prosperous, if we are to accept the reports of trade authorities. Yet this country is obliged to turn to Europe for relief, borrowing foreign money at high rates of interest and at no small risk, paying high rates also to domestic money-lenders, in order to transact current business. And all this is done in spite of the fact that the holdings of gold and gold bullion of the Federal Treasury are enormous; in fact, are the greatest we can recall. And yet there is no evidence that the national legislature or the members thereof are any more alive to the imperative necessity of reform than, for that matter, are the rank and file of Americans.

To be sure, it is but fair to recognize that those responsible for the alterations in the internal-revenue schedules could not foresee the very great expansion in our dutiable imports. In spite of the cancellation of the war taxes, so called, the Treasury surplus

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has been increasing, the gain in revenue from customs duties far more than offsetting the decreased internal revenue. It is, however, obvious that the repeal or reduction of many of the present duties on imports, so ardently advocated by Democratic papers and by statesmen who see in such a course the immediate solution of the great trust problem, as well as the permanent elimination of the worst features of our fiscal system, would help the money situation only on certain occasions. It is the Sub-Treasury system that needs reforming and remodelling.

The drain on the banks has come at this time not from the West for crop-moving purposes, but chiefly from the Sub-Treasury. Last week the surplus reserves of the banks in the Clearing House Association decreased practically the same amount that the banks had lost through the Sub-Treasury operations. The Secretary of the Treasury, who had "invited" the banks to increase their circulation enormously by deposits of bonds which the banks could not secure—in short, by an operation of no profit to the banks—later sought to relieve the money-market by anticipating the $5,000,000 interest on government bonds due on October 1, and by additional deposits of $4,000,000 with national banks holding "free" or unemployed bonds. This really was the only relief which Secretary Shaw could extend. Assuming that the New York institutions would receive the greater part of this money, it is evident that the gain of, at the utmost, $7,000,000 can give but temporary relief. But this, obviously, would help partially to tide the money-market over the time that must elapse before real relief in the shape of gold from abroad can arrive at this centre.

At this writing the rise in the local cash rate was accompanied by a corresponding decline in sterling rates. Some gold, less than three-quarters of a million, has arrived at San Francisco from Australia, but a good deal more is coming from the Antipodes. Two and a half millions from South Africa *en route* for London has been secured by a New York bank, and is the first gold engaged to arrive at an Atlantic port. That gold from Europe must come appears inevitable at this writing. Conditions favor it, and Europe can spare it. That there has in the mean time been no change for the worse in the general trade or crop conditions induces the belief in Wall Street that the hesitancy of the stock-market is but temporary, and that when a normal situation is re-established in the money-market the upward movement of stock prices will resume. But the high rates of money of the past week are not the only incidents of the week that justify a conservative course for some time to come.

Life is no cunningly devised deception or self-deception: it is a great truth that thou art alive, that thou hast desires, necessities; neither can these subsist and satisfy themselves on delusions, but on fact. To fact, depend on it, we shall come back: to such fact, blessed or cursed, as we have wisdom for.—*Carlyle.*

Among the women in the street you shall see one whose bonnet and dress are one thing, and the lady herself quite another, wearing withal an expression of meek submission to her bonnet and dress; and another whose dress obeys and heightens the expression of her form.—*Emerson.*

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances.—*Spencer.*

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The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XX

PURELY BUSINESS

THEY did not know what they had been summoned for, and they were rather discontented.

"Just in the middle of a business man's business day!" ejaculated Arty Kane.

"Just as I'm generally sat down comfortably to lunch!" Miles Childwick grumbled.

"Just when I'm settling down to work after breakfast!" moaned Arty.

They were waiting in the sitting-room at Harriet Street. It was 2.15 in the afternoon. A hansom stood in the street; they had chartered it, according to orders received.

"What does she want us for?" asked Arty.

"A wanton display of dominion, in all likelihood," suggested Miles, gloomily.

"I'm not under her dominion," objected Arty, who was for the moment devoted to a girl in the country.

"I've always maintained that you were no true poet," said Miles, disagreeably.

Peggy burst in on them—a Peggy raised, as it seemed, to some huge power of even the normal Peggy. She carried a lean little leather bag.

"Is the cab there?" she cried.

"All things in their order. We are here," Miles reminded her with dignity.

"We've no time to lose," Peggy announced. "We've two places to go to, and we've got to be back here by a certain time—and I hope we shall bring somebody with us."

"In the hansom?" asked Arty, resignedly.

"In two hansoms—at least, you know what I mean," said Peggy.

"Isn't she a picture, Arty? Dear me, I beg your pardon, Miss Ryle. I didn't observe your presence. What happens to have painted you red to-day?"

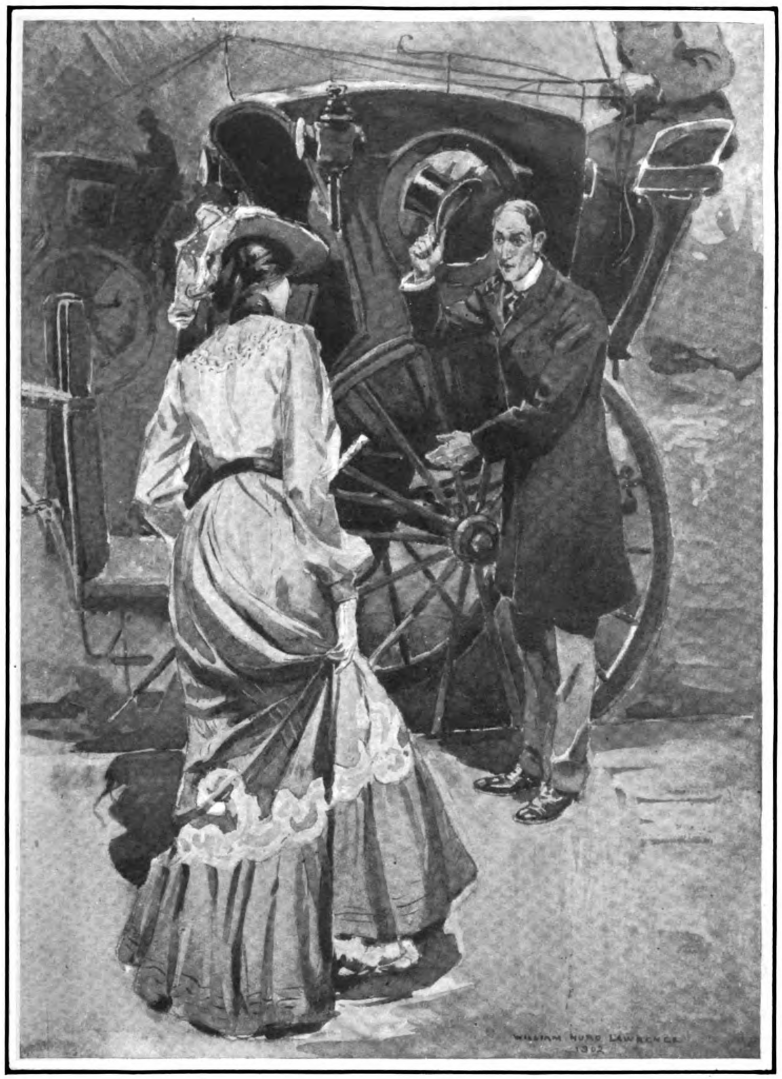
"I'm in a terrible fright about—about something, all the same. Now come along. One of you is to get on one side of me and the other on the other; and you're to guard me. Do you see?"

"Orders, Arty!"

They ranged themselves as they were commanded, and escorted Peggy down stairs.

"Doesn't the hansom present a difficulty?" asked Arty.

"No. I sit in the middle, leaning back; you sit on each side, leaning forward."



Miles, with a queer look of light on his face, indicated the remaining hansom

"Reversing the proper order of things, Miles—"

"In order to intercept the dagger of the assassin, Arty. And where to, General?"

"The London and County Bank, Trafalgar Square," said Peggy, with an irrepressible gurgle.

"By the memory of my mother, I swear it was no forgery! 'Twas but an unaccustomed pen," murmured Miles.

"I am equal to giving the order," declared Arty proudly; he gave it with a flourish.

"How soon are we to have a look-in, Peggy?"

"Hush! She's killed another uncle!"

When the world smiled, Peggy Ryle laughed aloud. It smiled to-day.

"See me as far as the door of the bank and wait outside," she commanded, when she recovered articulate gravity.

Their external gloom deepened; they were enjoying themselves immensely. Peggy's orders were precisely executed.

"Present it with a firm countenance," Miles advised, as she left them at the entrance. "Confidence, but no bravado!"

"It is no longer a capital offence," said Arty, encouragingly. "You won't be hanged in silk knee-breeches, like Mr. Fauntleroy."

Peggy marched into the bank She opened the lean little bag and took forth a slip of paper This she handed to a remarkably tall and prim young man behind the counter. He spoiled his own effect by wearing spectacles; but accuracy is essential in a bank.

He looked at the amount on the check; then he looked at Peggy. The combined effect seemed staggering. He took off his spectacles, wiped them, and replaced them with an air of meaning to see clearly this time. He turned the check over. "Margaret Ryle" met him in bold and decided characters. Tradition came to his rescue. "How will you take it?" he asked.

Peggy burst out joyously: "It's really all right, then?"

"The clerk almost jumped. "I—I presume so," he stammered.

Peggy waited in some anxiety; old prepossessions were strong on her. After all, to write a check is one thing, to have it honored depends on a variety of circumstances.

"Quite correct," said the clerk, returning. He was puzzled; he hazarded a suggestion: "Do you—er—wish to open—"

"Notes, please," said Peggy.

He opened a drawer with many compartments.

"Hundreds!" cried Peggy, suddenly. She explained after-

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wards that she had wanted as much "crackle" as the little bag would hold.

The clerk licked his forefinger. "One—two—three—four—"

"Why should he ever stop?" thought Peggy, looking on with the sensation a millionaire might have if he could keep his freshness.

"Thank you very much," she beamed, with a gratitude almost obtrusive, as she put the notes in the bag. She was aware that it is not correct to look surprised when your friends' cheeks are honored, but she was not quite able to hold the feeling in repression.

Her body-guard flung away half-consumed cigarettes and resigned themselves to their duties. A glance at the little bag showed that it had grown quite fat.

"Be very, very careful of me now," ordered Peggy, as she stepped warily towards the hansom.

"There are seventy thousand thieves known to the police," said Arty.

"Which gives one an idea of the mass of undiscovered crime in London," added Miles. "Now where to, *mon Général?*"

"Number 346 Cadogan Square," Peggy told them. "Oh, how I wish I could have a cigarette!"

Both sympathetically offered to have one for her.

"The smoke will embarrass the assassin's aim," Miles opined sagely.

Arty broke out in a sudden discovery.

"You're going to Fricker's!" he cried.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Fricker," said Peggy, with pretended carelessness.

"At last, Arty, I shall see the mansions of the gilt."

"No, you'll wait outside," Peggy informed him, with a cruelty spoiled by bubbling mirth.

"Is that where we're to pick up the other passenger?" asked Arty.

"You talk as if everything was so very easy!" said Peggy, rather indignantly.

"Being anywhere near a bank always has that effect on me," he apologized.

"Now, one on each side—and be careful," Peggy implored, as the cab stopped in Cadogan Square. "If anything happened now—!" Her tongue and her imagination failed.

"If you've got any money, you'll leave it there," Miles prophesied, pointing at the Fricker door.

"Shall I?" cried Peggy, in joyous defiance, as she sprang from the cab.

"Mayn't we even sit in the hall?" wailed Arty.

"Wait outside," she commanded, with friendly curtness.

The door closed on her, the butler and footman showing her in with an air of satisfied expectancy.

"Who's to pay the cab?" exclaimed Arty, smitten with a sudden apprehension.

"Don't you remember being reviewed under the heading of 'The Young Ravens'?" asked Miles, a little unkindly, but with a tranquil trust in the future.

That answer might not have satisfied the cabman. It closed the question for Arty Kane. They linked arms and walked up and down the square, discussing Shakspere's habit of indulging in soliloquy. "Which is bad art, but good business," Miles pronounced. Of course, Arty differed.

"The study, if you please, miss," said the butler to Peggy Ryle. She followed him across the fawn-colored mat which had once proved itself to possess such detective qualities.

Rooms change their aspects as much as faces; he who looks brings to each his own interpretation, and sees himself as much as that on which he gazes. The study was very different now to Peggy from what it had seemed on her previous entry. Very possibly Daniel experienced much the same variety of estimate touching the Lions' Den before he went in and after he came out.

Fricker appeared. He had lunched abstemiously, as was his wont, but daintily, as was Mrs. Fricker's business. He expected amusement; neither his heart nor his digestion was likely to be disturbed. An appeal for pity from Peggy Ryle's lips seemed to promise the maximum of enjoyment combined with the minimum of disturbance to business.

"So you've come back, Miss Ryle?" He gave her his lean, dry, strong hand.

"I told you I might," she nodded, as she sat down in her old seat, opposite to his arm-chair.

"You've got the money?" His tone was one of easy, pleasant mockery.

"It's no use trying to—to beat you down, I suppose?" asked Peggy, with an expression of exaggerated woe.

But he was too sharp for her. He did not fall into her artless trap. He was lighting his cigar, but he broke off the operation (it was not often that he had been known to do that), and leaned across the table towards her.

"My God, child, have you got the money?" he asked her, in a sort of excitement.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she broke out. Had not that fact been bottled up in her for hours? His question cut the wire. A metaphor derived from champagne is in no sort inappropriate.

"You've got it? Where have you got it from?"

"Your principle is not to ask that, Mr. Fricker."

"He must be very fond of you."

"You're utterly wrong—and rather vulgar," said Peggy Ryle.

"On the table with it!" laughed Fricker.

She threw the little bag across the table. "Oh, and have you a cigarette, Mr. Fricker?" she implored.

Fricker gave a short laugh, and pushed a silver box across to her. She leaned back in an extraordinary perfection of pleasure.

"There are a lot of these notes," he said. "Are checks out of fashion, Miss Ryle?"

"You're so suspicious," she retorted. Apart from difficulties about a banking account, she would not have missed handling the notes for worlds.

He counted them carefully. "Correct!" he pronounced.

"And here's your letter," she cried, producing it from her pocket; the action was a veritable *coup de théâtre.*

"Oh, I remember my letter," he said, with a smile—and a brow knit in vexation. Then he looked across the table at her. "I'd have betted ten to one against it," he remarked.

"You underrate the odds," Peggy told him, in a triumph that really invited Nemesis. "I'd have betted a thousand to one when I left your house."

"You're a wonderful girl," said Fricker. "How the devil did you do it?"

She grew sober for a moment. "I'm ashamed of how I did it." Then she burst out again vigorously: "But I'd do it again, Mr. Fricker!"

"You have all the elements of greatness," said he, with a gravity that was affected and yet did not seem entirely pretence. "You've got three thousand five hundred pounds out of somebody—"

"I've got four thousand," interrupted Peggy.

"But five hundred was—"

"That's not there! That's kept for me. That's the most splendid part of it all!" In that indeed seemed to her to lie the finest proof of victory. The rest might have been shame; that her five hundred lay intact meant change of heart. She had not pressed her five hundred on Airey Newton. There are times when everything should be taken, as there are when all should be given; her instinct had told her that.

Fricker smiled again: his deft fingers parted the notes into two uneven heaps. The fingers seemed to work of their own accord and to have eyes of their own, for his eyes did not leave Peggy Ryle's face.

"Is the man in love with you?" He could not help returning to that explanation.

"Not a farthing if he had been!" cried Peggy.

"Then he's an old man, or a fool."

"Why can't I be angry with you?" she cried, in an amused despair. "Are—are greed and—nonsense the only things you know?"

"Are you finding new words for love?" he asked, with a sneer.

Peggy laughed. "That's really not bad," she admitted, candidly. Under the circumstances she did not grudge Fricker a verbal victory. The poor man was badly beaten; let him have his gibe!

He had made his two heaps of notes—a larger and a smaller; his hand wavered undecidedly over them.

"I can trust you to do what you said you would?" she asked, suddenly.

"No less—and no more. That's an essential part of my policy," he assured her.

"And Mrs. Trevalla is free of Glowing Stars? And you'll tell her what you promised?"

"I'll take them over, with the liability. Yes, and I'll tell her."

He spoke rather absently; his mind seemed to be on something else. When he spoke again, there was an odd—perhaps an unprecedented—embarrassment in his manner.

"I see my way to doing something with Glowing Stars. Money must go into it—the calls must be paid—but I think some of the money might come out again." He looked at Peggy; he saw her gloriously triumphant eyes, her cheeks flushed with the intoxication of achievement. The impulse was on him to exalt her more. "I should have done very well if I'd bargained with you for three thousand."

"It would have seemed almost as impossible. And you wouldn't! You wanted more than market-value for your pound of flesh!"

He pushed the smaller of the two heaps that he had made across to her with a swift motion of his hand; the hand trembled a little, but his voice was hard and dry.

"Take back the extra thousand and call it square, Miss Ryle," said he.

Peggy laid down her cigarette and stared at the heap of notes he pushed across to her.

"What?" she exclaimed, in the despair of blank astonishment; she could not grasp the idea.

"Take those back. I shall do very well with these."

He took up his cigar again, and this time he lit it. To Peggy the room seemed to go round.

"Why do you do that?" she demanded.

"On my word, I don't know. Your infernal pluck, I think," he said, in a puzzled tone.

"I won't have it. It was a bargain."

"It's not your money, you may remember."

Peggy had forgotten that.

"It might be a pleasant surprise to—to your friend," he went on. "And, if you'll let me do it, it will, Miss Ryle, be rather a pleasant change to me."

"Why do you do it?" she asked again.

He made her an odd answer—very odd, to come from him "Because of the look in your eyes, my dear."

His tone was free from all offence now; he spoke as a father might. If his words surprised her to wonder, he had no better understanding of hers.

"You too, you too!" she whispered, and the eyes that had moved him grew misty.

"Come, don't refuse me," he said. "Take it back to your

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friend. He'll find a use for it." He seemed to touch a spring in her, to give her a cue.

"Yes, yes!" she assented, eagerly. "Perhaps there would be a use for it. Do you give it to me? Freely, freely?"

"Freely," answered Fricker. "And all you want shall be said to Mrs. Trevalla."

Peggy opened her bag and began to put the notes in; but she still looked at Fricker.

"Did you ever think of anything like this?" she asked, in a new burst of confidence.

"No, I didn't," he answered, with a brusque laugh.

"You like doing it?"

"Well, was there any compulsion, Miss Ryle?"

"I shall take it," she said, "and I thank you very much."

"I should have been distressed if you hadn't taken it," said he.

Peggy knew that he spoke truth, strange as the truth might be. She had an impulse to laugh, an impulse to cry. Fricker's quiet face quelled both in her.

"And that finishes our business, I suppose?" he asked.

"It's understood that you don't worry Trix any more?"

"Henceforward Mrs. Trevalla ceases to exist for me." He was really quite in the same tale with Mrs. Bonfill and society at large.

His declaration seemed to amuse Peggy. "Oh, well, that's putting it rather strongly, perhaps," she murmured.

"Not a bit!" retorted Fricker, with his confident contemptuousness.

"You can never tell how you may run up against people," remarked Peggy, with a mature sagacity.

He leaned back, looking at her. "I've learned to think that your observations have a meaning, Miss Ryle."

"Yes," Peggy confessed. "But I don't exactly know—" She frowned a moment, and then smiled, with the brightness of a new idea. "Where's your daughter, Mr. Fricker?"

"Connie's in her room." He did not add that, by way of keeping vivid the memory of moral lessons, he had sent her there on Peggy's arrival.

"Do you think she'd give me a cup of tea?"

It was rather early for tea. "Well, I dare say she would," smiled Fricker. "I shall hear what's up afterwards?"

"Yes, I'm sure you will," promised Peggy.

He sent her under escort to the drawing-room, and directed that Connie should be told to join her. Then he returned to his study and began the letter which he had to write to Trix Trevalla. He fulfilled his obligation loyally, although he had no pity for Trix and was sorely tempted to give her a dig or two. He resisted this temptation when he remembered that to do what he said he would was an essential part of his policy, and that if he failed in it Peggy Ryle would come again and want to know the meaning of it; at which thought he raised his brows and smiled in an amused puzzle. So he told Trix that Glowing Stars gave promise of a new development, and though he could not offer her any price for her shares, he would take them off her hands for a nominal consideration, and hold

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her free from the liability. "Thus," he ended, "closing all accounts between us."

"She was a fool, and my wife was a fool, and I suppose I was a fool too," he mused. A broader view came to his comfort. "A man's got to be a bit of a fool in some things if he wants to live comfortably at home," he reflected. He could not expect the weaker sex (such undoubtedly would have been his description) to rise to the pure heights where he dwelt, where success in business was its own reward and the victorious play of brains triumph enough. "But, anyhow, we backed the wrong horse in Trix Trevalla," he had to acknowledge, finally.

Before he had sealed the letter, Connie burst into the room. Fricker prepared to say something severe—these unlicensed intrusions were a sore offence. But the sight of his daughter stopped him. She was dressed in the height of smartness; she had her hat on and was buttoning her gloves; her cheeks were red, and excitement shone in her eyes. On the whole, it looked as though she were clearing the decks for action.

"I'm going back to tea with Miss Ryle," she announced.

He rose and stood with his back to the fireplace.

"Well, she's a very nice friend for you to have, Connie." There was a flavor of mockery in his tone.

"You know as well as I do that there's no question of that. But Mrs. Trevalla's living with her now."

"I thought your mother and you had agreed to drop Mrs. Trevalla?"

Connie was not in the mood to notice or to trouble about his subtly malicious sarcasms.

"I asked Beaufort Chance to come here to-day," she went on, "and he told me he had to be in the City all the afternoon."

"Aren't these things in your mother's department, Connie?"

"No; in yours. I want you to back me up. He's going to tea at four o'clock at Miss Ryle's—to meet Mrs. Trevalla."

"Miss Ryle told you that? And she wants you to go with her?"

"Yes. You see what it means?"

"Why, Connie, you're looking quite dangerous."

"I'm going with her," Connie announced, finishing off the last glove-button viciously. "At least I am if you'll back me up."

"How?" he asked. He was amused at her in this mood, and rather admired her too.

"Well, first you must see me through with mamma, if — if anything comes out about what's been happening. You know Beaufort wouldn't stick at giving me away if he wanted to get even with me."

"You're probably right as to that," agreed Fricker, licking his cigar.

"So you must tell mamma that it had your approval, and not let her be nasty to me. You can manage that, if you like, you know."

"I dare say, I dare say. Is there any other diversion for your idle old father?"

"Yes. You must back me up with Beaufort. I believe he's dangling after Mrs. Trevalla again." Connie's eyes flashed with threatenings of wrath.

"On the quiet?"

Connie nodded emphatically.

"Hardly the square thing," said Fricker, smiling in an abused patience.

"Are you going to stand it? He's made fierce love to me."

"Yes, I know something about that, Connie. And you're fond of him, eh?"

"Yes, I am," she declared, defiantly. "And I won't let that woman take him away from me."

"What makes you think she'd have him?"

"Oh, she'd have him! But I don't mean her to get the chance."

Fricker liked spirit of all sorts; if he had approved of Peggy's, he approved of his daughter's, too. Moreover, his great principle was at stake once more, and must be vindicated again; he must insist on fair play. If what Connie attributed to Beaufort Chance were true, it was by no means fair play. His mind briefly reviewed how he stood towards Beaufort; the answer was that Beaufort hung on him, and could not stand alone. He had the gift of seeing just how people were situated; he saw it better than they did themselves, thanks to his



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rapid intuition and comprehensive grasp of business affairs. He had set Beaufort Chance on horseback—financial horseback; if he willed, he could pull him down again; at the least he could make his seat most uncomfortable and precarious.

"We should be able to manage him between us, should we, after the event as well as before?"

"You help me to manage him before—I'll manage him myself afterwards," said Connie.

"Good girl! Say what you like. I'll back you up. Bring him to me, if need be."

Connie darted at him and kissed him. "Don't say anything before Miss Ryle," she whispered. "It's just that I'm going out to tea."

When they reached the hall, where Peggy was waiting in triumphant composure, Connie Fricker lived up to the spirit of this caution by discarding entirely her aggressive plainness of speech and her combative air. She minced with excessive gentility as she told Miss Ryle that she was ready to go with her; then she flew off to get a gold-headed parasol. Peggy sat and smiled at Mr. Fricker.

"She's going to have tea with you?" asked Fricker.

"Isn't it kind of her?" beamed Peggy.

Fricker respected diplomacy. "The kindness is on your side," he replied, politely; but his smile told Peggy all the truth. She gave a laugh of amusement mingled with impatient anticipation.

Connie came running back. "You'll tell mamma where I've gone, won't you?" she asked, her eyes reminding her father of one-half of his duty. "Oh, and possibly Mr. Chance will be here at dinner." She managed to recall the other half.

Fricker nodded; Peggy rose with an admirable unconsciousness.

"Hold your bag tight, Miss Ryle," Fricker advised, with a gleam in his eye as he shook hands.

"That's all right. I'm well looked after," said Peggy, as the servant opened the door.

Two hansoms were waiting; in each sat a young man smoking a cigarette. At the sight of Peggy they leaped out; at the sight of the gorgeous young woman who accompanied Peggy they exchanged one swift glance and threw away the cigarettes. Introductions were made, Fricker standing and looking on, the butler peering over Fricker's shoulder.

"What time is it?" inquired Peggy.

"Quarter to four," said Arty Kane.

"Oh, we must be quick, or—or tea 'll be cold!" She turned to Miles Childwick. "Will you go with Miss Fricker, Miles? Arty, take me. Come along. Good-by, Mr. Fricker."

She kissed her hand to Fricker and jumped in; Arty followed. Miles, with a queer look of fright on his face, lifted his hat and indicated the remaining hansom.

"It's rather unconventional, isn't it?" giggled Connie, gathering her skirts carefully away from the wheel.

"Allow me," begged Miles, in a sepulchrally grave tone.

He saw her in without damage, raised his hat again to Fricker, got in, and sat down well on the other side of the cab.

"I hope it's a quiet horse, or I shall scream," said Connie.

"I hope it is," agreed Miles, most heartily. What his part would be if she screamed he dared not think; he said afterwards that the colors of her garments did quite enough screaming on their own account.

Fricker watched them drive off, and then returned to his study thoughtfully. But he was not engrossed in problems of finance, in the possibilities of Glowing Stars, and of minimizing the claims they would make. He was not even thinking of the odd way things had turned out in regard to Trix Trevalla, nor of how he had pledged himself to deal with Beaufort Chance. The only overt outcome of his meditations was the remark, addressed once again to his study walls,

"I'm not sure that Connie isn't a bit too lively in her dress."

The various influences which produced this illuminating doubt it would be tedious to consider. And the doubt had no practical result. He did not venture so much as to mention it to Connie or to Mrs. Fricker.

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"The Mummy and the Humming-Bird"

MR. JOHN DREW has been dramatized again, and this time—in "The Mummy and the Humming-bird," at the Empire Theatre—with more than ordinary success. Barring one or two details of minor importance, the rôle of *The Mummy* in Mr. Isaac Henderson's play fits him with all the nicety of a glove—a walking-glove. I make the distinction because Mr. Drew has had parts in the past that fitted him like a boxing-glove. When he has essayed *Richard Carvel*, for instance, one has been required to form an illusion—which Mr. Drew never creates—for himself, and in doing so to treat with violence the leading figure in a popular historical romance. The effect of Mr. Drew's *Carvel* upon the mind of those who occasionally take their minds with them to the theatre was rather lacerating than titillating, and, save for the general satisfaction one derived from seeing a worthy man engaged in steady employment, there was no pleasure in the piece. Last year Mr. Drew was better off, but there was something about "The Second in Command" that sent one home unconvinced. After a quarter of a century of experience with Mr. Drew one is more accustomed to have the curtain fall upon the star with his arm around somebody's waist and some other occupation for his lips than that of merely mumming words. Hence it was just a little of a shock to have to put in a whole dramatic season with the uncomfortable idea in mind that Mr. Drew—one of the most perfect stage lovers that ever stirred the soul of a matinée girl—was being jilted every night and at Saturday matinées in favor of Mr. Guy Standing, whose Thespian misfortune it has become to be the incarnation of pulchritudinous wickedness.

But now all is well again. Whether Mr. Henderson knew it or not, he has dramatized his star to perfection—barring, of course, the minor details to which I have referred. It would have been better, I think, if the scene of "The Mummy and the Humming-bird" had, for Mr. Drew's use at least, been laid in New York instead of in London, and the leading rôle, that of *Lumley*, been an American captain of industry with a leaning toward science, rather than a British peer of true scientific attainments.

The reason for this suggestion is that Mr. Drew's Americanism is too pronounced to enable him to appear British. Voice, face, manner, garments, walk—all of these things, as Mr. Drew has them, are American, not British. His voice is as indigenous to the American soil as is scrappel to Philadelphia, and when it falls upon our ears from behind a closed door, as it does in the opening scene of "The Mummy and the Humming-bird," the idea that it is a British peer that is speaking is preposterous.

Similarly Mr. Drew's garments deny his Briticism to the eye as clearly as his voice forbids the ear to accept it. The garments fit. They are not three sizes too large for him, nor are they a shade too small; they were not only on him—they were of him; without any thought of irreverence, I should say that to me it seemed as if the powers that ordain the movements of the universe had found a suit of clothes—nay, a whole wardrobe—and had made a man to fit them,—a thing which, so far as my observation goes, has never happened in the peerage.

Hence it happens in this comedy, as it is presented to us at the Empire, that we do not feel as we should the British quality of the atmosphere. It is no peep into the sacred precincts of the English aristocracy that we get, but an uneasy glimpse of something that might be doing somewhere along Fifth Avenue, or down at Newport, perhaps. All of which might be remedied if Mr. Frohman, in importing his play from London to New York, had either brought along an English company to produce it, or by a few simple changes had turned it into an American play.

The story of "The Mummy and the Humming-bird" is by no means a bad one. At its beginning *Lord Lumley* is more or less unconsciously on the verge of a great discovery in social science. This discovery involves the domestic principle that even if a man is married to a woman she would like to meet him occasionally. It is not a fashionable idea, but there are families wherein the principle is adhered to.

The play has not progressed far when *Lady Lumley* is ushered upon the scene, and a very charming woman she turns out to be. Matrimony has not destroyed her capacity for loving her husband, if he will only permit her to do so, but she has no liking for chemistry, in the study of which he is occupied to the verge of preoccupation. The door of his laboratory has come between them, and as a result the pair are too much apart to cultivate that community of interest between husband and wife which is the surest protection of potential innocence against the machinations of a wicked world. *Lord Lumley* was shut up with his retorts all the time; *Lady Lumley* was utterly oblivious to acids and crucibles. They met occasionally in the calcium, but the idea of fermentation was merely casual to him, and in this fact her ladyship possessed the grievance which later involved both in very unpleasant complications.

A problem naturally interjected itself into the situation:—Must a Woman Become a Nun Merely because her Husband is Wedded to his Art?

Lady Lumley thought not, and in accordance with her view that if the star performer refuses to act an understudy must be had, while *Lord Lumley* was trying to prove that one plus one equals one, her ladyship was making a few practical experiments of her own to prove that one minus one may leave two, whether the world likes it or not.

In these experiments *Lady Lumley* was assisted by an Italian novelist named *D'Orelli*, a man of fine presence and bad character, who strove for royalties professionally in the morning and pursued peeresses in the afternoon and evening as a pastime. He entered into the Lumley situation at the psychological moment and with willing hands, and with the aid of a presentation copy of his book and his participation in *Lady Lumley's* birthday dinner, from which *Lumley* absented himself, made himself *persona grata* at the court of the lady's grievance. During his wife's absence at the dinner *Lumley* learns from an Italian organ-grinder, who cannot speak English, that *D'Orelli* is the kind of novelist who likes to derive the social complications of his plots from personal experience. With the aid of a siphon, a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, and a decanter of brandy, abetted by a half-crown and a broken plate, the Italian acquaints his lordship with the fact that he has come from Rome to London to kill *D'Orelli*, because *D'Orelli* has tried one of his literary experiments once too often, using the organ-grinder's wife as his raw material.

The seriousness of the situation reveals itself to *Lord Lumley* at once. He is horrified at the idea of *Lady Lumley* being turned into copy by anybody, the possibility of her running through ten editions in two weeks, and being sold over the counters at railway stations for two and six, rising up before his mind's eye with appalling vividness.

He immediately resolves to bring this little side romance to an abrupt end by forbidding his wife to again receive the sinful *D'Orelli*, and himself going off to foreign lands for a period of two months, leaving *Lady Lumley* to ponder over this eleventh commandment in the family decalogue.

This eleventh commandment, we gather as the play progresses, is like the famous last straw that laid the camel low. Poor *Lady Lumley*, who never in her life has had the least desire to break a commandment of any kind, willing to carry ten with meekness, and to obey them all with humility, rebels against the eleventh, and goes so far in her wrath in smashing it as to imperil the safety of all the others.

She does see *D'Orelli* again, many times, and it begins to look as if the novelist were getting near to the last chapter of his contemplated romance, when *Lumley* returns. He isn't a moment too soon, for *D'Orelli's* inspiration is on, and his story moves rapidly. He has got to the point where it seethes, and from mere writing he has gone to dictating; the crucial paragraph is on his lips—indeed, he is about to rattle it on to finis, when enter *Lord Lumley*, also John Drew, for here we get at the actor we have come to see. It is not the purblind British lordling that we have to deal with now, but the alert, strong, honest, clear-headed gentleman, whose authority having been denied, falls back on his finesse to win back the imperilled honor of his name, a situation wherein John Drew's art finds its fullest scope.

Never authoritative, he is ever fine, and the real hold that he has upon his public finds its mainsprings in the public's recognition of his niceness.

How he thwarts the villanous purpose of *D'Orelli* is a good, clean-cut piece of dramatic art in both the actor and the playwright, and while, of course, Mr. Henderson, who wrote the play, is not a Sardou, nor anything like him, it is perfectly fair to say that in the scene which takes place in the rooms of *D'Orelli*, whither *Lady Lumley* in a fatuous moment has consented to go, between the husband and the man who would wrong him, we find a strength that suggests some of the more impressive moments in the great Frenchman's work.

The verbal fencing between the two men is worth a thousand swashbuckling bouts on staircases and in taverns, such as we have had from the red, white, and bellew playwrights and actors for so many dreary seasons; there is more real nerve tension, more real dramatic interest, in this one moment than in ten weeks of "The Helmet of Navarre," "A Gentleman of France," or of the assorted Don Cæsars de Bazan.

With much ingenuity the villain is laid by the heels; honor is restored to the house of Lumley, and all ends wells—or, rather, begins well again. The curtain falls upon a forgiven wife, and the promise is that in the future her chemically absorbed lord will pay more attention to the acids of wit that he puts into his retorts to her sallies, and less to the unsatisfactory variety matrimonially that he uses in his laboratory.

It would be a wrong to a young actor of great promise if one were to leave "The Mummy and the Humming-bird" without mention of Mr. Lionel Barrymore's performance of the vindictive victim of *D'Orelli's* first venture. There has been nothing better in character-acting on the New York stage in many years, and Mr. Barrymore easily shares the honors of the performance with the star—which is saying a great deal, for Mr. Drew was never better in his life.

Miss Margaret Dale also deserves a word of praise for an effort of real impressive force. I have never had the pleasure of meeting a Lady Lumley, but I should say on general principles that if there is such a person in the world she would act under the given circumstances very much as she appeared to act as portrayed by Miss Dale.

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He didn't Hold his Mouth Right

A Fishing Incident in the Rockies

THE "sky-pilot" stood, in a St. Lawrence row-boat, awkwardly balancing himself with one gyrating arm.

The parson's boat was anchored where the swiftly rushing waters of a mountain torrent made countless eddies and a miniature whirlpool as it forced its way into the greenish-blue waters of Lake McDonald.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stanley!" exclaimed the sky-pilot, addressing my guide. "Can you tell me, my good man, why these aggravating jumping Philistines refuse my lures?"

"You don't hold your mouth right, sir," replied Stanley, in a mock-deferential tone.

"My mouth?" screamed the little dominie. "What in the name of—of—er—common-sense has that to do with fishing?" But the backwoodsman deigned no reply.

It would be difficult for me to explain exactly what Stanley meant by his sarcastic remarks; but it was plain to see that the buckskin man did not approve of the sky-pilot's "get up."

On a bunch of grass in the bottom of the canoe lay a few twelve-inch trout, the results of some random casting during the progress of our journey up the lake to the river's mouth. Our catch was by no means great enough to permit of boasting on our part, and after Stanley's ungracious reply to the little minister I felt that we must sustain our assumed superiority at all hazards.

"Sure, it's up agin' us to show fish; but we'll get 'em all right, or my name is not George Stanley. Unhitch that leader and string o' flies, and drop 'em in the water in the bottom of the canoe to soak awhile," said the backwoodsman. "There, that's the ticket! Now I'll show you a trick that 'll open that gospel-sharp's eyes," continued the mountain man as he produced a stiff piece of wire from some mysterious source, and using one of the bowlders for an anvil and a small stone for a hammer, proceeded to make a couple of circular loops in its otherwise straight length.

In a surprisingly short time Stanley finished his contrivance and had one of our twelve-inch trout strung on the wire; the loops in the iron prevented the trout from sliding up the line or doubling up on the wire. A gang of hooks was attached to the end protruding from the mouth of the trout, and another gang to the end protruding from the tail of the fish. A swivel from a spoon-hook prevented the line twisting.

I have used all sort of artificial lures and flies, have fished with angle-worms, grubs, helgramites, crawfish, frogs, and minnows, alive and dead, but never before did I use twelve-inch trout for bait.

Scarcely had my guide paddled our canoe into the rapids before I felt a mighty strain on my line. "Hold on a minute, Stanley; my hooks are fast to the bottom!" I cried.

"Wull, pull the bottom aboard, then," was the complacent reply I received. But now my line was crossing the stream at right angles, and my reel was singing like an August cicada in a phœbe-bird's mouth, and I knew that even the bottom of an eccentric Rocky Mountain stream could not yank a line around like that; my poor little fly-rod was bending like a rib of a seventy-five-cent umbrella in a gale.

"Don't paddle so blamed fast!" I shouted. But Stanley knew his business; the canoe was almost stationary, and it was only the swiftly flowing water which gave the appearance of speed to the craft, and deceived me into thinking that the canoe was rapidly travelling up stream. To tell the truth, I had not had much confidence in my guide's plans, and the strike took me so completely by surprise that it is a wonder that I

(Continued on page 1375.)

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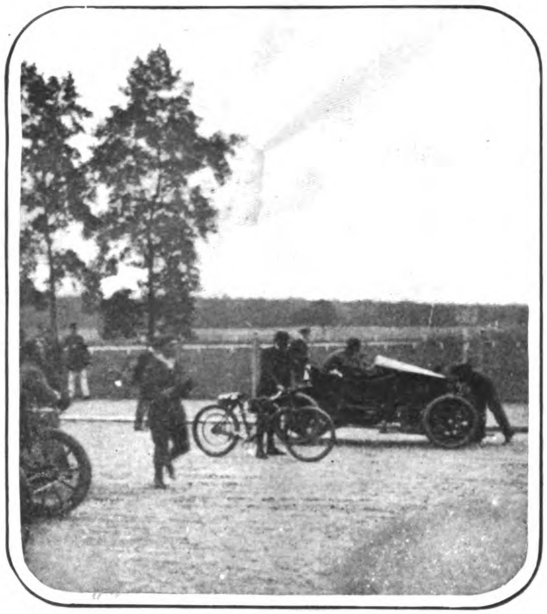
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Automobiling

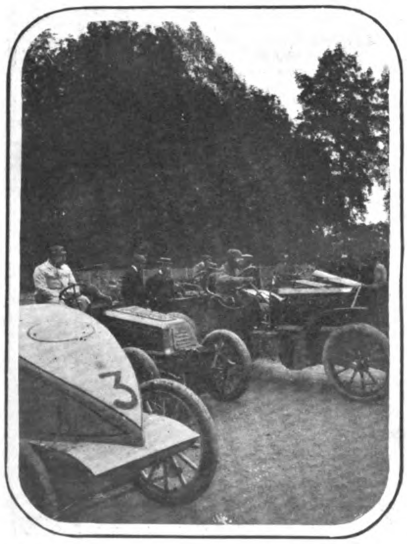
ON September 2 the Shah of Persia, who is visiting Paris, was present at a motor-race of one kilometre distance. The race was organized for his entertainment by the Automobile Club of France, and was well attended. Unexpectedly, the authorities offered no opposition to the project, and the race took place in a specially reserved part of the Bois de Boulogne. There were thirty-four entries, among them being Tod Sloan, the jockey, who drove a seventy-horse-power Panhard, and caused some amusement by starting off with an enormous cigar in his mouth. The machines were sent over the course at intervals of one minute, but the mud prevented any breaking of records. The best time was that of Serpollet, who drove a car of his own make, and completed the kilometre in forty-eight and one-fifth seconds. Baras was second, in a light Darracq motor, in forty-nine and one-fifth seconds. An interesting feature was the presence of two heavy traction automobiles, with full equipments. One carried a very large boat: the other drew a car behind it loaded with a mixture of provisions of all sorts and steel rails.

The "Roi des Rois," as they call the Shah in Paris, was greatly pleased, and complimented the winner, M. Serpollet. The latter has built two machines for the Shah, which are continually in use in Persia, and has another of fifty horse-power in process of construction.



Rigolly in his "Gobron-Brillie" Car

Among the labor-saving devices of the future, it seems safe to count a motor which shall represent to the farmer all that the ox, the mule, and the horse now count for, and much more. We may be sure that the farmer of the comparatively near future will upturn his soil in the spring seated in an auto-plough, sow his seed from an auto-drill, cultivate his crop with an auto-harrow, gather it with an auto-harvester, and carry it to market in an auto-truck. Possibly one motor will serve all these uses, and enable the farmer to thresh his grain, chop feed for his cattle, bale hay, and separate his cream from his milk by the identical power which carries him to church and town meetings, and enables the oldest boy of the family to be properly attentive to his sweetheart. At any rate, the auto-plough and auto-harvester, which have been deemed for some time necessary adjuncts to farming on a large scale in our own Northwest, have come to stay. Over in England, where agriculture is more intensive than with us, country gentlemen are experimenting with smaller machines than American gang-ploughs and agricultural Juggernauts that travel ponderously over the Dakota wheat-fields, reaping, threshing, and filling sacks with the ripened grain. The Englishman is still content to turn a single furrow, but he has seen the advantage of a beast of burden which moves quickly, under perfect control, and does not tire, and he is demonstrating a new use for steam and gasolene motors.



Start of Race—Tod Sloan second from No. 3

The Automobile Club of America, which has always represented common-sense in the use of motor carriages, announces a "five-hundred-mile reliability contest to Boston and return." This road contest, which is not a long-distance race, nor even an endurance test, will begin Thursday, October 9, consume three days in getting to Boston, keep the Sabbath, retrace the route to New York by easy stages, and bring its participants back to Manhattan on Wednesday. The contest is intended to show the best points of carriages adapted to touring for pleasure, and bears to the antics of auto-devils of every hue the same relation that the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club does to the races of cup-lifters which cannot provide quarters for their own crews. If successful, as it promises to be, this reliability contest will set a standard for one of the most entertaining of sports—travel over good roads, through a pleasant country, by means of the legitimate successors to the tally-ho. The promoters of the contest have printed an itinerary of the trip, with maps and a description of the roads, which may be had for the asking, and it is greatly to be desired that the number of starters may be large and the conditions favorable.

The uses of the automobile in the army are becoming every day more evident. The British found them valuable during the late unpleasantness in South Africa; but, thus far, they have been chiefly employed in the playground of war—the army manœuvres on the continent of Europe. The Germans use them to convey staff-officers quickly from place to place, and in an experimental way they have been found desirable for carrying baggage. It is easy to see that the long lines of an army corps would be materially shortened could horses be dispensed with and supplies carried by motor-drays. The French, with their rapid development of powerful automobiles, have seen their importance for military uses, and the British War Office has purchased several motors and is raising a corps of volunteers to man them. The value of these machines as artillery carriages is, of course, to be demonstrated.



Heavy Traction Automobile

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(Continued from page 1373.)

hooked the fish. But after the first shock of astonishment was over I entered the fight with my frame thrilling with the delicious joy of that subdued excitement which all anglers know and appreciate, and for the sake of which they willingly undergo suffering, hardships, and peril.

In due time Stanley was dexterously sliding the landing-net under the exhausted fish as it floated alongside of the canoe.

"Good boy! Yer held yer mouth jist right that time!" cried the mountain man as he triumphantly held the big red-spotted Dolly Varden trout aloft, to gaze upon before consigning it to the bottom of the boat.

"Hold out your hand," commanded my guide, and when he observed that my fingers trembled, notwithstanding the most strenuous effort on my part to hold them steady, he smiled approvingly, and remarked, "I wouldn't fish with a man who could land a big un an' not have palsy when 'twas over; such a man don't appreciate sport."

It was a noble fish, two and a half feet in length from the tip of its quivering tail to the extremity of its gaping jaws. We had now drifted quite a distance down stream, but Stanley resumed his paddling, and guided our craft so that in its course up stream my line swung under the overhanging willows of the steep shore. Again my little rod was bent into a circle, and my reel sang sweet music in response to the fierce bull-like rush of one of the spotted savages of the cold glacier waters.

The unusual size of my bait and the swiftly plunging waters were enough in themselves to try a sensitive rod, and you may imagine the effect of adding a big bull-trout to the strain the tackle already had to bear; it made lively times, and was an experience to cause the hair on the nape of a tenderfoot's neck to rise with excitement at the mere thought of it.

An hour or so later, as our little canoe was drifting down to where the sky-pilot could still be seen thrashing the water with his frayed-out flies, Stanley made me disengage the dead bait, remove the gangs of hooks, and cast the wired fish overboard. I was then directed to affix my leader with the flies attached, after which the mountain man selected a bull-trout of about two feet in length, which still showed signs of life, and hooking one of my flies in the lip of the captured fish, he gently dropped it into the water. "It will come to in a few minutes," explained my guide, and it did. We were drifting among the eddies near the sky-pilot when I felt my fish tug at the line. Just then the dominie hailed us with the inquiry, "What luck, good friends?"

"Ah, only so so—not biting well to-day," replied Stanley, in a discouraged tone, but with a twinkle in his eyes. By this time I was beginning to have fun with my resuscitated trout. This attracting my guide's attention, he, in simulation of wild excitement, began to shout such advice as this: "Gosh all hemlocks, man! hold yer mouth right! Keep the tip up. Don't snub him! Lookout now! Mind yer mouth!" and many similar directions. We made a fine show, and I played the half-dead fish in such a careful manner, taking advantage of every swirl of the current to let my reel run, that it might have deceived even a more expert angler than the little parson.

The sight of the two-foot fish brought forth an exclamation of delight from the sky-pilot which softened my heart and made me feel guilty. We were now close to the St. Lawrence skiff, and when the dominie caught a glimpse of the string of great fish in the canoe bottom, he nearly collapsed, and as soon as he could find his voice he softly said to himself: "Dear me! Dear me! *and on a fly, too!*" Then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he cried: "Good gracious, gentlemen! How *did you* hold *your* mouths?"

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Even a touch of impurity makes beer unhealthful, because beer is saccharine. Impurities multiply in it.

And a "green beer"—insufficiently aged —causes biliousness. But a pure beer—well aged—is the beverage of health.

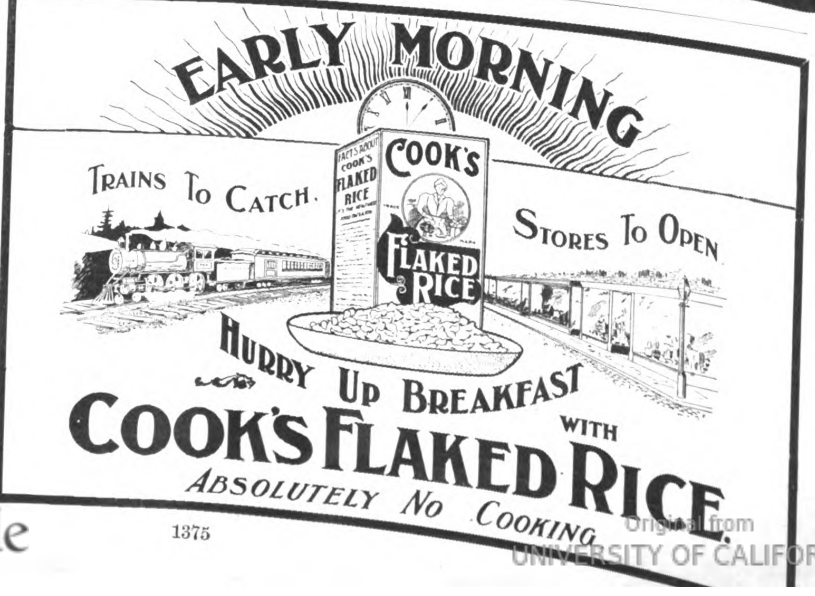
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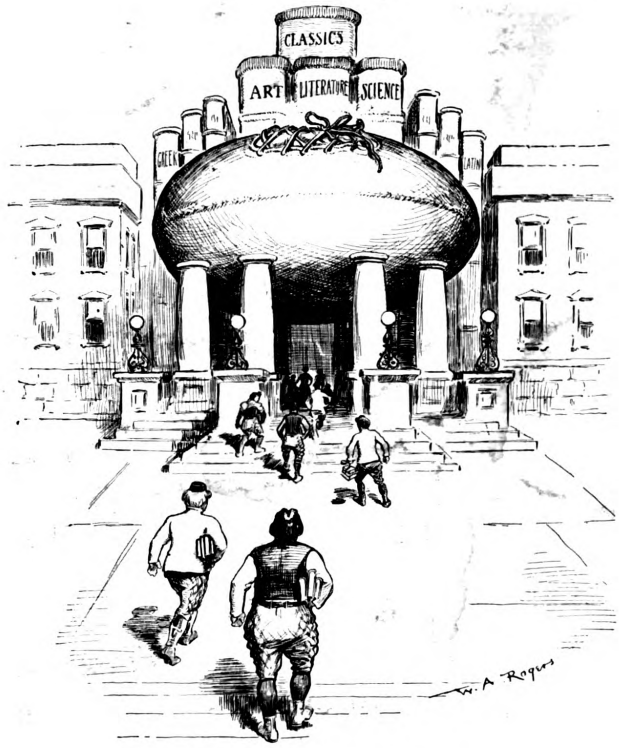
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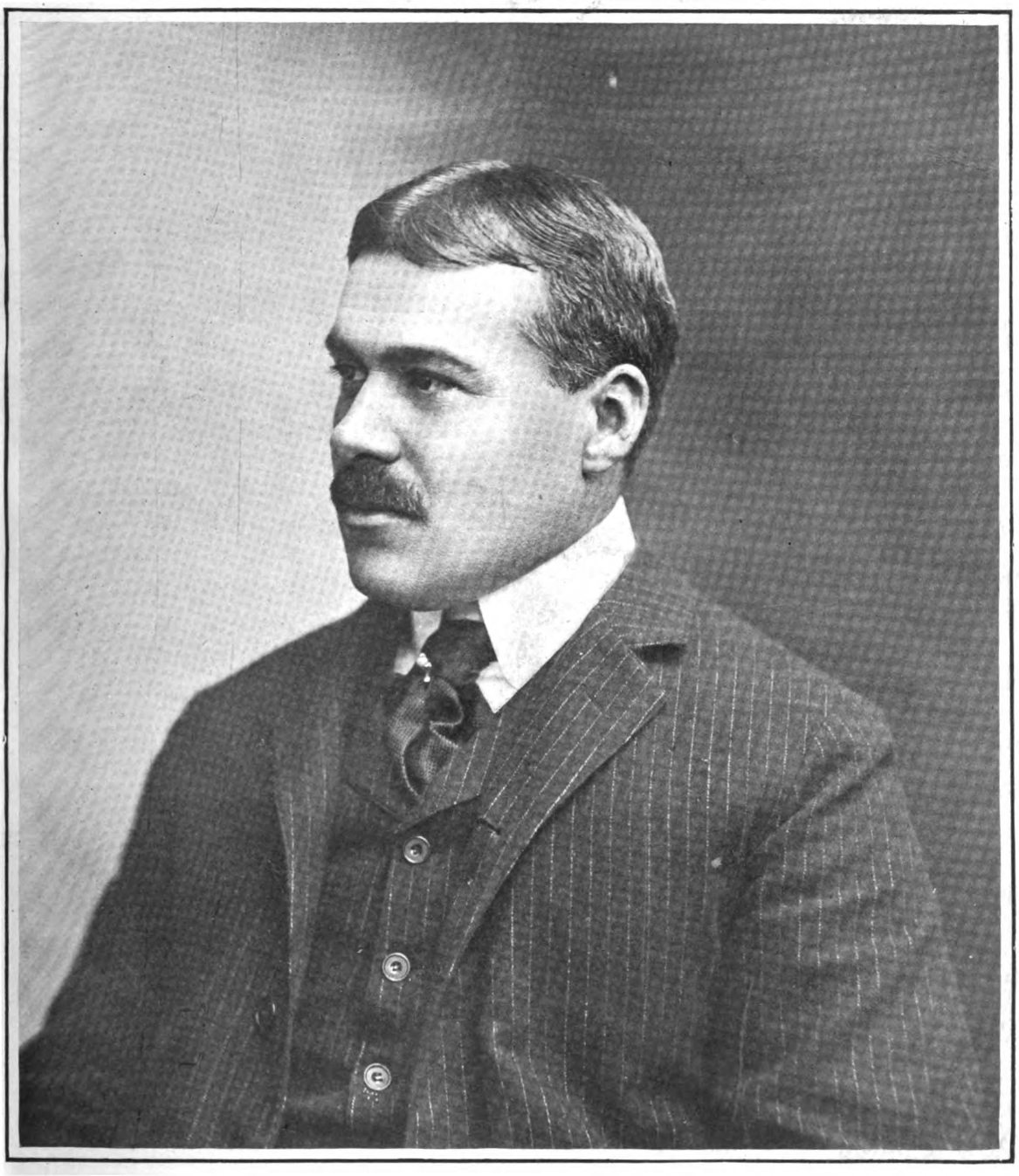
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, October 4, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2389

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

X.—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, *AET. 37*

See page 1404—Editorial Section

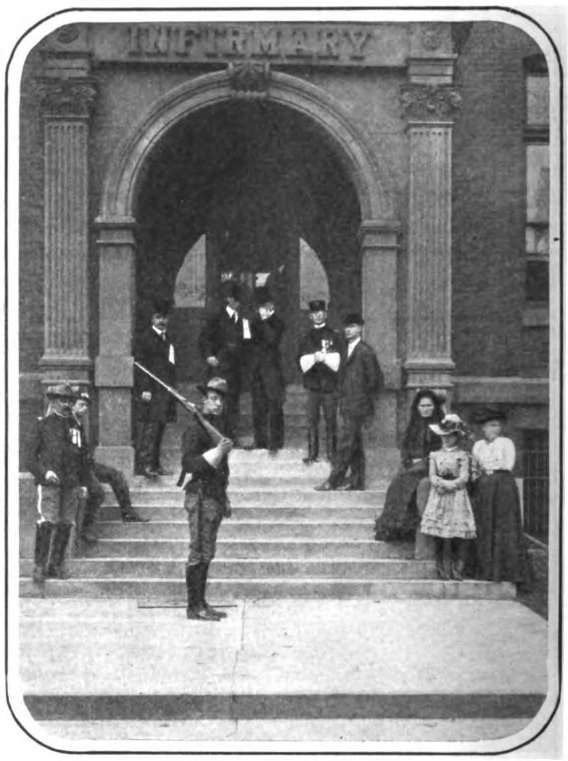
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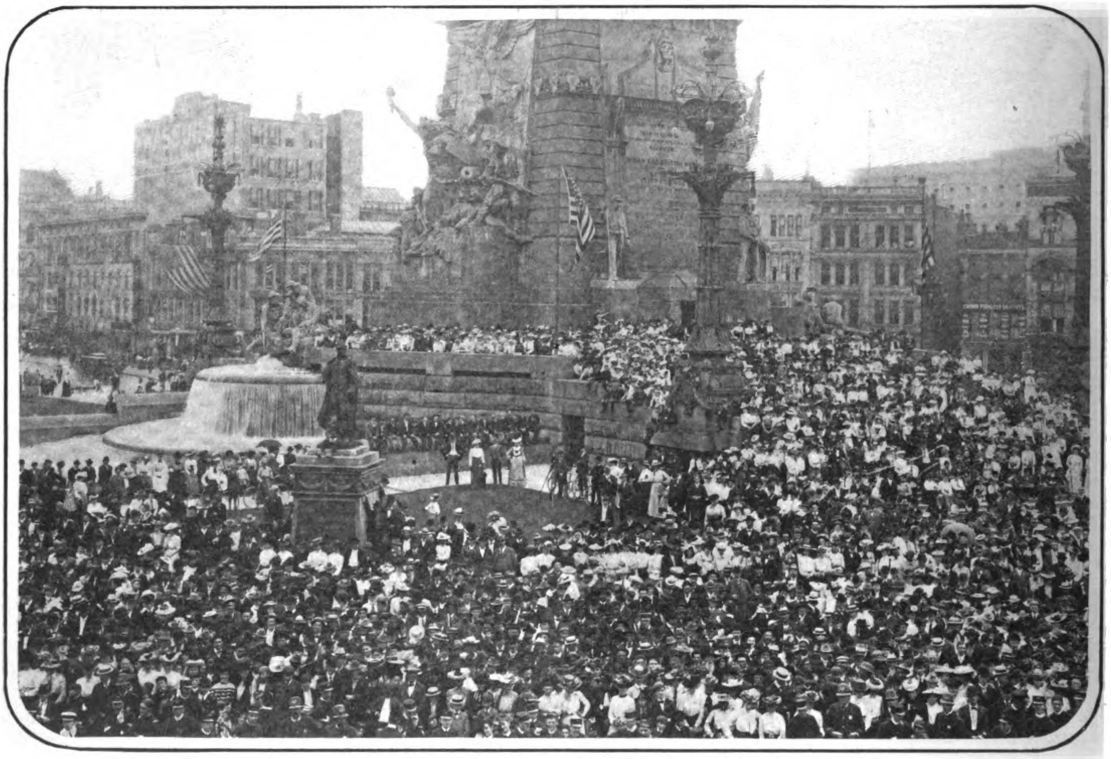
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On the Bridge of the "Tashmoo"
An incident of the President's visit to Detroit



The End of the Tour
Waiting at the door of the hospital in Indianapolis during the operation on the President

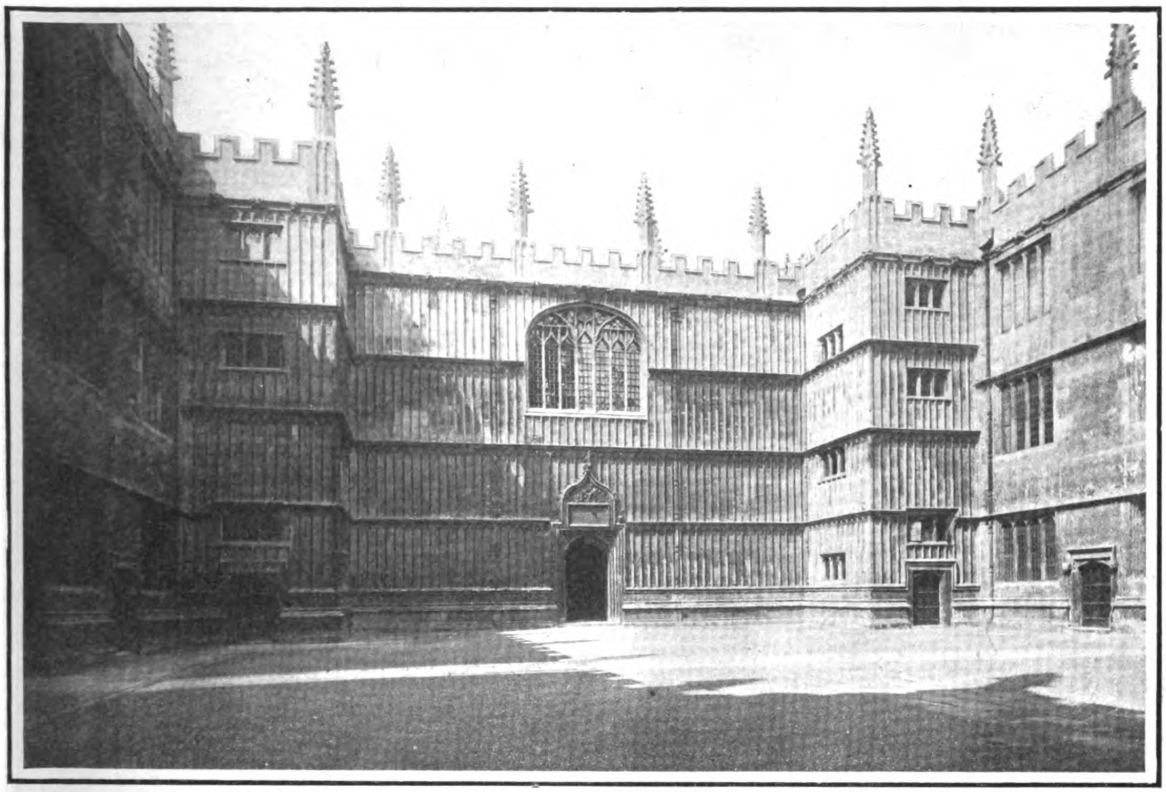


People of Indianapolis listening to the Chief Executive

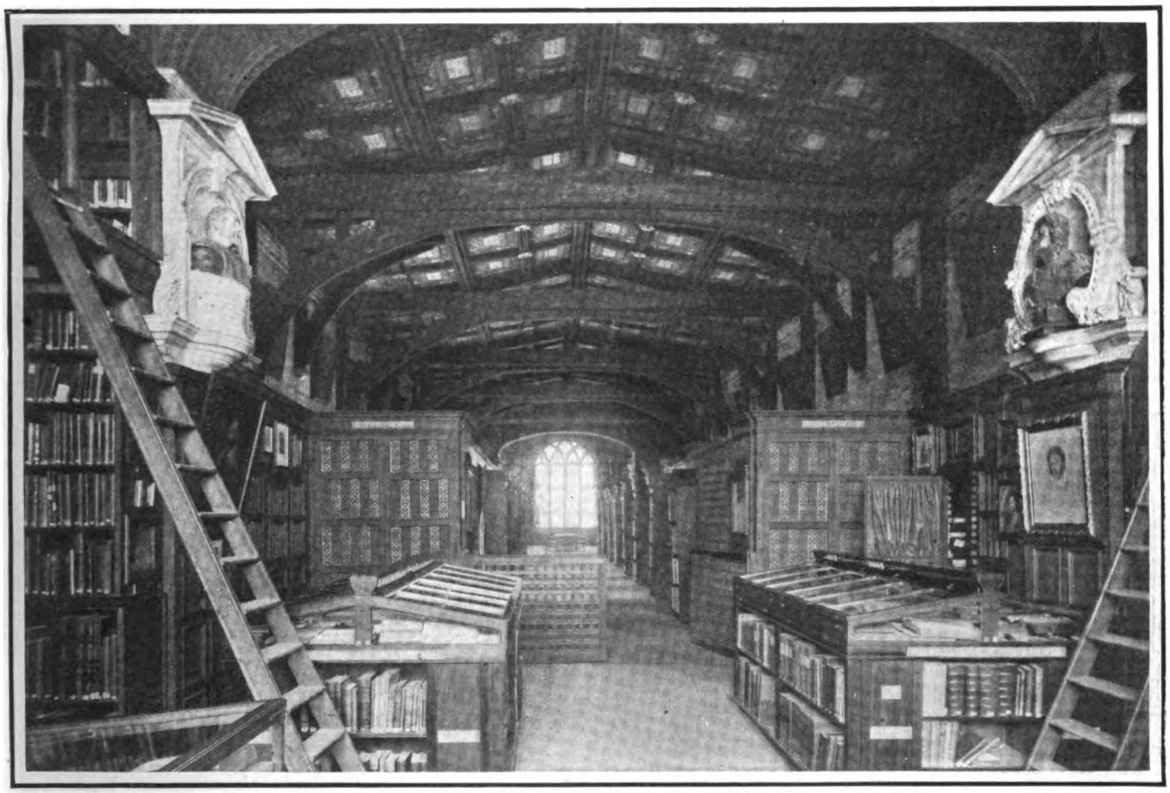
THE PRESIDENT'S SHORTENED WESTERN TOUR

Photographs by Peter A. Juley

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The Bodleian, from the Schools' Quadrangle



Duke Humphrey's Library in the Bodleian

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FAMOUS BODLEIAN LIBRARY

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See page 1423

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The Venezuelan Minister of War and Staff



The official Residence of President Castro



The Minister of War and Mr. Davis in the Caracas Barracks



Disembarking Soldiers at Barcelona



President Castro of Venezuela



Troops on board the "Restaurador," formerly George Gould's "Atalanta"



Curacoa, where Andrade and the Opponents of Castro have their Headquarters



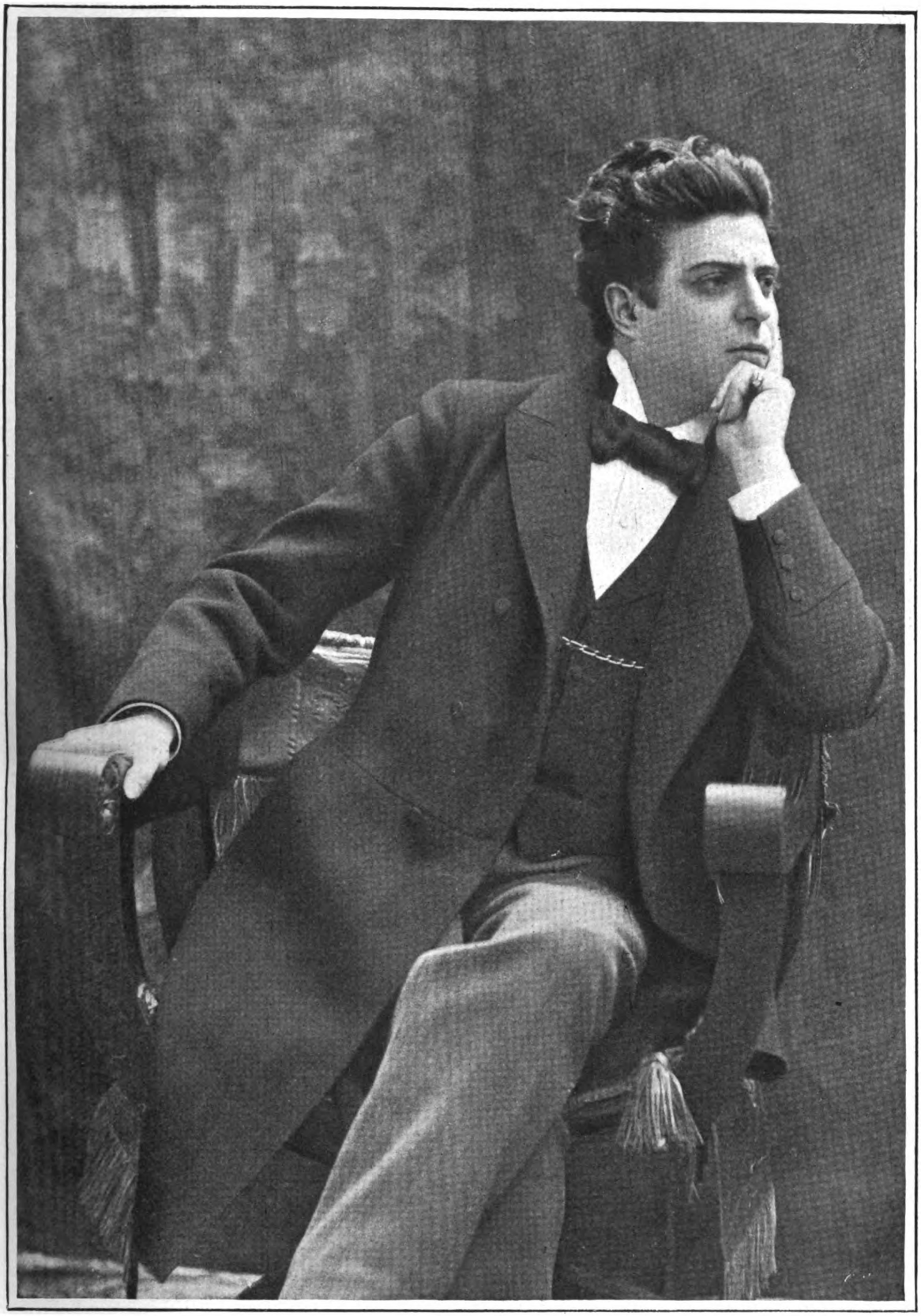
Fort of La Guayra, the chief Port of Venezuela—Bull-ring and Hotel Terrace in Foreground

THE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA

Pictures and text by Richard Harding Davis

See page 1421

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PIETRO MASCAGNI

The celebrated composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" arrives in America this week, at the head of an Italian opera company which will present his principal works during a tour of the country, beginning October 8, with a brief engagement of four performances at the Metropolitan Opera House

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Madame Jusserand
Who was Miss Eliza Richards, daughter of the American banker G. T. Richards

Jean Adrien Jusserand
Just appointed to succeed M. Cambon, at Washington

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE

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THE RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS



R. E. Peary, C. E., U. S. N.
Photograph by Gutekunst

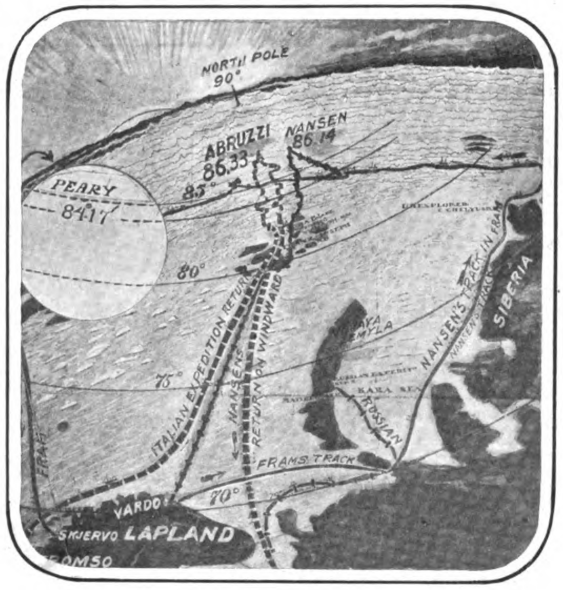


Captain Otto Sverdrup



Evelyn Briggs Baldwin
Photograph by Pach Brothers

THE complete delimitation of Greenland is the achievement which Civil-Engineer R. E. Peary, U. S. N., is able to announce to the world on his return from the arctic regions. Thanks to Peary, whose discoveries and explorations are valued by the geographical societies of the world as well as in the United States, it is now known that Greenland is not an unknown continent extending to the pole. Peary's services are not the less esteemed because both Nansen and the Duke of the Abruzzi have achieved points nearer the pole. The Duke of the Abruzzi, at his own expense, has attained to 86° 33′; he is to be remembered also as the only man who has successfully ascended Mt. St. Elias all the way. He is a son of the Duke d'Aosta. Captain Otto Sverdrup was the navigator of Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, when she reached Nansen's highest point north, 86° 41′. The *Fram* left Tromsoe in 1893, and until the end of 1896 was out of the world. As a navigator Sverdrup won general admiration, bringing his ship home by a different route from that taken by Nansen—who had gone off for sledge exploration at very nearly the time agreed. Scattered notes from Peary are the bulk of the news received from Sverdrup since he turned explorer on his own account—in the summer of '98. He has discovered a large new island north of Jones Sound, which runs northwest from Baffin Bay.

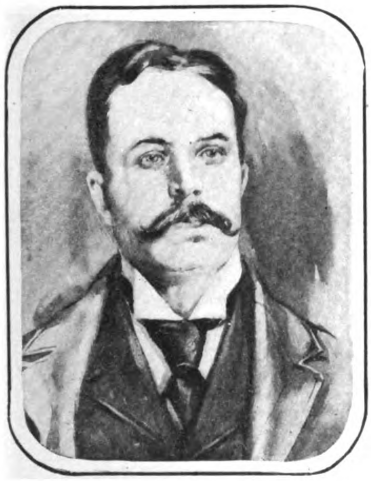


The highest North

Dr. Thomas S. Dedrick, of the Peary Arctic Expedition, has just returned to his home in Washington, New Jersey. Dr. Dedrick spent a year on shore at Etah, a supply-point, having left the expedition, but is not believed to have done any exploration. Etah is on the north coast of Greenland in a little more than 82°. Dr. Dedrick was Peary's surgeon until 1901. Peary and Sverdrup have been north nearly four years this time. Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, who was once a companion of Peary, commanded, and, with the help of Mr. William Ziegler, a wealthy and progressive citizen of Brooklyn, organized the Baldwin-Ziegler polar expedition, which went north in 1901. Mr. Baldwin is now in England. The supply-stations established by the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition reach into Prince Rudolf Island to a point thirty-five miles south of the Duke of the Abruzzi's depot.

Peary's five years' leave of absence from his duties in the United States Navy Department will expire in November, 1902. The map shows the highest points north achieved by Peary, Nansen, and the Duke of the Abruzzi.

Summing up the results of all these newly returned explorers into the northern regions, it is evident that the pole itself is no nearer being seen and described than before they started. Certain dissensions, arguments, and bad blood are evident, the momentary results of which will be shortly forgotten. But while, popularly speaking, no further northward step has been made, each expedition has cleared up the map in certain parts of the cold north, and the results are therefore, scientifically speaking, of great value to the world at large.



Dr. Thomas S. Dedrick



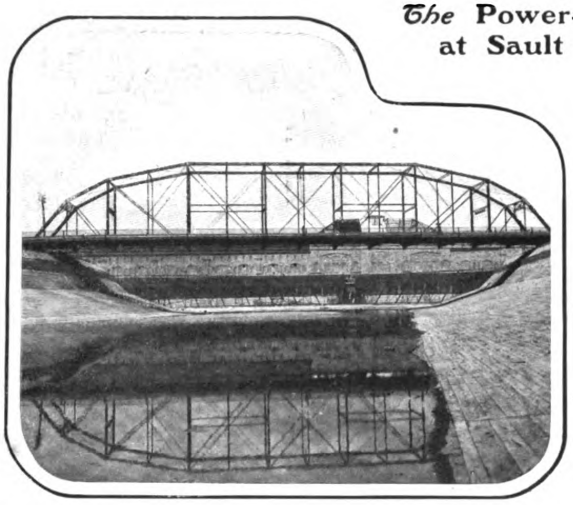
Captain Bartlett



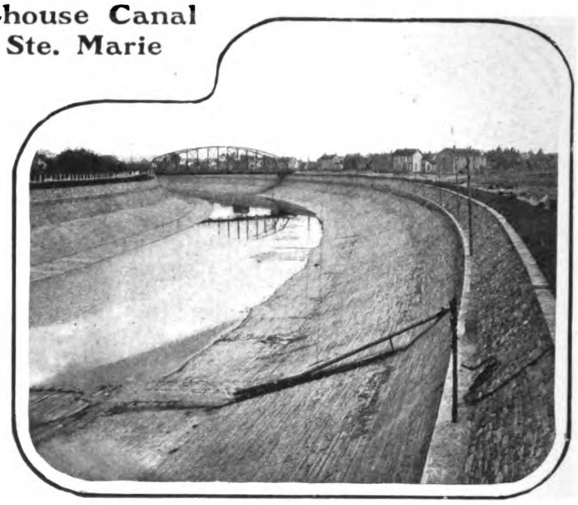
Mr. William Ziegler
Photograph by Dupont

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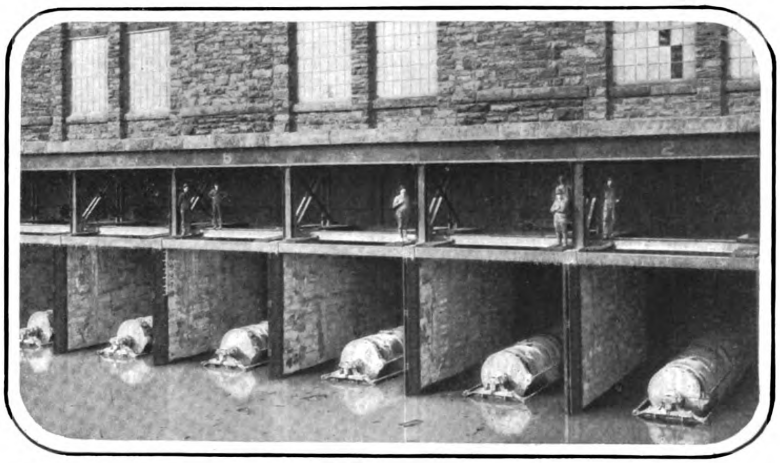
The Power-house Canal at Sault Ste. Marie



Where the Power Canal approaches the Power-house



Part of the Power Canal running through the Town



Some of the Turbines in the Power-house—Each is 568 Horse-power



The Gates for controlling Supply of Water



The great Power-house, with the Turbines submerged

See page 1422

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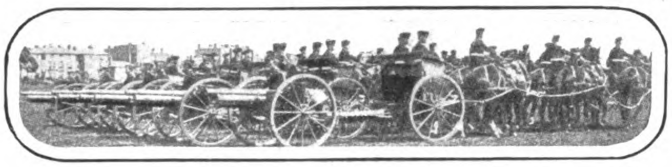
The Fort Riley Manoeuvres and the New Armament



Pistol with Magazine Removed



The New Army Pistol



A Battery of the new Ehrhardt Guns

THE outbreak of the next war in which the United States will be engaged with a first-rate power will find our regular army sadly inferior, numerically, to that of our opponent.

The only way to compensate for this handicap will be to insure the superiority of the material placed in the hands of our troops.

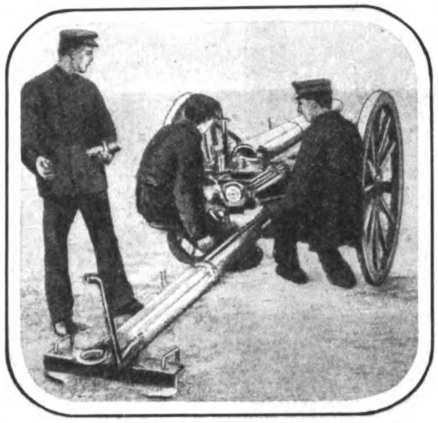
Quite properly, the object of the manœuvres which the War Department proposes holding each fall will be as much to test the latest developments in guns, ammunition, and means of communication, as to work out tactical problems. The most important thing in the way of new material upon which the army must pass this year is the determination of a type field-gun.

The United States is behind most of the great powers in the equipment of the field artillery.

The Boer war has demonstrated the value of the long-recoil field-gun. The essence of the system, however, lies in the carriage, which, by permitting the gun to move a considerable distance to the rear on the carriage at each discharge, reduces the shock brought upon the trail-spade and wheel brakes, enabling them to hold the carriage against movement over the ground.

The advantage of such a system is that the gunners can remain seated upon the carriage and maintain a high rapidity of fire.

Extensive competitive trials have been in progress, first at Sandy Hook, and lately at Fort Riley, to determine which of the seven types submitted should be adopted for the re-equipment of our field artillery. The main firing tests for rapidity and accuracy were carried out at Sandy Hook. Upon their completion the guns were shipped to Fort Riley for service field trials. One of these consisted of a practice march from Fort Riley to Topeka and return, during which all the guns and carriages were subjected to the rigors of regular service.



The New Army Field-gun

The seven guns in the test represented the antitheses of ideas with regard to the length of recoil, and varied from no recoil, as represented by the Nordenfeldt outfit, to forty-seven inches recoil in the material presented by the United States Ordnance Department.

The Ehrhardt material, manufactured in Düsseldorf, Germany, gave the best average results, and the government is now negotiating for the right to use the patent. It does not follow that the gun and carriage as issued to our artillery will follow the German model. Minor changes in the carriage have been suggested by the trials, and the gun itself will probably be one of the mechanisms already adopted in this country.

To the eye of the layman the new gun and its carriage will look like a pair of soda-water cylinders mounted on wheels. This appearance is due to the long hydraulic cylinder mounted beneath the gun and of nearly the same length. The extreme length of the cylinder and the slide upon which the gun moves when recoiling is necessitated by the forty-inch movement of the gun at each discharge. As the cylinder contains the spring that returns the gun to the firing position, and as springs can only be compressed half their length without injury, it follows that the cylinder must be eighty inches long. The new gun will have a length of ninety inches, a diameter of bore of three inches, and fire a projectile weighing fifteen pounds.

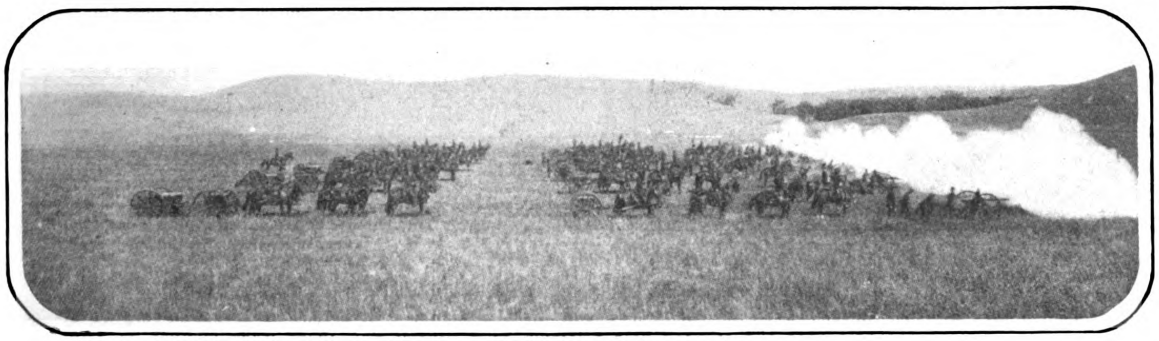
Fixed or "metallic" ammunition will be used, and the charge of smokeless powder will impart to the shell a muzzle velocity of 1750 feet per second. The new weapon will have a much longer range than the old, and the rapidity of fire of about fifteen rounds per minute will be more than three times as great.

Other material to be tested in the coming manœuvres by issue to the troops for regular field service will be the lightened Krag-Jörgensen rifle and the Luger automatic pistol. The changes made in the shoulder arm shorten the barrel by four inches and effect a saving of weight of two pounds, without impairing the efficiency of the weapon. The new side arm presents the most radical change from the material now in use. If the new pistol accomplishes all that is claimed for it, a long step in advance will have been made from the Colt revolver now in service.

In March, 1901, the Borschardt-Luger automatic pistol was put through the prescribed test for such arms by the board of officers convened at Springfield Armory for testing new inventions and devices.

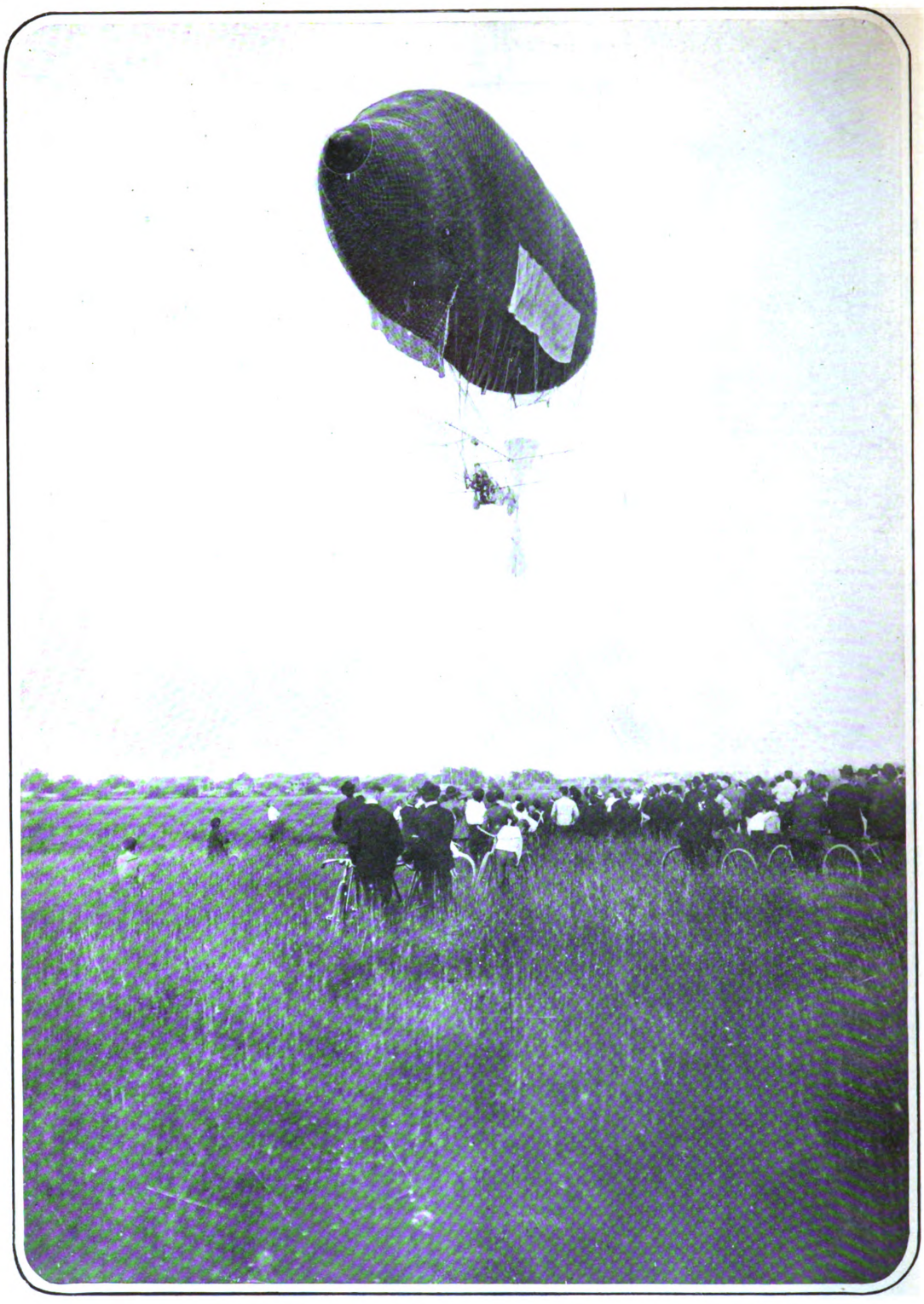
During the test the pistol was dismounted (such parts being removed as would be necessary to properly clean the arm) in three and three-quarter seconds. The parts were reassembled in twelve and one-half seconds. In the "rapidity with accuracy" test thirty rounds were fired in fifty-two and five-eighth seconds, and twenty-four hits scored on the target at twenty-five yards.

The test being satisfactory, the board recommended that "a number of these pistols be purchased and issued to field for trial." One thousand were obtained from the manufacturers, and will be placed in the hands of the regular troops at the Fort Riley manœuvres. Even with the unparalleled manufacturing resources possessed by the United States months must elapse after the outbreak of hostilities before it would be possible to equip the volunteer regiments.



Location of the Camp of the Army Manoeuvres at Fort Riley

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THE TRIAL OF AN AMERICAN AIR-SHIP

On September 15, Mr. Leo Stevens, a clever young aeronaut, made his first trial ascension in an air-ship of his own make. The balloon and propelling and steering gear resemble, in a general way, those made familiar by Santos-Dumont. Mr. Stevens uses a 7 1-2 horse-power Dion motor. He went into the air, with the air-ship attached by a cable to the earth, near Manhattan Beach, and while, through the bad working of his motor, he did not actually fly, the air-ship seemed to prove itself practicable

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

THE President's accident in Massachusetts was followed by more serious consequences than were expected after the discovery that he was not killed nor seriously injured, but was apparently merely suffering from superficial bruises. Having started out, however, in seemingly abounding health for his Western trip, it turned out that his constant physical activity had caused an abscess in his leg. This gave him much pain, which was endured with the great fortitude that is characteristic of him. Nor would the pain alone have compelled him to end his tour and turn back. He was induced to take this step by representations of his attending physician, Dr. Lung, to the effect that neglect of the abscess might result in blood-poisoning. The operation which was performed on Tuesday, September 23, at St. Vincent Hospital, Indianapolis, was a simple one, but it is safe to say that when the cut was made the President was threatened with a serious illness. The whole country rejoices that the affair was no worse, for not only is Mr. Roosevelt regarded with that personal affection which the American always feels for the President, but his own personality wins him friends everywhere, and among people of all conditions and of all shades of political opinion. It is one of the most agreeable and praiseworthy traits of the American people that they are keenly and quickly sympathetic in any case of this kind. We are a kindly people, and we suffer when anything like pain or disaster attacks or even approaches the man who has been made the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The country has too recently suffered from the tragedy which took Mr. McKinley from us and placed Mr. Roosevelt in the White House. Under the circumstances, is it improper to ask the President to put an end to the nervous excitement in which he is keeping the country by his swift excursions and his astounding and dangerous activities? He has no right to take the risks of a private citizen, for he belongs to the nation; and if he will reflect for a moment he will see that the nation has the right to demand that he shall not keep the people in a nervous tension over the safety of one whose life is of the first importance to others than himself. Much, therefore, as we deplore the inconvenience to which the President is subjected temporarily, we cannot fail to note the spirit of restfulness with which, for a time at least, we shall be able to open the morning paper.

In his Western speeches the President has declared that the "evils of over-capitalization alone are . . . sufficient to warrant a far closer supervision and control than now exist over the great corporations." The staple objections which have been made to what is called over-capitalization are well known. Summed up, they amount to this: that the property and business of the guilty corporation are worth much less than the sum of the capital stock. The President believes that the State ought to prevent such misrepresentation, in defence of the public, and especially for the protection of investors. In this he follows socialistic teaching. The policy is an outgrowth of the State socialism which seems so attractive to certain minds at the present time. What right has the State to interfere with an investor who wishes to purchase stock in a so-called over-capitalized corporation? To the extent of the nature and amount of its stock issue, of the conditions as to payment for the original shares, and of the physical property of a corporation, the investor who seeks to be informed will always discover what we ought to know, and is able to draw a much more intelligent conclusion from his knowledge than can any legislative body as to the safety of the investment. The assumption that the politicians ought to take the investing and the purchasing public under their tutelage is wholly unsound. If there is any deceit practised in disposing of the capital stock of a corporation, the courts are always open and have jurisdiction. But the history of a great many corporations that have been accused of over-capitalization in this country does not vindicate the socialistic outcry. Many organized American railroads which have reduced their mortgage indebtedness, and thus their fixed charges, and have increased their capital stock, have been saved by the process. The experience through which some of the English roads which have followed the opposite plan are now passing is telling strongly in favor of the American idea. Fixed charges having compelled these roads to sell new stock in order to obtain money for dividends, they are now contemplating reorganization on the American plan. There is one very important fact of contemporaneous history which is apt to be overlooked by the President and by those who think, or at least talk, as he does. The day of the railroad and industrial wrecker is past. Present methods have resulted in the building up of decaying properties; consolidation has saved many railroads from bankruptcy, and has improved them physically as well as financially. In the process some old investments have been lost, which would have been eventually lost in bankruptcy, but larger interests have been saved and prospered. Suppose we consider these facts awhile before we finally conclude to turn over the control or regulation of intricate and delicate business interests to the lobbyists and politicians.

The reverberations of Speaker Henderson's flight from a tariff war with his own constituents are still to be heard in the press. It is fairly certain, however, that the Speaker has taken himself out of public life for good and all, and there is some evidence that he realizes this himself. He has certainly exposed to the public view the acute troubles that are agitating his party. He has forced the President to make a declaration which would not have been made but for his own withdrawal from the Congressional contest. He has compelled the leaders to come to the outspoken defence of the protected trusts,

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and has forced out a declaration when evasion had been the intention. It is the cue of the party, as disclosed by the President, to insist that repeal or diminution of protection on trust products will change the industrial conditions upon which unfruitful war is apparently to be made. But the people whose demands for revision have scared Mr. Henderson are not to be fooled in this way. They know that if a protected trust is a monopoly, it is the tariff which has made the monopoly possible by shutting out foreign competition. When they are told that in taking away this grant of monopolistic opportunity the smaller rivals of the trusts may be injured, the answer is that one of the chief arguments against the trusts is that they kill small competitors, anyway; and they know, too, that if the tariff is not needed by the large concern it is not by the small one, for the latter must die in domestic competition if it cannot produce as cheaply as the former. Besides, if the President's argument is sound, it will be money in a trust's pocket to support a few small competitors in order to protect itself against foreign competition—*i. e.*, in order to preserve its tariff benefits. Mr. Henderson has created trouble which would defeat his party if there existed any party to take advantage of it.

The announcement that the administration does not propose that the country shall be much longer disturbed by South-American and West-Indian wars is interesting, but a trifle exaggerated. All the forceful preparations that are being made at the present time are directed wholly against the war in Panama,—not against either party, but against the war itself. The difficulty with the reasoning which connects our efforts at Panama with a general scheme for interfering with the bloody, or noisy, amusements of our southern neighbors, lies in the fact that it proceeds on the theory that we have recently acquired rights in the isthmus. This acquisition, it seems, comes from the passage of the act of Congress which authorizes the President to begin the construction of an isthmian canal at Panama if he can secure a title and can make the necessary arrangements with the government of Colombia. This falls very far short of giving us general rights of interference. We are there in our own right, however, a right which was granted us by a treaty with New Grenada, made in 1846, a treaty which was adopted by Colombia, and is still in force. By that treaty the United States guaranteed "the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned [Panama] isthmus, with the view that the free transit from one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed." It is under this clause of the treaty that we are sending war-ships to Panama, just as we have sent them before within the memory of men still writing the news. The conclusion has not yet been reached by the President that we shall have no fighting to the south of us in which we do not take a hand. Sufficient unto the day, etc.

Meanwhile the Panama situation is becoming acute. As the revolutionary troops and the government forces draw closer together, the pressure of both sides on the railroad from Colon to Panama increases, and it becomes more difficult to keep the line entirely neutral and free to all traffic, as the United States has undertaken to do under the New Granada treaty. Captain McLean of the *Cincinnati* has been in constant communication with the Navy Department, which has kept the State Department informed of each move in the game. To begin with, there was, of course, the likelihood that the revolutionists might interfere with the railroad, and it was to guard against this that our bluejackets were originally landed. But later, word came that the government forces were interfering with the free running of trains, and an inquiry addressed to the Colombian authorities elicited the information that the government apprehended, not without good reason, that the revolutionists intended to use the railroad to make their way into Colon, as they did during a previous disturbance on the isthmus; and that the Colombian authorities were merely trying to prevent this, and, once this result was achieved, would further the regular train service as far as possible.

For safety, it was decided to put a guard of American marines on every train, and armored trucks were constructed, and armed with Colt quick-firing guns, so that the marines might be in a position to do their work efficiently. It was discovered that obstructions had several times been put on the rails, and the evidence pointed to the Colombian government troops as responsible. This discovery is reflected in the message of Commander McLean stating that no person whatever will be allowed to obstruct or embarrass or interfere in any way with the trains on the route of transit, and that this is without prejudice or any desire to interfere in the domestic contentions of the Colombians. Commander McLean has agreed not to oppose the transportation of Colombian government soldiers on the railroad between Panama and Colon, when occasion makes such transportation necessary; and it is said that he has notified General Herrera that the revolutionist forces must not occupy any part of the railroad line, with the object of interfering with the transit of trains. The presence of the revolutionary forces at San Pablo, on the railroad line between Colon and Panama, has greatly intensified the excitement at both these points, and it seems certain that decisive fighting cannot long be delayed.

It is interesting to consider not only the actual, but the possible, significance of the note concerning the Roumanian Jews addressed by Secretary Hay to those European powers which were co-signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. That treaty, it will be remembered, acknowledged the independence of Roumania, on condition that equal rights and privileges should be granted to the Jewish inhabitants of that kingdom. The condition has not been fulfilled, and our State Department requests that its fulfilment shall be exacted by the powers responsible for the observance of the treaty. Such a request does not violate the self-denying ordinance which forms an inseparable part of the Monroe doctrine; for, in the very same sentence wherein President Monroe announced our intention not to interfere in the internal concerns of any European power, he made it distinctly known that we should submit to injuries from none. Now there is no doubt that, for the purpose of making a technical case, the Secretary is warranted in his insistence that we are subjected to injury at the hands of Roumania when that power reduces its Jewish subjects to indigence and misery, and thus forces them to seek refuge in other countries, including the United States. We do not want indigent immigrants, and we cannot reasonably be called upon to bear the expense and trouble incident to the maintenance of barriers against the inflow of undesired additions to our population.

Secretary Hay does not base his request exclusively on the ground of our national self-interest; he bases it also on humanitarian grounds. Nor is this the first time that our Federal government has put forward, for precisely the same reasons, a remonstrance against the results of the internal legislation and administration of a European country. Under the Harrison administration our State Department did not hesitate, notwithstanding its traditional motives for retaining the Czar's good-will, to protest against the oppressive treatment of the Jews in European Russia, a treatment which was driving indigent Jews by tens of thousands to seek an asylum on this side of the Atlantic. On the score, therefore, neither of principle nor of precedent can our right to object to the persecution of Jews in Roumania be disputed. It is, nevertheless, probable that in proportion as protests put forward on grounds of philanthropy or of national self-interest are multiplied on our part, and tolerated by the recipients, it will become more and more difficult to decide just where our right to remonstrate against the internal proceedings of a European power can be said to end. Have we not also a right, for instance, to protest against Turkey's treatment of her Christian or Jewish subjects in Armenia and elsewhere? and if so, have we not an equal right in the event of a partition of Turkey to demand guarantees for the future safeguarding of those subjects against oppression? If that right we have, should we not be represented in a European congress that undertakes to deal with the subject? So large and complex are the possible bearings of a document on its face so reasonable as the note about Roumanian Jews, addressed, in our opinion, without sufficient justification by Secretary Hay to the signatories of the Berlin Treaty.

The report is generally believed that, before addressing his Roumanian note to the powers, Secretary Hay had a private understanding with Mr. Balfour's government assuring the

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unqualified support of Great Britain; and this fact, if as appearances and the prompt response surely indicate such it to be, is mentioned as evidence of the Secretary's clever diplomacy. We regret the necessity of taking issue with those who hold this opinion. Despite the authority accorded by precedent to which we have referred, the action of Mr. Hay at this particular time, when Continental governments are chafing under our eminently proper but somewhat arbitrary assumption of control without responsibility of the Western Hemisphere, was not only most unwise *per se*, but doubly unfortunate as a result of one or more "private understandings." Our true diplomacy must be in the open. If on humanitarian or any other grounds we consider it to be our bounden duty to express disapproval of the conduct of a European government, we should base our moral interference wholly upon the merits of our case, without regard to the views of any other nation. We have no use for "private understandings" whatsoever.

European nations are once more being involved in the internal disorders of China, and it seems quite possible that the military expeditions of two years ago may have to be repeated on a larger and more costly scale. The centre of disturbance is the vast province of Sze-chuan, on the borders of Tibet, and therefore almost inaccessible by land. Its capital, Cheng-tu-fu, a great walled city on the bank of the upper Yang-tse-kiang, was recently surrounded by a horde of revolutionists, who are, perhaps wrongly, identified with the Boxers of the metropolitan province, and who are said to number more than 50,000 men. They were pressing the garrison hard, and many attempts from inside the city to help them had given rise to bloody strife and a large number of executions. It was reported that the fall of Cheng-tu-fu meant the immediate spread of the revolution through the entire province, and the situation was sufficiently alarming. A certain light on the causes of these outbreaks is shed by the words of the telegram announcing that the feuds between Protestant and Catholic converts were "worse than at any previous stage," and that magisterial jurisdiction had been unwarrantably interfered with by both priests and missionaries. Minister Conger has several times communicated with Prince Ching and the Chinese Foreign Office, on the subject of the Sze-chuan rising, but without any marked result. More likely to prove effective is the arrival of French and English gunboats, which have hastened up the Yang-tse-kiang River, and which are landing marines to cope with the so-called Boxers. It seems inevitable that further complications with foreign powers should arise, as inquisition into the deaths of several missionaries in the province is said to show that the government officials, both civil and military, were not less to blame than the Boxers themselves.

Canada is taking her part in the world-wide tariff question. The free-trade side of the controversy is championed by Hon. Mr. Sifton, while the able and energetic Minister of Public Works, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, stands for high protection, especially, indeed almost exclusively, at the expense of the United States. It looks as though the Liberal-Unionist secession of Gladstone's days were about to be repeated in Canada; Mr. Tarte, a member of a Liberal ministry, championing an extreme Conservative and protectionist policy, seems almost certain to drift from his party allegiance, and land in the Conservative camp. Mr. Tarte, originally a high protectionist, has returned to his early faith, while the Liberals, who formerly stood for free trade, and at present follow a policy of opportunism, are likely to be driven back to free trade by the impetus of their opposition to the Minister of Public Works. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberal government has been severely criticised for its lack of energy, initiative, and constructive ability. Its opponents call it a colorless aggregation, that has inherited a policy and forsaken its principles, content to hold office as the mere receiver of a revenue it did nothing to create, and to spend with policyless prodigality the easily gotten millions which it has not the ability to divert to the furtherance of any formulated scheme for the future upbuilding of the country. It is accused of having bungled its half-hearted tariff-tinkering, of having botched the fast-freight-line project, of defeating the British-preference scheme, and doing much to alienate the good-will of England by its attitude on the question of imperial defence, Sir Wilfrid's passionate resistance to the attempt to draw Canada into the vortex of militarism having practically blocked the ambitious plans of Mr. Chamberlain. As the one shining exception in this galaxy of mediocrity, Hon. J. Israel Tarte is praised for his energy, his untiring industry and alertness, and, above all, for his "aggressive Canadianism." The quarrel is full of interest, and its outcome is of great practical importance to this country.

Canada seems greatly in need of protection against the United States in another sense than that of high tariff. Colonel Ferrers Townshend, who was commissioned by the War Office to inspect the Canadian forts along the American frontier, has just returned to London and made his report. Colonel Townshend makes a sweeping condemnation of the forts on the British side of the line, declaring them to be absolutely inefficient from the stand-point of modern warfare, while the American forts along the Canadian border are well equipped and up to date. The imperial press of England declares that, in the event of war between Great Britain and the United States, the "Yankees" could easily march over the frontier and seize Canada before anything could be done to resist them. It is also stated that there is only one cartridge and shell factory in Canada, and very little ammunition in the Dominion arsenals. So that the whole situation should be extremely reassuring to Sir Wilfrid Laurier; antiquated forts and scant ammunition certainly point to freedom from militarism, supposing that to be an unmixed good. Meanwhile the invasion of the great Canadian Northwest from our Western States continues; though it is probable that a majority of the new settlers are Scandinavians rather than Anglo-Saxons, as there is such a large Swedish and Norwegian farming population in our Northwestern States. This movement is another evidence that the great modern dividing lines are economic rather than political.

President Palma desires that this government shall withdraw its troops from Cuba. They consist of a few hundred coast artillerymen who were left in the island for the purpose of keeping the coast defences in order, and, incidentally, for the purpose of instructing the new-born Cuban army in the use of its material. If the new republic is ready to take charge of, and to man, its defences, the withdrawal of our artillerymen is justly asked. At the same time, it must be confessed that it is fairly certain that President Palma would not yet have asked for the severance of this slight physical connection between the island and the country which has bestowed upon it its independence, if the relations between the two governments were entirely friendly. It is greatly to be regretted that there should be a sore feeling between the two countries at the outset of Cuba's independent existence. It is due, first of all, of course, to the refusal of our own Congress to grant the commercial relief which the Cubans honestly believed had been promised them. While this is true, it is doubtful whether perfect friendship could ever be established under any other relation than that of mother-country and colony. Cuba, aside from this commercial difficulty with us, seems to be starting out on a regular South-American political career. The politicians have split themselves and the people into an almost infinite number of factions. Threats have been made of impeachment against Palma, who is honest, but who is making the mistake of trying to please everybody. The Congress is said to be composed of a lot of self-seeking politicians, who make it their business to breed an anti-American feeling, with a view of retaining their own importance and increasing their own gains, for they have voted themselves $3600 a year, and will probably soon want more. The conservative business element and the sugar-planters are beginning to fear these politicians, who promise not only extortion, but abundance of revolution, and would like annexation. But just now the populace are with the politicians, and it is to the sentiment of these, the sentiment of "going it alone," no matter what the expense may be, that President Palma yields when he asks for the withdrawal of our troops.

It is very pleasant to see Queen Wilhelmina once more taking a part in the doings of the great world. Her youth, her romantic position, and the possibility of tragedy which hovers over her married life, not less than her recent illness and narrow escape from death, have won for her a warm corner in all

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hearts. Her Dutch Majesty has just opened the States-General in person, being accompanied at that function by her consort, Prince Henry, and by the Queen-mother. In referring to foreign affairs, the Queen hardly went beyond the mere statement that Holland continued to live in peace and amity with her neighbors. She then went on to say that the condition of Dutch shipping was satisfactory, while agriculture, though not positively flourishing, was yet in a fairly good way. Labor conditions were improving, though there was room for much betterment. Her Majesty announced new measures for increasing educational facilities, a restriction of compulsory vaccination, the abolition of the state lottery, and certain changes in the sugar laws, resulting from the recent Brussels convention. It was Her Majesty's duty to declare a deficit which will be met by an increased tax on liquor.

Lieutenant Peary has got back from the north safe and sound and with credit. His farthest north, made last April in a dash from Cape Hecla over the polar sea, was 84°17′ north latitude. At that point, a point on Grinnell Land, the polar pack became impassable, and the explorer, with Hensen, his companion, and two Esquimaux, turned back. They reached Hecla on April 29; Conger, May 8; and Cape Sabine, on May 15. The *Windward* bored her way into Payer Harbor on August 8, picked them up, and got out again the same day "with scarcely fifteen minutes to spare before the harbor was closed with ice." The Esquimaux were landed in Inglefield Gulf, and after hunting walrus for a time the party started south, leaving Cape York on August 28, and, after several stops, reached Château Bay, Labrador, a cable station, on September 14. Lieutenant Peary in his last attempt got nearer the pole than any American had been before him. Nansen in 1895 reached 86.14; the Duke of Abruzzi in 1900 reached 86.33. Peary has not come up to them, but his conclusion after four years in the north is that the pole can be reached and will be reached, but that the dash to reach it must be made from a point as far north as 83°. It is no more difficult, he says, to travel between 70° and 80° than between 60° and 70°, and little harder to travel between 80° and 90° than between 70° and 80°. He believes that the man who can start properly equipped and at the right time from 83° will get there. For himself, he says that he made longer sledge journeys than any preceding explorer, but they did not start at a point far enough north. He would go again, he confesses, if he could, but he does not expect another opportunity.

So far nothing authoritative has been given forth as to the precise things Lieutenant Peary accomplished during his four years' stay in the arctic regions, but he will find an eager interest on all sides to hear the story that he doubtless has to tell. There are thousands of us who delight to hear of what goes on in the as yet unexplored regions of earth, and even if nothing of moment is added to the sum total of scientific knowledge, the details of the daily doings of these self-exiled men who brave the perils of unknown climes find a ready acceptance among all peoples. As for the difference between the Lieutenant and his medical officer, Dr. Dedrick, which resulted in the severance of their relations, some of the public are interested in that too, although whatever the inner history of the disagreement may turn out to be, no one is likely to assume a too strictly judicial attitude toward it. It is quite natural that strong men shut up together in an ice-bound region, unable for long and weary hours to hear from the outside world or to let the outside world hear from them, should reach at times a point of tension which is unendurable. If it reaches the breaking-point, it is a matter for regret, but even where wrong has been done, the public is inclined to think rather of the extenuating circumstances than of the blame. It is recalled that even Stanley, great as he was, was not relieved, upon his return from the Congo, from the distressing exigencies of a controversy, which waxed hot and fierce for a time, unnecessarily so, we think, and then subsided, leaving only a vague memory of its existence behind it. So it will be with the Peary-Dedrick episode unless, learning the lesson of the Stanley quarrel, these two men, the bravery and sincerity of neither of whom can successfully be questioned, decide to let the matter drop, delighting the public with the story of their achievement, instead of vexing it with an account of their personal differences. Acrimonious discussion can only serve to dim the lustre of the glory they have achieved, and it were better far that they leave this phase of the matter in that limbo of obscurity to which most of us prefer to relegate the soiled linen of life.

Recent happenings in Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire point very clearly to impending alterations in the constitutions of those States governing the retail traffic in liquor. The dimensions of the vote cast for the bolting Republican and for the Democratic candidate in the recent Gubernatorial election indicate that the Republican party managers in that State cannot, dare not, fail to keep their pledge to submit the question of repealing the prohibitory law and submitting a local-option law to the people at a special election. The election in Cumberland County, Maine—as successor to the late Sheriff Pearson—of a candidate who, it is known, will not enforce the prohibitory law in Portland, and the large amount of "scratching" at the polls, and of independent voting on the shrievalty issue throughout the State, indicate that the time is near when the whole question of control of the liquor traffic in the State must be faced anew. Sheriff-made law and a system of license through imposition of court fines have taken the place of what pretends to be prohibition in most of the cities and towns; and thoughtful, law-abiding people of those communities are beginning to tire of the hypocrisy of the situation, and to insist upon a system such as Massachusetts has, by which variations in local conditions and ethical standards can be registered under a local-option law, thus encouraging the time-honored American principle of "home-rule," and also tending to restore respect for law as such.

Influenced by the example of Vermont and Maine, and responsive to the same conditions and arguments, the dominant party in New Hampshire—the Republican—in its State convention just held has refused to reaffirm its adherence to the prohibitory law enacted in 1855; has responded to the appeals of representatives of the large cities like Manchester and Concord, and has dared to say that essential changes in the law are demanded. To this end the convention recommended that the Legislature at its next session take up the whole matter of liquor legislation; and with this end in view nominations and elections of legislators will follow. There will be a bitter fight on the part of the radical element of the Republican party, drawn chiefly from the small towns where prohibition sentiment is strong and where the law can be enforced. But this element of the party no longer can terrorize the party as a whole. The judges, merchants, and students of social conditions in the large towns have forced the party to be aware at last of the striking changes in population and in civic and social ideals which cities like Manchester, Nashua, and Concord have undergone since the prohibitory amendment was passed, and how detrimental it is to the cause of law *per se* to have the constant, flagrant violation of law which now goes on, with its correlated evil effects on local politics.

The triumph of the Josiah Quincy and William Gaston wing of the Massachusetts Democracy over the George Fred Williams faction in the Committee of Resolutions of the State convention, held last week, and the hearty endorsement by the convention of the platform draughted by Mr. Quincy, after an acrimonious debate in open session, during which considerable soiled party linen was washed, mark the end of the Bryan-Populistic régime in the Democratic party in that State, and indicate the possibility of a return to days when the party was led by such men as the late William E. Russell. The nomination of Mr. Gaston for Governor on a platform which, with all its conservatism, compared with the Kansas City platform is nevertheless a radical one, is somewhat incongruous, inasmuch as he is identified with business interests which are far from being as socialistic as the platform on which he will stand. His record as an official of the Boston Elevated Railroad and as a co-operator in other large schemes of corporations has not commended him to those elements of the Democratic party from which most votes come. If he were to have as opponent a Republican nominee of the calibre of Governor Crane he would not have a ghost of a chance of election, so large are the normal Republican majorities in Massachusetts, and so satisfied with the records of recent Republican Governors are the Massachusetts voters. But as there is some dissatisfaction with the certain prospective Republican

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nominee for Governor, who is the present Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Bates, it may be that Mr. Gaston will gain from independent Republican voters what he loses from the radical wing of the Democracy. In which case his vote may be about that of the usual defeated Democratic candidate.

Nevada seems destined to again achieve distinction as a precious-metal producer of the first class, and under conditions which promise to revive many of those social phenomena which made Virginia City, in the days of the big bonanza, a bewildering mixture of Monte Carlo, Piccadilly, and Ophir. The new mining district of Tonopah is in the southwestern portion of the State; but in a section so little known, or explored, that it was not until the rush of gold-seekers had made a town of ten thousand inhabitants that it was officially determined in what county—and counties in Nevada are as big as States in New England—the new bonanza was situated. The surveyors proved that the honor belongs to Esmeralda County, whose westerly borders are California counties high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Early predictions as to what Tonopah would produce read so much as if the prophets were reciting a history of the Comstock lode, they were received with less faith than politeness. But it is cheering to relate that, in the proud boast of the camp, Tonopah is "making good." One mine, which its discoverer gladly sold for half a million, produced, in nine months, being worked by a number of leasers, the goodly sum of seven million dollars. All of those leases have expired, and the owners, proceeding with large and scientific operations, have opened up underground workings which block out a matter of ten million more. At present no ore is milled or smelted in the district, and only that is being worked which is rich enough to stand the cost of sixty miles of team transportation to a station of the Carson and Colorado Railroad, and thence, by way of Reno, on the Central Pacific Road, to either San Francisco or Salt Lake City, for reduction to bullion. But the immense amount of ore already on the dumps awaiting cheaper transportation is promised speedy removal, as the Southern Pacific will soon build to the camp from Sodaville, on the Carson and Colorado, and the Nevada Midland, a rival road, is rapidly pushing toward Tonopah.

In the mean time the growth and prosperity of Tonopah and closely neighboring camps are silencing the croakers who have long bewailed the final passing of Nevada's eminence as a rich mining State. Stories from the district remind one strongly of the roaring days of Virginia City. A couple of clerks ventured their small savings in a not very promising lease, and are now taking out ore that assays $20,000 a ton; a location that was "bought for a song" is sold for a fortune, and so on. The usual joyous results follow: faro is the fancy of every man's idle hour; "hard liquor" is four bits a glass, and no one goes dry; all the sixteen-horse teams in the State are crowding into the county to haul ore to the railroad, and do not return "empty," such is the freight in-rush of bacon, champagne, beans, and *pâté de foie gras;* new strikes are reported almost daily, and rival camps are distracting the minds of anxious investors. We may condemn the faro, but mostly we rejoice in and with Tonopah. We sincerely hope that her growth in population may be so great as to rob Nevada of the distinction of having in the Congress two Senators and but one Representative.

The psychologists, criminologists, and sociologists will have material enough to keep them going for decades in the terrible crime recently committed by the grandson of Brigham Young. No crime could have proved moral degeneration more conclusively, it would seem. It was a peculiarly hideous, wanton murder. Did the grandson get the impulse from the man who, as the chief of the Danites, must have approved of the Mountain Meadow massacre and of numerous other bloody deeds? Had his inheritance stored up in him dark and cruel forces which resulted in this crime? The question cannot be answered off-hand, especially as the doctors of criminal psychology will doubtless disagree on it, as they do on nearly everything else. It is proper to be said that this grandson is evidently altogether unlike the grandfather in physique, character, and personal history. Brigham Young, besides being a great law-breaker, was a great law-maker—a great law-giver. It required the force of great authority, as well as a very intelligent foresight, to build up out of the most heterogeneous elements a people who scorned, and still scorn, the temptations of a mining life, to stick rigidly to agriculture; who follow the "Word of Wisdom," so-called,—Brigham Young's wholesome precepts about diet and other ordinary things of life,—to their enduring profit as a people; and who implicitly obey, to the general advantage at least of their sect, the commands of a singularly harmonious hierarchy. But of course there went with Brigham Young's organization of power and social constructiveness a personal equipment of base and sensual forces. It can at least be said that, supposing these lower forces to have been developed and accentuated ever so little in a near descendant and to have been liberated from restraint by a life of adventure and irresponsibility, a dreadful deed, such as that charged upon William Hooper Young, becomes quite comprehensible. We are inclined to think that the psychologists will find that inheritance had much to do with the crime that has lately shocked the whole country.

A gratifying despatch from New Orleans told last week of the indictment of twenty-five white men by the Grand Jury of Attala County, Mississippi, for the recent lynching of two negroes. The story is that the negroes, being suspected of making insulting remarks about some white men, were chained to a tree by a mob of white men and shot to death. That it turned out afterwards that they were innocent of the injurious remarks attributed to them doesn't seem to have much bearing on the case, but has apparently had an effect on local public sentiment. Judge Stevens instructed the Grand Jury to indict the lynchers, and the Grand Jury did indict twenty-five of them, "to the delight," the despatch says, "of the judge and almost the entire community." The trials are still to come, and will be watched for with great interest. If the population of Attala County really believes it is wrong to murder negroes, an unusual opportunity is offered for the effective exposition of its sentiments.

Just as people hereabouts are encouraged by this action of a Mississippi Grand Jury to hope for a check to negro-killing in Mississippi, so folks in Mississippi may perhaps find in the recent report of Mayor Low's investigating committee due ground for hope that better treatment is in store for the East Side Jews in New York. The committee's report puts the blame for the riot at Chief-Rabbi Joseph's funeral on the Hoe Company employees, who insulted the mourners, and on the police, who first neglected to protect the Jews and afterwards clubbed some of them brutally for resenting insult. That this report should have been called for and made is in itself reassuring. The Mayor took action on it promptly, sending a copy of it to the chairman of the Board of City Magistrates, and another to Police-Commissioner Partridge, with a long letter directing him to have charges made against the officers of the Police Department who seemed to be to blame for the disorder. What is wanted of the city magistrates is more even action in the cases of policemen charged with wanton clubbing and brutality. The magistrates at present take very different views of the degree of violence that is excusable in a policeman, and too many clubbers go unpunished.

Judge Chytraus of Chicago has just handed down a decision which, if sustained by the higher courts, will go far towards putting an end to "corners" in wheat and other produce on the Chicago Board of Trade. Inferentially and by way of precedent the decision should have a deterrent effect on board-of-trade and stock-exchange gambling everywhere. The decision is fundamental and sweeping in its character. In essence it is that no committee of a board of trade or other voluntary association can be allowed to usurp the judicial power of the courts in "adjudicating upon rights of property between man and man." Such a usurpation is declared to be against public policy and illegal. Suppose Jones sells to Smith oats for future delivery at forty cents a bushel. Jones, of course, has no oats and does not expect to have any. In effect he is betting that sometime before the date he has agreed to deliver the oats sold to Smith the price of that future will drop below forty cents. But Smith goes to work, and by artificial manipulation creates what is called a "corner" in oats. That is, he keeps the price of oats as much above forty cents a bushel as

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he safely can, and makes it as nearly impossible as he can for Jones to fulfil his contract by actually delivering the oats. Suppose when the date set for delivery comes round Smith has forced the price up to one dollar a bushel. By that time Jones has deposited in some bank as margins sixty cents for each bushel of oats he has agreed to deliver. Then under the rules of the board of trade, to which both Smith and Jones have agreed, a committee of the board fixes what is called a "settling price," at which Jones may settle his losses to Smith. In other words, this committee decides what part of the money Jones has posted in margins shall be paid over to Smith as his profits. It "adjudicates upon property rights between man and man." Judge Chytraus's decision means that Jones, in spite of his agreement to abide by the rules of the board, may none the less refuse to leave it to the committee, and may ask the regularly constituted courts to decide what is the "fair market price" at which he shall be required to settle with Smith. Stock and board-of-trade gamblers everywhere may be relied on to denounce the decision as revolutionary.

Judge Arnold, of the Common Pleas Court in Philadelphia, has refused the application for a charter for a Christian Science church in that city on the ground that the charter applied for covers a double purpose, a church and a business. The courts, he says, have power to grant a charter for a church, but not for a business corporation. He quotes from Mrs. Eddy's text-book her instructions to Christian Scientists to sell her publications, and finds in that sufficient evidence "that the so-called church is a corporation for profit, organized to enforce the sale of Mrs. Eddy's books by its members, which is a matter of business and not of religion." No doubt the Philadelphian Eddyite Scientists can get a charter from the Legislature as a business corporation, but that course would have obvious disadvantages.

A Chicago trust-promoter has had a dream which lacks only the element of practicability to make it a national nightmare. He has incorporated a company in South Dakota with an authorized capital stock of $50,000,000, with no less a purpose than to control and monopolize the selling and distribution of all the products of all the farms in the United States. And that is only his starting-point. Once the Farmers' Trust is well under way in this country, South America will be invaded, and before long every man who anywhere tickles a square foot of the earth's surface is expected to become a stockholder in an intercontinental enlargement of the original idea. Meantime, it must be admitted, the Chicago promoter has done more than dream. He has placed his stock in the hands of many banks in the Western agricultural States, with instructions to sell it only to real farmers, and he has secured the services of men of long experience in the handling of grains and produce, and of considerable business standing, to serve as officers and managers of his trust. He reports that several millions of his capital stock have already been subscribed for, and as the Western farmers have more money this fall than they know what to do with, such subscriptions might be reasonably expected, especially if allowance is made for the effect of an eloquent promoter's rhetoric on men who have been known to buy gold bricks. Since people who are not farmers cannot buy the stock of the company, the only way they can get any profit out of the scheme is to spend a few minutes in speculating on what might happen if it were possible for any set of men to get control of the stuff which is the only absolute necessity of life. This sort of speculation, it may be remarked, is the only kind which may be indulged in without the possibility of loss.

The flat-dwellers, as a class, have worried the social philosopher a good deal. The scheme of daily existence which they have adopted is a great change from that according to which the American people lived for two or three hundred years. When a family occupy a whole house among other whole houses, they may be said to live with their sign out and their flag flying. The conditions under which people live thus housed and surrounded are an equivalent of the French *état civil,* though we do not formally require our citizens to live under that sort of official certificate of identity and respectability. The American flat-dweller is subject neither to the official inquisition nor to the fierce light that beats on the detached villa. Nobody observes his comings and goings. He is in most respects the freest man in the world, the only tyrannies to which he is subjected being the janitor's hard-hearted denial of steam heat just when steam heat is most desperately needed, and the tendency of the people in the flat above to tramp about at the very moment when one is trying to get to sleep. These are material, not moral, forms of pressure. The flat-dweller is free, socially alone, under no neighborhood superintendence. He is hidden from all the earth. What is the result? Has any one discovered that the life is essentially demoralizing? Unless some one is able to supply evidence not now at hand to prove that it is, we shall have to conclude that the fact that the domestic virtues continue to flourish among our present immense population of American flat-dwellers is just so much new support for our national theory that the citizen does not need the attendance of a policeman or detective to make him good. Publicity may be desirable for corporations, since they have no souls. It is not especially necessary for the free and well-taught citizen, because he has a soul, and his soul regulates his body the better for being subject to no earthly supervision but his own. Or, at any rate, it does so unless we are running our country entirely on the wrong basis—and we do not think we are.

There is unusual breadth in two recent decisions handed down by Justice Alfred Steckler, of the Supreme Court, touching the rights of the people in New York city streets and parks. In the so-called "Spate Chair case," the judge held that the parks are for all of the people, and because of this no particular class could legally place chairs in the parks and charge for them. So in the case of the stands of cab and hack drivers, he held that no company could claim a certain portion of the street for its own cabs, but that any cab had equal rights in the premises, because the streets belonged to all alike. Justice Steckler's appointment reflected credit upon Governor Odell, and his nomination at the New York State convention should insure his election.

These are the days when barbers in the college towns sound forth the note of deep despondency in their intercourse with men, and fledgling doctors pace the streets, their faces radiant with hope. The football hour is on at last, and heads of hair that once were ready fruit for pruning-shears are now allowed to wax luxuriantly long and bushy, while supple limbs and pliant joints are placed in daily jeopardy of liniments and bandages. The men who deal in matters gladiatorial for the press are looking up the records of the undergraduate men of brawn, and many a youth who never knew the bliss of standing in the glare of public scrutiny is tasting now the joy and bitterness of fame. The Cambridge men are spending precious hours in getting at the records of the men at Yale, while Doctor Hadley's representatives are seeking which of Harvard's lads they may protest; while on the heights of Morningside 'tis not the three-year course that agitates Columbia's mind, the troubles of the President and certain dons of letters are forgot, and Morley and his men become obsessive for the time. Down Princeton way the sphere the youth are thinking of is not the rotund orb on which they dwell, nor is it of theology or politics they dream, but of the oval leathern sphere, the gridiron, and the goal. Ere many days have passed, on sundry fields in this and other neighborhoods heads, legs, and minds, and even hearts, will vie for that supremacy in brawn and strenuosity which brings the laurel to the waiting brow of cherished *alma mater;* tumultuous cheers will soon resound from bleaching-boards and seats reserved on stands conveniently placed, and with them, side by side, some bitter tears will fall from lids disconsolate. Huge rolls of bills will change their pockets, and some will ride who rarely rode before, and some will walk who've dreamed of gaudy vehicles. But along about Thanksgiving time will rise the brawn and brain and heart of Young America.

A true artist is Robert W. Chambers, who is the American of To-morrow in this number. Blessed by inheritance with an imagination both fertile and exquisite, he cultivated the habit of thoroughness from the beginning of his work, and is now as conscientious in all that he does as Mr. Howells himself. Clean-minded, serious, human, indefatigable, despite the delight of his latest stories, his best is yet to come. He is thirty-seven.

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The President's Latest Utterances

THE speeches delivered by Mr. Roosevelt in the course of his Western tour, which began September 20, bear witness to a more careful study of the profound economic questions connected with the so-called "trusts" than was exhibited in the references made by him at Providence and Boston to the great combinations of capital for industrial purposes. The criticism provoked by those earlier utterances has had a sobering and clarifying effect upon his views and his method of expressing them. The specific remedy, indeed, which he continues to advocate as an ultimate expedient is one which we regard as fortunately unattainable, yet as one which, could it be attained, would prove incomparably more hurtful than the evil apprehended, involving as it would a political and economic cataclysm. It is now recognized, however, by Mr. Roosevelt himself that this remedy — a constitutional amendment giving to the Federal government the control of the within-State business of corporations which is now possessed by the State governments—could in any event be secured only with great difficulty and after long delay, inasmuch as it would require the assent of three-fourths of the States.

Even if, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt should be elected President in 1904, it is scarcely conceivable that the powers conferred by such an amendment could be exercised by the Federal government during his term of office. The drastic constitutional change proposed could not therefore be commended to the voters by any assurance that the tremendous powers which it would lodge in the Federal Executive would be exercised for so much as an hour by a man in whose integrity and fervent love of country our people have unbounded confidence. Under the circumstances, the suggestion of a constitutional amendment—although repeated from time to time as expressing the President's sincere conviction—must necessarily tend to be looked upon as academic. Nor can it ever become an urgent and a burning issue until it shall have been embodied in the resolutions of influential State conventions and shall have been definitely adopted by the spokesmen of a great political party in Congress.

Let us pass from the suggested constitutional amendment, which, for the moment, may be dismissed as a chimera in the double sense of that word—a thing at once fanciful and direful—to a practical matter, namely, the position taken by Mr. Roosevelt with reference to the proposal to use the tariff as an instrument for the suppression or coercion of trusts. This is a practical matter, because not a few Democratic State conventions have earnestly advocated such a course, and at least one Republican State convention has spoken of it in ambiguous terms that seemed to imply approval of it under certain circumstances. It is not easy, indeed, to extract a definite programme from those persons who assert a wish to use the tariff as a club with which to strike trusts down. They seem, however, to start with the supposition that whenever a trust acquires, or threatens to acquire, a monopoly of the production and sale of a given commodity, all that is needed to relax its grasp upon the consumer is to permit free trade in that commodity. The supposition, it will be noticed, involves several assumptions: first, that a complete and permanent monopoly would be possible under our laws as they now stand; secondly, that every such monopoly, if it existed, could be cured by free trade; thirdly, that a free-trade measure intended to break a complete monopoly would not, if applied to an incomplete one, cause immeasurably more harm than good by involving weak and innocent producers in undistinguishable ruin.

As regards the first assumption we scarcely need point out that it contradicts a fundamental economic law — that wherever through the acquirement of a monopoly, or of a close approach thereto, in a given sphere of industry, the earnings of the money invested are materially greater than those obtainable in other fields, capital is as certain to flow into that sphere for the purpose of upsetting the monopoly as water is to run down hill. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a complete monopoly in any American industry. The nearest approach to one is presented in the production, preparation, and sale of petroleum, and in the production and distribution of anthracite coal. Now, as the President pointed out in Cincinnati, if we test the second assumption by these commodities in which the closest approach to a monopoly is made, we find that petroleum and anthracite coal would be unaffected, or very slightly affected, by a change in the tariff, or even by the adoption of complete free trade in those commodities. Even now there is, in point of fact, no duty whatever upon anthracite coal.

It is not, therefore, the Standard Oil Company, or the anthracite-coal combination, if there be one, that has anything to fear from those persons who talk of using the tariff as a club. It must be, then, that the trusts aimed at by those persons who would use the tariff as an instrument of suppression or coercion are those that deal in protected articles—of these, only one is said to produce rather more than half, while each of the others produces much less than half, of the American output within its field of operation.

What, then, becomes of the third assumption, that far more harm than good would not be wrought by the application of free trade to all articles in the manufacture of which trusts take part? Mr. Roosevelt's remarks upon this point at Cincinnati were clear and cogent. He dwelt with emphasis upon the fact that, before rearranging the tariff schedules that might affect a big corporation, it would be needful to consider the interests of its smaller competitors, which, being weaker, would suffer most from any tariff change, the result of which would be to punish all the producers of a given commodity. We say all, because, of course, a tariff must be made light or heavy alike for the big producers and the little producers of a particular article. Mr. Roosevelt further reminded his hearers that the big corporations primarily aimed at may employ scores of thousands of workmen, whose interests tariff-tinkers would be bound to consider. In a word, nothing could be more distinct than Mr. Roosevelt's recognition of the fact that the so-called trusts can be damaged by depriving them of the benefits of a protective tariff only on condition of damaging all their smaller competitors and all the wage-workers employed in the industries concerned.

In another particular the President's speech at Cincinnati was eminently sane and wholesome. He told his hearers that the surest way to extinguish the possibility of curing any of the evils alleged to be incident to trusts would be to approach the subject in a spirit of rancor combined with total ignorance of business conditions, and incapacity or unwillingness to comprehend the limitations of the power of law-making bodies. No problem in political economy, he said, can be solved if we bring to its solution no qualifications but ignorance, envy, hatred, and panic. Nor can there exist, he added, in a free republic, any man more wicked, any man more dangerous to the community, than he who would arouse such feelings in the hope that they may redound to his own political advantage. Far from playing the demagogue himself, Mr. Roosevelt declared that the feelings which ought to be cherished by the American people for many of their industrial leaders were, not envy and malice, but respect and esteem, if not gratitude. Is it for us, as candid and just men, he asked, to pride ourselves on the marvellous progress and well-being of our country, and upon our high position in the international world, and, at the same time, to express nothing but denunciation for the men to whose commanding business abilities we in part owe the very prosperity and dignity that the nation has attained?

Evidences of Civilization

THE other day came one of little hope with the morning paper in his hand, and, "What do you think of this?" he asked.

We concealed our trepidation at the note of challenge in his voice, and took the paper with a hardy air, as we answered, to gain time, "What do we think of what?" Then we glanced rapidly at the successive pages, far too great in number.

On the first column was that noble protest and appeal of our Secretary of State to the conscience of Christendom against the cruel persecution of the Jews in Roumania. In the next were stories, dramatically condensed and pointed, of a man in Colorado who had killed himself to escape jury duty; of two boys in Connecticut who had shot away the coat skirts of a burglar and filled his Derby hat with bullet-holes; of a woman in Hoboken who had both ankles fractured in a rush for the bargain counter of a department store; of a woman in Connecticut whose skull had been trephined for an inveterate headache. The third column was mainly the monument of a maniac in Connecticut who had shot two prominent citizens, but it also found room for the fact that 20,000 Navajo Indians in Arizona were starving, and for the case of a man in Poughkeepsie who slept thirty hours continuously, and died in defiance of all efforts to awaken him. The fourth column recorded the destruction of a Standard Oil magnate's villa from fire appropriately communicated by a kerosene-lamp. The fifth embraced the melancholy history of six thieves in Connecticut who got drunk on the apple brandy of a farmer, and were captured, when they ought to have been attending to the business of stealing his fruit, and the revenge of a millionaire on Long Island who had forbidden popular access to the lake which the township had refused to sell him. The sixth column offered nothing more horrific than the denunciation of the British navy in the House of Commons as "a phantom fleet with a phantom crew," but the seventh trimmed the balance with the tragedy of a bank-robber in Seattle who was blown up by his own bomb. The eighth column offered the pathetic intelligence of a Democratic nomination of State officers in Massachusetts, where they are foredoomed to defeat. The second page glared upon the eye with such events as the Mayor's ordering the trial of the policemen who clubbed the East Side Hebrews lately for attending the funeral of a rabbi; the indictment at Philadelphia of the wife of a professor and her lover for stealing jewelry; the heroic behavior of an engineer at the Fire Chiefs' recent convention in seizing the overpressured hose, and saving the lives of the spectators from its rampage; the suit of a divorced actress in New Jersey for alimony. The third page moved us only with the fact that the Dublin Fire Chief had failed to get a cabin on the steamer which brought

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him over, and so came in the steerage; but the fourth page recompensed this poverty of sensation by a wealth of such occurrences as a husband lying in wait for his wife in Jersey City and shooting her as she left a street car; as the marriage of parted lovers in New Jersey after thirty years; as the marriage of a girl to her lover detained in Newark jail on a charge of theft; as a wife's leap from a second-story window in her flight from her husband, who was beating her; as the pursuit of burglars by a mother and daughter in Jersey City and the burglars' arrest; as the fracture of a student's nose in the flag-rush at Rutgers College; as the raiding of a New York saloon by the District Attorney's men; as the hour-long talk of a deistical controversialist in Connecticut; as the accidental shooting of President Roosevelt's guide in Colorado; as a flood caused at Utica by the burrowing of musk-rats in the dam of the city reservoir. Sporting events of a more or less agitating, but not tragical, character occupied the fifth page. In the sixth we read of an American princess (by marriage) sued for damages by her Roman maid, who accused her of beating her so badly that she could not recover in ten days; of a sham victory by the German Kaiser in the manœuvres on the Elbe; of violent earthquakes in Turkestan; of a fresh outbreak of the Boxers in China. The seventh page moved us almost to tears with the President's unavailing appeal to Speaker Henderson to reconsider his resolution not to be a candidate for the Speakership again, and with the sailing of the Duchess of Marlborough from her native for her adoptive shores, with her portrait in the act of parting with her friends. The first column of the eighth page recorded the actuation of a railroad combine of Mr. Gould's on a scale to rival Mr. Morgan's; but the rest, except for a trivial suit to recover the value of an "N. G." check, was given up to financial news and advertisements. Advertisements filled the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth pages, but the fourteenth was enriched with the fully portraited tragedy of the young man in New Jersey who shot his friend in mistake for a burglar; with the arrest of one of the women concerned in the late murder of an eminent financier; with the pitiful case of the little boy who wished his sister to play Indians, and shot her dead as she lay in bed, at Hawthorne, New Jersey; with the armed pursuit of a negro who had beaten a young girl at New Rochelle, and the horrible fate of a man who fell down the chimney of an Elevated power-house, sixty feet, and perished from the fall, or from suffocation.

"Well," we said, with a not entirely successful effort for lightness, as we returned the journal to him of little hope, "except the fact that Connecticut and New Jersey seem so much richer in the material of melodrama and romantic fiction than any other part of the country, there is nothing else unusual here."

The one of little hope gave an imitation of a man gnashing his teeth in despair. "But that is the very point!" he exclaimed. "What have you to say of a civilization that offers day after day such horrible evidences of its failure?"

"Well," we suggested, "what have you to propose in place of it? Barbarism or savagery, in which violence and rapine are so much the normal conditions that the reporters do not feel it worth while to note them? In our civilization, which you think so poorly of, financial prosperity, domestic happiness, connubial bliss, safety of life and property, the harmonious working of the general interests, the prevalence of right over wrong, and the equal distribution of the common well-being, are so much the rule that the newspaper which noticed them would form a volume of a thousand pages every day, and would bore its readers with facts wholly wanting in novelty and variety. The facts which you regard as proofs of failure in our civilization are, on the contrary, the most convincing evidences of its success. If ever the newspapers came to ignoring these things it would not be because they did not happen, but because they happened so often that mention of them would no longer attract the reader's attention. You may depend upon it that when you take up your morning paper and find it reeking with homicide, suicide, disaster, divorce, madness, theft, adultery, arson, and bigamy, you have the aspect of an urbanity to which these things are revolting because they are so rare in its knowledge, and that in reading of them the good citizen experiences the sense of abhorrence which must result in their ultimate suppression and extinction. It will be an evil day, as we said, when journalism passes them unnoticed, for then not only will they be too common for notice, but journalism will have become so calloused as not to feel from their occurrence the shock which it now wholesomely imparts."

At these words, the one of little hope gave an imitation of a man too full of rage for utterance, and rending his morning paper into shreds, he quitted this presence with his hat pushed over his eyes, and no form of leave-taking whatever. But we felt that he had brought it on himself.

Let us be at Strife!

A BRITISH civilian, returning home after several years' absence serving the empire, has returned to England to growl at the spirit of tolerance which he finds. He regrets to see pro-Boers and pro-Britons fraternizing in the House of Commons, and in many other ways showing what he calls the fetich of tolerance and conciliation set up where he prefers to see the spirit of strife enthroned. His argument, to be found in the *Spectator*, runs thus: That when men sink their political differences in personal amenities they doubtless make life a much easier affair for themselves, but at the expense of imperial welfare. Mere opinions may be held lightly, but convictions on vital issues should lead men to fight tenaciously for those convictions, however much personal inconvenience or disfavor they may incur.

The *Spectator* dignifies the growl of the civilian with extended editorial notice, and while it admits that there is much to be said in favor of the civilian's argument, it rules that, on the whole, the tolerance of British political life, as over against the intolerance of that of the Latin states, is still something to be admired and retained. It contends that political error does not imply moral error, and that consequently the severity of judgment which fitly follows moral error cannot be rightly meted out where issues that are political are the only ones involved, although it admits that if act and opinion go together, and the opinion adverse to the policy of the nation be supplemented by action which is traitorous, then the severest punishment must follow.

In our point of view we Americans are more like the English than like the French, hence it is open to one like-minded to "Civilian" to indict the American political leaders and legislators at the present time. Barring Messrs. Bryan and Watterson's periodical attacks on Mr. Cleveland, and the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican's* chronic growl against the administration and against all Democrats save Mr. Bryan, and the New York *Sun's* covert and persistent thrusts at President Roosevelt, there is a singularly amicable spirit abroad in the world of politics. Senators and Congressmen of rival parties have their intimate friends among political rivals. Sectional feeling between the North and South is ebbing away, and the East and the West understand each other better. The independent newspaper's power waxes. The partisan advocate's influence wanes. Common ordinary men see eye-to-eye on issues of national policy more than they ever did before in our national history, and the party of the opposition here, as in Great Britain, finds it difficult to discover an issue or candidates.

To see how marked a change of temper has come over the people of Massachusetts, for instance, it suffices to note the difference in the feeling of the people of the commonwealth now toward its senior Senator, George Frisbie Hoar, he being at odds with his party and with the State on a matter of moment, and the attitude of the Republican party and the people of the State toward Charles Sumner when he, with equally conscientious motives, felt it necessary to oppose the will of the majority. Making due allowance for the differences in temperament of the two men, how altered the mood of the party leaders and the voters!

A like tolerance is seen in matters religious, in a realm of feeling where, in days gone by, passion has always made controversy even more intense and bitter than in politics. The columns of the sectarian journals no longer are filled with denunciations of rival sects or of progressive thinkers. A spirit of comprehension has come down, and broods over the churches. To many men of the militant type, who conceive of truth as a plane surface and not as a sphere, or who look upon it as a deposit and not as a seed, the present seems a time of dangerous laxity, just because it is so tolerant, just because heresy trials are so uncommon and so unpopular. They sigh for the good old days when the Boston *Recorder* and the *Universalist Leader* used to belabor each other week in and week out; when the stern-spirited *Independent* used to denounce the beauty-loving Episcopalian; when the Orangeman and the obedient subject of the Pope used to make St. Patrick's day the time for street fights.

To all such the present seems to be a singularly neutral, unmoral if not immoral, day and generation. And, beyond question, to those who have what John Randolph called "a talent for turbulence," the present must seem to be a disastrously crippling hour.

What has caused the change? In the realm of religion it has come about unquestionably through truer conceptions of inspiration, of the origin of the church, of the possibility of unity of spirit with diversity of worship and intellectual apprehension of truth. Richard Baxter's saying that, "while we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world which will decide our controversies, and the safest passage is by peaceable holiness," is seen to be a truer one with each decade of time.

In the realm of politics the explanation is due no doubt to the fact that the common school and the daily newspaper provide substantially the same education and the same news data for men of all sections, parties, and faiths.

But deeper than all, accounting for the change, is the inductive method of science, which works against all radicalism, all *a priori* reasoning, all displays of the "annihilating polemics of assertion," and which brings feeling to the bar of reason, and year by year makes the average man less and less susceptible to partisanship, whether it be religious, political, or personal.

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The Literature of 1902

Autumn Fiction

The Distinctive Features of the New Stories

In this special literary section the WEEKLY *discusses the tendencies and results of the literary output for the year, and, in addition, gives the characteristics of the most promising and important novels appearing and to appear this autumn.*—[EDITOR.]

The Literary Outlook

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, who has dealt so agreeably in mystery, has lately advanced so far in his conjectures as to suggest the belief that the future may be known upon some such terms as those on which we know the past. He does not go quite to the length of affirming that a circumstantial history of the future may be written, and he has left it for others to question whether a history of the future would not be almost as reliable as most histories of the past. We ourselves are not saying that it would, and we are still less saying that it would not; but we are quite of M. Maeterlinck's mind that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. It is not for nothing that in every age there has been a large and honored profession of prophecy, which has yielded a handsome living to the seers, wizards, augurs, and soothsayers practising it. Their success has been founded on the belief, universal among all the tribes and families of men, that not only do coming events cast their shadows before, but that upon certain sensitized psychological surfaces these may be caught and accurately reproduced. The facts which the prophets have been able to seize in the mists of potentiality, and reduce to something like concrete occurrence before they happened, have not perhaps been of the greatest use, and M. Maeterlinck confesses that his own experience of such diviners as he consulted has not been of the most convincing character. Still he comes back to the impregnable position that there is a vast deal of smoke, and has been from the beginning of time, and that the only logical inference from it is fire.

We commend to the curious reader his interesting paper on "The Foretelling of the Future," in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, while we propose to apply to the study of the literary prospect some well-ascertained principles of statistical inquiry, which, if they do not enable us to foretell the future, certainly enable us to forecast it in large measure from the events of the past. It is well known that within a given area there occur and recur with appalling regularity a very little varying number of thefts, homicides, suicides, burglaries, arsons, elopements, and divorces, and that these may be counted upon year after year to report themselves without apparent reference to the conditions. Not only do these things recur in their general character, but they happen with the nice distinctions which difference homicide by violence from homicide by poison, and suicide by hanging from suicide by shooting. In the luminous page of the statistician one may read the morrows from the yesterdays, and construct the annals of the years to come from those of the years that have gone. Though the statistics now mostly relate to these more dismal incidents of civilization, there is no reason to suppose that a careful scrutiny of life in other aspects would not yield facts and figures which would embody a knowledge equally reliable. We should say that an examination of the publishers' announcements, for instance, during the autumns of the last quarter of a century would afford a surprisingly trustworthy prospectus of the literary events now at hand. If we start with a few generalities, as that the fall trade has *in petto* no poem, novel, history, treatise quite comparable to the very greatest in the past, we are safe in predicting of the season much that will flatter the pride, raise the hope, and comfort the spirit. Without consulting the publishers' announcements we are able to assure our readers that the season will be peculiarly rich in fiction, which will be of that character, for the most part, which a newly discovered public has learned to expect from a newly discovered corps of novelists. Among their productions the lover of literature may hope to find several which will not disappoint him; there will be, out of forty or fifty issues, four or five more or less worth reading. It is not improbable that some new writer of distinct talent will make himself felt in a volume of short stories, or, still less probably, it will be she who does so, for the short stories, like the long letters, seem often best written by a female hand.

It is not unlikely that the promise of a great novelist will be discernible among the multitude which will crowd the booksellers shelves; but there will be few epic poets of note, though several may languish in unmerited obscurity. Still, there will be half a dozen volumes of lyrical verse which will attract more or less attention, and will have a real charm in their freshness and grace. Among their authors there will be several who will distinctly impress themselves on a small and elect public, and whose future work will be eagerly welcomed to a sale of three or four hundred copies.

We may count upon having the average number of volumes of essays, collected mostly from the magazines which the editors have allowed them to pad during the dull seasons of the past decade. These will all have what the trade calls a certain sale, but one or two of them will achieve a wide popularity, if the authors have known how to combine religious feeling, impassioned sentimentality, and elaborated culture in the proportions adapted to one of the most prevalent moods and tastes of our people. These love to get polite literature in the form which will affect the observer of the books carelessly scattered about under the evening lamp as evidences of an elevated home life in their possessors; and some of our most successful literary men have achieved fame and fortune in their production.

We cannot count upon the appearance of any history of the quality or quantity of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, or even Macaulay's History of England; but there will be some minor works studying history episodically or biographically, after what seems the modern fashion. We can hardly fail to have two or three of really delightful books of this sort. There are as many autobiographies and biographies falling due at this time, which will serve to trim the balance of the more buoyant works of the imagination with literature of the graver sort. The travels which once formed a sort of make-weight, do not promise an abundant yield, perhaps because the world has been explored in every part; but certain studies of civilization, in this quarter or that, show themselves in our statistical crystal.

In popular science and philosophical inquiry, we are certain to have something of uncommon interest, not only because it takes very little to interest their lovers, and also because there is more and more a disposition to study religion tolerantly in the light of human knowledge. We can hardly look for anything so good as Professor James's "Psychology," or Mr. Rutgers Marshall's admirable work in the same direction, or Professor Shaler's great essay on "The Individual," and we may hope no more for anything from the clear strong mind that gave us almost every year something to make us think anew in the paths of philosophy and history: John Fiske is dead. But there will be essays and treatises and inquiries of a value which might be more easily under-valued than over-valued.

In the region of ethical and religious activity, more strictly speaking, we shall have more than one volume worth reading, especially as that region borders on the province of economics, to which all ethical and religious thinking now tends. There is, in fact, judging from the rich variety of the last twenty-five years, no reason to forebode a famine in any field of literature, and judging from the near past, we have no hesitation in predicting a literary autumn of great activity and high prosperity. If there is a failure of the harvest in any kind we may confidently trust another year to make it more than good.

A Distinctive American Literature

No little confusion has prevailed in recent American literary criticism concerning the import of the work of our own craftsmen in letters—a confusion induced, as it seems to the writer, not so much by strongly contrasted and conflicting opinions as by loose haste in expression, which in turn may come from the adoption of conventional mental attitudes and formal fashions in phraseology. The quest for "the great American novel" has been long continued; many books have been successively hailed by various reviewers as worthy to occupy this real or imaginary niche,—indeed, that is a dull month which does not furnish at least one new candidate. Yet in the face of this there is a widespread reluctance to declare that we are to have a distinctive American literature, a considerable body of letters somehow set apart and distinguished from the literary achievements of other peoples. What becomes, then, of the multitude of potential "great American novels" which just miss the mark of the high calling? Many of them, of course, have turned out upon calmer second view to be poor stuff—mere rubbish; but may remain good, strong, living creations, likely to be read for a long time to come, and to exert a powerful influence upon the national mind and conscience. Surely a score or two of such books give us a fair right to hope for a distinctive national literature.

There is a continuing inclination to pay too great regard to the form, while undervaluing the spirit, of literary and all other artistic performances. Therein lies our present difficulty. Criticism in the past has been too largely surrendered to the classicists—to those who have codified certain critical dicta whose ancient lineage more than their democratic worth gives them respectability; and this code is considered as hard and fast and unamendable, and its disciples

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judge of the worth of all artistic achievements by observing how they measure up to the rules. The inviolability of such code, based as it is upon the work of the past alone, and jealously guarded against revision, argues that the work of the present and the future, if it is to pass muster, must, first of all, shape itself to fixed standards of form. Form has become the fetich of the critic; and because the writers of America, coming late upon the scene, are precluded by the terms of the code from devising new forms of expression, therefore, says criticism, there can be no distinctive American literature,—the best we can consistently hope for is skilful imitation of ancient models. Edgar Allan Poe has been heralded abroad as the only American prose-writer who has fully lived up to the requirements of literary art by a due observance of artistic formulæ; and there are many of our people who accept that judgment. It is the same scheme of argument which declares that the sculpture of Rodin is good only in so far as it will bear comparison with the classic moulds of Phidias; it is as much as to say that no sturdy soul can pretend to godlikeness if it happens to be cast in faulty or ugly shape. That the gods themselves were a poor, degraded lot, when measured by decent moral standards, seems not to matter greatly; they were going "on their shape," not on their spirit. We have lived down that early looseness of moral conception, at least in part; but the idolatry of form persists. Structural forms have all been pre-empted long ago; so how dare we expect to make literature save by conformity? and conformity cannot beget distinctiveness. Thus runs the critical fiat.

We shall have a distinctive American literature because the material and the spirit from which our literature is to be fashioned are distinctive. No one pretends to say that Poe, though hailed as the one great American *littérateur*, put anything of our national spirit into his prose tales; they reflect nothing of either the weakness or the strength of our own people; they have the abstract worth of art, but nothing of the concrete worth of life itself. They are not American: the accident of the writer's nativity has nothing to do with the question. We must gather sufficient courage to be able to rise superior to the dictum that our national literature, to be great, must consist of classic Poe-like performances. His work reflects his own genius, but not the genius of America; and this latter is the peculiar province of the writers who are to be identified with our real achievements in letters.

To say that we are to contribute no new and hitherto unworn gems to the literary wealth of the world is to say that our national life and experience have yielded nothing new that is worthy of being perpetuated—that our conquest of a continent, our experiments in government, our struggles with great social problems, the evolution of our industrial and economic genius, our successes and failures in a hundred fields of action, leave humanity in no large sense modified from what it was when our work began. But the world knows that is not true. Surely the heroic struggle of the South, in blood and tears, through the pains of slavery, war, and reconstruction—a struggle absolutely new in history — is recent enough and fresh enough in our thoughts to confute that argument. The splendid march of a people from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and the subjugation of a wilderness in a bare half-century of time, is another example full of the charm of novelty, and full of deep significance to the race. These two achievements—the making of the new South and the new West—give ample material for the formation of a truly distinctive literature. West and South are waiting to be interpreted; and the interpretation will be literature in the best and truest sense. It will be distinctively American because in chronicling the story of strife, perseverance, and victory it will also translate American motives and ideals.

Many tentative and rather discouraging trials have been made by devotees of the "local-color" idea. These have been unsatisfactory and largely ephemeral because, through errors of vision or of judgment, they have insisted unduly upon mere local oddities, to the exclusion of broader relations with life and affairs. The dialect story exhibited one phase of this practice. The tale of the decadent New England hill town or of the isolated mountain neighborhoods of the South, each with its narrow circle of interests, its lethal atmosphere, its lethargic life-currents, has hindered rather than helped toward the desired end. Strong, true, local setting there must be, no doubt, for the big, convincing novel; but it cannot stop with that if it is to have a continuing vitality; vitality comes to any community through its intimacy of contact and interdependence with the world, and the vitality of its story as literature will depend upon the writer's power to perceive this contact and to record its meanings and effects,—not alone upon the material but also upon the spiritual side. The study of the isolated community is little more than a study in social pathology, in morbid conditions, and will soon pass away; but that literature which, while preserving its own atmosphere, brings its figures into relations with the world-old impulses of humanity, will have that health which insures long life. Our literature must show what America has done, not only for itself, but in the service of humanity; and it will take its place in world-literature according to the worth of that service.

The Middle West will surely contribute some big books, so soon as its writers have gotten past the awkward, conscious stage of craftsmanship, and have learned to sink themselves more thoroughly in their work. The prairie life is rich in meaning. The hugeness of its undertakings, and the mastery which its men have gained over themselves and the factors of their destiny, have bred a fine, robust reliance and courage, typical of the best that America has begotten in her sons. Though it be agreed that human nature is ever the same in its fundamental passions, it may yet be true that the action of those passions is subject to modification,—that the basic material may be poured into an ever-varying succession of moulds. A man's work reacts upon himself; if he succeeds, his mood and his attitude towards life are not as they would have been had he failed. The men of the prairies, as a community, have come off victorious after a mighty hand-to-hand struggle with the titanic forces of nature, and they have known how to turn the spoils of victory to good account. This gives distinctiveness to their spirit, and makes them worth considering. The future makers of Western literature, if they can contain themselves and work wisely, partaking of their people's assurance and strength of conviction and earnestness of purpose, are to be envied. Three recent books are worthy of special notice in this connection, as illustrating the wealth of material available to these writers: Mr. Owen Wister's *Lin McLean*, Mr. Hamlin Garland's *Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop*, and Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins's *Out of the West*.

Lin McLean is easily first in point of human interest—a difference not intrinsic, perhaps, but consisting in large part in the same restraint and rich humor of the author's style, here exhibited at its best. Lin McLean lives, and moves about in his admirable setting as only a man full of the lusty joy of free life can move. The Wyoming plains in the eighties made a wide stage, and the actors had no easy part; passionate life jogged elbows with sudden death, and the two were enough to terrify any weakling, to say nothing of the duller horrors of hardship and denial. Yet the men of the book, like most of the men of that time and place, sound no coward's plaint, but go their way and take what comes with a sublime courage that is obviously natural and wholly free from affectation. The book has more than interest; its value is in its deep, intensely human significance.

Mr. Garland's volume has for its leading *motif* the strife between the Teton Sioux and the cattle-men. The thread of romance —the "love interest," which no ordinary novel is complete without—is rather slender, and some of its characters seem non-essential, being loosely woven into the story; but the book's real fibre, its broad-minded presentation of the modern Indian and his "problem," is handled with fine strength and delicacy, and with rare fidelity and dispassionateness. Mr. Garland knows his Indians, and knows how to present them in human guise, making the reader sympathize with their worth, while not hesitating to reveal their primal weaknesses. These Indians are more real than any of Cooper's, because drawn with a masterly moderation. The question of the Indian's destiny, long a sorry puzzle to the nation, is set forth with the earnestness of an advocate, yet with judicial fairness. In the opinion of the writer, this is the best work that has come from Mr. Garland's pen.

Out of the West is a novel of the Nebraska prairies, in the momentous days of "fifteen-cent corn," when the farmers were surfeited with the richness of the soil, yet in a perpetual slough of despond because of a real or fancied oppression on the part of the railroads. Having no market for their corn, and forced to let it rot in the fields in years of plenty, while suffering starvation in years of shortage, they devoted themselves to politics as a cure-all. These conditions make the setting for the story, and serve to bring together the man and the woman. Mrs. Higgins's style has an unmistakable literary excellence, and she writes with an evident knowledge of that distressing time —a time now fortunately past, but full of agony while it endured. The description of the drought—apparently an inevitable feature in every Nebraska story—is graphic and altogether well done. The book is not without a certain grim humor, which is fittingly exhibited in dealing with the emotional poverty of the dead-and-alive little town Columbia Junction. The effect of the story would be decidedly depressing but for the upward lift at the end—a determination happily in keeping with the dominant Western temper. *Out of the West* is a very notable first book.

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths;—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most,—feels the noblest,—acts the best. —*P. J. Bailey.*

A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him—an immunity from all the observances—yea, and duties—which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members.
—*Emerson.*

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A Twelvemonth's Output of General Literature

Now that the summer, which is usually a dull season for publishers, is over, it may be interesting to survey, so far as general literature, exclusive of poetry and novels, is concerned, a year's output of the American press, and also of that section of the English press which has representatives or agents on this side of the Atlantic. We must necessarily be succinct and eclectic, although we shall confine ourselves to books actually read by ourselves. To begin with works of the most comprehensive character, we note the issuance of the first two volumes of the *Jewish Cyclopædia* (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). This cyclopædia, as thus far completed, carries out admirably the purpose of the publishers to give a concise and accurate account of the history and literature, the social and intellectual life, of the Jewish people. To that end they have availed themselves of the resources of modern science and scholarship on both sides of the Atlantic. In the field of philosophy and science no works given to the public during the twelvemonth have attracted more attention than *Western Civilization*, by Benjamin Kidd (Macmillans), and the third volume of the *History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution*, by John Beattie Crozier (Longmans). Mr. Kidd's attempt to find the fundamental difference between modern civilization and ancient civilization in the assumed fact that the latter was characterized by the ascendency of the present, while the former is distinguished by the ascendency of the future, is not generally regarded as successful. For statesmen and political economists there is more enlightenment and more practical suggestiveness in Mr. Crozier's book, which includes a prospective reconstruction of the politics of England, France, and the United States for the twentieth century.

Mind in Evolution, by L. T. Hobhouse (Macmillans), is an important contribution to comparative psychology. It propounds a hypothesis as to the general trend of mental evolution, and undertakes to test this hypothesis, so far as animal intelligence and the generic distinctions between animal and human intelligence are concerned. In another interesting and useful book, *The Child* (Scribners), the author, Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, essays a study of childhood in the light of the literature of evolution, and tries to interpret some of the phenomena of human beginnings in the individual and in the race. In *The Science of Penology* (Putnams) Henry M. Boies compares and analyzes the adopted or suggested methods of defending society against crime. The author is one of those who hold that criminality is a preventable and curable disease, and he undertakes to formulate the principles of precaution and remedy. The rehabilitation, or attempted rehabilitation, by the Neo-Lamarckians of the Lamarckian theory of organic evolution is responsible for the book entitled *Lamarck*, by Professor Alpheus S. Packard (Longmans), which gives an account of the life of the French evolutionist, together with translations of his writings, setting forth his theory of evolution, his theory of descent, and his views of the origin of man.

Within the province of European history the most notable books that have seen the light during the last twelvemonth are *The Life of Napoleon I.*, by John Holland Rose (Macmillans), and the first volume of a new history of the Peninsula war, by Charles Oman (Oxford: the Clarendon Press). Mr. Rose's justification for a new contribution to Napoleonic literature is the fact that he is the first to profit by the British Records for the years 1795-1815.

It has for some time been recognized that, for an accurate account of the wars of the Empire a thorough examination of foreign archives would be indispensable. While not neglecting the personal details of Napoleon's life, Mr. Rose has dwelt mainly on his public career, the principal acts of which are reviewed in an impartial, if not in a sympathetic, spirit. Mr. Oman's excuse for retraversing the field which Napier used to be supposed to have made his own is based not only on the new documentary materials made accessible during the last sixty years, but also on the fact that Napier, when he ceases to be a narrator of the incidents of war, and wanders off into politics, English or Spanish, he is an untrustworthy guide. He was just neither to the Spanish juntas nor to the Tory governments of 1808-14. Among other historical books that deserve serious attention may be mentioned the *Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex*, by Roger Bigelow Merriman, issued from the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and the work entitled *Bolingbroke and His Times*, by Walter Sichel (Longmans). The former work represents the outcome of a meritorious endeavor to portray the life of Wolsey's successor, considered as a statesman, and to estimate his work without religious bias. The author neither agrees with those who have delineated Thomas Cromwell as a purely selfish political adventurer, nor with those who depict him as a hero of the Reformation. He would rather assign him to the type of sixteenth-century statesmen whereof Maurice of Saxony was a striking example, a type in the eyes of which theological issues were totally subordinate to political considerations. Of less general interest, though well worthy of a careful perusal, is Mr. G. B. Grundy's attempt to retell the story of *The Great Persian War* (Scribners). This is a new study of the topographical as well as literary evidence with the help of which the narrative of Herodotus must be verified, interpreted, or set aside.

With regard to American history, we must acknowledge that the output of the year has been unusually valuable. The first place in the list of publications within this province should be undoubtedly awarded to *A History of Political Parties in the United States*, by Professor J. P. Gordy (Henry Holt & Co.), of which the first two volumes have appeared. This work may be heartily commended alike to the teacher, the student of civics, and the increasing class of Americans who desire to familiarize themselves with the political history of their country. As reconstructed and rewritten in the present edition, this history embodies the conclusions, first, that the political philosophy of Alexander Hamilton was held, as a matter of fact, by only a small minority of the Federalists, who determined the policy of the country up to the election of John Adams; that, secondly, it was this philosophy, or rather the measures growing out of it, which led to the overthrow of the Federalist party in 1800; and, thirdly, that there was little difference between the opinions of the majority of the Federalists at the date last mentioned and those which the Republican leaders had come to entertain in 1815. For range of research, for depth of insight, and for independence of view, this book deserves to be ranked in the small and admirable class previously exemplified by Henry Adams's history of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison.

Another book which merits peculiar praise for its independent point of view, and for its effective presentation of a theme that never before has received separate treatment, is *The Lower South in American History*, by William Garrott Brown (Macmillans). The author's purpose is neither to defend nor to arraign, but truthfully to describe, the part played in a certain period of American history by a specific section of the Union, which has been commonly regarded as a sort of Nazareth out of which only tasks and perplexities have come. It is Mr. Brown's aim to inquire not whether the civilization and political aims of the Lower South were exemplary or the reverse, but whether they were not a natural outcome of the material conditions.

Still another valuable contribution to the history of the civil war from a Southern point of view is *Reconstruction in Mississippi*, by J. Wilford Garner (Macmillans). The author not only gives a detailed account of reconstruction in Mississippi with reference to its economic, educational, and legal, as well as political and military, phases, but also presents a brief review of the civil war, so far as it affected directly the people of the State. He also points out in a preliminary chapter that, only ten years before the outbreak of the rebellion, the people of Mississippi took firm ground against the secession movement, and were ultimately brought to approve of it mainly by the John Brown raid. A needed side light is likewise thrown on the history of our civil war by *The Confederate States of America* (Scribners). In this volume Professor J. C. Schwab gives us the results of a searching investigation of the financial and industrial condition of the South during the rebellion. He does not emphasize so much the mistakes committed in the financial policy of the Confederate States, as the fact that, in spite of those mistakes, the South maintained herself so long. We are invited to note that the sacrifices made by the Confederates far exceeded those of the Revolutionary patriots. The former lost everything in their desperate effort to protract the war and avoid its inevitable conclusion; it is doubtless of little comfort to them to read that something might have been saved from the wreck had their government adopted other fiscal measures. We should remark, finally, that the two volumes entitled *The Civil War and the Constitution*, by Professor John W. Burgess, carry the "American History Series," in course of publication by the Scribners, from 1859 to 1865. The book begins with a striking characterization of Davis, Lincoln, and Douglas, and with a luminous account of the diverse political views which those three leaders personified.

During the twelvemonth there have been several ventures in the direction of a paradoxical or whitewashing treatment of historical characters. The most nearly successful, if not also the most difficult, of these undertakings is embodied in *Tiberius the Tyrant*, by J. C. Tarver (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The author essays to prove that the successor of Augustus was not only a statesman of great administrative abilities, but that his private character was exemplary. The very different view of him conveyed, or perhaps we should say insinuated, by Tacitus is dismissed as that of a special pleader, representing the rancorous reactionary party in the Roman Senate, who, in order to complete his indictment of the Cæsars, was constrained to blacken Tiberius. In *Robespierre* (Scribners), Hilaire Belloc, the author of a study of "Danton," tries to prove that Robespierre was never a "dictator," as he has been carelessly called, and was not personally responsible for the worst excesses of the Reign of Terror, those, namely, which took place after the Committee of Public Safety became omnipotent, and which provoked the reaction of "Thermidor." Robespierre is depicted as a morally blameless, but intellectually narrow, man, who was as fanatical in his enforcement of the

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revolutionary dogmas as ever was any follower of Mohammed in the propagation of Islam. In the *Chronicles of the House of Borgia*, by F. B. Corvo (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the author does not shrink from a task which to Protestants will seem insuperable, to wit, the rehabilitation of Pope Alexander VI. It is admitted that Rodrigo Borgia, before and during his cardinalate, was no more scrupulous in his relations with women than were other contemporary princes of the Church, but it is contended, on the other hand, that neither then nor after he became Pope is there any trustworthy evidence that he added crime to sexual vice. In spite of the derelictions which he shared with other pontiffs of his century, he is pronounced a very great prince and a very faithful pastor. As for Cæsar Borgia, the author sets forth some reasons for believing that he was the son, not of Alexander VI., but of Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, who, in his turn, became Pope under the name of Julius II. This book, though learned and interesting, will be found less convincing than the books that deal with Tiberius and Robespierre.

Public attention having been concentrated on Pekin by the Boxer outbreak and the expedition organized for the relief of the Foreign Legations in that city, an inevitable result was the production of many books on China during the twelvemonth just ended. Among these should be particularly mentioned two narratives of eye-witnesses, namely, *China in Convulsion*, by Arthur H. Smith (F. H. Revell Co.), and *China and the Powers*, by H. C. Thomson (Longman's). For the former book we are indebted to an American missionary who had been long a resident in China, and who was present in Pekin during the siege of the Legations. It is a valuable work, not only by reason of its first-hand testimony in relation to the siege, but also owing to its analysis of the causes, some of them dating back many years, of the Boxer rebellion. Mr. Thomson's book is based on letters written by him at the time of the events described to the *Manchester Guardian*. After giving an outline of the abortive Seymour expedition, he recounts at length the investment and bombardment of the foreign settlements at Tientsin by the Chinese; the subsequent assault and capture of the Tientsin native city by the allies, and the ensuing successful advance to Pekin. In his discussion of the policies adopted toward China by the various Powers, Mr. Thomson is to be commended for the pains he takes to present the Chinese view of the different matters in dispute. He is one of the foreign observers who acknowledge that the responsibility for the terrible tragedy of 1900 did not by any means rest wholly upon China.

In *The Mastery of the Pacific*, by A. R. Colquhoun (Macmillan's), the author examines the relative advantages of the position occupied by the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Holland, and Japan, considered as rival aspirants for ascendancy in the Pacific Ocean and on its Asiatic shores. He perceives that China may play a momentous, if not a decisive, part in the solution of this problem. He holds that a partition of China by the Powers would remove none of the difficulties inherent in the problem presented by the competition for preponderance in the Pacific, but, on the contrary, would raise a crop of new and serious international entanglements. In his opinion, China's best hope is that the commercial Powers may unite to preserve the integrity of what remains of the Middle Kingdom, and that she may pass under the political tutelage of Japan. We add that Mr. Colquhoun's previous books, the *Overland to China; China in Transformation;* and *Russia Against Inlia*, all of which are published by the Harper's, are indispensable to those who desire to comprehend the politics of Central, Eastern, and Northern Asia. *Alone in China*, by Julian Ralph (Harper's), and *The Break-up of China*, by Lord Charles Beresford, are also works of high authority which no student of the actual and prospective situation of the Middle Kingdom can afford to neglect. The *Lore of Cathay*, by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Chinese Imperial University (F. H. Revell Co.), is a comprehensive attempt to describe the intellectual life of China, as it became known to the author through investigations covering many years of intimate association with Chinese scholars and of identification with Chinese education. The book throws light upon some points hitherto obscure in Sinological literature, science and philosophy, and the author is, so far as we know, the first European to discuss the international law and diplomacy of the ancient Chinese. The lively interest in the Western shores of the Pacific awakened in Western countries has called forth during the year just closed several books about the Mikado's empire, as well as about the Middle Kingdom. By far the most important of the works dealing with the insular realm is comprised in the four volumes collectively entitled *Japan*, by Captain F. Brinkley (J. B. Millet Co.).

This is the fullest and most trustworthy account of Japan's history, arts, and literature which is accessible in English. The information is drawn directly from native sources by the author, who is an old resident of Tokio, and is known to have turned his exceptional opportunities to excellent account. No foreigner, and not many natives, can vie with him in connoisseurship of porcelains, pictures, carvings, and other products of Japanese art. Charming, also, for its appreciative criticism, and for its numerous and beautiful illustrations in color, is the volume entitled *Japan*, by Mortimer Mempes and Dorothy Mempes (London, Adam and Charles Black). We add that a work of special value to those who would contrast the present with the past institutions of the Mikado's people is *Japan in Transition*, by Stafford Ransome (Harper's).

Several records of travel in regions unexplored or imperfectly known have appeared during the last year. For instance, in *'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik* (Harper's) we have an account of a year's expedition by the late Captain M. S. Wellby, of the British army, from Zeila on the Gulf of Aden through unknown parts of Abyssinia, and through the "devil-infested" country of Walamo, to Lake Rudolph, when he passed on to the Sobat, coming in touch at Fort Nasser with the Anglo-Egyptian forces after a hazardous journey of seven months. Entering the country with a strong prejudice against the Abyssinians, the traveller was led by his experience to take a favorable view of their character, and to the belief that most of their failings are due to isolation and ignorance.

A Militant Van Bibber

SPEAKING of his grandfather, a warrior of a sturdy type, Mr. Richard Harding Davis's latest hero, *Captain Macklin*, says:

"He was singularly modest, which is a virtue I never could consider as a high one, for I find that the world takes you at your own valuation, and unless 'the terrible trumpet of Fame' is sounded by yourself no one else will blow it for you."

This is the dictum of a worldly-wise young man of twenty-three, whose experience with life begins at Philadelphia, and runs thence by easy stages through the whirl of Dobbs Ferry into the maelstrom of Cranston's at West Point. In that sentence he strikes the key-note of his own character. Convinced at this charming age that he is, or is about to become, a personage of whose deeds of daring the world will some day delight to read, this scion of "the Fighting Macklins" begins to write his memoirs, and for over three hundred pages he consistently sounds "the terrible trumpet of Fame" on his own behalf—and, it must be confessed, with no little charm. The young adventurer takes himself with very great seriousness, which shows that he is perfectly honest and sincere. When he does or says a clever thing he tells you so so naïvely that you are almost inclined to believe that he is all that he thinks himself, and since there is no deprecation of self anywhere, nor any consciousness that in setting down his exploits that he is anything else but a devil of a fellow, the chances are that if you are at all attracted to him in the beginning you will like him very much before you and he part company. In any event, a youngster who is dismissed from West Point at the end of his third year and who ere two months have passed has carved his way to the Vice-Presidency of a Central-American republic, using only his nerve and his grandfather's sword to back him, deserves a place among the heroes of romance. Whether we place him in the ranks of the D'Artagnans, the Tartarins, the Rollos, or the Jack-the-giant-killers is a matter of individual taste, but whatever his immediate classification, he belongs, in a large sense, among the heroes of action.

It would be as cruel to subject the character of Captain Macklin to too close a scrutiny as it would be to forecast the career of an estimable feline from its pranksome record as a kitten. We believe there are thousands of cases on record where young lads who know the world at twenty become truly useful citizens at thirty, and we all know how large a proportion of really excellent cows develop out of over-ebullient calves. One's impression of Captain Macklin is that he was indeed a most likable young swashbuckler who needed only kindly treatment and an occasional bit of chastisement to make a man of him. His views on life, as expressed in his philosophizings as his memoirs proceed, are not at all bad, and one can see traces all through his most strenuous acts of an inherent adherence to the principles laid down in that invaluable sociological work "Don't." He would not for all the treasures of earth violate a single essential element of what is considered good form, and removed from the strenuous scenes of a Central-American revolution, would undoubtedly have been a model of deportment. If we may be permitted the parallel, he strikes us as being a sort of militant Van Bibber, and the things that he does in a revolutionary environment are the precise things that Van Bibber would have done had he lived at Honduras during the Macklin period instead of in the Central Park.

Apart from the character of his hero, Mr. Davis has given us in *Captain Macklin* what in many respects is his strongest work. This author has had from the beginning of his literary career an unusually happy faculty of approaching his make-believe world in the spirit of a boy, and of getting the best out of it. He sees and sets down the things that to the tired eye of the blasé man of the world are either invisible or appear too trivial to be spread upon the minutes, in spite of the fact that in letters as in life it is, after all, the little thing that counts. There is a personal appeal to every normal reader in the setting forth of the minute detail of existence which forms

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the point of contact between his own life and that of the hero of whom he reads, and in the presentation of his theme so as to establish this relation between reader and hero Mr. Davis is ever successful. We should say that, whatever the shortcomings of his men and his women, they are all of them full of a fine humanity; even his villains are likable, as real villains are for some human trait that crops out here and there, not, we think, as a result of chance, but as a studied phase of Mr. Davis's art. To the mature reader, however, the aspect of Mr. Davis's *Captain Macklin* that will find its chiefest appreciation lies in its descriptive power. Whether Macklin is possible or impossible in his case, as well as in the nature of his daring, the reader is convinced that he is truly in the midst of this Central-American turmoil. The hot shimmers of the sun; the lead tones in the sky and sea; the stretches of difficult country; the exterior garb of the cities and the country-side—all these things are depicted so vividly as to seem actual and present. Not since his Mediterranean sketches has Mr. Davis done anything better than is to be found in these frequent passages of description, and for this alone his little narrative would be worthy of unreserved acceptance.—[*Scribner.*]

A Right Royal Maid

As Ormond stood in the great hallway of the home of the Varicks, awaiting the tardy hospitality of his kinsman of the North, his eyes alighted on the dim outlines of a painted figure all cased in armor, and on the gilded plate of the lower frame he read, "The Maid-at-Arms." Memory was stirred, and a gray legend grew out of the past: how a maid, Helen of Ormond, for love of her cousin, clothed herself in steel, and rode away to seek him in his prison; how she caught him up, flung him, all in chains, across her saddle-bow, riding like a demon to freedom through the lines of his enemies. Staring at the picture, his lips quivering with the soundless words of the legend, and enveloped in wretched loneliness and homesick solitude, Ormond turned to go, when down the stairway he beheld a figure stealing, a woman in flowered silk, bare of throat and elbow, fingers scarcely touching the banisters as she moved. "My cousin Ormond?" she lisped;—"I am Dorothy Varick."

Dorothy Varick—as mettlesome a maid as ever lived. And she certainly does live in her embodiment of mocking, flouting, frolicsome girlhood when she greets her cousin Ormond from the stairway, when she drinks with him in the gun-room, when she challenges him to cast the hatchet, when she plays the dashing lady of quality under the flaming yellow candle-light of the great dining-hall, and when later that sweet May night she sits with Ormond on the porch until dawn, talking of a love she has never felt, and now for the first time begins to desire. The drumming of the guitars within, the sound of the hunting-horn, the hilarious voices mingled in gay laughter and loud singing—none of these had power to touch her whole-hearted young being to love. But just before dawn a long silence fell upon the cousins, a bird awoke, sleepily twittering—all the woodlands burst out ringing into song. "If love ever came to me, I should think it would come now—ere the dawn," Dorothy had said, and it came. But it was love that could not wed, for was not her hand already promised to Sir George Covert?—and a Varick could not break word or vow.

From that ecstatic moment of the lovers' joy the current of their lives so closely joined in spirit, so far sundered in fact, is caught up by the birth-throes of the Revolutionary movement already gathering force and making for the life of a new nation's existence. Dorothy awakes to womanhood as the nation springs to consciousness; the struggle as it was waged in the Northern forests involving the issues of life and death for both. The battle of Oriskany and the splitting up of the Indian Confederation form a stirring background for the dénouement of the story, and bring Dorothy into the crisis when her lover's life hangs by a thread, clothed like her ancient ancestress, a right royal Maid-at-Arms.

Dorothy moves in the early scenes of the romance with an air of reality and witching girlhood hard to match in any work of fiction; these chapters are the best that their author has ever written, and are as good as anything we have had in American fiction for a long time. The multitude will find no fault with the later chapters; indeed, as a heroine, Dorothy will move the most case-hardened reader; but after the natural simplicity and freshness of feeling which bathe her figure in these early pages, the more discriminating will view her later phases and escapades as somewhat exaggerated by the lime-light thrown upon them. If by resorting to such expedients Mr. Chambers has marred to some extent the convincing quality of his artistic creation, he has, on the other hand, widened his romantic appeal by causing Dorothy to let her heart go, so to speak. As a story of absorbing interest and rapid movement it is the best that Mr. Chambers has written.—[*Harper.*]

A Comedy of Errors

It was long ago, "when the young were romantic, and summer was roses and wine," that old Carewe brought his lovely daughter Betty home from the convent to wreck the hearts of the youth of Rouen. Beneath the scuttle of an enormous bonnet one could catch a glimpse of a charming face with parted lips and dark eyes. She was just clearing away her veil—so Tom Vanrevel declared—when he turned to look. She blushed suddenly, and the dark eyes, sparkling, wistful, shy, and mysterious, flashed upon him so many things at one time that, as she disappeared through the Carewe gates and was lost behind the shrubbery and trees, the dazed young man was left standing on the wooden pavement, arrested for the moment by the divinity of the radiant vision. This was Miss Betty's first conquest in Rouen, the name by which Mr. Tarkington thinly disguises the Indianapolis of those early romantic days when the little town of some five thousand souls nestled amid the Western woodland.

The Two Vanrevels is a comedy of errors, a variation on the tenuous theme of mistaken identity, beloved from of old by the Comic Muse. Tom Vanrevel was the active member of the firm of lawyers known as Vanrevel and Gray. Tom and Crailey Gray borrow much from Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton—Crailey is the sentimental ne'er-do-well, the jackal, who atones in one supreme moment for the debt of honor he owes his friend. Crailey played at living, making a romance, a comedy of it, even at the cost of broken hearts; to Tom life was a serious matter, full of grave issues and deep import.

It was not long after Betty's sudden conquest of Tom Vanrevel that Crailey Gray took her unawares one evening as he was on his way to a masquerade ball. His appearance in the gay guise of a great-uncle of hers, of French descent, who had captured her girlish fancy, smote her sense of comedy and romance and fluttered her young heart with the mystery and color of the world into which she had just entered. How she came to mistake Crailey for Tom Vanrevel, and Tom for Crailey Gray at the outset must be left for the reader to find out. For three weeks or perhaps more the comedy lasted, coming to a full stop with a tragic note which was scarcely foreseen. Betty learns, too late for her heart's peace, that her father, a tyrant of unmitigated hue, entertains a deadly hatred for Tom Vanrevel, and an utter contempt for Crailey Gray. One is a knave and a villain, in his eyes; the other, a fool. So the comedy runs on the surface, with its under-current of danger and peril, at any moment threatening to break into tragedy, and at last breaking through in that hour when Crailey paid life's arrears.

The Two Vanrevels is a phantom, a figment of fancy, wrought in delicate lines, with all the grace and daintiness of a feminine mind. It nowhere touches life or stirs emotion. It is a beautiful tapestry dipped in the colors of twilight glow, and tinged with the grace of a day that is dead. In its remoteness lies its charm, in its evanescence its momentary spell. So near is it to reality sometimes that a pin-prick of modern consciousness would burst the pretty bubble and spoil the illusion. As a delicious fabric of airy fancy *The Two Vanrevels* will give delight to many readers who do not look too close for dramatic cause and effect, but those who have had expectations, as we confess we had, that this young author would take hold of the things that matter in his next work of fiction, and show us the stuff of which our life is made, will be disappointed. Of Mr. Tarkington as a literary artist it may be said, so far as he has proved himself—there is no virility in him.—[*McClure, Phillips & Co.*]

The Power of Kings

The recent news item to the effect that two persons committed suicide after reading a novel by Marie Corelli may mean either that life does really follow art, as Oscar Wilde claimed in his *Decay of Lying*, or that a horrible warning is posted for all readers who persist in taking the novels of Miss Corelli seriously. We prefer to take the warning, admitting at the outset, however, that an author who is the friend of kings, who received the only official invitation to the coronation given to the world of letters, and who under such conditions can write of royalty and kings as Miss Corelli does in her new novel, *Temporal Power*, is to be credited with unusual courage. Her novel is a polemic—the arraignment of royalty and of the Church of Rome in favor of what the author considers Justice, Truth, and the Rights of the People.

In the first chapter a prince and heir to a throne—what throne or where the scene of the story is laid we are not informed—discusses kingship with his tutor.

"Professor," said the prince on one occasion, "what is man?"

"Man," replied the professor, sedately, "is an intelligent and reasoning being, evolved by natural processes of creation into his present condition of supremacy."

"What is supremacy?"

"The state of being above or superior to the rest of animal creation."

"And is he so superior?"

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"He is generally so admitted."

"Is my father a man?"

"Assuredly. The question is superfluous."

"What makes him a king?"

"Royal birth and the hereditary right to his great position."

"Then if a man is in a condition of supremacy over the rest of creation, a king is more than a man if he is allowed to rule men?"

"Sir, pardon me! A king is not more than a man, but men choose him as their ruler because he is worthy."

"In what way is he worthy? Simply because he is born, as I am, heir to the throne?"

"Precisely."

"He might be an idiot or a cripple, a fool or a coward—he would still be king?"

"Most indubitably!" . . . .

"Strange sovereignty!" said the young prince, "and still stranger patience in the people who would tolerate it."

Such reasoning leads the young prince to the resolve that he will be a man as well as a king. He resolves to break through all the "miserable conventionalism, the sordid commonplace of a king's surroundings," and stand for something more than a dummy. He is married for state reasons to a princess of a neighboring realm. The situation of a loveless union is accepted by them; but the memory of a youthful love-affair that ended in tragedy because of his rank and the impossibility of marriage with a "daughter of the people" makes him finally rebel to some purpose against such conditions. Under the name of Pasquin Leroy, a journalist, he joins a band of socialists. He plays the double rôle of king and of revolutionist, and in these two rôles succeeds in learning and correcting the intrigues of his ministers, in "reforming" the press, and in breaking down what the author considers the hostile power of the Church of Rome. In a word, he becomes the king of the people—the ideal exponent of "temporal power."

But in attaining this ideal he proves that, after all, there is something far greater. In the meetings of the socialists he meets a woman who is recognized as one of their leaders. His love for this woman comes to be the great influence in his life. He discovers that he has served the people not through an ideal, but through love. He puts aside the position he has won, to win her love in return. The climax of the story the author weaves around this motive. The woman is assassinated by a jealous lover. According to her wishes, she is set adrift after death in a ship, after the old Viking custom, "to sail the seas alone." On the deck of the helpless craft that is being driven by storm out to sea the two rival lovers meet. One of them kills himself, and the other—the king—ties himself to the coffin and goes down with the ship.

Such, in brief, is the story. But in Miss Corelli's work it is not the story that counts. Her success is sensationalism. Here, for example, is what she has to say of the press:

"Originally the press in all countries was intended to be the most magnificent institution of the civilized world—the voice of truth, of liberty, of justice—a voice which in its clamant utterances could be neither bribed nor biassed to cry out false news. Originally such was meant to be its mission; but nowadays what, in all honesty and frankness, is the press? What was it, for example, to this king, who from personal knowledge was able to practically estimate and enumerate the forces which controlled it thus: six, or at the most a dozen, men, the proprietors and editors of different newspapers sold in cheap millions to the people. Most of these newspapers were formed into companies; and the managers issued "shares" in the manner of tea merchants and grocers. False news, if of a duly sensational character, would sometimes send up shares in the market; true information would equally on occasion send them down. . . . And, concerning the people who wrote for these newspapers—of what calling and election were they? Male and female, young and old, they were generally of a semi-educated class, lacking all distinctive ability—men and women who were on the average desperately poor and desperately dissatisfied. To earn daily bread they naturally had to please the editors set in authority over them; hence their expressed views and opinions on any subject could only be counted as *nil*, being written not independently, but under the absolute control of their employers."

So much for the press—the "weather-cock of speculation," as it is called a few pages further on. In her ideas on the Church of Rome the author makes thoroughly good the promise in her earlier novels. The king is conversing with one in high authority in the Church.

"I am aware of what you would say," pursued the king. "You would say that the Church—your Church—is the only establishment of the kind which receives direct inspiration from the Creator of the universes. . . . You tell me that a government system of education for the people is a purely temporal movement, and that, as such, it is not blessed by the guidance of God. Yet the Pope seeks temporal power! . . . Unfortunately your creed lags behind human thought in its onward march. . . . She is doing no more nowadays than she did in the Middle Ages—she threatens, she intimidates, she persecutes all who dare to use for a reasonable purpose the brain God gave them; but she does not help on or sympathize with the growing fraternity and civilization of the world." . . .

And so on. The question is not whether one agrees with or condemns these attacks on the Church of Rome, on the press, on the Jews, on all the various topics that Miss Corelli discusses in the course of a novel. The point is that the melodramatic way in which she expresses her exaggerated ideas is her most picturesque attribute as a novelist. As in this novel, most of the discussions could be omitted. But if they were, there would only be left a melodramatic story with only one unusual way of committing suicide not mentioned in the author's former work.—[*Dodd, Mead.*]

The "Storm-Birds"

Once in a while Nature is prodigal of her gifts, and tumbles her ten talents of inexhaustible riches into the mind of a Balzac and a Dumas, a Scott and a Dickens, so that every tale they tell is fraught with the undefinable spell of endless delight. To the mere novelist, no matter how perfect his mastery of the story-teller's art, it is not given to capture this fleeting magic, and hold it captive for a multitude of generations of readers, more than once or twice. No better master of the technique of novel-writing lives than Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, but of all the novels he has written we should single out but two or three that will stand the test of posterity. Possibly *With Edged Tools*, certainly *The Sowers*, and now his new novel *The Vultures*. To have conceived and put forth these three novels he may well write "novelist" to his name with pride.

Since *The Sowers* thrilled two continents for nearly two years in the mid-nineties we have tempered impatience by re-reading at intervals that remarkably powerful novel, while waiting for a worthy successor to it from Mr. Merriman's pen. He has written several good stories, well above the average, since then, but it is with his return to the *milieu* of *The Sowers* that he has surpassed himself in *The Vultures*. The "vultures," or "storm-birds," in the language of diplomacy, are the representatives of their respective Foreign Offices whose business it is to be found where the carcass is. Poland, in this case, is the carcass, and the Vultures hail from America, France, and England. The story opens quietly on the deck of an Atlantic liner; a little later the hum of intrigue rumbles ominously in Lady Orlay's salon in London. "Reginald Cartoner has turned up quite suddenly," says Lady Orlay to Paul Deulin, the French Vulture. "Mr. Mangles has arrived from Washington. You are here from Paris. A few minutes ago old Karl Steinmetz, who still watches the nations *en amateur*, shook hands with me. This Prince Bukaty is not a nonentity. All the Vultures are assembling, Paul. I can see that. It means war, or something very like it—the Vultures . . . You are going to Russia, all of you."

One remembers with what dramatic intensity, yet with what seeming artless restraint, Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities*—the first low growling of the distant storm, the gathering reverberations of closer alarm, the breathless terror of the impending event, the cataclysmic crash, then the sudden calm. This is the effect conveyed by Mr. Merriman in *The Vultures*. And as in *A Tale of Two Cities*, so too in *The Vultures* the actors in the drama are drawn from the ends of the earth, almost unconsciously, irresistibly, inevitably, into the maelstrom of the Revolution which involves the issues of their future destiny. The heartless, faithless Etta of *The Sowers* gives place in *The Vultures* to the noble, strong, enduring Princess Wanda, daughter of the exiled Prince Bukaty. She is the pole-star of the Vultures, the centripetal force of the Polish conspiracy that aimed to throw off the Russian yoke, and restore united power to Poland, and which had for its fatal target the assassination of Alexander II.

Once in a while we read a novel which we are glad to accept with complete gratification and gratitude; without criticism or censure. Such a novel is *The Vultures*.—[*Harper.*]

The Story of a Storm

Literary criticism of to-day has become so extravagant in its expression that when we do actually run across something worthy of commendation it is difficult to express our approval without falling into the trite platitudes of the newspaper advertisement. It is quite inadequate to say of Mr. Joseph Conrad's new book, *Typhoon*, that it is a "keen character study and a brilliant bit of descriptive writing," though that fairly describes it. The words through over-use have lost their meaning.

Mr. Conrad writes with crude, brutal force, which encourages the use of equally crude and brutal language in discussing his work. It may therefore be pardoned if we make use of an accepted artistic vulgarism and voice the opinion that *Typhoon* has more "bowels" in it than the entire product of half a dozen other English novelists whose popularity Mr. Conrad can scarcely hope to equal.

Typhoon is not a novel. It is guileless of plot, and the entire action takes place in a single night. The interest of the book centres in the person of one Captain MacWhirr, of the English steamship *Nan-Shan*, sailing from an unnamed tropical colony for the treaty port of Fu-chau, and having

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as cargo some two hundred Chinese coolies returning to their homes.

Captain MacWhirr, as Mr. Conrad shows him to you through the medium of a few bits of conversation and narrative, is a person of no imagination and few emotions. When his loyal British first mate patriotically grumbles over the transfer of the ship to the Siamese flag, he absolutely fails to comprehend his feeling, and goes below to consult his code-book, lest perchance the new ensign may be defective in some way. Finding it to be quite correct in design, he is satisfied and reprimands the mate.

The *Nan-Shan* falls in with a typhoon of the most unpleasant description. Captain MacWhirr, after reading a volume on typhoons, in a matter-of-fact way, takes the bridge. The wind increases in violence, and the *Nan-Shan* is beaten and battered almost to bits. The mate suggests bearing off the course a few points to avoid the severity of the storm. "Where do you think we are bound to?" queries Captain MacWhirr. "Steer four points off—and what afterwards? Steer four points over the other way to make the course good? What put it into your head that I would start to tack a steamer as if she were a sailing-ship?"

Hour after hour the wind rages. The poor little *Nan-Shan* is swept clean of boats, rigging, and everything else except her funnels. The second mate proves a coward, and Captain MacWhirr is compelled to knock him down on the bridge. At the very worst of the turmoil word is brought that the chest containing the accumulated earnings of the Chinese coolies has burst open in the hold, and that the coolies are fighting like devils for the money. Captain MacWhirr is shocked. Turning to the mate, Mr. Jukes, he screams through the gale: "Can't have fighting 'board ship. Stop it some way." So intent is he on maintaining order that it does not occur to him that in sending his mate into the hold of a ship that may go down at any minute, and asking him single-handed to quell a riot, he is doing anything out of the ordinary. Mr. Jukes, desperately gathering together a handful of men, does quell the riot, and then is told to gather up the money which caused the trouble.

The *Nan-Shan* finally weathers the gale, and comes into harbor looking "as if she had served as a target for the secondary batteries of a whole fleet." Captain MacWhirr settles his difficulties by shipping the cowardly second mate and dividing equally among the Chinamen so much of their earnings as Mr. Jukes had gathered together in the hold, and then having seen to certain repairs to his wayworn ship, goes below, and writes to his wife a letter which bores that good lady to such an extent that she never finishes it.

These few citations from Mr. Conrad's remarkable little book convey small idea of its power. His Captain MacWhirr is as remarkable a character study in one way as Stevenson's John Silver is in another. His knowledge of the inner workings of a ship is not that of the studious and technical observer like Mr. Kipling, but rather the absolutely familiar knowledge of one who has lived through all that he describes. Mr. Conrad has humor of the best sort, and such a happy facility in handling his jerky descriptive style that he draws the reader easily into the story. His sentences buffet you about, and leave you with the feeling that somehow you have gone through the typhoon yourself. You breathe a breath of relief when the *Nan-Shan* comes into port, then give thanks that English story-telling art is not in quite so bad a state as you had thought it, and that there is at least one man who has his work cut out for him and knows how to do it.—[*Putnam.*]

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn

THE season that does not bring forth at least one book and one exhibition of paintings from the hand of the indefatigable Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith must be accounted no season at all, and has no standing whatsoever upon the calendar. It is gratifying, therefore, to note that the season now beginning is safe in so far as Mr. Smith is able to save it by a literary performance, and in our self-gratulation that all is well in this direction we may further felicitate ourselves upon the fact that if no other books are published during the year, the season has produced one that is really worth reading in *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn*, if only we read it aright. Moreover, should its author's marvellously busy right hand find itself for once unable to produce the innumerable series of pictures in pigment that we have come to regard as an inevitable feature of the year in art, we should still be content, for in *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* we find a bewildering succession of word-paintings that are as vivid, as full of color, and as true to the life as those that Mr. Smith dashes off so dexterously when he packs up his brushes and goes to Venice, to Constantinople, or to the Dike country, and which the fortunate possessor frames and hangs upon his wall. Indeed, the fault of Oliver Horn, if fault there be, is that Mr. Smith has not apportioned his talents in the making of this story with his usual regard for the importance of each. We seem to get too much of the painter, in the periods which go to make up this chapter, from what we venture to think is the autobiography of its distinguished author, and not enough of the man of action,—certainly not enough of the engineer who gives us a strong bit of construction, and assuredly too little of the literary artist, who, having studied the requirements of the hour in letters, is careful to avoid expanding a short story into a novel of five hundred and fifty-two pages in length. There is not one of these many pages that does not contain some of the charm that has given Mr. Smith his enviable place among the more acceptable writers of the present day, but one's appreciation of all that herein lies is somewhat dimmed by the persistent intrusion of scenic effects into corners where we look for action. Life in a picture-gallery lacks some of the elements of human interest which we look for in our novels, whether these be realistic, historical, or something else. One delights in the Louvre, and, taken in small doses, the art that is to be found there is uplifting spiritually, as well as educating, to the lover of the beautiful, but one would not care to dwell in a place of that kind, despite its many attractions. The eye is charmed always by a stage-setting that is brilliant, and that forms a satisfying picture of something that we know to exist in nature, but few of us would be content to sit through an evening of mere scenery, with nothing of particular importance going on before or behind it. The play is the thing, and if the play is not there no amount of fine scenic effects can make it a well-rounded performance.

Regarded, however, as an exhibition of painting, in which the artist substitutes pen for brush, words for pigment, and paper for canvas, *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* is a work of rare excellence. It revels in color, and just as you can see the shimmer of the soft air of Italy rising above the waters of a Venetian canal when sketched by this same artist, so does one breathe in an atmosphere that is equally as true to the real in Mr. Smith's pages of life in Baltimore and New York. So the reader who approaches this book must look not so much for plot and action of moment—it has as little of these as Mr. Cuthbert Bede's *Verdant Green* of pleasant memory—but rather for a series of impressions which have the charm that goes with the utterance of an entertaining talker in a reminiscent mood. It is fair to assume that in the main the things that Mr. Smith tells us of in *Oliver Horn* are the things that he has himself seen, and that in writing of them for our edification he has chosen rather the vehicle of fiction than that of the memoir; yet the book should not be read as most of us read a work of fiction, from to cover to cover at a single sitting, but in the more leisurely fashion with which we peruse an entertaining volume of recollections, or, better still, as we read a volume of short stories, a chapter at a time, or, possibly, two. Taken in this fashion, *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* will prove a welcome addition to the books of the day that are not only worth reading, but worth keeping. Read in any other way, it has not the qualities to arouse or to hold a sustained interest. Its author, in the writing of short stories, is a master. As the author of a sustained story of human interest he has not been quite so successful. Hence one's liking for *Oliver Horn* will depend upon how one approaches it; and for its intrinsic worth, which is undeniable, it is to be hoped that it will not be approached by him who reads while he runs, but will fall into the hands of the leisurely reader who has time to pause occasionally and to reflect upon the good things the story places within his reach. —[*Scribner.*]

What ailed Dana Herwin?

"ONCE I was a proud girl. Plainly, I should never have become a loving wife. That was a mistranslation of nature. It was the Descent of Woman. If this which has befallen me is *Man*, not *Dana*, then some woman of us should lift up her voice and warn the women what woe awaits them. *The Confessions of a Wife* might constitute such a warning if it were not so distinctly obvious that what befell Morna Trent was not man, but Dana Herwin.

Morna was possibly a trying female. It is more accurately definitive to call her a female than a woman. She was introspective; she had herself very much on her mind; she kept a profuse diary; she wrote a good many unnecessary notes. But, after all, she was a very good writer, with a careering imagination, charming fancies, and excellent gifts of expression. Her notes are never dull, nor superfluous, even when they are unnecessary, and her diary is good reading and lively even in its most tragic passages. Her mother was dead; her dear girl friend Ina was also dead. There was no one alive who could be of use to her in her earlier emergencies, except her father, and, somehow, he did not seem to count. At any rate, when Dana Herwin insisted first that she should love him, and presently that she should marry him, there was no one to make objection except herself, and her objections, though strenuous, were ineffectual. Maybe it would have gone better with her if she had been sent to college, though there is no assurance that she was not sent to college. She was past the college age when she married. The master of a preparatory school for girls admitted publicly last summer that the first girl he had ever fitted for college was now a captain in the Salvation Army, and if a college-bred girl can come to that, one might easily have married Dana Herwin. There was nothing against Dana Herwin (barring that he was excessively handsome) except that Morna was uncertain about his mouth, which she had never seen, because he had a mustache.

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He seems to have been a Charley Steele sort of person, though it is hard to say, because the pith of the story consists in his not being much in it. He looks in at the back door of the story from time to time, or telephones or telegraphs, or writes briefly: that is all. What ailed the man to make him such a bad husband? Do the scars on his arm in the last chapter but one account for everything? There was nothing much the matter with Morna. She was lovely, she was devoted, she was charming. It is nothing that she was something of a crank. Dana had no grounds for disenchantment. There is no way of accounting for him (unless it is recounted in the last chapter, which is not yet visible) except on the hypothesis of some mental defect. If Dr. Hazelton's diagnosis of Dana's case could be added to the story the interest of it would be increased, and if an autopsy should be necessary to the accuracy of the diagnosis, so much the better. As it is, Dana is no credit to the story.

But, after all, when every one is as he should be, stories tend to be dull. Dana's defection, whatever caused it, makes possible these confessions of a wife deserted by a husband whom she loves, and guarded and cared for by a devoted doctor who loves her and whom she comes to lean upon as her sole stay. She loves the doctor. She comes very near falling in love with him, and letting the other man go, but it must be that she didn't, for if she had, she would have locked up her journal, and there would have been no confessions.

It seems best for the public that it turned out as it did, and that the confessions got into print, for tragic as they sometimes are, they are hardly morbid. They are full of graceful turns; they make a strong picture of a woman's love for her husband, and they emphasize the extraordinary strength of the marriage tie. It is a still strong tie, let the divorce laws be what they are.

Dana must have had something like paresis. I wish there had been an autopsy. To have her husband become just crazy enough to be worthless and not crazy enough to be recognized as a lunatic, is about as hard a trial as a woman can have, and by no means an impossible trial, either. So Morna's situation was not impossible, but it was Dana that was at fault, and not Man.—[*The Century Co.*]

Love's Immortal Tragedy

For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner far than a loveless god.

Browning's lines might have served well as a finger-post to the reader of *Istar of Babylon*. In her latest novel Miss Potter has caused Istar, the moon goddess, to become incarnate during Belshazzar's reign in Babylon, while Daniel ruled there in exile as a statesman-prophet. Across the world these two, Istar and Belshazzar, turn back their way through love's tragedy, as real and passionate in love's desire to the hearts of men and women to-day as if they had not lived so many centuries ago. The heart of the moon daughter is moved with "wonder divine o'er the sorrow and sin of the earth-condemned races," and is doomed to descend to their level, learning through their sorrow and sin that the meanest of God's creatures is greater through love than the highest of the gods that transcend mankind in knowledge.

The theme of the book, its conception of world-wide drama, and its vivid, glowing setting, unfolded in panoramic splendor, scene upon scene, until the climax is reached, convey a dramatic and spectacular effect which is not unlike that felt after witnessing a sumptuous series of stage pictures, say like that of "Ben-Hur." Miss Potter helps the illusion by her list of *libri personae*, and by her elaborate and graphic development of the story. The Greek poet, Charmides, learning the story of Istar's appearance in Babylon, is a fit prologue to the drama proper. His arrival in Babylon on the eve of Istar's ordeal, when she is proved to be human, precipitates the action, and the conflict at once begins between the two great factions: Istar and Belshazzar, strong, noble, and pure in their great overwhelming love, and the political intriguers and traitors headed by Amraphel and Daniel. The writing on the wall, taken from the scriptural narrative, marks the fateful hour of Belshazzar's downfall, when Cyrus the Great takes possession of the deposed monarch's throne. But in the end it is a victory—a spiritual victory—for Istar and Belshazzar, and if Miss Potter has taken liberties with history and the logic of the material world, it must be remembered that she calls her work "a phantasy." Her aim is not correspondence with material things, but with the spiritual world.

"Hast thou found man's relation to God?" Istar is asked when she has tasted the lowest depths of human suffering. And she answers:

"Man and man, as man and God, are bound by those ties of eternal love that made the covenant of Creation. . . All the sin, all the sorrow of the world, I have known, I have suffered. Yet no loss nor grief can take away the great joy of love, its purity, its perfection."

One criticism Miss Potter is certain to encounter in her use of Daniel the Prophet. Was it necessary to fly in the face of established authority by traducing the probity and integrity of Daniel's character and making of him a low, cunning schemer and assassin for the purposes of fiction?—[*Harper.*]

A Tragedy of the Slums

THERE is little doubt that Mr. Arthur Morrison's latest fiction, *The Hole in the Wall*, will be stigmatized as "unpleasant" by those complacent persons who require of a novelist that he shall represent only the beautiful in life, and shall amiably ignore the fact—at least so far as his art is concerned—when his vision tells him that life is other than wholly beautiful: that there is, if anything, a rather depressing preponderance of sordid tragedy, and squalor, and brutality and sin. But Mr. Morrison is courageous, and he is admirably sincere. He knows that a vision of life, if it is to be valid and of authentic and lasting value, must be wide, and inclusive, and unflinching, as well as high and ideal; and being invincibly truthful and perceptive, as he is courageous and sincere, he gives us in this latest work of his, as he has given us before, an order of literature which, in its virile sobriety, its steadiness of purpose, its vividness, and fluent power, is admirable.

Mr. Morrison's characters are literally "publicans and sinners": the people of Wapping and Ratcliff Highway — ruffianly 'longshoremen, drunkards, and abandoned women, slugs and thieves and murderers: the very foulest dregs of London's East End. The action of *The Hole in the Wall* revolves about the murder of an absconding shipowner, and the varying and tragic fortunes of the murderer and his accomplices and enemies. The Hole in the Wall is a sailor's tavern on the river's edge, about which, in the main, the action centres. Mr. Morrison's work is, one hastens to say, as far as possible removed from melodrama, in its intention and in its effect. His crises and climaxes are achieved with the very simplest, the most reticent, means, with perfect repose and perfect completeness. One cannot soon forget the cumulative and penetrating horror of such scenes as the murder of the ship-owner Marr,—which is suggested rather than described,—or the blinding of Dan Ogle, or his death in the final catastrophe, the burning of the Hole in the Wall—"there at a window appeared the Groping Man, a dreadful figure. In no darkness now, but ringed about with bright flame I saw him: the man whose empty, sightless eyepits I had seen scarce twelve hours before. . . . The shade was gone from over the place of the eyes, and down the seared face and among the rags of blistered skin rolled streams of horrible great tears, forced from the raw lids by scorching smoke. His clothes smoked about him as he stood—groping, groping still, he knew not whither; and his mouth opened and closed with sounds scarce human. . . . The blind man's blackened hands came down on the blazing sill, and leapt from the touch. Then came a great crash, with a single second's dulling of the whole blaze. For an instant the screaming, sightless, weeping face remained, and then was gone"—a horror which is achieved, as we have said, with the utmost economy of means, and yet with overwhelming puissance and effect. So it is with his creation of character. His people are neither types nor caricatures; they are individuals whom one knows with an intimacy that belongs to actual flesh: the boy Stephen, and Grandfather Nat, and Blind George, and Dan and Mrs. Grimes, and that infinitely pathetic figure, Musky Mag—vivid and unforgettable personalities, who stamp themselves upon the imagination with haunting intensity and conviction.

Sombre and terrible as is this poignant tragedy of the slums, there yet issues out of the heart of its misery and its pitiless squalor and depravity something that is very different from despair: an emotion, on the contrary, that makes for enlightenment, for a richer, a more responsive humanity, a larger tenderness—a purification, in short, through that pity and terror whereby we are put in touch with immortal things.—[*McClure, Phillips & Co.*]

"Fame for a Woman"

TAKE a childless couple, possessing sufficient income to escape petty domestic annoyances, the husband a brilliant young barrister with political ambition, the wife clever and ambitious for a literary career; let the husband become more and more absorbed in his work, and the wife more and more absorbed in her writing—and what will result? That is the kernel question indirectly put forth by Cranstoun Metcalfe in the very interesting novel, *Fame for a Woman*. The scenes of the story are laid principally in London, and the woman in the case is Mrs. Glanville, wife of "Tom" Glanville — a man of character, of brilliant intellect and force. Perhaps because she is childless and practically free from household duties, also because she has a certain energy needing outlet, and, furthermore, because circumstances throw her among a set of men and women who write for publication, Mrs. Glanville becomes possessed of the idea that she is little short of a literary genius, and that in time she will be recognized as such.

Among her writing friends is Merrick, the editor of a periodical of cheap literary material, and a number of his contributors who hover around him. But in contrast to these self-deluded geniuses is a fine character, Ethel Campbell, a young woman who is really striving for a legitimate literary career. Tom Glanville's most intimate

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friend, Hill, is also a true literary workman, in the sense of being critic and adviser to a responsible publisher; and he, seeing how far apart Mr. and Mrs. Glanville are drifting, tries to make her understand the truth of the situation; tries to make her realize that she can never do other than mediocre work, and, what is hardest for her, endeavors to show her how immeasurably superior to her mental equipment is her husband's brilliant intellect. Whether Hill was wise in his efforts each reader must determine; and also must each decide for himself or herself whether it was Mrs. Glanville's duty to efface herself and throw her whole being into furthering her husband's career. It is a pretty delicate question thus raised by the author of *Fame for a Woman*. Should a wife, possessing sufficient leisure, and talent for music or painting or writing, merely exercise such talent in a dilettante fashion; or should she strike out boldly for an individual career? Most sane people will say that in this, as in most other cases, the circumstances should govern. Tom Glanville loved his wife and she loved him; but her ambition and energy compelled her to active work in some direction, and she chose what seemed to her the line of least resistance—and of course they drifted apart.

From the foregoing it may be seen that *Fame for a Woman* is something more than a story, but it is, nevertheless, a story of real interest. Careless readers may find fault with the constant use of epigrammatic "speeches" on the part of many of the characters, and, because of these, imagine that the author is trying to be clever. But that is far from the fact. The author is correct in making his cheap literary work men and women utter such "speeches." Really important literary characters would not thus strain for effect, of course. Whether *Fame for a Woman* catches the public fancy remains to be seen. But it is worth reading by those who like a good story well told.—[*Putnam.*]

At the Puppet Show

SERIOUS attempts to write humor have been responsible for many wasted pages and much midnight oil, but rarely for so large a book as *Paul Kelver*, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's latest fiction. As frequently happens in such cases, much of the humor is apparently unconscious, hard as it is to believe that so accomplished a fun-maker is not himself in the joke. Paul's father was a "worn, bent man with the ugliest mouth and the loveliest eyes," and his mother was a "saint," or, what is much the same thing, "a true wife." Paul was encumbered with a spinster, Aunt Fan, whose principal occupation was "crouching over the kitchen fire, her skirt and crinoline rolled up round her waist." Occasionally she would "drat the boy" or recommend that he be skinned alive. In his early years, Paul made older persons uncomfortable by asking too many questions about his origin, but he stopped all that when his mother took him to the top of a tall tower and explained all. Soon after, mother, aunt, and boy left the country where they had been living, because a pump had jammed and all their money had been drowned in a mine, and joined Paul's father in London, where he was practising law and living on five shillings a week. Paul's father was one of those impracticable persons who always invest all their money in the enterprise that goes to smash most completely, and then attempt to recover the family fortune by foolish schemes that deceive everybody except the tartar aunt and the astute reader. The London home was not luxurious, and the family never kept more than one servant, nor kept that little long. At length a generous client appeared in the person of Noel Hasluck, who was very rich, but not ostentatious except in the use of his h's. Hasluck had a "little gell" named Barbara, who possessed "that rare gold hair that holds the light so that upon her face, which seemed of dainty porcelain, there ever fell a softening radiance as from some shining aureole." Paul did not kiss her, though "old Hasluck" told him he might, "nor ever felt I wanted to, upon the mouth."

The Hasluck fees were large enough to send Paul to school and buy new lace curtains for the front windows. At school he met a wonderful boy named Dan, who showed him how to use a translation for his Latin, and as the other boys had never heard of translations, and seemed to have no means of finding out about them, Paul stood high in his class. Dan, who was the largest and oldest boy in the third form, preferred, on the other hand, to sit at the foot of the class because it was nearest the door. Dan never lost this post of honor but once, when he was surprised into answering a question correctly. He had an arm like an easy-chair, which he frequently put round Paul when he was tired. At this period the Kelver family made a little money in the stock-market through tips contributed by Barbara, who continued friendly, though Hasluck withdrew his patronage when Paul's father called him a swindler and other hard names. About this time there was also a "second Mrs. Teidelmann," who wore black lace and was very rich. Paul's father looked after her business affairs, and this grieved his mother very much. There was a reconciliation, however, and both parents and the spinster aunt died in the tenth chapter.

Paul sank lower and lower. He tried law and the foreign commission trade, and even became "hopelessly, vulgarly drunk," and engaged to a girl with "red, rough hands," on which grew "one or two warts." Finally, Paul reached the depths of the comic-opera chorus, where he was recognized the very first night by Dan, who was sitting in a press seat. From that evening Paul's fortunes began to mend. With Dan he took apartments in the house of an "original old fellow, Deleglise, ... who for twenty years had made cooking his hobby." Deleglise had a daughter, Nora, who "snorted," and with whose gray eyes and frank manners Paul fell in love. He wrote stories and plays that made him famous and respected, in spite of an evil theatrical manager who stole a play and blamed it on Paul. Barbara became the Countess Huèscar, and the impression is conveyed that, somehow, it served her right. It is also given the reader to wonder, after closing the book on the domestic joys of Paul and Nora, why Mr. Jerome K. Jerome did not follow the excellent advice of an elderly gentleman who, meeting Paul casually on a park bench, whispered, "No man ever made money or fame but by writing his very best."—[*Dodd, Mead.*]

Short Tales of Egypt

MR. GILBERT PARKER has written fifteen strenuous tales of the Nile country, collected them between covers, with a frontispiece in color, and called the result *Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt*. It may safely be premised that Donovan Pasha, "Dicky Donovan—twenty-five 'and no mustache, pink-cheeked and rosy-hearted, and no white spots on his liver,'" is the hero of most of these tales. Dicky lives in modern Arabian Nights and delights in hair-breadth escapes. He can talk Arabic like a native, only better, skip his light way attired as an Egyptian dancing-girl into a ring of Mussulman conspirators, learn their secrets, escape and act on them. He always suspects the right persons, and at the nick of time catches them at their deviltry, to their own undoing. He prevents assassinations and rebellions against the Khedive, stops the spread of cholera, defies a Bluebeard of a Mudir at the door of his own harem, and convinces him that suicide with one of his discarded wives would create an amiable diversion the following morning, for thus only could her soul enter paradise. In short, Dicky with his aides and abettors, in their picturesque environment of Egyptian misery and British uniforms, all talking a jargon of Eastern names pieced out with English words, like spoiled Kiplings, is one of those charming heroes of fiction in whose triumphs we all rejoice, and by whose calamities we are not cast down, for we know they are temporary.—[*Appleton.*]

A Convincing Modern Fable

IN *The Right Princess*, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham has told a tale of love and faith-cure which will seem not too improbable to most of her readers, and to the remainder the record of a miracle and, therefore, not improbable at all. It chiefly concerns Frances Rogers, a young and pretty schoolmistress of Melrose, Massachusetts, her maiden aunt of *Mayflower* antecedents, and an English family cast for a summer on the shore of Long Island. The centre of this family is William Hereford, the heir to a title and an estate. "Up to the time he was twelve years of age he was as bright and normal as a child could be. Then he had scarlet fever very severely. His life was barely saved, and during his convalescence he had a terrible fall, after which he was unconscious for hours." The result was the undeveloped brain of a young lad in the body of a handsome and athletic youth of twenty-one. The satellites of this dead luminary are his father's sister, Miss Hereford, and his mother's brother, Maurice Burling. They have brought him to America for a change of scene and in the hope that his mind will awake in response to some congenial nature, but he repulses all strangers, and daily grows morose and violent. At this juncture Miss Graves, the schoolmistress's maiden aunt, answers Miss Hereford's advertisement for a housekeeper, obtains the situation, and, at the invitation of her employer, brings to the Long Island country-seat as her companion the niece whom she has brought up as a daughter. The aunt has the democratic instincts and fearlessness of the New England rural spinster, and the niece adds to these a modern education, a melodious voice, an ability to dress well, and a course in Christian Science in Boston. Overcome the geographical obstacles separating these persons, and the rest will be easy in the skilful hands of Mrs. Burnham, who has a keen sense of a good situation, an ability to depict characters clearly and vigorously, and a pretty facility for writing conversations that sound like human speech. The task thrust upon Frances Rogers is thus explained by Laura Jewett, a summer neighbor of the Herefords, whose mother had been a member of Frances's Christian Science class in Boston:

"It seems that the situation is something like that in an old fairy story. A princess is expected to break that spell that holds this unfortunate youth, and his guardians are travelling about the world in search of her."

Of course it is Frances's sympathetic and

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tactful words and manner that unfold the possibilities of the dormant mind, until the great boy drops his sullen demeanor with his beads and other toys, and awakes to the larger interests of life. With what gentleness and unselfish devotion Frances applied the doctrines of her faith to leading this groping mind out of the dark, Mrs. Burnham has graphically told. She has also indicated lightly the greater difficulties of converting Frances's aunt and her aunt's employers to her view. It was, perhaps, inevitable that the young Sir William Hereford—for he inherited the title during the progress of the story—should fall in love with his fair princess. It is, perhaps, not so inevitable in fiction, but more inherently probable in human life, that Frances should have loved, not the boy, but the man who most deeply loved her, the Maurice Burling of the story. How the uncle renounced his love in favor of the boy to whom he had learned to give up everything, and how he learned the truth and claimed his own; how Laura Jewett became Lady Hereford; and how the practical Miss Graves shed her Puritan traditions in the light of Christian Science—are convincingly told.—[*Houghton, Mifflin.*]

Our Lady of the Beeches

THIS is a delicious bit of fiction which has run a pleasant course for a few months in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The human nature of the tale is of the kind that makes the world agreeable to men and women whose refinement is perhaps a little exacting. The lady of the beeches is really a lady, although this statement may be received with surprise by those who have gained from other sources their impressions of ladies of the Austrian court, who sup with emperors and dance with royal highnesses; while the pessimist is a gentleman who, like a good many other laboratory pessimists, blooms into a large kind of chivalry under appropriate influences, or when, to use his own metaphor, the right kind of shadows dance upon him.

There is skilful art displayed by the Baroness von Hutten in developing the materialism and the askant look at life which is in the nature of the woman, who is first introduced to us as a dreamer in her forest, and, on the other hand, the spirituality which gushes from the man when the rock of his pessimism is touched by the woman's wand. The story begins with a letter written by the woman to the man from her beeches, where her spirituality so dominates her that she questions the truthfulness, even the sincerity, of the man's scientific theories, which have been set forth in a book which he has just published anonymously. The subtle woman has divined the man under the pessimist, and anonymity and yet mutual knowledge contribute the charm of the correspondence which follows, once the woman has broken the ice. The man blossoms quickly into a life of sentiment after his first protest against the suspicion expressed by his unknown correspondent, who, it seems to him, is especially deserving of chastisement for having forced upon him not only her criticism, but her misunderstanding of him.

"If," he writes, "there is one exasperating thing in the world to a man who has spent his best years looking down, deep down, into the recesses of life, seen things as they are, and detected their false coloring, as well as the deceit practised on the senses of this jabbering, stupid flock of sheep called mankind,—it is to be told that he does not really believe in what he has learned by years of hard work." This is in May, and the next March he is begging his still wilfully self-concealing friend to send him violets from her woods.

And she: "Do you, among your crucibles and tests, find the peace and rest that I do here under my great, quiet, understanding trees?" And this is also in the first May. In June he is begging her for a revelation of her identity, and declaring that, by reason of his scientific acumen, he knows her to be beautiful; while she repels him, and lapses into coquetry which suggests a cozy corner among cushions and tea things, and does not smell at all of primeval beeches or damp forest earth, for she not only declines to unmask, but mendaciously says that she is slightly cross-eyed and is cursed with large red ears. But in a little while she is telling him tales, somewhat musty, of London drawing-room morality; is appealing to him from the Mediterranean to advance money for her to an old servant's bad husband in America; and in a little more than a year is arousing his anger and jealousy by narrating to him the comic and horrifying proposal of an old friend that she elope with him from her husband.

The two meet for the first time, quite accidentally, in the weaving shadows of Maine woods, and of the lives of the old French servant and her singing, faithless, bad French husband. And yet, influential as beech-trees are on the fortunes of the lady and the gentleman, the woody delights of the book are those of the idealist who dreams by the firelight of the hearth rather than by that of the camp, and the book itself is for the contentment of the introspective hour at home.—[*Houghton, Mifflin.*]

Books and Authors

How did Marian Evans when she began to write fiction come to adopt the pseudonym "George Eliot"? The assumption has been that she chose "George" because that was Lewes's Christian name, and "Eliot," according to Mr. Cross, was "a good mouth-filling easily pronounced word." Mr. Clement Shorter, in the *Sphere*, recently ventured a more plausible and romantic reason. He has discovered that a British officer named George Donnithorne Eliot left Warwickshire for India when George Eliot was some seventeen years of age, that he returned more than once to England, and in 1854—just three years previous to the publication of *Scenes of Clerical Life*—he was drowned at Naini Tal in India. When we remember that Warwickshire was George Eliot's country, that Arthur Donnithorne is one of the principal characters in *Adam Bede*, the evidence would seem to point strongly to George Donnithorne Eliot as having provided the novelist with her famous *nom de guerre*, and with the name of one of her characters, if indeed it does not hint at an early sentimental relationship, long forgotten and buried in oblivion. Mr. Shorter, in presenting these facts, which he has unearthed, modestly admits that they may be mere coincidence, but the evidence is all in favor of their being true, and, if we accept them, they add at least an item of literary interest, if not of literary value, to our knowledge of George Eliot.

Mr. Shorter is not so successful in another George Eliot "find" which he submits. He prints the following undated letter—"not hitherto, I believe, published," he adds:

Have you, dear Patty, read any of T. Carlyle's works? He is a grand favorite of mine, and I venture to recommend to you his *Sartor Resartus*. His soul is a shrine of the brightest and purest philanthropy, kindled by the live coal of gratitude and devotion to the author of all things. I should observe that he is not orthodox.

The original letter (of which the above is only an extract) is dated "Foleshill, December 16, 1841," and appeared with three other extracts of early letters written by Miss Evans to a school friend, in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, Volume II., edited by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas J. Wise (1896). The touch in the last sentence of the letter is delightful, for Miss Evans had not yet begun to cast her mind loose from her own orthodox moorings. Another extract from one of these early and little known letters, written in April, 1845, six years before she met Lewes, reveals a premeditated attachment which went so far as to induce her to thoughts of marriage. She writes to the friend of her school days:

What should you say to my becoming a wife? Should you think it a duty to ascertain the name of the rash man that you might warn him from putting on such a matrimonial hair-shirt as he would have with me? I did meditate an engagement, but I have determined, whether wisely or not I cannot tell, to defer it, at least for the present.

If there was a romance in her life at this time, it has certainly escaped her biographers, as this is the only reference, so far as we have been able to ascertain, to be found anywhere to the contemplated marriage.

"How to become a novelist." That is the subject of a symposium by which an enterprising English editor has beguiled a number of famous novelists to contribute to the pages of his magazine. Mr. Neil Munro tells the beginner that he must be born a novelist; but that is only to confirm the would-be literary aspirant in his foolhardiness, for who that aspires to the fame of fiction does not believe himself a heaven-inspired genius? Mr. Max Pemberton insists on having "a story to tell," but that simply means that you must catch your fish before you eat it. Mr. William Le Queux, whom we have always admired as the most ingenious self-advertising novelist on top of the earth, writes the initial article, and, to say the least of it, he takes a very vulgar view of the novelist's calling. First, he says, in effect, study your public, find out what it wants, then give it to them. He lowers the standard of his profession to the level of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. It defines at once his own point of view and the cheap quality of his fiction. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, in recent memory through his dramatized "Miranda of the Balcony," protests: "Nor do I believe that popularity, and by that I mean a genuine and lasting popularity, is to be obtained by perpetually and deliberately aiming at it." Among other contributors who uphold the dignity of letters in fiction in taking a high standard for the making of a novelist are Mr. Quiller-Couch, "Lucas Malet," Mr. E. F. Benson, and Sir Gilbert Parker. In his flashing epigrammatic manner, Benjamin Swift sums the matter up in a sentence: "The best art is an affair of personalities; great art is not an echo, but an apocalypse." The presence of Mr. Benson among us serves to remind us that he has written several capital novels which still hold their place in the best fiction of recent years. *The Vintage* and *The Capsina* are historical romances of the Greek war of independence in 1820–1821; *The Princess Sophia, The Judgment Books, and Limitations* are stories of modern life, original in conceit and striking in execution.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

(A Satire)

By J. Storer Clouston

PART II

MONSIEUR MEETS MR. LUMME AND ENGAGES A VALET

I

"A FRIEND in need," say the English, "is a friend indeed." And who could be more in need of a friend than I at that moment? It was like the rolling up of London fog-banks and the smile of the sun peeping through at last. No longer was I quite alone in my exile. If you have ever wandered solitary through an unknown city, listened to a foreign tongue and to none other, eaten alien viands, fallen into strange misadventures, and all without a single friendly ear to confide your troubles to, you will sympathize with the joyous swelling of my heart as I faced my barrister at that luncheon. And he, I assure you—he was a very other person from the indifferent Englishman of the journey. The good heart was showing through, still obscured though



it was by the self-contained manner and the remnants of that suspicion with which every Briton is taught to regard the insinuating European.

I have already given you a sketch of his exterior: the smooth, fair hair, the ruddy cheek, the clear eye, and, I should add, the compressed and resolute mouth; also, not least, the admirable fit of his garments. Now I can fill in the picture. Name, to begin with, Richard Shafthead, younger son of honest Conservative baronet; eldest brother provided with an income, I gather; Dick with injunctions to earn one. Hence attendance at courts of justice, a respectable gravity of apparel, and that compression of the lips. In speech courteous upon a slight acquaintance, though without any excessive anxiety to please; on greater intimacy, very much to the point without regarding much the susceptibilities of his audience. Yet this bluntness was tempered always by good-fellowship, and sometimes by a smile; and beneath it flowed, deep down and scarcely ever bubbling into the light of day, a stream of sentiment that linked him with the poetry of his race. My friend Shafthead would have laughed outright had you told him this. Nevertheless, this secret is the skeleton in the respectable English cupboard. Your John Bull is an edifice of sentiment jealously covered by a boarding on which are displayed advertisements of pills and other practical commodities. It is his one fear lest any one should discover this preposterous and hideous erection is not the real building.

On that first afternoon of our acquaintance, I found Dick courteous before lunch, genial after (I took care to "make him proud," as the English say). I was perfectly frank, told him my true name, the plot that had miscarried, my flight to England—everything.

"And now," I said, "tell me, my friend, how to live as an Englishman. I do not mean to adopt the English mind, the English sentiment, but only to move in your world, so long as I must live in it. I want to see, I want to hear, I want to record my impressions and my adventures. As the time is not ripe to wield the sword, I shall wield the eyes and the pen. Also, I shall doubtless fall in love, and I should like to hunt a fox and shoot a pheasant."

We laughed together at this programme; in brief, we made a good beginning.

That afternoon we set out together to look for suitable apartments for myself, and by a happy chance we had hardly gone a hundred paces before we spied a gentleman approaching us whom Shafthead declared to be a veritable authority on London life; also a cousin of his own.

"But will he not be busy?" I inquired.

"Young devil," answered Shafthead, "it will serve to keep him out of mischief for an hour or two."

Thereupon I was presented to Mr. Teddy Lumme, a young gentleman of small stature, with a small, cheerful, clean-shaven dark face, and a large hat that sloped backwards and sideways towards a large collar. His elbows moved as though he were driving a cab, his boots shone brightly enough to serve for mirrors, his morning coat was cut in imitation of the "pink" of a huntsman, a large mass of variegated silk was fastened beneath his collar by a neat pearl pin; in a word, he belonged to a type that is universal, yet this specimen was unmistakably English. In age, I learned afterwards that he was just twenty-five, emancipated for little more than a year from the University of Oxford, and still enjoying the relief from the rigorous rules of that institution. No accusation of reticence to be made against Mr. Lumme! He talked all the time, cheerfully and artlessly.

"You want rooms?" he said. "Quelle chose? I mean, don't you know what kind? I don't know much French, I'm afraid. Oh, you talk English. Devilish glad to hear it. I say, Dick, you remember that girl I told you of? Well, it's just as I said. I knew, damn it all. What do you want to give?" (This to me.) "You don't care much? That simplifies matters."

In this way Mr. Lumme entertained us on our way, Shafthead regarding him with a half-amused, half-sardonic grin — of which his relative seemed entirely oblivious, while I enjoyed myself amazingly. I felt like Captain Cook or the gallant Marchand palavering with the chiefs of some equatorial state.

"I demand a cold bath and an English servant," I said. "Anything else characteristic you can add, but these are essential."

I do not know whether Lumme quite understood this to be a jest. He took me to three sets of apartments, and at each asked first to be shown the bath-room, and then the servant, after which he inquired the price, and whether a tenant was at liberty to introduce any guest at any hour. Finally, to end the story of that day, which began in jail and ended so merrily, I found myself the tenant of a highly comfortable set of apartments, with everything but the valet supplied, at an astonishingly high price.

"However," I said to myself, "it may be expensive, but it is better than ten years' transportation for burgling Fisher!"

II

I had left my hotel and settled in my apartments; the labels with Nelson Bunyan were removed from my luggage; I had been assured that so long as I remained on English soil I was safe. Next thing I must find a servant; one who should "know the ropes" of an English life. Lumme had promised to make inquiries for me, and I had impressed upon him that the following things were essential; in fact, I declared that without them I should never entertain an application for one instant:

First, he must be of such an appearance as would do me credit, whether equipped in the livery I had already designed for him, in the cast-off suits I should undoubtedly provide him with, or in the guise of an attendant at the chase or upon the moors. Then, that he must be honest enough to trust in the room with a handful of mixed change, sober enough to leave alone with a decanter, discerning enough to arrange an odd lot of sixteen boots into eight pairs; cleanly enough to pack collars without soiling them. Finally, he must be polite, obliging, industrious, discreet, and, if possible, a little religious—not sufficiently so to criticise my conduct, but enough to regulate his own.

I wrote this list down and handed it to the obliging Teddy.

"You will procure him by this afternoon?" I said.

"I know a man who keeps a Methodist footman in his separate establishment," answered Lumme, after a moment's reflection. "That's the kind of article you require, I suppose. If you get 'em too moral there's apt to be a screw loose somewhere, and if you get 'em the other thing, the spoons go. Well, I can't promise, but I'll do my best."

So this amiable young man departed; and I, to pass the time, walked into Piccadilly, and there took my seat upon the top of an omnibus to enjoy the sunshine and be for a time a spectator of the life in the streets. To obtain a better view I sat down on the front bench close to the driver's elbow, and we had not gone very far before this individual turned to me and remarked, with a cordiality that pleased me infinitely and a perspicacity that astonished me,

"Been in London long, sir?"

"You perceive that I am a stranger, then?" I asked.

"Well," said the man, as he cracked his whip and drove his lumbering coach straight at an orifice between two cabs just wide enough, it seemed to me, for a wheelbarrow, "I'm a observer, I am. When I sees that speckled tie droopin' from a collar of unknown horigin, and them rum kind of boots, I says to myself, 'a Rooshian, for 'alf a sovereign.' Come from Rooshia, sir?"

The man's *naïveté* delighted me.

"I belong to an allied power," I replied, wondering if his power of observation would enable him to decide my nationality now.

He seemed to debate the question as with an apropos greeting to each cabman his



'bus bumped them to the side and sailed down the middle of the street.

"Native o' Manchuria, perhaps?" he hazarded.

"Not quite; try again."

"Siberia?" he suggested next.

Seeing that either his imagination or my

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appearance confined his speculation to Asia, I told him forthwith that I was French.

"French?" he said. "Well, now, I'm surprised to 'ear it, sir. If you'll excuse me saying so, you don't look like no Frenchman."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I always thought they was little chaps, no bigger than a monkey. Why, you're as tall as most Englishmen."

Considering that my friend could not possibly have measured more than five feet two inches, and that I am five feet nine in my socks, I was highly diverted by this.



"Have you seen many Frenchmen?" I asked him.

"I knew one once," he replied, after a minute or two's thought and a brief interruption to invite some ladies on the pavement to enter his 'bus. "He was a waiter at the Bull's 'Ead, 'Ighbury. I drove a 'bus that way then, and there was a young lady served in the bar, him and me was both sweet on. Nasty, greasy little man 'e was,—meaning no reflection on you, sir. They couldn't make out where the fresh butter went, and when he'd left—which he 'ad to for kissing the missis when she wasn't 'erself, having 'ad a drop more than 'er usual—do you know what they found, sir?"

I confessed my inability to guess this secret.

"Why, he'd put it all on 'is beastly 'air,—two pounds a week, sir, of the very best fresh butter in 'Ighbury. Perhaps, sir, I've been prejudiced against Frenchmen in consequence."

I admitted that he had every excuse, and asked him whether my buttered compatriot had won the maiden's affections in addition to his other offences.

"No, sir," said he. "I'm 'appy to say she had more sense. More sense than to take either of us."

At this point my friend's attention was called to the exigencies of his profession, and I had an opportunity of studying more attentively this entertaining specimen of the cockney.

He was, as I have said, a very short man, from thirty to thirty-five years of age, I judged, red-cheeked and snub-nosed, with a bright, cheerful eye, and the most friendly and patronizing manner. Yet he was perfectly respectful and civil, despite the knowledge of my unfortunate nationality. In fact, it seemed his object to place me as far as possible at my ease, and enable me to forget for a space the blot upon my origin.

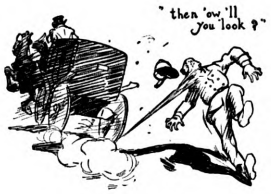
"There's some quite clever Frenchmen, I've 'eard tell," he said, presently. "That there 'ydrophia man, and Napoleon Bonyparty, in his way too, I suppose, though we don't think so much of 'im over 'ere."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"Well, sir," he explained, "we believes in a man 'aving his fair share of what's goin'. Like as if me and a friend goes into a public 'ouse and another gentleman he comes in, and he says, 'What's it going to be this time?' or, 'Name your gargle, gents,' or words to some such effec'; and we says, 'Right you are, old man,' and 'as a drink at his expense. Now it wouldn't be fair if I says to the young lady, 'I'll 'ave a 'ole bottle of Scotch whiskey, miss, and what I can't drink I'll take 'ome in a noospaper,' and I leaves 'im to pay for all that; would it, sir? Well, that's what Bonyparty done; 'e tried to get more nor his share o' what was goin' in Europe. Not that it affec's us much, we being able to take care of ourselves, but we don't like to see it, sir. That's 'ow it is."

All this time we had been going eastwards into the City of London, and now we were arrived at the most extraordinary scene of confusion you can possibly imagine. I should be afraid to say how many 'buses and cabs were struggling and surging in a small open space at the junction of several streets. Foot-passengers in hundreds bustled along the pavements or dived between the horses, and, immobile in the midst of it, the inevitable policeman appeared actually to be sifting this mob according to some mysterious scheme.

"Cheer—O!" cried my friend upon the box. "'Ow's the price o' lime juice this morning? That there's wot we calls The Bank, sir, where the Queen keeps 'er money, and the Rothschilds and the like o' them; guarded by seven 'undred of the flower o' the British army, it is, the hofficer bein' hinvariably a millionaire 'isself in case he's tempted to steal. Garn yerself, and git yer face syringed with a fire-'ose! You can't clean it no'ow else. The 'andsome hedifice to your right, sir, is the Mansion 'Ouse; not the station of that name, but the 'ome of the Lord Mayor; kind o' gove'nor of the City, 'e is; 'as a hextraordinary show of 'is own on taking that hoath of hoffice; people comes all the way from Halgiers and San Francisco to see it; camels and 'orses got up like chargers of the holden time, and men disguised so as their own girls wouldn't know 'em. Representing hart, hindustries, and hempire, that's their game. P'leeceman, them there bloomin' whiskers of yours will get mowed off by a four-wheel cab some day,



and then 'ow'll you look? Too bloomin' funny, am I? More'n them whiskers is, hinterfering with the traffic like that.

"Yes, sir, we 'as a rest 'ere for a few minutes; we ain't near at the end yet, though."

I shall leave it to your judgment to guess which of these remarks were addressed to me, and which to various of his countrymen in this vortex of wheels and human beings. For a few minutes he now sat at ease in a quieter street (though, my faith! no street in this City of London but would seem busy in most towns), apparently deliberating what topic to enter upon next. I say apparently deliberating, but on further acquaintance with my good "Halfred," as he called himself (the aspirated form of "Alfred" used by the cockney, Alfred being the name of England's famous monarch), I came to the conclusion that his mind never was known to go through any such process. What came first into his head flew straight to his tongue, till by constant use that organ had got into a state of unstable equilibrium, like the tongue of a toy mandarin that oscillates for five minutes if you move him ever so gently. In a word, Halfred was an inveterate chatterbox. Even had I been that very compatriot of mine who had so deeply and, I could not but admit, so justly roused his ire, he would, I am sure, have chattered just as hard.

By the time we were under way again and threading the eastern alleys of the City—for they are called streets only by courtesy—his tongue had started too, and he was talking just as hard as ever.

III

Out of the limits of this City of London we drove into the beginnings of the East. Not the Orient of the poet and the traveller, the land of the thousand and one nights, but the miles and miles of brick where some millions of Londoners pass an existence that ages me to think of. Picture to yourself a life more desolate of joys than the arctic, more crowded with fellow-



animals than any ant-heap, uglier than the Great Desert, as poor and as diseased as Job. Not even the wealthy there to gossip about and gape at, no great house to envy and admire, no glitter anywhere to distract, except in the music-halls of an evening. Yet they work on and do not hang themselves—poor devils!

But I grow serious where I had set out to be gay, and thoughtful when you are asking for a summersault. Worse still, I am solemn, sitting at the elbow of my cheerful Halfred.

That genial driver of the omnibus was not one whit depressed upon coming into this region; nor, to tell the truth, was I that morning, for I could only see the wide main road, very airy after the lanes of the City, and crowded with quite a different population. No longer the business man with shining hat, hands in pocket, quick step, and anxious face; no longer the well-dressed woman (business also, I imagine) hurrying likewise through the throng; no longer the jingling hansom; but, instead, the compatriot of the prophets, the costermonger with his barrow, the residue of Hungary and Poland, the pipe of the British workman, wains of hay on the midst of the road, drays and lorries and an occasional omnibus jolting at the sides; to be sure, there was life enough to look at.

As for my friend, his talk began to turn more upon his own private affairs. Apparently there was less around to catch his

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attention, and, as I have said, he had to talk, and so spoke of himself. As I sat on the top of that 'bus, listening with continuous amusement to his curious reminiscences and naif philosophy, I studied him more attentively than ever, for, as you shall



presently hear, I had more reason. His dress, I noticed, was neat beyond the average of drivers: a coat of box-cloth, once light yellow, now of various shades, but still quite respectable; a felt hat with a flat top, glazed to throw off the rain; a colored scarf around his neck, whether concealing a collar or not I could not say; and something round his knees that might once have been a rug, or a horse-cloth, or even a piece of carpet.

"Yus," said Halfred, meditatively, as he cracked his whip and urged his 'bus at headlong speed through a space in the traffic, "it's some rum changes o' luck I've 'ad in my day. My father 'e give me a surprisin' good eddication for a hembyro 'bus-driver, meaning me to go into the stevedore business in Lime'ouse basin, same as 'e was 'imself; but my 'ead got swelled a-talkin' to a most superior policeman what 'ad come down in the world, and nothing would satersfy me but mixin' in 'igh life. So our rector 'e gives me a hintroduction to a bloomin' aunt o' 'is in the country what wanted a boy in buttons, and into buttons I goes, and I says to myself, says I, 'Halfred, you're goin' to be a credit to your family, you are'; that's what I says. I often larf now a-thinkin' of it!"

He paused to blow his nose in a primitive but effective fashion, and smiled gently to himself at these recollections of his youthful optimism.

"How long did you remain in these buttons?" I asked him.

"Till I outgrowed them," said Halfred.

"And after that?"

"I was servant to a gentleman what hadvertised for a honest young man, hexperience bein' no hobject."

I asked him how he liked that.

"I was comfortable enough; that I can't deny," said Halfred.

"And why, then, did you leave?"

"The heverlastin' reason w'y I does most foolish things, sir. My 'eart is too suscepterble and the ladies' maid was too captivatin'. She wouldn't 'ave nothin' to do with me, so I chucks the 'ole thing up, and, says I, 'I'll be hinderpendent, I will.' 'Ence I'm drivin' a 'bus."

"Are you happy now?" I inquired.

"Well," said he, candidly, "I couldn't say as I was exactly *'umped;* but it ain't all bottled beer sittin' in this bloomin' armchair with your whiskers froze stiff and the 'orses' 'eads out o' sight in the fog. And there ain't much variety in it, nor much chance of becomin' a millionaire. Hoften and hoften I thinks to myself, 'What O for a pair o' trousers to fold and a good fire in the servants' 'all, and hinderpendence be blowed!'"

I think it was at this moment that an inspiration came into my head. It was rash, you will doubtless say; it was certainly sudden, but then, as perhaps you have discovered ere now, I am not the most prudent of men. This little, cheerful Halfred had taken my fancy enormously, and my heart was warmed towards him.

"Halfred," I asked, abruptly, "are you still an honest young man?"

"I 'ope so, sir," said he, with becoming modesty and evident surprise.

"And now are you experienced?"

"Well, sir," he said, "you've 'ad threepence worth o' this 'ere 'bus, and you 'aven't seed me scrape off no paint yet."

"But I mean, you are experienced in folding trousers, in packing shirts, in varnishing boots, in all the niceties of your old profession, are you not? You would do credit to a gentleman if he should engage you?"

Halfred looked at me sharply with a true cockney's suspicion of what he feared might be "chaff."

"You ain't a-pulling my leg, sir?" he inquired, guardedly.

"On the contrary, I am taking your hand, as an honest and experienced valet, Halfred."

"You know of a gentleman as wants one?" said he.

"I do," I answered, with conviction.

"It ain't yourself, sir?"

"It is," said I.

"Blimy!" exclaimed Halfred, in an amiable aside. "What about references?" said he.

"Oh, references; yes. I suppose you had better have some references," I replied; though, to tell the truth, I had not thought of them before.

He rubbed his chin with the back of his hand, and screwed his rosy face into a deliberative expression, while his eyes twinkled cheerfully.

"I don't mind 'aving a go at the job," he remarked, after a couple of minutes' reflection.

"Apply this evening," I said. "Bring a reference, if you have one, and I shall engage you, Halfred!"

For the rest of our journey together his gratitude and pleasure, his curiosity, and his qualms as to how much he remembered and how much he had forgotten of a manservant's duties, delighted me still further, and made me congratulate myself upon my discrimination and judgment.

We parted company among the docks and shipping of the very far east of London, and after rambling for a time by the busy wharves and breezy harbor basins, and marvelling again at the vastness and variety of this city, I mounted another omnibus and drove back to my rooms.

"A man to see you, sir," said the maid.

Could it be Halfred already?

No, it was a very different individual; a tall and stately man with a prim mouth and an eye of unfathomable discretion. He stood in an attitude denoting at once respect for me and esteem for himself, and followed me to my room upon a gently creaking boot.

"Well," said I, at a loss to know whether he came to collect a tax or induce me to order a coffin, "what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Lumme, sir," said he, in a mincing voice, "has informed me that you was requiring a man-servant. Enclosed you will find Mr. Lumme's recommendation."

He handed me a letter which ran as follows:

"DEAR MONSIEUR,—I have found the very man you want. He was valet to Lord Pluckham for five years, and could not have learned more from any one. Pluckham was very particular as to dress, and had many affairs requiring a discreet servant. He only left when P. went bankrupt, and has had excellent experience since. Been witness in two divorce cases, and is highly recommended by all; also a primitive Wesleyan by religion, and well educated. You cannot find a better man in London, nor as good, I assure you. His name is John Mingle. Don't lose this chance. I have had some trouble, but am glad to have found the very article.

Yours truly,

EDWARD LUMME."

This was a pretty dilemma! The industrious and obliging Lumme had found one jewel, and in the mean while I had engaged another. I felt so ungrateful and guilty that I was ashamed to let my good Teddy discover what I had done. So, instead of telling Mr. Mingle at once that the place was filled, I resolved to find him deficient in some important point, and decline to engage him on those grounds. Easier said than done!

"Your experience has been wide?" I asked, looking critical and feeling foolish.

"If I may say so, sir, it has," said he, glancing down modestly at the hat he held in his hands.

"You can iron a hat?" I inquired, casting round in my mind for some task too heavy for this Hercules.

He smiled with, I thought, a little pity.

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"Can you cook?"

"I have hitherto stayed at houses where separate cooks were kept," said he, "but if we should happen to be a-camping out in Norway, sir, there isn't nothing but French pastry I won't be happy to oblige with—on a occasion, that's to say, sir."

Not only were Mr. Mingle's accomplishments comprehensive, but he evidently looked upon himself as already engaged by me. Internally cursing his impudence, I asked next if he could sew.

"At a pinch, sir," said he. "That is," he added, correcting this vulgar expression, "if the maids is indisposed, or like as if we was on board your yacht, sir, and there was no hother alternative."

"We" again; and it seemed Mr. Mingle expected me to keep a yacht!

Could he load and clean a gun, saddle a



horse, ride a bicycle, oil a motor-car, read a cipher, and manage a camera? Yes; in the absence of the various officials which "our" establishment maintained for these purposes, Mr. Mingle would be able and willing to oblige. Moreover, he talked with a

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beautiful accent, and only very occasionally misused an aspirate; and there could be no doubt he would make an impressive appearance in any livery I could design. Even as a Pierrot he would have looked dignified. On what pretext could I reject this paragon?

"Can you drive an omnibus?" I demanded at last, with a flash of genius.

This time Mr. Mingle looked fairly disconcerted.

"Drive a *homnibus!*" said he. "No, sir; my position and prospects have always been such that I am happy to say I have never had the opportunity of practising."

I shook my head.

"I am afraid," I said, "that you won't suit me, Mingle. It is my amusement to keep a private omnibus."

"Oh, private!" said Mr. Mingle, as though that might make a difference.

But quickly I added:

"It is painted and upholstered just like the others. In fact, I buy them second-hand when beyond repair. Also, I take poor people from the workhouse for a drive. And you must drive it in all weathers."

That was the end of Mr. Mingle. In fact, I think he was glad to find himself safely out of my room again, and what he thought of my tastes, and even of my sanity, I think I can guess.

That evening my friend Halfred appeared, bringing a testimonial to his honesty and sobriety from the proprietor of the stables, and a brief line of eulogy from the official who collected the pence and supplied the tickets upon his own 'bus. This last certificate ran thus. I give it exactly as it stood:

"certtifieing alfred Winkes is 1 of The best obligging and you will find him kind too animils yours Sinseerly P. Widdup."

As Halfred explained to me, this was entirely unsolicited, and Mr. Widdup, he was sure, would feel hurt if he learned that it had not been presented.

"You can tell him," I said, "that it has secured the situation for you."

I had just told him that I should expect him to begin his duties upon the following morning, and he was inspecting my apartment with an air of great interest and satisfaction, when there came a knock upon the door, and in walked Mr. Teddy Lumme himself. He was in evening dress, covered by the most recent design in top-coats and the most spotless of white scarfs. On his head he wore a large opera-hat, tilted at the same angle, and on his feet small and shiny boots.

"Hullo!" said he. "Sorry. Am I interrupting? Came to see if you'd booked Mingle. I suppose you have."

"A thousand thanks, my friend, for your trouble," I replied, with an earnestness proportionate to my feeling of compunction. "Mingle was indeed admirable, exquisite. In fact, he was perfect in every respect save one."

"What's that?" said Teddy, looking a little surprised.

"He could not drive an omnibus."

I am afraid my friend Teddy thought that I was joking. He certainly seemed to have difficulty in finding a reply to this. Then an explanation struck him.

"You mean what we call a coach," he suggested. "Thing with four horses and a toot-toot-toot business—post-horn, we call it. What?"

"I mean an omnibus," I replied. "The elegant, the fascinating British 'bus. But here I have found a man who can drive one. This is my new servant, Halfred Winkes."

Lumme stared at him, as well he might, for Mr. Halfred cut a very different figure from the grave, polished, quietly attired Mingle.

To produce the very best impression possible, he had dressed himself in a suit of conspicuously checkered cloth, very tight in the leg and wide at the foot, and surmounted by a very bright blue scarf tightly knotted round his neck. In his buttonhole was an artificial tulip; in his pocket a wonderful red and yellow handkerchief. His ruddy face shone so brightly that I shrewdly suspected his friend Widdup had scrubbed it with a handful of straw, and he held in his hand, pressed against his breast, the same shiny water-proof hat beneath which he drove the 'bus.

"Left your last place long?" asked Lumme of this apparition.

"Gave 'em notice this arternoon, sir," said Halfred.

"Who were you with?"

"London General," replied Halfred.

"A London general?" said Teddy.



"Sounds all right. He gave you a good character, I suppose?"

"The very best," I interposed.

"Well," said Lumme, dubiously, "I hope you'll turn out all right, and do my friend, the monsieur here, credit."

As he turned to go, he added to me, aside: "Rum-looking chap, he seems to me. Keep an eye on him, I'd advise you. Personally, I'd have chosen Mingle, but o' course you know best. Good-night."

And I was left with the faithful Halfred.

To be Continued.

The County Fair

I

THE GIANT OX

In tent apart he stands,
Circled with hushing straw.
He knows his height of hands;
He knows he has no flaw.

Like some divinity
In temple luminous—
Oh, who could speak while he
In silence looks on us!

See how his horns so wide
Bear ribbons blue and red!
See how his satin hide
In grand designs is spread!

And, lo! his head he throws
For bellowing, but yields
To human laws he knows,
And thinks upon the fields.

II

THE BALLOON

Here in this sunny open place
The mighty thing is born.
It rises in this charmèd space—
It was not here at morn.

Behold the people standing round
In hushed solemnity!
They see it yearning from the ground,
They feel its agony.

What fierce desire pants inside?
An elephant it mocks!
With creasèd, thunder-colored hide,
See how it sways and rocks!

Its awful back above the trees
Blots out the landscape fair!
Its forehead strikes the waiting breeze
And greets the upper air.

Oh, from its harness let it rise!
I cannot bear its pain!—
And now it soars into the skies,
Never to come again.

III

THE HUNCHBACK CLOWN

A little platform in the shade
Upholds him well to view.
His loud-voiced master's call is made,
The girls have danced, the fiddles played,
He has his work to do.

Through ghastly paint of bitter mirth
His quiet face looks out.
His jokes are older than the earth,
And when of these he has a dearth
He turns his back about.

Oh, gentle martyr of a smile,
The tears are in my eyes
To see thy patience to beguile
The hungry world to joy awhile
Upon thy sacrifice!

IV

THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER

Oh high, oh high,
Against the sky,
From out the branches green,
Stepping with care
Upon the air,
His lovely form is seen.

So jewel-bright,
So fair and light!
His supple feet are strong.
Free he may swing,
For see them cling
And creep and creep along.

Keen are his joys
Of perfect poise,
His dizzy path he knows.
He stops half-way
His trick to play,
Then gayly onward goes.

Oh, longed-for trees
Reach out and seize
Him safe, with thanks profound!
The heavens were his!
How strange it is
To see him on the ground!

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The Revolution in Venezuela

By Richard Harding Davis

See page 1392

APPARENTLY nothing is so irregular nor so haphazard as the manner in which the Presidents of Venezuela succeed one another. But, as a matter of history, the recipe for making a President of that country is as clearly defined as is that for concocting a Spanish omelet. The ingredients for the making of a President are several years of hard fighting in the field helping to make some other man President; money, loaned openly by ambitious backers who want cabinet positions, or secretly by hard-headed business men up North who want concessions; six months of propaganda from the islands of Curaçoa and Trinidad; a tramp-steamer to land arms and ammunition; and the capture of Barcelona, Maracaibo, Valencia, La Guayra, and Caracas, in the order named. Ten years ago I made my first visit to Venezuela, and the last one this summer. In the years between, having a great liking for the country and a great belief in her future, I followed the coming and passing of her Presidents, and found that the triumphal march of each was made over the same route, and that each gained his inheritance by almost the same methods. These methods were seldom legal; most frequently the Palace was won by much bribery and much bloodshed, but it was always attained by following certain rules as fixed as those of chess.

Before this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY appears those now in revolution in Venezuela may have driven Castro from the Capitol, but this article will serve just as well to describe the fortunes of the man who succeeds him. His name may be Matos or Andrade, or he may be that one of their generals who is so fortunate as to first enter Caracas. No matter which he may be, it is safe now to wager that within a month after Castro is driven forth, Castro himself, or some other one of the "outs," will have begun a fresh revolution, and that within a year the man who succeeds Castro will be in open flight.

These revolutions invariably start from the same places—the islands of Curaçoa and Trinidad. And as before a Presidential campaign in this country our politicians take up their abode in the two hostelries which have always been the headquarters of their parties — the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hoffman House—so the Venezuelan who aspires to be President repairs to certain hotels of Curaçoa and Port of Spain. A revolution which did not begin either at the Hotel Del Commercio or at the Queen's Park Hotel would be foredoomed to failure.

Having secured a suite in one of these hotels, the aspirant for the Presidency follows the other traditional moves of his predecessors, and if he follows them successfully to a certain point, the people will swing to his side. By experience they know that if he has made the first five or six moves correctly, a checkmate is inevitable, and the cities fall before him. What would happen if a revolutionist omitted Barcelona and Maracaibo from his list, and in the first place attacked La Guayra out of her turn, it is difficult to imagine. Doubtless a campaign conducted in a manner so irregular would lose him the popular favor. A Venezuelan likes the new President, when he "swings around the circle," to bombard the cities he visits in the order of their importance. He would not consider a President who entered Caracas without first capturing the smaller cities as having been legally installed.

When I last was in Venezuela the members of the government were uncertain as to which among the leaders of the revolution was the real aspirant for the Presidency. Some said it was Andrade, who was at Curaçoa, and others declared it was Matos, who was at the Queen's Park in Trinidad. Those who believed that Matos was the real leader were the more decided in their opinion. They argued that Matos must be the man, because it had been announced that he was working heart and soul for Andrade. To those who knew Matos this seemed to be proof positive that Matos was working for Matos. The game had passed the propaganda stage, the landing of arms and ammunition stage, and the next move was against the first city on the list, Barcelona, which the revolutionists had besieged. So, with three hundred government troops we were hurried down the coast on George Gould's former yacht, the *Atalanta*, now the gunboat *Restaurador*, to re-enforce the beleaguered city. Hardly a dozen among the soldiers on board came from the towns or cities; nearly all were Indians from the farm lands and ranches. In times of peace the Indian has no vote in the affairs of the government, but in time of war it is he who is always forced to do the fighting. The Indians form the peasant class, and have not the least interest in either Conservative or Liberal. Many of them do not know even the names of the men for whom they fight. They are recruited by what are virtually the press-gangs of each side from their farms, while they are passing along the trail, when on a market-day they venture into the towns. They are called "volunteers," but the nature of their enlistment is best illustrated by the familiar message of the recruiting-officer to his President: "I send you two hundred loyal volunteers. Please return the lariats with which they are bound, as I shall need them for the next lot." When a battle begins these volunteers are shoved at each other, and fight, not for any cause, not for glory, but to prevent being killed. No surgeons nor nurses are provided for them should they be wounded, and often when a battle is lost their leaders desert them, and leave them to find their way home, sometimes through hundreds of miles of swamp and jungle. I asked one officer if it were always customary to kill the wounded. "Oh no," he said. "If I see a wounded man who comes from my part of the country, I often tell my men to spare him."

It is the fashion of the newspaper paragrapher to be cheaply humorous at the expense of these revolutions, but they are much more serious than he and the people of the United States recognize. The number of these Indians killed in a year of revolution runs up into the thousands. The English consul-general to Colombia, who is in the way of obtaining correct information from his friends on both sides of the revolution, tells me that within the last two years ten thousand men have been killed in action, or have died of their wounds or of fever. In casualties, that causes our war with Spain to seem like a skirmish. And what makes the loss the more sad is that the men are sacrificed for no great principle, nor national gain, but only to satisfy the greed and ambition of some political chief. The political chieftains themselves take few chances. Sometimes, as in the case of Crespo, men who would enjoy the spoils are killed; but as a rule, the leaders treat each other with mutual consideration. In Venezuela the practice of shooting your political opponent against the church wall has "gone out." The politicians recognize that while one day they may be in power, they are liable to be without it the next, and that promiscuous shooting of your opponents will lead to reprisals. The dead may not be able to make them, but in a country full of men who are revolutionists by profession the supply can never be largely decreased even by execution. So nowadays the etiquette is to shoot only the common soldiers, and to send the leading men opposed to you into exile or into jail. Mr. Barcelow, the brilliant young son-in-law of President Castro, told me that in even his short life he had always been either in office or in jail. It is entirely a game of give and take between the politicians, and apparently the leaders bear each other no ill-will. That is what makes their indifference to the sufferings of the "plain people," whose business is ruined, whose farms are devastated, and who give their lives for their leaders, so intolerable.

When I arrived at Caracas I found a former friend had been working against the President, and was at Maracaibo in jail, and I expressed my concern to a lieutenant of Castro's who had sent him there.

"Let me see," he said, considering, "the Maracaibo jail. Oh, that is a very pleasant jail. When I was there I was quite happy. All day I played dominoes. When my party came in, I was made a consul-general."

President Castro has had but little chance to show how wisely he might govern Venezuela, for almost continuously since he fought his way to Caracas he has had to fight to remain there. Personally he appealed to the writer very strongly. He is a vigorous, alert little man, a fighter of the Funston type, and a great admirer of our own President. He told me that if he were out of office, and the United States should get into war with a foreign power, he was coming North with a regiment of rough-riders of his own to offer his sword to Roosevelt.

Accompanying this article are photographs the writer took in President Castro's official residence, which is called "Mira Flores," but which Madame Castro said should be called "Many chimney-pots," because, as it overlooks the city, one sees more red-tiled roofs than flower-beds. Following the architecture of the country, it is built around a *patio*, or court, and out of deference to the earthquakes it has one room, which cost ten thousand dollars, which is entirely constructed of steel, and into which, in case of an earthquake, the President and his family are supposed to take refuge. But when the earthquake did come every one forgot the steel room, and ran out into the street. It is the most magnificent building in Venezuela, and about the only private house which is furnished with running water and bath-rooms. General Crespo built it, and it is purposely situated sufficiently near to the railroad terminus to enable the President to escape to La Guayra before the incoming President has crossed the iron bridge on the road from Valencia. At the present time all business in Caracas is at a standstill. It is a sleeping city, filled with beggars and hungry country folk who have fled from the desolated farm lands. The public buildings are dilapidated, the streets uncared-for, the grass grows rank in the plazas. Trade is dead, money is not safe, and the most valuable concessions are as worthless as the promised fortunes of a dream-book. This state of affairs will continue until Castro suppresses the revolution or is himself suppressed. The people seem to have no pronounced desire for either alternative; all they want is peace. Until that comes the interests of all foreigners, if not actually jeopardized, are threatened. As pointed out in a late number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, the burden of responsibility for the disorders in Venezuela rests heavily upon the United States. We permit no foreign power to regulate that "distressful country," and yet we hesitate to assume the right to keep it in order. Europe contends that if by the Monroe doctrine and our navy we forbid any

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foreign power to interfere in the affairs of our sister republics, it is only right that we should see that the interests of foreign powers in those countries are not endangered. There seems much justice in the contention. Probably when the Panama Canal is built and our acquaintance with the methods of the politicians of Colombia and Venezuela becomes more intimate, our right to interfere in these disturbed countries will become more selfishly apparent. The Venezuelan does not seem capable of developing the truly wonderful riches of his own great country—a country with an area as large as France, Spain, and Portugal, and we will allow no other country to colonize or "protect" it. He cannot keep it in order, and we allow no one else to keep it in order for him. So the only way out, unless these Central-American countries are to continue to be a scandal among nations and a menace to commerce, would seem to be for the United States to declare them bankrupt and to appoint itself receiver.

The Soo's Great Power Canal

THE largest power canal in the world has just been completed at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, preliminary to the operation of new gigantic industries. This stupendous power will enable the United States Steel Corporation to halt its whalebacks, conveying 20,000,000 tons of iron ore to the furnaces of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and reduce the produce at the very doors of the mines. Here, too, gigantic Bessemer steel works and wood-pulp mills are to make second in size such industries elsewhere. In the water-power development at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, is realized the utilization of the natural force inherent in the waters of Lake Superior as they flow out over a sandstone rock ledge about half a mile long, half a mile wide, with a fall of twenty feet.

Lake Superior covers an area of some 30,000 square miles, fed from a water-shed many times greater, the Sault Rapids being its only outlet. The quantity of water discharged fluctuates, with the varying conditions of precipitation and evaporation, from about 3,600,000 to 7,000,000 cubic feet per minute, which, rushing over the Sault Rapids, represents an equivalent of from 130,000 to 260,000 horse-power.

Just south of the western entrance to the United States Ship-Canal lies the intake to the power canal, some 950 feet wide.

The total distance of the constructed waterway is about 13,000 feet, the width from the expanded intake entrance becoming gradually 200 feet, excavated to such a level that, when the full scope of the power for which the works are erected is being used, water will flow at a uniform depth of 25 feet.

The entire construction of the canal has been carried on with a view to render it of the greatest efficiency as regards its possibilities of delivering the energy of the water, and everlasting in shape and durability. Throughout the intake the sides of the canal are retained by timber cribs securely placed and framed, rendering the sides of the waterway smooth and permanent, the timber construction being continued to just below water, and covered with masonry construction; the canal sides through the rock formation are channelled out vertically, its walls and bed being smooth; all defects in stratification are remedied by masonry construction, of which the embankments also consist.

The flow area of the canal differs with its different sections. The water will flow 25 feet deep through the entire canal, and when the full plant is running, the velocity of the flow will be about four and a half miles an hour, which would deliver, approximately, 30,000 cubic feet of water every second to the turbines, realizing under the flow which will remain available, after making proper deductions for loss while the water is carried throughout the conduit, about 60,000 horse-power.

The conduit terminates at the power-house, which performs the function of a dam, in which water-wheels are so placed that the only escape for the water to the lower level is through them.

The equipment consists of hydraulic and electric apparatus; each hydraulic unit is composed of four 33-inch New American turbines, arranged in two pairs on one shaft, each pair being housed in one case and discharging into one draught tube; the installation is of the horizontal, tandem type, the shaft and operating rigging penetrating the steel-plate bulkhead, and coming out on the dynamo floor side. Each hydraulic unit, under normal conditions, equals 568 horse-power.

The quantities of material, etc., involved in the construction of these works consist of 1,250,000 cubic yards of rock and 3,000,000 cubic yards of sand excavated and dredged, the material all being utilized in reclaiming lands under water, the property of the operating company; 3,500,000 lineal feet of piles driven; 170,000 tons of concrete and monolithic blocks; 90,000 cubic yards of sandstone masonry; 32,000 square yards of dry sandstone pavement; 260,000 barrels of cement used in all masonry; 24,000 square feet of iron roofing.

Two hundred and sixty acres of land were reclaimed during the construction, being filled in with the excavated material; 2800 lineal feet of navigation docks were built; 22 miles of rails were laid and operated. The excavation was carried on with an equipment of 8 steam-shovels, 24 locomotives, 350 four-yard dump-cars, all work being carried on night and day, excepting Sundays.

The approximate cost of the entire right of way, canal, power-house, equipment, docks, and appurtenant works, developing 57,000 horse-power, is about $4,000,000.

The Professional Woman's League

FOR two weeks, beginning October 6, the Madison Square Garden will be the scene of what will probably be the most remarkable enterprise ever controlled by women. This is a mammoth exhibition in which men will have no part, except as spectators. Every detail of the exhibition will be under feminine management; all the work will be done by women, and every position, even to that of coachman and policeman, will be filled by a woman. The affair will be under the auspices of the Professional Woman's League of New York.

The enormous area of the Madison Square Garden will be entirely given over to the needs of the exhibition. On the main floor will be seventy-two booths devoted to the displaying of articles of every sort, made by and for women, in process of manufacture. Surrounding the main floor will be the booths of all nations, comprising not only those typifying such countries as France, England, and Russia, but those of less importance, but not less interest, as, for instance, Turkey and Porto Rico. There will be twenty-four of these booths, each so constructed and furnished that it will give the best possible idea of the country it represents. Thus Japan will be typified by a bamboo house similar to those occupied by a middle-class family in one of the large cities. On the gorgeously decorated balconies will be native musicians, and within the house a Japanese family will pursue their usual avocations. The picturesque details of a Constantinople harem will represent Turkey; a Dutch home at Rotterdam will typify Holland; and Egypt will be shown by the reproduction of a bazar at Cairo.

Directly back of this street of nations, which is to be built on a platform extending over the present row of boxes, will be another trade exhibit—that of completed articles of every nature. It will include clothing, bric-à-brac, household utensils and furnishings, musical instruments, etc. Along the wall adjoining this exhibit will be hung the examples of the fine arts, while the educational display and the museum will be provided for in close proximity to the paintings and statuary.

In the basement of the Garden will be located the "Amusement Section," which in this case will take the form of a "Street in Venice." As visitors enter this section confetti will be handed them, and in throwing this confetti they may imitate the joyous pastimes of the participants in the Italian carnivals. The general effect of the old architecture, the glow of light, the quaint shops, and the picturesquely clad people, such as a traveller sees on a gala-day in Venice, will be closely copied here. Artificial bridges, boulevard cafés, sidewalk shops, and many other attractions of a like nature will appeal to the visitor. Orchestras will be numerous, and music and mirth will be everywhere.

In separate rooms in the building will be an exhibit by the Red Cross Society, and a reproduction of a Shaker settlement, with its quaint houses and church.

It is possible to gain some idea of the magnitude of this enterprise from the knowledge that 3500 employees will be required to carry out the details. Of this number one-half will come under the direct control of those in charge of the exhibition; the others being employed in the booths and by holders of privileges. All of those actively engaged around the Garden will be suitably costumed—police, ushers, cashiers, and miscellaneous employees all having trim and stylish uniforms. Music, aside from that in the booths, will be furnished by the Helen May Butler Band of fifty women, and the Fadette Orchestra of sixty instruments—all played by women also.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear:
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.
—*Tennyson.*

We may be happy in privation and suffering if simply we can accept beauty. I won't say expel the passions, but keep passion sober, a trotter in harness.
—*George Meredith.*

We are all discoverers and inventors, discoverers and inventors of thousands of things—things that have been discovered and invented thousands of times.
—*Richard Arthur.*

Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise:
Then be a fool of virtue, not of vice.
—*Persian dictum.*

There are only three classes of men that we in general have no patience with—superiors, inferiors, and equals.—*Landor.*

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Tercentenary of the Bodleian

By Oxoniensis

See page 1391

THE University of Oxford celebrated, in the autumn of 1902, the tercentenary of the famous Bodleian Library, which first opened its doors to students on November 8, 1602. Oxford is not usually given to the keeping of centenaries, or the city of towers and spires, which is "half as old as Time," would be kept in a state of festival. There had been, of course, a university library in Oxford long before Thomas Bodley came to his splendid resolve "to set up his staff at the library door in Oxon." But though there was a library, there were in his day no books. Oxford in 1550 had suffered a visitation from certain royal commissioners, appointed by the boy King, Edward VI., "for the calling out of all superstitious books, as missals, legends, and the like," and they had come down to Oxford and worked havoc in Duke Humphrey's library, which stood over the Divinity School. Priceless manuscripts which "the good duke"—the Mæcenas of his age, who, in the middle of the fifteenth century, had been one of the very first to introduce into England the new humanism of Italy—had collected and given to his old university were wantonly destroyed. They were condemned at a hazard if they contained a single rubricated initial, and the vellum on which they were written is said to have been sold to tailors for measuring their customers. The library was stripped absolutely bare. Five years later not a volume remained—one may suspect, indeed, that there was much unauthorized looting under cover of the visit of the commissioners—and the university, instead of facing the situation and building up the library anew, actually appointed a committee of "venerable men" to sell at auction even the empty bookshelves, with the chains and benches.

Such was the condition of the university library when Thomas Bodley was in residence at Oxford, first as an undergraduate, and later as a Fellow of Merton and Public Orator of the University. Bodley was a typical Elizabethan Englishman, scholar and man of affairs combined. When he left Oxford in 1566 he travelled on the Continent for four years, and then returned to be Gentleman Usher to Queen Elizabeth and to learn diplomacy from Burleigh and Essex. He was sent to The Hague as British minister in 1588, experienced, like all his contemporaries, the frowns as well as the smiles of the imperious Queen, and in 1597 determined to quit public life. And then, to quote his own words, "I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that I could not busy myself to better purpose than in reducing that place to the public use of students." From that date down to his death in 1613 he lived only for his library. It occupied his thoughts and his energies day and night. On it he lavished his private fortune and his wife's—for he had married the widow of a rich Bristol merchant—he pressed all his powerful friends into the good cause, and his agents ransacked the Continent for manuscripts, visiting the cities of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy.

The university authorities gladly helped his project. Merton College supplied the timber for reroofing and refurnishing Duke Humphrey's glorious hall, and this remains to-day exactly as the workmen left it, only mellowed and darkened with age. When at length all was ready in 1602 there were two thousand volumes chained to the shelves, and the vice-chancellor, at the head of a procession of heads of houses and doctors of divinity, declared the building open with due academical pomp. The number of volumes rapidly increased. Bodley provided a gorgeous folio vellum register in which the names of benefactors were inscribed, and one of the first to be inscribed thereon was that of Sir Walter Raleigh, who gave a donation of £50, and was instrumental in acquiring for the Bodleian the library of Osorius, a Portuguese bishop, which had been looted by Essex a few years previously during a raid on the Portuguese coast. Possibly, if the truth were known, some of the other early benefactions were equally shady. One of the most valuable of the Bodleian's treasures is a manuscript service book of Bishop Leofric of Exeter, written in the time of Edward the Confessor. This, with eighty other manuscripts, was given to the Bodleian by Bodley's brother, who was a canon of Exeter Cathedral, but history is silent as to what authority he had to give away books belonging to the dean and chapter.

In 1604 Bodley was knighted by James I., who issued letters patent authorizing the library to be named after its founder, and licensing the university to hold lands in mortmain for its maintenance. In the same year the King visited the library in state, and expressed his unbounded delight. "If I was not King James," said the royal pedant, "I would be a university man"; and then, after the fashion of his age, he indulged in some high-flown language about the "sweet captivity" of books which lay in such a delectable prison. In high good-humor James remarked that Bodley would have been better named "Godly," and graciously told him that he might take from the royal libraries any volumes which the Bodleian did not happen to possess. The only fruit of this typically Stuart promise was a sumptuously bound folio copy of the King's own writings! Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with this royal visit was the statement of Dr. James, the librarian, that the library contained books in thirty languages, and that it was already frequented by Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Danes, Poles, and Swedes. In other words, two years after its foundation, its fame was known on the Continent of Europe. In 1610 the eastern wing of the library was built, and Bodley bequeathed his fortune, on his death, towards the completion of the western gallery and the quadrangle which is now called after his name. He left not a penny to his family, and one of his adverse critics did not scruple to write that "he was so drunk with the applause and vanity of his library that he made no conscience to rob Peter to pay Paul." But his relations' loss has been Oxford's gain. One word more of Bodley, and we may pass to subsequent happenings. It was Sir Thomas Bodley who, in 1611, obtained an agreement from the Stationers' Company—in return, it is said, for a hundred pounds' worth of plate—that they should send to the Bodleian a copy of every printed book entered at their hall. Never was a hundred pounds better invested. That contract is still operative, though it is now embodied in subsequent copyright acts, and an ever-increasing stream of new books has steadily flowed from London to Oxford.

The history of three hundred years cannot be compressed into the narrow limits of this paper, but mention may be made of a few of the more interesting facts. There is a well-known story of Charles I. visiting the library in 1642, prior to the outbreak of the civil wars, in the company of the young and brilliant Lord Falkland. The tale runs that his Majesty called for a copy of Virgil, and consulted the oracle of the "Sortes Virgilianæ" by opening the volume at random and pricking with a pin the passage upon which his glance fell. It fell, to the King's dismay, upon the ominous line in Dido's passionate imprecation against Aeneas,

Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena
(Let him fall before his time and lie unburied on the strand.)

Learning at Oxford does not seem to have flourished greatly in the latter half of the seventeenth and throughout the major portion of the eighteenth century. Even in 1714 there were but 30,000 printed volumes and 6000 manuscripts in the library, only double the number there had been in 1620. The registers show that from 1730–40 whole days passed without a single book being issued to readers. Some of the librarians, who usually were clerks in holy orders, paid but little attention to their duties. The doors were rarely opened at the proper time, and not infrequently were kept shut all day, if the librarian had private business to attend to. There is a significant letter extant written by the librarian in 1789 to the rector of Lincoln College, who—contrary to the statutes—had borrowed Captain Cook's *Voyages*, telling him that the longer he kept it the better, or he would be "perpetually plagued with inquiries after it." And there is still preserved among the curiosities of the Bodleian a scrap of paper which an angry student in 1806 affixed to the door, which he had found shut. On it in Greek was the sentence, "Woe unto you that have taken away the key of knowledge." The more valuable books continued to be chained to the shelves until 1757; a dozen years later nineteen hundredweight of chains were sold as old iron.

The records show that at certain periods the most extraordinary carelessness prevailed. For example, the first folio (1623) edition of Shakspere appears in the catalogue of 1635. But in the catalogue of 1674 only the third folio of 1664 is mentioned. The inference, therefore, is that when the new 1664 edition was received from Stationers' Hall, the librarian gave away the earlier copy as useless, and it was not until 1821, when Malone's bequest was received, that the Bodleian again possessed this treasured volume. Even more remarkable is the treatment accorded to the autograph copy of the Latin poem which John Milton sent to his friend, the Librarian Rouse. This was thrown into a rubbish pile by one of Rouse's successors, Hudson, from which his friend, Crynes, was invited to help himself. Luckily, Crynes was too devout a Royalist to accept a book of Milton's, and so this unique volume was swept with a heap of other books into a dark hole underneath a staircase, where it gathered dust for more than a century.

Despite carelessness and neglect, however, the Bodleian continued to grow. The parcels of books from Stationers' Hall kept constantly arriving, and, even when learning was at its lowest ebb in Oxford, there were great scholars, book-collectors, and antiquarians who continued to enrich the Bodleian with priceless bequests. The example of Archbishop Laud and John Selden, the most munificent benefactors of the seventeenth century, was followed in the middle of the eighteenth by the nonjuring bishop, Richard Rawlinson, who left no fewer than 4800 manuscripts, while early in the nineteenth century, when a new spirit came over the authorities, the library secured the two thousand manuscripts of the Venetian Jesuit, Canonici, for £5000, and the bequest of the magnificent Gough and Douce collections in 1809 and 1834. Since then the Bodleian has kept abreast—so far as the comparative poverty of its revenue permits—of the best learning of the age.

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Henry Labouchere

By Sydney Brooks

DEMOCRACY has often been accused of spelling dulness; and in the case of the English House of Commons the accusation would be hard to deny. Parliament is unquestionably a good deal duller than it used to be. The members seem to strike more of an average, to be more uniform than they were twenty or even ten years ago. There are few "characters" in English public life nowadays. Congress has really more of the picturesque about it than the Westminster of to-day. England rarely has a chance of witnessing such delightfully aboriginal outbursts as the House of Representatives occasionally sees. Even the Irish have ceased to entertain, and the House of Commons more and more is being driven for its amusement to the small esoteric points of humor that a club of near seven hundred members is bound to generate. No doubt the actual M. P.'s find life there just as entertaining and just as full of interest as it ever was. Seeing one another every day, and under all sorts of conditions, they learn to recognize and enjoy each other's weaknesses and oddities with a zest that the mere outsider finds it hard to keep pace with—thinking it, indeed, altogether too keen for so trivial a subject. The occasional visitor to the Strangers' Gallery or the lobbies, missing those startling peculiarities that can be appreciated off-hand and at the first meeting, is apt to find the House somewhat boresome. The newspapers, though they still report the debates with a generosity that strikes an American as excessive, do not give half the space to them that they used to; and the public, it is to be feared, is nowadays quite content to take it all as read. The growing personal dulness of the House of Commons is, in fact, unmistakable. Individuality gags itself from very shame. Eccentricity has become conscious it is eccentric, and the knowledge kills it. Democracy, in a word, is beginning to do in England what it has already done elsewhere—to run men and things into moulds and grind them out with wholesale uniformity. There are capable and brilliant men on both sides of the Speaker's chair; there are sound administrators; there are witty, graceful, and forcible orators; but there is hardly any one with enough original quaintness in him and pure oddity of disposition, mode of life, prejudice, or behavior, to claim notice as a "character."



"Labby"
By Harry Furniss

A generation ago things were different. The House then had some guaranteed eccentrics among its members. There was Colonel Sibthorp, for instance. Nothing is more certain than that he once existed and found a seat in the House of Commons, and held it for over twenty years. One reads of his sayings and doings in Mr. Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* with a sense of the enormous distance that lies between the England of 1902 and the England of 1850 or even 1870. Such a man would be impossible now. He seemed to have stepped out of the pages of Smollett. "I have no prejudices, thank God," said the Duke of Wellington, "but I hate a Frenchman like the devil." Colonel Sibthorp not only hated Frenchmen in the same way, but all foreigners. In his scheme of the universe they fell into two categories. Half of them were papists, and the other half seducers. The good Colonel, as the champion of British Protestantism and British morality, denounced them on both scores. He fought the Great Exhibition of 1851 tooth and nail because he foresaw that it meant an influx into England, during the spring and summer months, of these villanous foreigners with their all-conquering mustaches. "Take care," he shouted, "of your wives and daughters; take care of your property and your lives"; and in language that had all of Smollett's breadth and vigor he went on to portray in detail the consequences upon English morals of this foreign invasion. In these dull and decorous days one cherishes Sibthorp's memory. He was the last of his tribe, the last of the full-blown originals to find his way into the House of Commons. One looks round that assembly to-day, row upon row of stolid, pink-faced, immaculately groomed English gentlemen, and wishes that another human bomb-shell might occasionally explode himself upon them in the good old Sibthorpian manner. But of all the members of the House, there are now perhaps not more than three who have the merit of native oddness. One of these is Colonel Saunderson, the dashing, witty, rollicking Irish Unionist, one of Lever's characters in the life. Another is Keir Hardie, the "working-man's friend," who drove up to the House, on his election, in a brake full of cheering friends, and a band playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and entered the sacred precincts clad in the corduroys of labor, an old cricketing-cap, and a pair of aggressively hobnailed boots. But Colonel Saunderson's divergence from the commonplace is largely racial, and Keir Hardie's is largely a pose. The only genuine "original" in the House of Commons is Henry Labouchere. All strangers ask inevitably to have him pointed out. "Labby," as every one calls him, is the sauce piquante in the Parliamentary dish, the sprig of mint in the national julep. England prizes him as a refreshing relish, looks to him for the unexpected flavor. The House always fills when the word runs through the corridors and lobbies and smoking-rooms that "Labby" is "up" and holding forth from his customary corner seat below the gangway—the best of all positions from which to address the House. So, too, the smoking-room becomes suddenly crowded when "Labby" is observed standing there with back to fireplace, the eternal cigarette between his lips, ready for talk. Most people, one presumes, have a general idea of his appearance—a slightly built, almost French-looking man, thin gray hair, neatly trimmed gray beard, restless glittering eyes, and an expression, not perhaps wholly pleasant, of cool and cynical astuteness.

"Labby" is seventy-one years young, and his pen is several years younger. He had perhaps a touch of old age at twenty, but he had also the sense to outgrow it. Since then he has never relapsed. I conceive him in his early days not unlike the Wise Youth Adrian in Meredith's *Richard Feverel*, quite unwholesomely cool and quizzical, long-headed and non-moral, but an Adrian humanized by something of the bohemian spirit and a turn for careless pleasuring. His father was a country gentleman of substance, and Labby went to Eton and Cambridge. By the influence of his uncle, Lord Taunton, he was apprenticed early to the diplomatic service, and in his twenty-third year became attaché at Washington. He stayed in the service, of which he has ever since spoken with the sincerest disrespect, for ten years or so, doing duty at Munich, Stockholm, Frankfort, St. Petersburg, Dresden, and Constantinople, seeing everything, meeting everybody, and filling himself with a store of priceless experiences, of which he was to make admirable use both as journalist and raconteur. Labby has always gone through life with a laugh up his sleeve, but that laugh can at no time have been broader than when he was playing at diplomacy. If he hates anything it is humbug, pretentiousness, fussiness, self-importance, airs. All this he loathes with a gentle American loathing. "How different," he once wrote, "American diplomatists are to the prim old women who represent us abroad, with a staff of half a dozen dandies helping each other to do nothing, and taught to regard all who are not of the craft as their natural enemies." There is nothing very English in that passage, except the "different *to*," and the man who could write it was obviously lacking in some of the essentials of the bureaucrat. Labby, indeed, in all things, politics included, is by instinct far more of an American than an Englishman. He is utterly without patience for ceremonial makebelieves. Fuss and feathers, especially the fuss and feathers of officialdom, infuriate him. How he stood his ten years' contact with the English diplomats of the fifties and sixties, when the old style still obtained and starch and etiquette and superciliousness were about at their zenith, I can hardly imagine. Still less can I imagine how the diplomats stood him. Tales innumerable are told of his colossal sang-froid and turn for practical jokes. A Briton of the consequential species once descended on the ministry at Washington demanding to see his country's representative. "He's not in," said Labby. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton, pompously, seating himself. At the end of half an hour came the query, "When—er—do you—er—expect Lord Lyons back?" "Oh, in six months or so," said the ever-obliging attaché. "He left for Europe this morning. But you said you'd wait, you know." I cannot vouch for all the yarns of which Labby has been made the hero. They begin from the time he left Cambridge. He started travelling, resided for a while in the Mexican capital, left one morning with $50 in his pockets, and was not heard of for another eighteen months. When he turned up again it was as doorkeeper to a travelling circus. Growing tired of receiving oranges and maize as equivalent for coin, he journeyed on to the United States, and near St. Paul, then a frontier village, fell in with a party of Chippewa Indians, with whom he roamed about for six months. Labby was born to have "experiences." It is said that he was once sent by the British minister at Washington to "look after some Irish patriots at Boston." He was not in the city a couple of hours before he found his way to a gamingden and was stripped of all his money but fifty cents. On this he lived for a couple of days, sleeping on the Common and washing in the bay. Then he went hungry. Then he could stand it no longer, and dropping into the best restaurant he could come across, ordered a thoroughly satisfying dinner. The waiters were all Irish, and he noticed they seemed to be examining him pretty closely. Remembering what his official business was and that he hadn't a cent in his pocket, Labby was as near feeling uncomfortable as it is possible for him to be. But the dinner was excellent, the wine beyond reproach, and the service a miracle of speed and politeness. By the time he had reached his cigarette the waiters were standing round him in crowds.

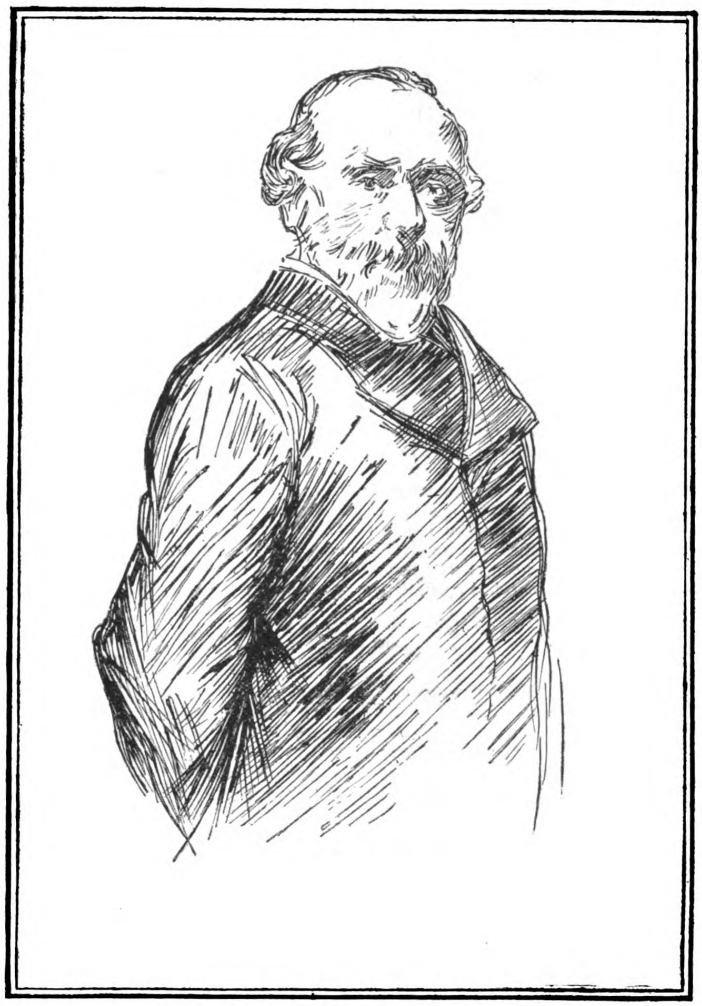
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At last one of them leaned over and said, "Axing your parrdon, sorr, but are ye the pathriot Meagher?" "Hush!" said Labby, looking round mysteriously. Then he called for his bill and went boldly up to the desk to pay it. But the proprietor was an Irishman and would not hear of it. "He thanked me with tears in his eyes," said Labby afterwards, "for the honor I had done him in patronizing his poor hostelry, and asked to be allowed to shake my hand. I allowed him, and went out with the air of haughty gloom peculiar to exiled patriots."

Among the other mishaps of his career it is on record that Labby has been Emperor of Mexico and President of the French Republic. He landed, it would seem, at Vera Cruz the day Maximilian was expected, and being in official uniform, was mistaken for that ill-starred monarch. An escort of cavalry accompanied him to the Capitol. "When we got there," is Labby's pithy account of the adventure, "I thanked them and explained their mistake." His election to the Presidency of the French Republic took place during the Commune. Strolling into the Hôtel de Ville one afternoon, he found the "Nationals" electing a President amid violent discord. Mr. Labouchere proposed himself; no one knew anything against him; his name favored him; he was elected. "While they were discussing the ministry," is his version of the sequel, "I slipped out to inspect my official residence." These tales may all be called apocryphal; Labby is the sort of man on whom the most amazing yarns are fathered.

There is one exploit that may be vouched for. While he was in Paris he received instructions from the Foreign Office to transfer himself to the embassy at St. Petersburg. The instructions were acknowledged, and then—Labby vanished. For six weeks nothing was heard of him. The diplomatic service was turned upside down to find him. At last he was discovered thoroughly enjoying himself at Homburg. His explanation was sublimely shattering. The Foreign Office, he said, had not supplied him with travelling expenses and he was too poor to pay them himself. But his devotion to his Queen and country was such that he had made up his mind to walk to St. Petersburg. In six months or so, he assured his staggering superiors, he hoped to be there. There must have been times when the Foreign Office felt like the little Northampton girl, the daughter of one of Mr. Labouchere's constituents. "Daddy," asked the infant, "did God make Labby?" "I suppose so," was the perplexed answer. "What for, Daddy?" Not, one may safely reply, to be a diplomat all his life. Labby forswore his chance of an embassy, and resigned from the service he had enriched with so many excellent yarns. In 1865 he entered Parliament as member for the royal and ancient borough of Windsor. There was a piquancy that must have pleased him in the notion of a red-hot Radical like himself being elected to Parliament under the shadow of Windsor Castle. He was, however, unseated on petition, and the same fate befell him two years later when he stood for Middlesex. His father had died, leaving him a large fortune, and Labby dabbled on 'Change with part of it and bought an interest in the *Daily News*, the great Liberal organ of the time. He was somewhat of an outcast from the social rank in which he was born, and lived a good deal on the Continent in perfect self-content. He was in Paris when the Franco-Prussian war broke out and stayed on there during the siege. It was by pure chance that he did so, but the chance proved a lucky one. It taught him that he could write. He acted as the correspondent of the *Daily News* throughout the siege, and his "Letters of a Besieged Resident" are still the best and liveliest account of those terrible months. They made an enormous hit and were afterwards brought out as a book,—"for the very excellent reason that a confiding publisher has offered me a sum of money for them which I was not such a fool as to refuse." One gets a strong impression that he must have been quite the most irritating person in Paris at the time. He turned a mercilessly cool and jesting eye on the thousand and one incidents of the siege—the "manifesting," the daily bouquets laid before the statue of Strasburg, the National Guards and their eternal strutting and "pacts with death," the gasconading newspapers, the blood-and-thunder orators of Montmartre, all the self-deceptions, self-glorifications, of that braggart and demented populace. From the first he saw things just as they were,—the one sane man, as it seemed, in a bedlam of maniacs, perfectly unmoved with a million human volcanoes exploding all round him; taking things as they came, eating cat and horse and rat and wolf imperturbably, and finding infinite cold-blooded amusement in the regiments who signed round robins to die for their country, and crowned statues with wreaths of laurel, and filled the air with their bombast. For such things Labby's perceptions were and are of the keenest; and retailed in his easy, flowing style, they lost none of their exquisiteness. Perhaps the pose was carried a little too far. Just as no one could have been as wise as Daniel Webster looked, so no one in the excitement of a siege could have been quite so logical and comfortable and so wholly the master of himself as Labby wished to appear. But it was very amusing; it made an excellent foil; and it revealed to Labby the true bent of his talents.

Soon after he returned to England he and Edmund Yates started the *World*, a weekly journal of literature, art, politics, finance, and society news. It was a success from the start, mainly because of the shrewdness and honesty of the financial article which Labby wrote himself. There was, I believe, some disagreement between the editors, and a few years later, in 1877, Labby seceded and founded *Truth*, now perhaps the most individual paper in the world. There is nothing like it anywhere else. It is spoken of as a "society journal," but it is something far more than that. There are always a couple of pages or so given up to court news and gossip, mostly accurate, but even in England other features besides that are needed to make a journal a success. *Truth* has become what it is by virtue of its utter fearlessness in attack. It attacks everything, or it would if they deserved attack. You cannot pick up a number without finding some swindler unmasked, some usurer exposed, some ridiculous War Office regulation turned inside out, some grievance of Tommy Atkins ventilated, some



Mr. Labouchere
From a Sketch by Paul Renouard

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fresh magisterial absurdity laid bare, some pseudo-charitable society riddled with criticism, some stock-exchange scandal unravelled and pushed home, some official job held up naked to the public view. And it is all done so well, so freshly and neatly, with so many flashes of humor, above all without any tiresome "moral heat," that no one wearies of it. Labby writes the clearest and most workmanlike sort of English, flowing from point to point in a way that brings out into full daylight the most hidden details of the most complicated narrative. The style in his case, if it is not the man, is at least the man's mind. The writer, you feel, is dealing honestly with himself and his readers; nothing interposes between his brain and yours but print. He has the mental taste of the lawyer, and a good deal more than the average lawyer's experience. No case is so bewildering that his head cannot hold it, or his pen make as clear as day. Through all the intricacies of finance and stock-jobbing, as through all the details of the innumerable swindles he has exposed, he moves with comprehending and unclouded lucidity. He always shows sport; his readers never have to complain of a poor run for their money. His attitude toward the many scoundrels he has sent to prison is that of the man of the world whom nothing surprises. He never mounts a pedestal and lectures them, or moralizes over their misdeeds; he rarely abuses them. He just hunts them down with inexhaustible good-humor and in the best spirit of scientific detachment. If readers of "The Intrusions of Peggy" will turn back to Chapter VII. in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 26, and glance at the description of Mr. Liffey and the *Sentinel*, they will get a better idea of Mr. Labouchere and *Truth* than I can give them. A journalist needs some very special qualifications before he can follow in Labby's footsteps. He must have, first of all, an experience of life such as not one man in ten thousand can boast; he must know the ins and outs of politics, the stock-exchange and society; above all he must be rich. I have no precise knowledge of what Mr. Labouchere's lawyers' bills have amounted to within the last twenty-five years; but I should judge the cost of defending the innumerable libel actions brought against him can hardly have been less, and very likely have been more, than $300,000. He rarely loses a case; it may be said, I believe, he has never lost a really serious case; but his victims retaliate by going to gaol or the bankruptcy court, and leaving Labby to pay the costs. One could fill a column with the list of quacks, begging-letter impostors, charity swindlers, usurers, blackmailers, card-sharpers, and general blackguards he has exposed; of the frauds on the stock-exchange, in government departments, in hospitals, in numberless "benevolent" institutions, he has unearthed; of the abuses in the army and navy he has rectified. The first instinct of every one in England who has a grievance, or knows of an injustice that has been committed, or comes across the track of a swindler, or detects a job, even if it be in the smallest municipality in the country, is to write and tell Labby all about it. *Truth* and its readers together form the most efficient and by far the most entertaining detective agency in the world.

In 1880 Mr. Labouchere was elected one of the two members for Northampton. The other member was Charles Bradlaugh, the notorious atheist, and during the long and bitter and unmitigatedly English row that arose over Bradlaugh's right to take his seat Labby stood up manfully to fight his colleagues's battles. Northampton is an out-and-out Radical constituency and suits Labby down to the ground. He is the most advanced, most logical, and most consistent Radical of the day, thinking things out for himself, and knowing to an inch how far his Radicalism goes and just where it stops short of the vagaries of socialism. His political creed is as precise and defined as his English. Some one has called him the Abdiel of a lost cause, the incorruptible champion of fossilized Radicalism. He stands in the ancient ways, filled with the frank sordidness of the Manchester school, and bringing to the support of its doctrines "the mocking wit of the persifleur and the fleering raillery of the man about town." He strenuously cultivates the bias of anti-nationalism. He is anti-everything. He would demolish the House of Lords and disestablish the Church to-morrow; he is a rampant pro-Boer, a home-ruler, the most misguided of Little-Englanders. I am not sure that he would not change England into a republic if he could. Imperialism and the whole Cecil Rhodes school of thought leave him stone-cold. Everything that ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred oppose, he favors; everything they have set their hearts on, he kicks from him in joyous contempt. He is always worth listening to, if only because he proves how very little common-sense and logic have to do with statesmanship. Labby is altogether too unsentimental for this emotional world. He is the personification of sanity devoid of sympathy, of common-sense without breadth, of cleverness without perspective, of logic in little things without judgment in great. He sees as clearly and reasons as wrong-headedly as any one in England. Men of his keen and narrow mind often rise in politics, but never unless they are wholly in earnest. At bottom, no doubt, Labby is profoundly earnest, but his acrid, impish humor will hardly let him show it.

> He is the jester and the jest
> And he himself the text applies

He will wrap up his dearest convictions in a smile and seal them with a shrug of the shoulders. He laughs if he is taken seriously; he has a cheerful scorn if he is not. Politics he always seems to regard as "a game between two sets of sharpers at the expense of the muddle-headed public." A sensible man, like himself, may take a hand in it, but always on the understanding that nothing much matters, and that life is only endurable when taken easily. Englishmen do not warm to a character of this kind. The House enjoys his wit, his delightfully impracticable common-sense, his airy worldliness, and the contrast between himself and the party of all the enthusiasms to which he belongs. But the masses cannot catch his note, and distrust him as a trifler. Even his own party leaders find him an embarrassment. He should by rights have been given a place in Mr. Gladstone's last cabinet; few men would do better in certain offices—in that of Home Secretary, for instance. But whether it was that the Queen, as some said, forbade his inclusion, or that Gladstone could not reconcile himself to such a peculiar colleague, he was forced to stay outside. Labby is sincerely feared and still more sincerely detested. He has power and a following even as a politician, still more so as the editor of *Truth;* but he is not a man who wins respect. Possibly it is some consolation to him to know that no one is more often quoted. Of a thousand good things imputed to him, take his comment on Gladstone's faculty for self-deception. James Russell Lowell once threw off a capital epigram on the subject:

> His greatness not so much in genius lies
> As in adroitness, when occasions rise,
> Life-long conviction to extemporize.

That is good, but Labby's effort was not less happy. "I do not object," he said, "to Mr. Gladstone's occasionally having an ace up his sleeve. But I do wish he would not *always* say that Providence put it there."

Finance

AT last the tightness of money has caused liquidation in the stock-market. It was natural enough. The wonder is not that stock prices have fallen, but that they did not fall sooner. Monetary conditions, as it happened, could no longer be ignored by the market pools or by sanguine bull speculators, and a reduction of speculative commitments followed. There is no profit in "carrying" stocks on margin with the money rate at 20 per cent., and the moment it became evident that no ease was in sight, both the speculative community and the banks did what they ought to have done before. Underlying conditions remain unchanged and generally favorable. The outlook is good. There is no reason to apprehend any contraction in manufacturing activity; the commercial situation, judging from the reports of the trade agencies, is sound; the crops are abundant; and the railroads in nearly every section of the country are already certain that they will be taxed to their utmost to handle the traffic actually "in sight." The prolongation of the anthracite miners' strike remains the one unpleasant feature of the general situation. Its duration has already proven much greater than "experts" of all classes, including presidents of mining companies, editors of trade journals, politicians, and Wall Street tipsters, had led the public to expect. The fact that so important a matter as the enforced idleness of the collieries, during all these months, has not had an extremely severe effect on business generally attests strikingly to the soundness of the general situation. It is thus evident that the disturbance in the stock-market is to be explained on the ground of unsettled technical conditions resulting exclusively from the pinch in money. Liquidation, at this writing, is in progress. That portion of the public which has been speculating, and the various pools and operators of heavy calibre, find no profit in holding stocks by means of borrowed money, when money is so scarce as to command high rates of interest. Sooner or later, the penalty of unseasonable activity in the stock-market had to be paid. The financial community had sufficient warning.

The folly of encouraging stock-market operations for the rise at a time when the banks were confronted by the usual autumnal drain of cash for crop-moving purposes, has been dwelt upon so often as to lack the charm of novelty. The public, on the whole, heeded the advice of the conservatives. But pools and plungers kept on, and the banks, instead of refusing point-blank to extend credits to these speculators weeks ago, allowed borrowing to go on. The floating supply of securities was concentrated in few and strong hands. The "big men," argued the inveterate bulls, would not allow any sharp break in prices, if from no other motive than self-preservation. The situation would improve, it was figured, through the relief measures adopted by the Treasury Department and through imports of gold. In the mean time stock prices soared. Even at this writing, after a severe break in values, the price-level is considerably higher than prevailed at the inception of the bull "spurt," when the monetary outlook already was uncertain enough to justify caution.

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It is, of course, perfectly plain that the banks could not, or, at all events, did not, foresee the magnitude of the government's income from import duties. They might have tided over the doubtful period but for the steady absorption of money by the Sub-Treasury on account of customs payments, though the situation was obviously so delicate that they should have been prepared for such an emergency as that which arose. Stock-market loans were not called in volume, and moderately high money rates did not much dampen the enthusiasm of the optimists who believed that, with unabated prosperity throughout the country and the bulk of stocks in strong hands, security prices would remain undisturbed by "temporary flurries" in money. The speculative community was brought to a sense of the seriousness of the situation by the bank statement of September 20. It showed that the surplus reserves of the Clearing House banks were $1,600,000 below the legal minimum. A similar deficit in the "surplus reserve" occurred in 1899. On that occasion, however, it was brought about by the fact that London began to withdraw capital from New York on account of the necessities of the Boer war, and that there was at the time an active money-market here. Before that, the bank reserves were less than 25 per cent. of the net deposits in the dark days of 1893, owing to heavy exports of gold to Europe and withdrawals of currency by the Western banks synchronously. The conditions which led to the deficiency in the reserves in 1893 and 1899 do not exist to-day. Such a showing as the bank statistics made on September 20 need not have been made if the banks and other financial institutions had not loaned money so freely to stock speculators. For months the surplus reserve has shown smaller amounts than for the corresponding periods of the past ten years. The crop-moving season logically found them in a poor position to meet the requirements of the West, and in a still poorer position to meet the unexpected increase in the Treasury's surplus.

After the poor bank statement, it became clearer than ever that the measures of "relief" adopted by Secretary Shaw were inadequate. The banks not only lost money again to the Sub-Treasury, but also had to ship currency to the interior. This forced them to call stock-market loans, and made the cash rate rise to 20 per cent. It was through their encouragement of unseasonable stock speculation that the banks found themselves with their reserves below the legal requirement, and it was the speculative borrower who was called upon to suffer. This always happens, and the ensuing liquidation was logical and inevitable. It is useless to dream of a bull market with the bank reserves as they are now. The best that should be hoped for would appear to be that the decline in security values should not extend much further. The talk that the banks should use their surplus reserves in precisely such emergencies as the present is nonsense. The law is clear on that point. The New York city banks cannot increase their loans when the lawful money is below 25 per cent. of their deposits. The banks can keep their surplus reserves from falling below the legal minimum without harming the legitimate business situation, which was not the case in 1893. Then for the banks to have endeavored to do so would have aggravated an already critical situation. The only relief in sight must obviously come, not from the Treasury Department, whose anticipation of October 1 interest on government bonds and increased deposits with national banks have proved but a drop in the bucket, but from the arrival of foreign gold, which we shall presently begin to receive.

Balzac's Vogue in America

A VERY great interest in the novels of Honoré de Balzac has been manifested in this country in the last few years. In fact, the *Comédie Humaine* has had a distinct vogue, and that vogue does not appear yet to have exhausted itself. The great French writer had and has a considerable following in England, too; but the English never took him up so ardently as the Americans. It may not be unprofitable to inquire why it is that a foreign author who only a few years ago was practically unknown in the United States, and, indeed, was very much neglected in his own country, should suddenly begin to exercise a strong influence and acquire something like a magnetic spell over American minds, an influence and a spell, moreover, which were not temporary or to any degree the result of mere fadism or snobbery, but persistent and genuine.

Why it is that Balzac has only *recently* conquered America is not hard to explain. It is only in the last ten or twelve years that he has been famous enough in France to attract much attention in other countries. During his lifetime and for a considerable period after his death he was neglected and forgotten. Then he was rediscovered, and the critics and students began to find him interesting and curious. After the Franco-German war, it was found out that he was a literary giant, and as the young men of France at that time were strongly drawn to any one with the qualities of a giant, to anything in the nature of force, they quickly gave their allegiance and admiration to this delineator of will and power. The years passed uneventfully, and the French began to lose hope of ever being able to strike an effective blow at the nation which had defeated theirs and appropriated part of their territory. They forgot the war a little, ceased to worry about revenge, and turned their attention to industry and art and the every-day affairs of life. In this new state of mind, their quondam glorification of Balzac gradually waned, and again the literary Titan was much neglected. As late as 1887, an eminent French critic, M. Emile Faguet, thought that Balzac had had his day. A few years later the Titan began to have a new vogue, partly, perhaps, because of a reactionary concernment of the young men with will power and energy, but mainly, no doubt, because of a new discovery in the *Comédie Humaine*. It was found that Balzac was not only a delineator of will power and energy, but that he was also an astonishing portrayer of French society, of the French people, of the whole nation—a demographer, as some one has termed it—besides being an extraordinary creator of living types. More, he was found to be a *prospective demographer*—that is to say, he wrote about society as it would be some years after his own time, depicted types and scenes which were exaggerated or untrue, or at least exceptional, when he conceived them, but which at the present time are true and exact and fairly general. Especially is this the case with his depiction of universal intrigue, which, with the development of what the French call *le fonctionnairisme*, that is, the inordinate employment of petty civil servants, has come to be a veritable scourge in the country. There were other elements in the new influence which Balzac acquired those few years ago, and one of the chief was this. About that time, young Frenchmen were very much taken up with the theory of the exaltation of the individual, *la culture du moi*, ego-culture, as it was called. Now that theory referred not so much to the culture of the whole individual as to the culture of the dominant trait or faculty; and Balzac is one of the greatest apostles, or, at any rate, one of the greatest expositors, of this cult. His heroes are nearly all "men who have some tremendous master-faculty or some prodigious master-passion, who sacrifice all to it, demand the right to exercise it, and would like to see the whole world submit to it, cultivating it, meanwhile, developing it, strengthening it with an immense effort, and worshipping it idolatrously" (Faguet). These heroes could not fail to give satisfaction to the ego-culture theorists. So much for Balzac's popularity in his own country.

Different as they are in many fundamental things, the French and American peoples present not a few common traits. The Americans are republicans by nature, so to speak, while the French, originally monarchical, have acquired their republicanism in recent times. Still, the very fact that both have republican institutions and instincts gives them many common national and social characteristics and usages. Moreover, divergent as the Americans and French are in personal temperament and general psychological make-up, they still have many points of contact, many common loves and aversions.

For these reasons, the explanation of Balzac's renewed popularity in France is in the main the explanation of his vogue in America: and in America some of the conditions underlying his influence are even more emphatic than in France. There is no other country in the world where so many giants, industrial, commercial, financial, political, and intellectual, so many prodigies of will and energy, are produced as in America, and in no other country is the cult of the Leviathan more observed. Balzac's giants, then, his Napoleons of finance and journalism and politics, are understood by and make a direct and intimate appeal to American readers. And these giants, be it noted, are not, like Stendhal's heroes, creatures of spasmodic impulse, who exhaust their will and energy in one single stroke: their will and energy are persistent and durable and untiring, the will and energy that Americans know so well, the will and energy that have made America the richest country in the world. Phillip Brideau (Un Ménage de Garçon), Grandet (Eugénie Grandet), Savarus (Albert Savarus), de Marsay (Les Nucingen), are men fully equipped for the struggle for life, for work, for continued effort, for the indefatigable tension of the will; violent egoists, moreover, active and agitated, men who do not sleep, who strain with all their might towards a radiant, far-off, almost inaccessible goal which they never despair of attaining. Some of these characters are a little false, but that does not detract from the average young Frenchman's admiration of them, and it does not alienate the affections of the average American, who, as a rule, is less penetrating in literary matters than his Gallic fellow-worshipper. Thus, for the young American, as for the young Frenchman, Balzac is a sort of professor of energy.

America, again, like France, is a country where fortunes are made and lost, and where men rise from a low station to the highest power and place with meteoric rapidity. Félix Faure and Ferdinand de Lesseps and Emile Loubet and General Boulanger — the last named as notable for his meteoric descent as for his ascent—are romantic examples of rapid rising in France. Every one could cite off-hand twenty striking examples in America. Balzac's "prophetic types" of such heroes, then, are readily understood and admired in this country, and many a young ambitious man sees in their lives the romance of his own, the romance he has not yet lived, but means to live.

Another thing that Balzac portrayed with extraordinary vigor is the plutocracy which, nascent only in his day, has attained to such power and proportions as to draw from a sober sociologist the alarmed cry that "it

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has become a social *gêne:* it is changing the very essence of the French race: it is imposing on it faults, freaks, and vices which it did not have before, or had only in a slight degree: it is, in fact, transforming the whole aspect of the nation." Exaggerating in this, as in everything else, Balzac depicted the incipient plutocracy of his own time as something enormous, gigantic, colossal, formidable. He heaped millions upon millions, and represented the mysterious beings upon whom he heaped them as invincible and fearful forces, as monsters and leviathans. Here, again, he has a fascination for Americans. For all of this part of his work that has come to be true in France is truer and more forcible still when applied to America. It is the same with his pictures of universal intrigue. In this country, too, more often than not, kissing goes by favor, direct or indirect, and young and old, men and women, are continually on the lookout for influence to enlist in the furtherance of their aims, and that influence they seek and use with unblushing persistence and nonchalance. This terrific race for place is powerfully described in the *Comédie Humaine*, and here is one more reason why Americans understand Balzac and find him fascinating.

Lastly, America is the country *par excellence* of the individual, and Balzac's highly specialized types, the master-faculties and ruling passions that he set on end and sent flying over the world, are dear to the American who is bent on dominating his environment by the prodigious development of some particular personal endowment.

As to the *influence* of Balzac, the best French critics do not find it salutary. He is a powerful painter, but a turbid thinker and a bad philosopher, and as people, especially young people, are tempted to adopt as a philosopher a man whom they admire as a painter, Balzac may be dangerous. Then, he wrote badly, and bad writing is apt to teach crooked thinking and make men mistake phraseology for ideas. But Balzac's worst trait, with respect to his influence, is that he is vulgar and likes what is low. He does not always dwell in low themes and scenes, but he is manifestly attached to them, and there is much in his work that is distinctly unwholesome. The moralist is really absent from his work. He painted men as he would have painted animals, and does not care a button whether they are good or bad. When both good and bad come together under his brush, he has no preference for the good. Of course, it is not an artist's business to be a moralist: but still, an author's influence cannot be left out of account.

If Balzac's influence is not salutary for young Frenchmen, it can scarcely be so for other young men and women, and if eminent French critics find cause for uneasiness with regard to the influence he has regained in France, it would seem unwise to encourage the indiscriminate propagation of his works in this country.

The world is all so changed; so much that seemed vigorous has sunk decrepit, so much that was not is beginning to be! Borne over the Atlantic . . . . what sounds are these; muffled, ominous, new in our centuries? Boston Harbor is black with unexpected Tea: behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather; and ere long, on Bunker Hill, Democracy announcing, in rifle-volleys death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and, whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world.
—*Carlyle.*

No philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct from leaden instincts. No apparatus of Senators, judges, and police can compensate for the want of an internal governing sentiment. No legislative manipulation can eke out an insufficient morality into a sufficient one. No administrative sleight of hand can save us from ourselves.—*Herbert Spencer.*

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He sprang to his feet with an oath

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXI

THE WHIP ON THE PEG

OF that drive with Connie Fricker Miles Childwick had, in the after-time, many tales to tell. Truth might claim the inspiration, an artistic intellect perfected them. "She said things to which no gentleman should listen in a hansom cab, but the things she said were nothing to the things she looked as if she was going to say. In a hansom! No screen between you and a scrutinizing public, Mrs. John!" That was the first stage. In the second he had invented for poor Connie all the sayings which he declared her expression to suggest. Whatever the exact facts, while he forgave Peggy Ryle everything else, he did not cease to harbor malice on account of that ride. Connie thought him nice but rather slow. His must be the blame, since it is agreed that in such cases the man should adapt himself.

The work of the body-guard was done; it was disbanded with a gracious invitation to supper. Peggy flew up the stairs ahead of her guest. There was a great question to be solved.

"The gentleman has come, miss," said the charwoman.

"And Mrs. Trevalla?"

"I told him Mrs. Trevalla would be in directly."

"And where is she?"

"She's still in her room, I think, miss."

Peggy turned triumphant eyes on her companion. "Now then, Miss Fricker!" said she. "That's the door! I shall go and keep Trix quiet. That's the door!" She pointed encouragingly, if rather imperiously, to the sitting-room.

"I'm not afraid," laughed Connie, putting her hat straight and giving a rattle to her bangles. But there was a ring of agitation in her voice, and in her heart she half-regretted the dismissal of the body-guard. Still, she had pluck.

She swept in with the sustaining consciousness of a highly dramatic entrance. To come in well is often half the battle.

"You here! The devil!" exclaimed Beaufort Chance.

"Mr. Chance! Well, I declare!" said Connie. "And alone too!" She looked round suspiciously, as though Trix might perhaps be under the table. "Well, I suppose Miss Ryle won't be long taking off her things."

Beaufort already suspected a plot, but, his first surprise over, he would not plead guilty to being an object that invited one.

"I got away earlier than I expected," he told her, "and looked in here on my way to Cadogan Square. There was no chance of finding you at home so early."

"And there was a change of finding Mrs. Trevalla?" She sat down opposite him, showing her teeth in a mocking smile. His confusion and the weakness of his plea set her courage firmly on its feet.

"I don't know whether there was or not. She's not here, you see."

"Oh, I'll amuse you till she comes!"

"I sha'n't wait for her long."

"I sha'n't stay long, either. You can drive me back home, can't you?"

He was pitifully caught, and had not the adroitness to hide his sense of it. Perhaps he had been cruelly used. When he had written to Trix, saying he meant to come again, and asking for a date, it was hardly fair of Peggy, performing the office of amanuensis for Trix, to say that Mrs. Trevalla saw few visitors, but that this particular day (on which Peggy was to visit Fricker) would be the best chance of seeing her. Such language might be non-committal; it was undoubtedly misleading. He had found in it a sign that Trix was yielding, coming to a sensible frame of mind, recognizing what seemed to him so obvious—the power he had over her and her attraction towards him. In his heart he believed that he held both these women, Trix and Connie, in his hand, and could do as he liked with them; thus he would cajole and conciliate Connie (he thought kisses would not lose their efficacy, nor that despotic air, either) while he made Trix his own—for towards her lay his stronger inclination. To secure her would be his victory over all the sneerers, over Mervyn, and—the greatest came last—over herself. But, however clever we are, there is a point at which things may fall out too perversely. If Connie came by chance, this acme of bad luck was reached; if by design, then he had miscalculated somewhere.

"You're not greeting me very enthusiastically," remarked Connie. "You don't sit stock-still and say you won't stay long when I come to you in the drawing-room at home!"

"Nonsense! That girl may be in any minute."

"Well, and mamma might be in any minute at home—which would be much worse. After all, what would she matter?"

Assumption is a valuable device in argument; Connie was

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using it skilfully. She assumed that she was first in his thoughts, and did not charge him with preferring another; let him explain that—if he dared.

"Nonsense!" he repeated, fretfully. "But I can't play the fool now. I've come to see Mrs. Trevalla on business. Isn't there another room?"

"No; and I thought papa did all the business there was with Mrs. Trevalla."

He had sat down near the table; she came and perched herself on it. Intimidation must probably be the main weapon, but she was alive to the importance of re-enforcing it.

"He thinks he does," she went on, significantly.

"Oh, it's a small matter. It won't do him any harm. And I'm a free agent, I suppose?"

"You're free enough, anyhow, pretty often," Connie admitted.

"You've never objected," he snarled, his temper getting out of hand.

"Well, no. I knew I had to do with a gentleman."

Kisses might be out of place, even dangerous, in view of a possible interruption: but there was the despotic air. Now seemed the minute for it.

"Don't talk nonsense, child," he said. "If I've treated you kindly, it doesn't entitle you to take that tone. And get off that table."

"I'm very comfortable here," remarked Connie.

"It doesn't look respectable."

"What, not with you and me? There's nobody here, is there?"

"Stop playing the fool," he commanded, brusquely. "What's the matter with you to-day?"

"I'm in ripping spirits to-day, Beaufort. Can't you guess why?"

"I don't believe you came here to see Peggy Ryle at all," he broke out.

"Never mind why I came here."

"Have you got an idea that you've done something clever?"

"Never mind. I've awfully good news, Beaufort."

"They may be listening at the door." His uneasiness was pitiful.

"It wouldn't matter. Everybody 'll know soon," said Connie, consolingly.

"What the deuce are you talking about?" he growled.

She bent forward towards him with a striking, if rather overdone, air of joyous confusion.

"I've spoken to papa, Beaufort," she whispered.

Startled out of pretence, he sprang to his feet with an oath. His look was very ugly, he glared threateningly. Connie braced her courage and did not quail.

"I know I ought to have asked you," she admitted, with a smile that belied her professed penitence, "but I caught him in such a beautiful humor that I had to take advantage of it. So I told him everything. I just confessed everything, Beaufort! Of course, he scolded me—it hasn't been quite right, has it?—but he was very kind. He said that, since we were engaged, he'd forgive me and make mamma forgive me too." She paused before her climax. "I think that he's really awfully pleased."

"You've told your father that you're engaged to me? You know it's a damned lie."

Connie's eyes gleamed dangerously, but she kept admirably cool.

"Well, I told him that you'd said you loved me, and that you always kissed me when we were alone, and called me your little Connie, and so on, you know. And papa said that he presumed from all that that we were engaged."

"Well?" he muttered, savagely.

"And I said that of course I presumed so too."

It was spoken with the innocence of the dove, but it put Beaufort Chance in a very awkward position; the reference is not to his sensibilities, but to his tactics. Connie's dexterity forced him to a broad alternative—submission or open war. She deprived him of any half-way house, any compromise by which cajolery and kisses would serve in place of a promise and an obligation. She did not leave the matter there; she jumped down from the table and put her arm on his shoulder—indeed, half-way round his neck. "You must have meant me to; and it made me so happy to—to feel that I was yours, Beaufort."

To this pass his shifty dealings had brought him, even as in public affairs they had forbidden him a career, and in business had condemned him to a sort of outlawry, although an outlawry tempered by riches. He was in an extremity; his chance of Trix was at stake, his dominion over Connie herself was challenged. He saw the broad alternative, and he chose open war.

"It's all a very pretty trick of yours, my dear," he sneered, throwing her arm off him none too gently; "but a man doesn't marry every girl he kisses, especially not when she's so ready to be kissed as some people we know. You can explain it to your father any way you like, but you're not going to bluff me."

"I see why you came here now," said Connie, coolly. "You came to make love to Trix Trevalla. Well, you can't, that's all."

"That's for Mrs. Trevalla to say, not for you."

"I don't expect Mrs. Trevalla 'll show up at all," remarked Connie, leaning against the table again.

"That's the little plan, is it?" He gave a jerk of his head. "By Jove, I see! That hussy of a Ryle girl's in it!"

"I don't know who's in it; you seem rather out of it," smiled Connie.

"I am, am I? We'll see. So Mrs. Trevalla won't show, won't she? That's hardly final, is it? She's on the premises, I rather fancy."

"Going to force your way into her bed-room? Oh, Beaufort!"

"You'd be mightily shocked, wouldn't you?" He moved towards the door: his purpose was only half formed, but he wished her to think it was absolute.

"I don't mind, but I'm sure papa and mamma would. I don't think they'd like you for a son-in-law after that."

"Then we should all be pleased."

"Or perhaps for a partner, either."

He turned round sharply, and came towards her.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, slowly.

"I don't suppose papa would care to have anything to do with a man who trifled with his daughter's affections." Connie stuck loyally to the old phrases.

He was full in front of her now and looking hard at her.

"You little devil! I believe you've squared him," said he.

Connie, well on the table again, put her arms akimbo, stuck her legs out in front of her straight from the knee, and laughed in his face.

"If you're going into Mrs. Trevalla's room, you might ask her if, from her experience, she thinks it wise to quarrel with papa."

"I'm not a woman and a fool."

"Oh, you know your own business best, Beaufort!"

It was sorely against the grain, but he shirked his open war: he tried coaxing.

"Come, be reasonable, Connie. You're a sensible girl. I mean all that's square, but—"

"I mean that if you wait here after I've gone, or go now and see Trix Trevalla, I'll never speak to you again. And papa—Well, as I say, you know your own business best about that."

Her cool certainty, her concentration on one purpose, gave her all the advantage over him with his divided counsels, his inconsistent desires, his efforts to hedge. Again she pinned him to a choice.

"What do you want?" he asked, curtly.

"I want you to take me home to Cadogan Square." That was hard and businesslike, and bore for him all the significance that she meant to put into it. Then her voice grew lower and her large eyes turned on him with a different expression. "We can have a really friendly talk about it there." She meant to beat him, but she was highly content to soften the submission by all means in her power. She would not hesitate about begging his forgiveness, provided the spoils of victory were hers—in the fashion of a turbulent vassal after defying his feeble overlord.

Beaufort read it all well enough. He saw that she liked him and was ready to be pleasant; his dream of mastery vanished from before his eyes. He might have broken Trix Trevalla's proud but sensitive spirit; Miss Connie's pliant pride and unpliant purposes were quite different things to deal with. He knew that in effect, whatever the forms were, he submitted if he took her to Cadogan Square. Henceforward his lot was with the Frickers—and not as their masters, either.

The truth came home to him with cutting bitterness. He had been able to say to himself that he might use Fricker, but that he was very different from Fricker; that he flirted with Connie, but that his wife would have to be very different from her. He had to give up, too, all thought of Trix Trevalla. Or he must face the alternative and be at war with Fricker. Had he the courage? Had he the strength? He stood looking gloomily at Connie.

"You're a fool, Beaufort," she told him plainly, with a glittering smile. "I'm sure you seemed fond enough of me. Why shouldn't we be very jolly? You think I'm nasty now, but I'm not generally, am I?" She coaxed him with the look that she would have said was her most "fetching." To do her justice, a more expressive word for the particular variety of glance is hard to find.

At this moment Peggy Ryle came out of Trix's room (where she had beguiled the time in idle conversation), shut the door carefully behind her, crossed the passage, and entered the sitting-room. The time Connie had estimated as sufficient for the interview had elapsed.

"Oh, Mr. Chance, I'm sorry! Trix has such a headache that she can't come in. She has tried, but standing up or moving—" Peggy threw out her hands in an expressive gesture. "That's what kept me," she added, apologetically to Connie. "I hope you've amused each other all this time?"

The plot was plain now; the bulk of Beaufort's resentment turned on Peggy. What was the use of that? Peggy had no fear of him. She was radiantly invulnerable.

"I'm sorry she's so seedy." He hesitated; he longed to see Trix, even if it were no more than to see her and to give her a parting blow. "Perhaps you'll let me send a note in, to say what my business is? It's pressing, and she might make an effort to see me for—"

"I'm afraid I must go," Connie interrupted. "I promised to be home."

"Must you really? I suppose the cab's waiting."

"You mustn't bother poor Mrs. Trevalla with business now, must he, Miss Ryle? It must wait for another day. You were coming to Cadogan Square, weren't you? I'll take you with me."

He looked from one to the other. Never was man in a more hopeless corner. Nothing would have pleased him so much as to knock their heads together. Connie was imitating Peggy's external unconsciousness of anything remarkable in the situation as well as she could.

"We mustn't stay. Mrs. Trevalla must want you," pursued Connie.

"Oh, I can leave her for just a few minutes," Peggy assured her, with an anxious look at the clock.

"Good-by, Miss Ryle," said Connie, giving Peggy's hand a

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hearty squeeze. She passed on towards the door and opened it. Holding it ajar, she looked round and waited for Beaufort Chance. For an instant he stood where he was. The idea of rebellion was still in him. But his spirit failed. He came up to Peggy and sullenly bade her farewell.

"Good-by," said Peggy, in a low voice. Its tone struck him as odd; when he looked in her eyes he saw a touch of compassion. It flashed across him that she understood what he was feeling, that she saw how his acts had brought him lower than his nature need have been brought—or at least that she was sorry that this fate, and nothing less than this, must be held to be justice.

At all times let the proprieties be sacred!

"Good-by, Miss Ryle. My regrets to Mrs. Trevalla. I hope for another opportunity. Now I'm ready, Miss Fricker, and most delighted to have the chance."

That is, let them be observed in the presence of third parties—especially if those parties have brought us to humiliation. They are not so exacting in a vehicle that holds only two.

"Your turn to-day, mine some other day, Connie," said Beaufort Chance, as he sullenly settled himself in the cab.

"Oh, don't talk bosh, and don't sulk. You've found out that I'm not a fool. Is there any harm in that?" She turned to him briskly. "There are just two ways of taking this," she told him. "One is to be

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bullied into it by papa. The other is to do it pleasantly. Since there's no way not to do it, which of those two do you think best?"

"Did you mean it all the time?" he asked, sullen still, but curious.

"As soon as I began to be really gone on you," she answered him. The phrase is not classical, but she used it, and used it with a very clear purpose. "You don't suppose I like being—being disagreeable, and seeming to have—to have to force you to what you'd always let me understand you wanted. A girl has some self-respect, Beaufort."

"Some girls have got a deuced good set of brains, anyhow," he said, feeling for her some of the admiration that her father's clear purposes and resolute pursuit of them always claimed for him.

"Do you suppose" (Connie's face looked out of the other side of the cab) "that if I hadn't been awfully fond of you—"

He believed her, which was not strange; what she said was near enough to the truth to be rather strange. Yet it was not incongruous in her. And she seized a good moment for confessing it. If he would choose the pleasant way of accepting the inevitable, it should be made very pleasant to him. Nor was she indifferent as to which way he chose. She had her father in reserve, and would invoke his help if need be; but she hated to think of his smile while he gave it. Suddenly, under the board of the cab, she put her hand into Beaufort Chance's and gave his a squeeze.

He surrendered; but he kept up a little bit of pretence to the last. Connie let him keep it up, and humored him in it.

"All right. But I'll tell you what I think of your little game when we're alone together!"

"Oh, I say, you frighten me!" cried Connie, tactfully. "You won't be cruel, will you, Beaufort dear?"

She would have made an excellent Mayor of the Palace to a blustering but easily managed king.

He had chosen the pleasant way, and verily all things were made pleasant to him. Mrs. Fricker was archly maternal. A mother's greeting for him, an indulgent mother's forgiveness for Connie's secrecy. No more than a ponderously playful "Naughty child!" redeemed in an instant by, "But we could always trust her!" Not thus always Mrs. Fricker towards Connie and her diversions, as Connie's anxiety in the past well testified. But there, an engagement in the end does make a difference—if it is a desirable one. It would seem dangerous to divorce morality and prudence, since the apostles of each have ever been supremely anxious to prove that it coincided with, if it did not even include, the other; let us hope that they seek rather to excuse their opponents than to fortify themselves.

Fricker, too, was benevolent; he hinted at millions; he gave Beaufort to understand that while a partner or associate was one thing, a member of the family would be quite another; crumbs from the rich man's table compared with "All that I have is thine" was about the difference. It is true that Fricker smiled here and there, and just at first had seemed to telegraph something to his daughter's wide-awake eyes, and to receive a reply that increased his cordiality. What of that? Who cares for a whip if it is to be left hanging on the peg? It is at worst a hint which any wise and well-bred slave will notice but ignore. Not a reminder of it came from Fricker, unless in a certain far-away reflectiveness of smile. He had spent an hour that day in the task of finding out how entirely he held Beaufort in the hollow of his hand. The time was not wasted—besides, it was a recreation. But he did not wish to have to shut his fist and squeeze; he preferred at all times that things should go pleasantly, and his favorite moral lessons be inculcated by the mild uses of persuasion. "Now you're one of us," he told Beaufort, grasping his hand. Well, possibly he glanced at the whip out of the corner of his eye when he was saying that.

And Connie herself? She was the finest diplomatist of the three, for her heart was in the work. So much falsehood comes from no cause as from labelling human folk with a single ticket; a bundle of them might have been adequate to Connie. The time came which Beaufort had threatened—when they were alone as an affianced pair. The

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thing was done: she had spared no roughness in doing it. Now she set herself to make him content; nor did she force him to retract his threats. Her own mind was divided as to their relations. When it came to the point of a clash of wills (to use a phrase consecrated by criticism), she found always that she wished hers to prevail; in lighter questions she was primitive enough to cherish the ideal of herself as a willing slave. If Beaufort had not been able to raise that illusion in her from time to time, she would not have liked him so much, nor gone to such lengths to prove her own ultimate mastery. Almost persuading herself, she almost persuaded him; and in this effort she became pleasant to him again. Thus she compromised between her woman's temperament and her masculine will. If he would accept the compromise as a permanent basis, their union promised to go very smoothly.

"If you'd been like this," he told her, "there wouldn't have been any trouble this afternoon."

She endorsed the monstrous falsehood readily.

"No, it was all my fault. But I was—so terrified of losing you."

"You tried to threaten me into it!"

He could not be so deluded as to doubt what she had done. But he wanted the forlorn comfort of a brave face over a beaten heart.

"You threatened me, too," whispered Connie.

She broke away from him and took up her old jaunty attitude—arm on the mantelpiece, foot on the fender—again; there was challenge in the eyes that met his boldly.

"You did want some persuading," she reminded him.

He laughed. "Well, Trix Trevalla's a devilish pretty woman—and a bit easier to hold than you."

"I'm easy enough, if your hand's light. As for her, she'd have worried you to death. She'd have hated you, Beaufort."

He did not like that, and showed it.

"And I—don't!" Connie went on, with a dazzling smile. "Well, you're staring at me. How do I look?"

So she played her fish, with just enough hint of her power, with just enough submission to the legitimate sway she invited him to exercise. It was all very dexterous; there was probably no other road to her end. If it seems in some ways not attractive—well, we must use the weapons we have or be content to go to the wall. When she bade him good-night—still Mrs. Fricker was strong on reputable hours, and Connie herself assumed a new touch of scrupulousness (she was a free-lance no more)—his embrace did not lack ardor. She disengaged herself from his arms with a victorious laugh.

Her mother waited for her, vigilant but approving—just a little anxious, too.

"Well, Connie, is he very happy?"

"It's all right, mamma." Her assurance was jovially impudent. "I can do just what I like with him!"

"You'll have a job sometimes," opined Mrs. Fricker.

"That's half the fun." She thought a moment, and then spoke with a startling candor—with an unceremoniousness which Mrs. Fricker would have reproved twenty-four hours earlier. "I'm very fond of him," she said, "but Beaufort's a funk in the end, you know." She swung herself off to bed, singing a song. Her title to triumph is not to be denied. Peggy Ryle had furnished the opportunity, but the use of it had been all her own. A natural exultation may excuse the exclamation with which she jumped into bed:

"I knew Mrs. Trevalla wouldn't be in it if I got a fair show!"

Beaufort Chance stayed awhile alone in the drawing-room before he went down to join Fricker over a cigar. He had enjoyed Connie's company that night: the truth stood out undeniable. She had made him forget what her company meant and would cost—nay, more, what it would bring him in worldly gain. She had made him forget, or cease to wish for, Trix Trevalla. She had banished the thought of what he had been and once had hoped to be. If she could do that for him, would he be unhappy? For a moment he almost prayed to be always unhappy in the thing that he was now set to do.

(Continued on page 1437.)

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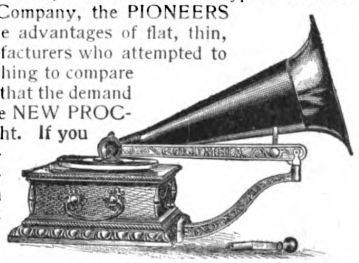
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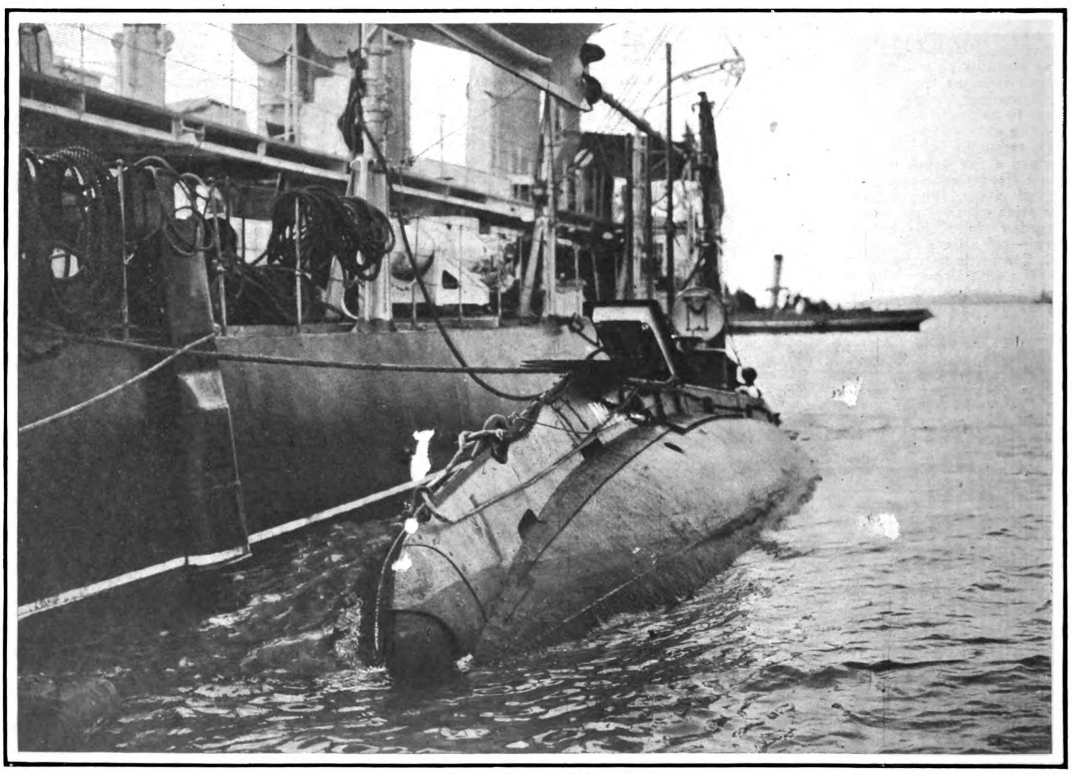
Have you read "Lin McLean," by Owen Wister, published by Harper & Brothers?

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(Continued from page 1435.)

For after an hour of blindness there came, as often, an hour of illumination almost unnatural. In the light of it he saw one of the worst things that a man can see. Enough of his old self and of his old traditions remained to make his eyes capable of the vision. He knew that the worst in him had been pleased; he saw that to please the worst in him threatened now to become enough. His record was not very good, but had he deserved this? It is useless to impugn the way of things. The knowledge came to him that, as he had more and more sought the low and not the high, so more and more the low had become sufficient to him. The knowledge was very bitter; but with a startled horror he anticipated the time when he would lose it. He had lost so much—public honor, private scruples, delicacy of taste. He had set out with at least a respect for these things and that share in them which the manner of his life and the standard of his associates imparted to him. They were all gone. He was degraded. He knew that now, and he feared that even the consciousness of it would soon die.

There was no help for it. In such cases there is none, unless a man will forsake all and go naked into the wilderness. To such a violent remedy he was unequal. It did not need Fricker's smooth assumption that all was settled to tell him that all was settled indeed. It did not need Fricker's welcome to the bosom of his family to tell him that of his family he would now be. Fricker's eulogy of his daughter was unnecessary, since soon to Beaufort too she would seem a meet subject for unstinted praise.

Yet Fricker did not lack some insight into his thoughts.

"I dare say, old fellow," he remarked, warming his back before the fire—which he liked at nights, whatever the season of the year—"that this isn't quite what you expected when you began life, but, depend upon it, it's very good business. After all, we very few of us get what we think we shall when we set up in the thing. Here I am—and, by Jove! I started life secretary to a Diocesan Benevolent Fund, and wanting to marry the Archdeacon's daughter! Here are you—well, we know all about you, Beaufort, my boy! Old Mervyn hasn't quite done the course he set out to do. Where's our friend Mrs. Trevalla? What's going to happen to pretty Peggy Ryle?" He dropped his coat-tails and shrugged his shoulders. "Between you and me, and not for the ladies, we take what we can get and try to be thankful. It's a queer business, but you haven't drawn such a bad ticket, after all."

Beaufort Chance took a long pull of whiskey-and-soda. The last idea of violent rebellion was gone. Under the easy tones, the comfortably pessimistic doctrine (there is much and peculiar comfort in doctrine of that color), proceeding from the suave and well-warmed preacher on the hearth-rug, there lay a polite intimation of the inevitable. If Fate and the Frickers seemed to mingle and become indistinct in conception, why, so they did in fact. Whose was the whip on the peg—Fate's or Fricker's? And who gives either Fate or Fr er power? Whatever the answer to these questions, Beaufort Chance had no mind that the whip should be taken down.

"I've nothing to complain of," said he, and drank again.

Fricker watched the gulps with a fatherly smile.

To be Contir

It must be so,—Plato, thou reason'st well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
—*Addison.*

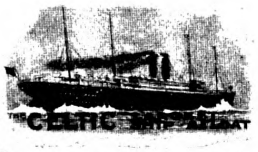
It is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering. —*Landor.*

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Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Return



John Blair
Leading man in Mrs. Campbell's company



E. F. Benson
Author of "Aunt Jeannie"

THE distinguished English actress who visited our shores last year, and who added to the gayety of this nation by a brilliant portrayal of all the feminine impossibilities she could compress into a brief season, has come to us again. It is a matter for real rejoicement that this time she appears as an impersonator of the sort of woman we could introduce to our grandmothers, if the occasion should arise, with no fear of consequences of a deplorable nature. Whatever our opinion of the Notorious *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, of the Dedecorous *Miss Schwartze*, or the *Superfluous Mrs. Tanqueray* as possible ornaments to Mr. Watterson's Four Hundred, it is clear that *Aunt Jeannie* would prove an ennobling addition to polite society anywhere; and in Mrs. Campbell's impersonation of this admirable woman we find those graces of manner and refinements of art of which, as we had been told prior to her arrival, she is the undoubted mistress. In the rôles she essayed last year Mrs. Campbell has been pronounced great by admirers of her genius, as well as by really competent critics, but to one at least she was never quite the thing she assumed to be, and the very attributes which constitute her chief charm as an actress militated strongly against the ends she had in view. Her personality forbade the easy acceptance of her *Mrs. Ebbsmith;* she carried with her always the refutation of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and her *Magda* was distinctly not made in Germany. Hence we had all our tears and our misery for nothing; we wept and mourned a wholly spurious series of impossibilities who, impossible enough to begin with, were obviously less possible as portrayed by a woman who is refinement itself and not much else.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell

This year a change has come o'er the spirit of Mrs. Campbell's dream of what the American public cares to see, and she gives us in "Aunt Jeannie" something that affords ample scope to her talents and the fullest play to those qualities of person which are the spirit of Mrs. Campbell as she appears to us. The rôle of *Mrs. Halton* fits her precisely, and the things that have to be done by this gracious gentlewoman are the sort of things that Mrs. Campbell can do almost better than any other woman on the stage. She really belongs in a drawing-room, and in this play she never leaves it, except when required to make an exit to give some one else a chance, and then she merely walks around the wings and comes back again. So that in this vehicle for the display of her talents that Mr. E. F. Benson—whose horrid fate it has been to be advertised as Mr. Dodo Benson—has prepared we find this gifted woman exceptionally well suited, both as to environment and action and as to character. The rôle is neither too large nor too small for her, and one departs at the fall of the final curtain with the comfortable sense of having been entertained reasonably and well; of having seen something that was real and true, and that, on the whole, pointed a moral that is worth thinking about afterwards.

Of Mr. Benson's comedy, if such it can be called, it betrays throughout the felicitous touch of a trained literary hand. We are inclined to think that it reads well, and that if printed in book form would find as keen an appreciation under the lamp as behind the foot-lights. Indeed, there is much in the lines that one would like to linger over and think about before rushing on through the sequential complications of the plot. There are portions of the dialogue which seem prosy on the stage, but which, taken in from the printed page, would be quite delightful. This is notably true of the opening scene, wherein we have an overlong bit of talk of the Dolly Dialogue order between a wordy young wit and a dame of advanced years. As reading-matter the raillery of the wordy young wit would doubtless prove enlivening and truly witty; for stage purposes it suggests the need of the pruning-knife, since it has nothing to do with anything that follows, and serves only to delay the moment when the fight is on.

There is evidence in "Aunt Jeannie" that Mr. Benson, like a great many other healthy-minded persons, has grown weary of the eternal succession of impossible women and their woes, and has deemed it about time that an impossible man should come in for some of that retribution which has hitherto been visited only upon the weak sister of society. Whether this proves Mr. Benson to be a philosopher or a humorist is a debatable point. In either case he has done what he set out to do successfully, and we find positive relief in a situation which temporarily sets aside the woman-baiting habit of our latter-day playwright, and gives errant man the kind of a soul-twist he is not likely ever to forget. Hitherto the woman with a past has had reason to complain of the injustice of society, which visits all the displeasure and contempt at its command upon her, while holding out the hand of condonation to the man who has been no better than he should be. Errant woman has suffered not alone the tortures of her own conscience, but even in the hour of repentance has met only with the cold shoulder, the averted head, or the open affront. Vicious man, confirmed in the habit of errancy, on the other hand, has found his punishment only in an old age of dull matrimonial respectability; some high-minded woman marries him to reform him, or because of his possessions to tolerate him in an easy forgetfulness of his past life. No one ever heard of a high-minded man doing this for a woman, and the weaker vessel, cast out once, is an outcast forever. To Mr. Benson it seems to have occurred that this as a system is only half right. The old adage that what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander is perhaps the text he had in mind when he sat down to prepare his dramatic preachment, and the result is refreshing. A man of easy virtue, to whom women had been of hardly more vital moment than so many toys, is deliberately fastened upon by a woman with a purpose and high sense of honor, and turned into a plaything himself, and the vitally strong point in Mr. Benson's treatment of his theme lies in the fact that at the precise moment when the man who has played so often and so fearlessly with others becomes himself the toy he is for the first time in his life in earnest. It is not merely his pride that is hurt when it dawns upon him that he has been tricked and turned and twisted by a woman's wiles; it is no superficial wound that is dealt him, and that the liniment of time and other conquests can heal or even soothe: he is hurt in his soul, every fibre of his being is mauled and bruised, and his first realization that he possesses such a thing as a heart comes to him as the dagger of deception is plunged into its very middle. Ordinarily, a spectacle of this nature would not appeal very strongly to a man whose creed is expressed in the principles of the Golden Rule. It is not pleasant to see a human soul subjected to relentless torture, but in this particular case one derives a great deal of satisfaction from a contemplation of Mr. Benson's unravelling plot, for the simple reason that we all like fair play. A one-sided fight is always more brutal than one in which there is an even chance for both sides, and since in the Drama of Impossibilities it has hitherto been always the woman who has borne the brunt of the battle, one may regard the occasional discomfiture

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of the man not only with complacency, but also with a certain measure of delight.

In the last two acts of "Aunt Jeannie" Mrs. Campbell is ably supplemented by Mr. John Blair. Mr. Blair is too recently out of the company of Mr. Kyrle Bellew and his gentlemen of France to be wholly satisfactory in the clothes of modern times, and occasionally his love-making conveys the idea that he believes he is still out with the swashbucklers of the days of strenuous romance. He lacks repose, and in the first act struts when he walks and wobbles as if on a pivot when he sits, but in the real moments of the play, which come late but follow each other rapidly and in cumulative force, he is wholly convincing and almost fine.

As for the rest of the supporting company, with the possible exception of Mr. R. C. Herz, Mrs. Campbell seems to believe, in common with some other British managers, that for the province of the United States anything below the level of third-class talent is good enough. Possibly she is right. We could name American managers who act on the same principle, but, on the whole, we think it a dangerous experiment for a visitor to try. We may tolerate a great deal in ourselves which in others we should resent.

The Humor of Mr. Roosevelt

THAT the man who is very much in earnest all the time may nevertheless retain his sense of humor was never better exemplified than by the President of these United States. The President's humor is usually expressed in terms of intense and picturesque sarcasm. The trait almost never appears in his public speeches, and very seldom in his writings. But a record of his friendly conversations would bring out a store of anecdotes and remarks such as the White House has not known since Mr. Lincoln used the same means of tempering the strain of our highest office.

The President's native enthusiasm has attracted to him the effervescent affection of many people who have enthusiasm—and nothing else—as a stock in trade in life. Of this sort are several who are so convinced that they have an intuitive understanding with the President on any and all subjects, that they do not hesitate to represent themselves as authorized to speak for him without his knowledge and consent. Word was brought the President of an exceedingly unpleasant situation into which one of these individuals had put him.

The President walked up and down the room for a moment, fighting with his perfectly apparent sense of annoyance. Then he stopped in front of his informant, and smiling broadly, said:

"Did you ever realize the embarrassing and spectacular position of a gentleman who is sincerely and devotedly, but publicly, admired by an utter lunatic?"

He walked a little longer. Then he added:

"The creature believes he is my truest and most valuable friend." He sighed and shook his head mournfully. "Yet it would be illegal to drown him."

At another time, referring to a man who was assailing the President's secretaries with demands that he be allowed to whisper in the President's ear important and mysterious communications which could be intrusted to no third person, Mr. Roosevelt said to a New York friend:

"It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail, and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."

"I hear," said a Senator one day to the President, speaking of a certain office soon to be filled, "that Mr. X. is having serious consideration for that vacancy."

"It may very well be," replied the President, with great solemnity. "I do not doubt but that under the President's own roof he is getting consideration which might be described as almost portentous. But were it not that I would thereby argue myself unknown, I would have to admit that I had never heard of the gentleman."

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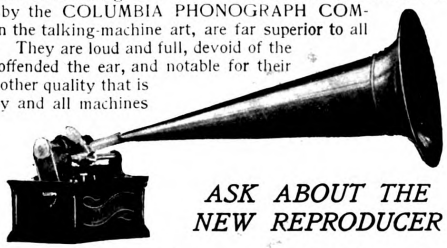
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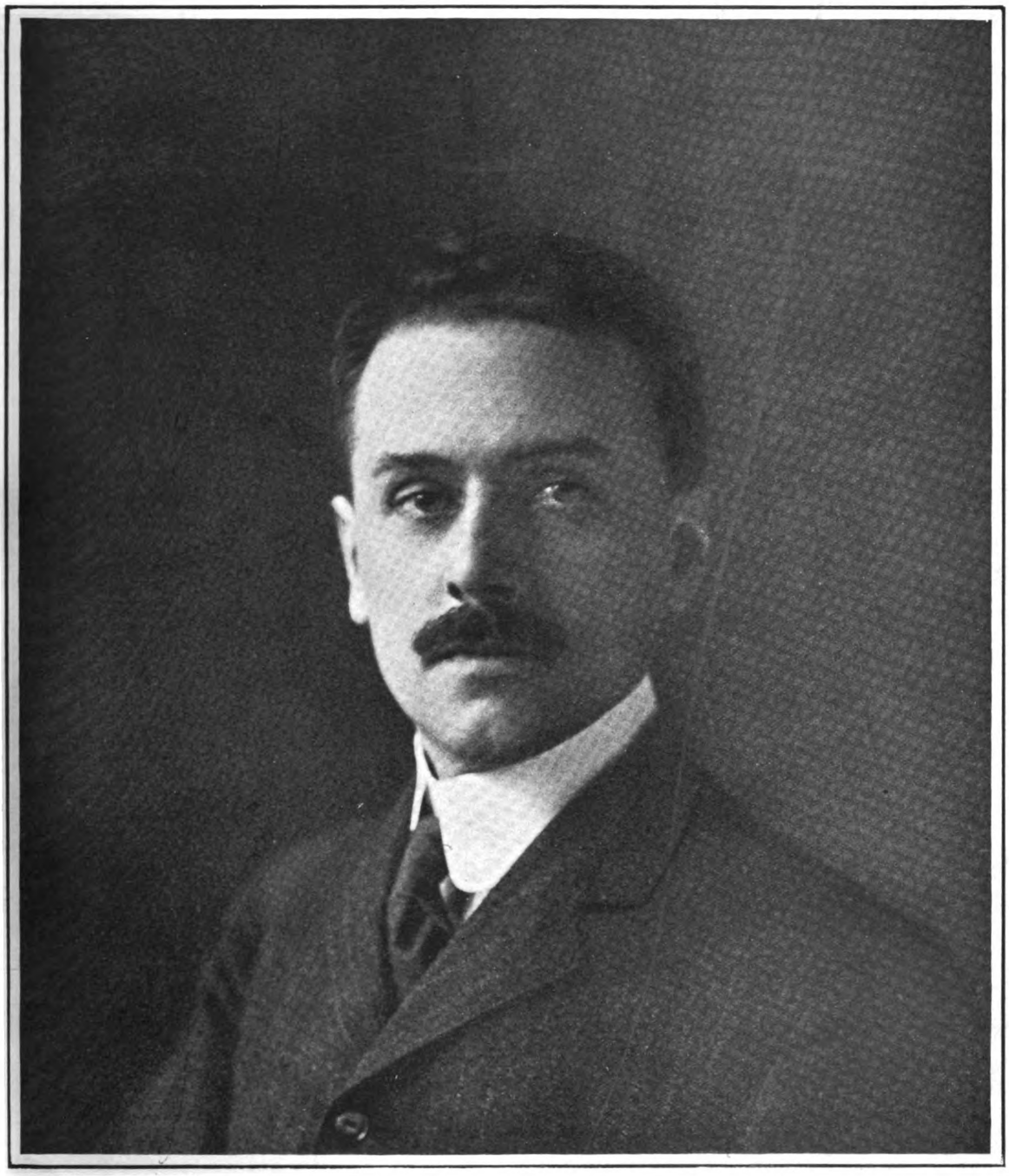
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XI.—LEWIS B. STILLWELL, *AET. 39*

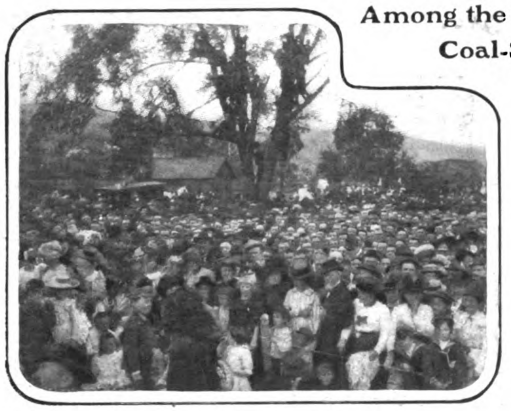
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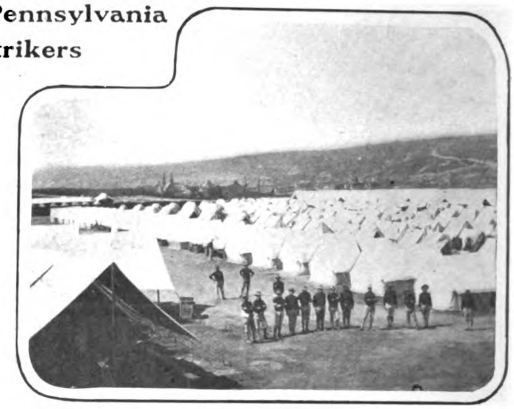
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Among the Pennsylvania Coal-Strikers



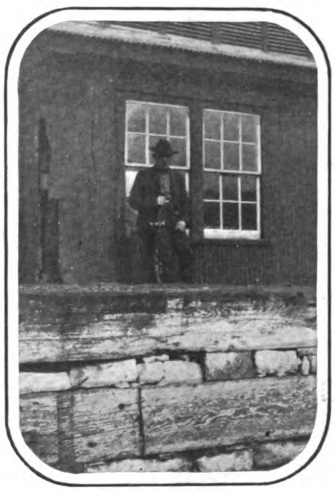
Mass-meeting of 7000 Miners listening to Mitchell at Priceburg, Pennsylvania



Camp of State Troops at Shenandoah, ready to quell Riots

TO be at the centre of a solid mass of 7000 strikers, with the upturned faces of miners, their wives, their children, and their babies stretching away in every direction as far as the eye can reach; to hear the vast composite shout, "Viva Presidente Mitchell," in twenty-seven different languages and dialects; to see the quiet, determined expression of them all, from the least to the greatest—is to appreciate something of the magnitude of the struggle, from the miners' point of view; to understand something of the force that has kept the strikers unwaveringly firm through the hardships of five weary months.

On the other hand are the operators just as unyielding, just as grim, with their sworn deputies guarding their property, and State troops in half a dozen places,—their embodied protest against the methods of the strikers. There is no love lost between the two, the soldiers and the strikers, and which has the advantage in taunts it would take an impartial judge to decide. The military represents to the miners all that they are fighting against, and they resent it in the same spirit that a city householder would object to having a squad of policemen camp in his back yard. Near Shenandoah the troops are stationed at Manila Park, one of the favorite play-grounds of the people. At its foot, where pleasure-seekers usually throng, three empty electrics are kept significantly on the side-track, ready to carry the troops to any centre of disturbance at a moment's notice. In the park itself, white tents are here, there, and everywhere, and sentinels with guns pace up and down the spaces where the miners' children in time of peace make merry.



Deputy guarding a Colliery

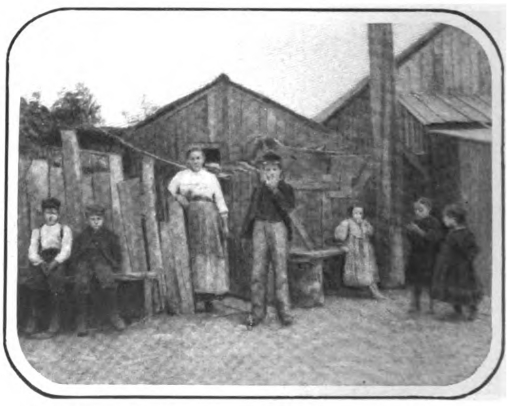
However necessary the troops may be, they are a constant irritation to the miners. Soldiers are not noted for being Puritans in the matter of noise and rowdyism. There seems at least a basis for the miners' complaint that their presence demoralizes the town, and even a few experiences with soldiers off duty make me feel that many of the strikers themselves might give them points on law and order.

It is a curious thing to see two great forces struggling with locked horns to keep their footing. Right or wrong, whatever the methods, the strike is the master-struggle of organized labor against organized capital. The individual workman has been lost somewhere in the shuffle, and the union has taken his place. The completeness of its organization nothing shows more conclusively than the method of managing its relief. This has been the strongest weapon in its fight. Without aid the miners must have starved or given in long ago, but so perfect has been the union's system of meeting the greatest number of needs with the smallest number of dollars, that it has kept its great army from actual hunger all this time.

The amount of relief is apportioned among the districts with strict impartiality. Money is not given out, only orders for provisions. The average amount given to a man and his wife for two weeks' living expenses is about two dollars and fifty cents, with thirty-five cents additional for each child.



Strikers waiting for their semi-monthly Relief at a "Station"



Type of Striker's Home and Family among the Foreign Element

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Secretary Hay's Note and the Jewish Question

SECRETARY HAY'S note to the powers expressed a strong disrelish of Roumanian Jewish immigrants forced to this country by religious persecution. According to the census of 1900, there had then entered the United States 15,041 Roumanians, who, we may assume, were chiefly Jews. And the immigration was rapidly increasing. In 1890 it was only 517; in 1898 it had grown to be 900; the following year it was only 1606, but in 1900 it was 6459, and in 1901 it was 7155.



A Jewish Immigrant and his Wife

There would be, nevertheless, not so much occasion for alarm from this immigration were it not for the fact that, according to the *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1902, there are 269,015 Roumanian Jews, practically all of whom are inclined to seek refuge in this country from persecution at home, just as did the Russian Jews a few years ago. Our illustrations indicate the character of the population which so-called Christian nations in Europe have driven for shelter to the hospitable republic. To say the least of them, these immigrants make very undesirable additions to our heterogeneous population, and their race at home is being made still more so by the drastic, even savage, laws which the Roumanian government is enforcing despite the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. Moreover, the undesirable immigration, as a whole, has enormously increased. Stated broadly, it constituted a little more than half of the immigration coming between 1890 and 1900, while the percentage of immigration from Canada, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland, and Scandinavian countries fell to 41.8 per cent. The significance of these figures may be the better judged when it is remembered that between 1880 and 1890 desirable immigration constituted more than 75 per cent., and undesirable less than 18 per cent. of all coming here; from 1870 to 1880 the rates were 82.8 and 6.4 per cent. respectively; from 1860 to 1870, 91.1 1.1; and that between 1820 and 1850 only three-tenths of one per cent. of our immigrants were from these races.

These people when they arrive are herded at Ellis Island, and then moved out into the American world to shift for themselves. If they would take up unoccupied lands or settle in the West, they would make in time valued citizens, as do the Swedes, Germans, etc. But they do not. They settle largely in New York city, and make the Jewish quarter a strange foreign land, as represented in the illustration of Hester Street given below. They do not become Americanized. They do not learn English, and they preserve their own customs and ways, which are not in any sense American.



Types of European Jews



Roumanian Jew Scissor-Grinder in New York



Hester Street, New York—The Jewish Quarter

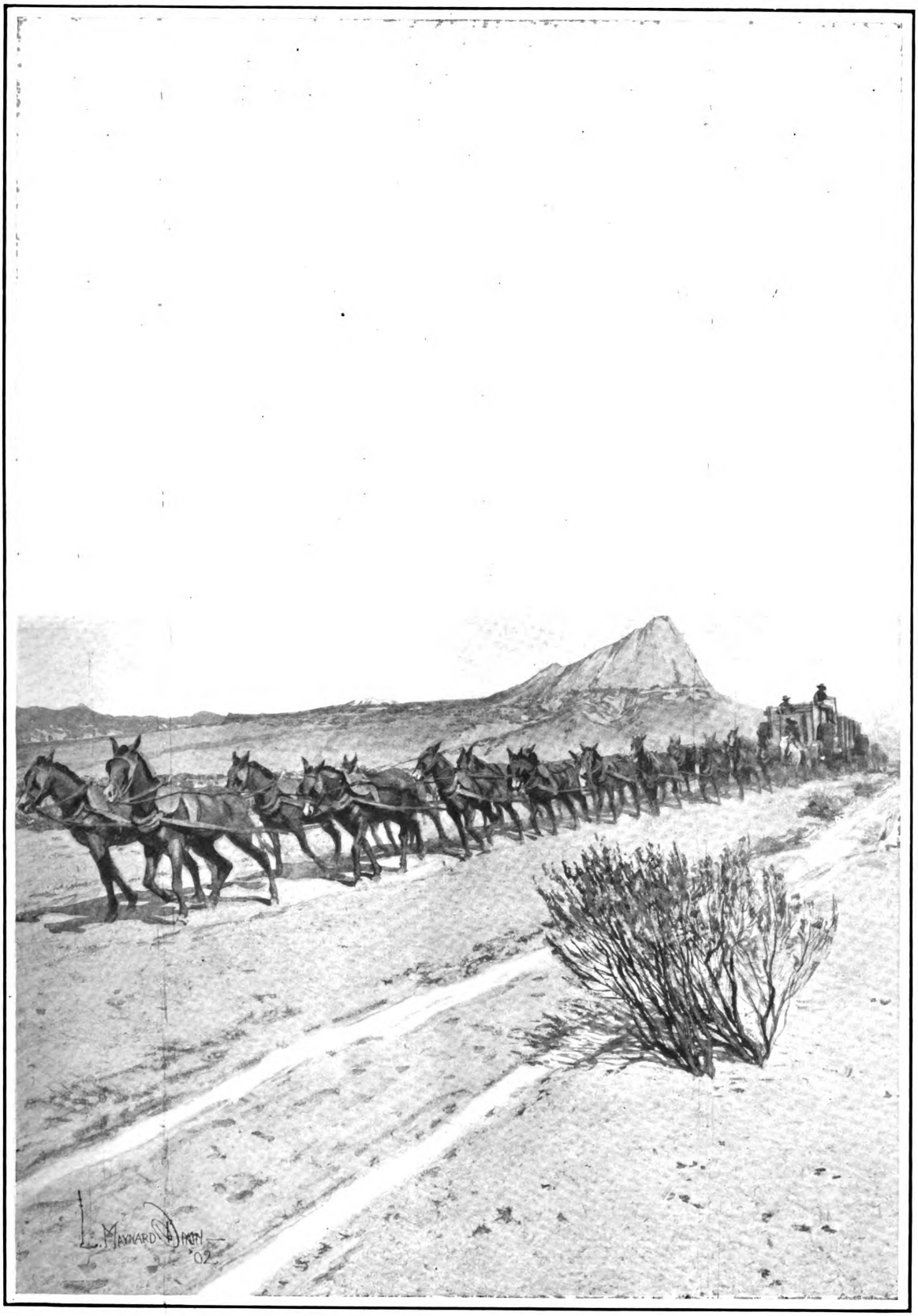
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ÉMILE ZOLA

Born at Paris on April 2, 1840. Died at his home in Paris, September 29, 1902

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FREIGHTING IN THE DESERT

One of the most picturesque sights in California deserts is the modern method of transporting freight. Where railroads do not yet exist huge teams of eighteen and twenty mules are hitched to great trucks, which transport merchandise through the desert lands of the Southwest

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Our First Annual Military Manoeuvres



Colonel A. L. Wagner



Colonel George B. Rodney



Lt.-Col. E. J. McClernand

Members of the Board which planned the Army Manoeuvres

WHEN the contingent of regular troops went into camp at Fort Riley on September 20, the War Department's programme for annual manœuvres was inaugurated. For operations of this character the troops stationed at Fort Riley for instruction form a valuable nucleus.

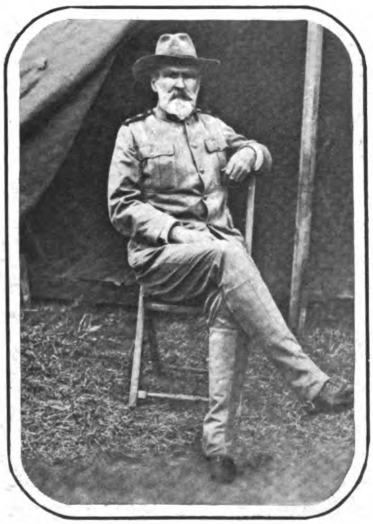
If the scene of the manœuvres must be a government reservation, no better section than Fort Riley could be made. Situated in the geographical centre of the United States, it is the most convenient point for the assemblage of the National Guard organizations of the States.

Fort Riley reservation contains an area of 20,000 acres, and embraces practically all the topographical conditions liable to be met with by an army in the field. There are flat grassy plains, gently rolling country, rugged country with narrow defiles, and two rivers, which, meeting on the reservation, afford opportunities for practising the various methods for crossing streams by permanent bridge, pontoon bridge, and ford. But enormous as the area is for a military post, it is too circumscribed for manœuvres of the magnitude befitting a nation of 80,000,000 people. Besides, the scene of the manœuvres should shift from year to year, for in this way only can really new problems in strategy be solved.

One of the most important objects of the manœuvres is the training of the regulars and volunteers in joint operations, so that when called upon to bear the same relation to each other in actual war, they will not be green to the work. If this idea is to be carried out, the attendance of the militia in large numbers must be secured, and when obtained the large body of troops assembled can only acquire experience, commensurate with the expense of assembling them, by manœuvring over a considerable section of the country.

The period between the 20th and 29th, when the militia regiments reported, was utilized in organizing the camp and getting the troops "shaken down."

In 1887 the government established at Fort Riley a postgraduate school for the practical and theoretical instruction of the Cavalry and Artillery corps. The tour of duty for the organizations detailed at the school is three years. The present strength is forty-three officers and ten hundred and ninety-three men.



Major-General John C. Bates
In command of Fort Riley army manoeuvres

The force of regulars assembled for the manœuvres consists of the Headquarters Band and First and Second squadrons, Fourth Cavalry and First and Third squadrons Eighth Cavalry; the Ninth Artillery Band and the Sixth, Seventh, Nineteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-eighth batteries field artillery; the Sixth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-second regiments of infantry; First Battalion of Engineers; detachment Hospital Corps; detachment Signal Corps.

The following militia regiments reported on the 29th: Kansas—two regiments of infantry; two batteries field artillery. Nebraska—two regiments of infantry. Colorado—one battalion of infantry.

The troops will be formed into a division, divided into three brigades, under command of Major-General John C. Bates.

The programme for this fall's operations was prepared by a board of officers consisting of Colonel C. C. Carr, Fourth Cavalry, commanding the cavalry post at Fort Riley; Colonel George B. Rodney, Field Artillery, commanding the artillery post at Fort Riley; Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Army, and Colonel E. J. McClernand, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Army, with Captain Horace M. Reeve, Seventeenth Infantry, as recorder.

All the troops have brought with them both blue and khaki uniforms, so that they may participate on either side in engagements.

The rival forces are always uniformed differently, and are customarily designated as the "Blues" and the "Browns."

The intention of the War Department to have the conditions in all departments faithfully portray those of war is shown by the thorough equipment of the detachments from the Engineer, Signal, and Medical corps. The Engineer Battalion is provided with a complete pontoon train, and the Signal Corps with various types representing the latest developments in field-telegraph apparatus. The branch of the Medical Department will be under command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Van R. Hoff, Deputy Surgeon General, who has under him all the officers and men that could be spared from their regular duties without crippling the service. Each regiment has a dispensary and hospital, in addition to the field-hospital of 108 beds for the entire command. When the field operations begin after the 29th, this hospital will be divided among the hostile forces, one being given 72 beds, and the other 36 beds.

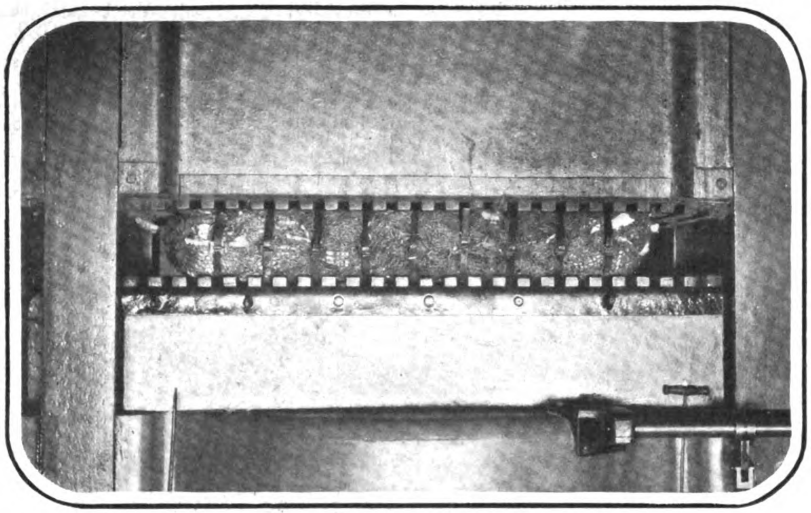
After all the troops have concentrated at the post they will be drilled in regimental, brigade, and division formations.

Following this will be work in advance and rear guard, outposts and screens, reconnoissance in force, attack and defence of convoys and positions, etc. The manœuvres will terminate with solving such problems, prepared by the Board, as—the two forces composed of the three arms are sent out of the reservation, remain out overnight, and return the next day to attack each other somewhere within the limits of the reservation.

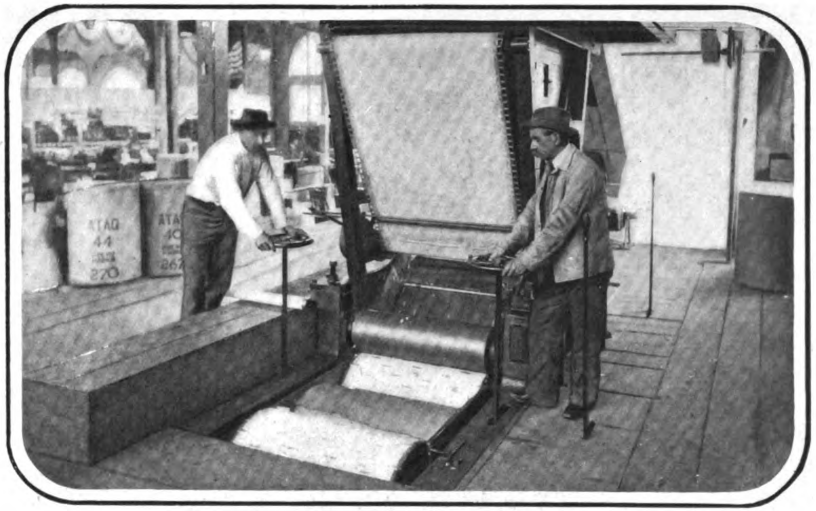
In addition to the militia regiments present, there are two hundred National Guard officers from all parts of the United States.

The probable passage at the next session of Congress of legislation authorizing an allowance from the national Treasury toward defraying the expenses of National Guard organizations, will insure a much greater representation at subsequent manœuvres.

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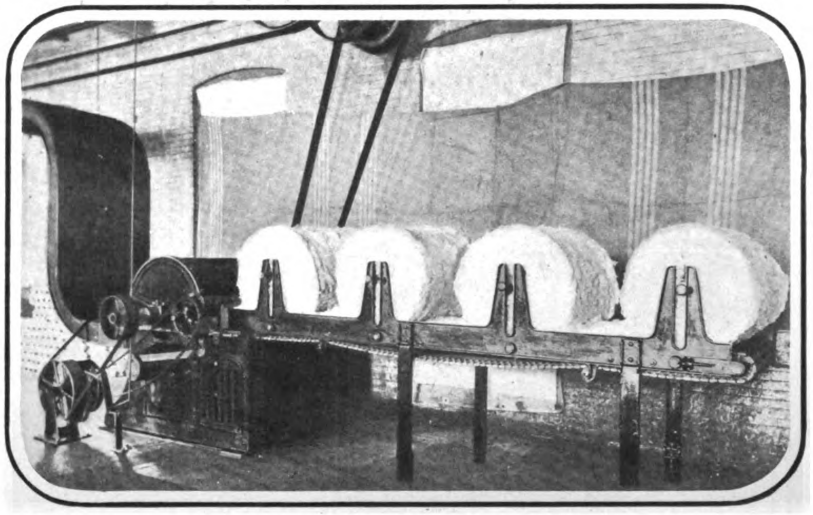
Old Way of Pressing the Bale for the Market
Final compression into one-fifth original size



New Way of Pressing the Bale for the Market
1. Automatic method of compressing round bale



New Way of Pressing the Bale for the Market
2. The round bale completed



Method of Unrolling round Bale in the Cotton-mill

THE TAKING OF THE COTTON CROP IN THE SOUTH

See page 1464

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The Approaching Concert Season



Ossip Gabrilowitsch
The Russian pianist, who visits America for the second time



Maud MacCarthy
The young Irish violinist



Raoul Pugno
The French pianist, who begins his second American tour October 17

IF there is anything, in the prospect, to distinguish the approaching concert season of 1902-3 from what one recalls of the majority of concert seasons that have gone before, it is, perhaps, the fact that it aims to make so early a beginning: the second week in October will see the first of those formal and non-negligible events which belong rather to the official winter season than to the prelusive autumnal period of casual and desultory music-making. By the end of the month we shall have heard several of the more important of those who yearly come to us trailing clouds of more or less dubitable glory, and the season will be well advanced towards its climax. Meanwhile, as we write, Pietro Mascagni and his much-heralded opera company are preparing a revelation of Italian Veritism to be disclosed upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House—an event which is not, however, properly to be taken into account in a forecast of the concert season as such.

Of the virtuosi of various kinds (not including Mr. Grau's super-eminent luminaries) who are planning an American invasion, we have estimated that between thirty and forty will play and fiddle and sing for our delight (or the reverse) between now and the summer of 1903,—leaving out of account, for the moment, those native and resident virtuosi who also intend a winter of concertizing: the prospect is exhilarating or appalling, according to one's receptive capacity and the degree of one's experience. Of those who are to come to us for the first time, undoubtedly the one who most arouses expectancy is the very youthful Bohemian violinist, Jaroslav Kocian. Young Mr. Kocian, who is not quite eighteen, is reported to be a player of extraordinarily fine accomplishments. He is a pupil of Antonin Dvořák, and has performed on the Continent and in London with a success which appears to have rivalled that of his compatriot, Kubelik. So responsible and authoritative a critic as Mr. Vernon Blackburn has written with contagious enthusiasm of his playing, and we are told that he has graced the functions of Rothschilds and Astors and Sultans of Morocco (by special command). Also of the new-comers are Frederic Lamond, the Scotch pianist,—whose overture, "From the Scottish Highlands," was performed some five years ago by the Philharmonic Society; Eugenio di Pirani, the German-Italian pianist; Miss Mary Münchoff, an American singer who has acquired a reputation abroad; Miss Ada Crossley and Mme. Kirkby Lunn, both English contraltos; Miss Helen Henschel,—a daughter of the singer and composer, Georg Henschel,—who will sing at one of the Boston Symphony concerts and in recital; David Baxter, the Scotch basso; and the violinist Hugo Heermann, of Frankfort.

We shall hear again, it is announced, Raoul Pugno, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Mark Hambourg, all of whom have played in America before. Elsa Ruegger, the young Belgian 'cellist, returns after several years' absence, as do Maud MacCarthy and Gregory Hast, the English tenor. We shall also have an opportunity of hearing in concert, if we may trust current announcements, such familiar personages as Marcella Sembrich, Suzanne Adams, Zélie de Lussan, Charlotte Maconda, Lillian Blauvelt, Carrie Bridewell, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Andreas Dippel, Anton van Rooy, Edward MacDowell, and that excessively retiring genius, Rafael Joseffy.

The Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony orchestras being always with us, we are to have the usual quota of concerts from each: eight public rehearsals and eight evening performances by the former, and five matinées and five evening concerts by the latter. The Kneisel Quartet announces a series of six evening performances, beginning November 25, the afternoon concerts of last season being discontinued. The Oratorio and the Musical Art Societies plan for their usual activities. Mr. Sam Franko will revive his delightful concerts of old music, and it is promised that Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the musical antiquarian, will come over from London to take part in them.



Jaroslav Kocian
The youthful rival of Kubelik



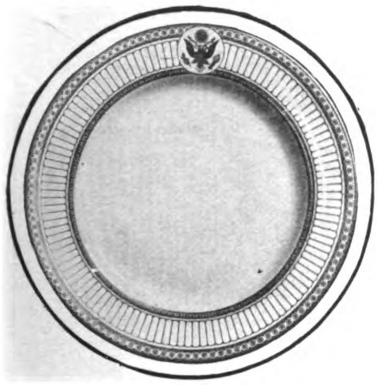
Elsa Ruegger
The Belgian 'cellist, appearing, October 24, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra



Helen Henschel
The daughter of Georg Henschel, who makes her American debut November 12

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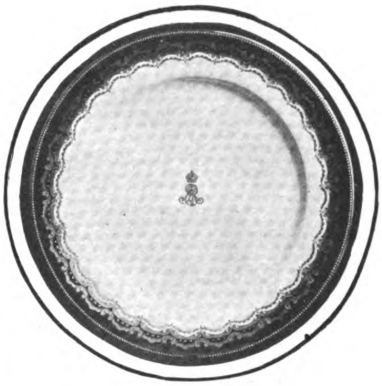
THE NEW WHITE HOUSE CHINA



Design for Soup Plates



The Seal of the United States used on the China

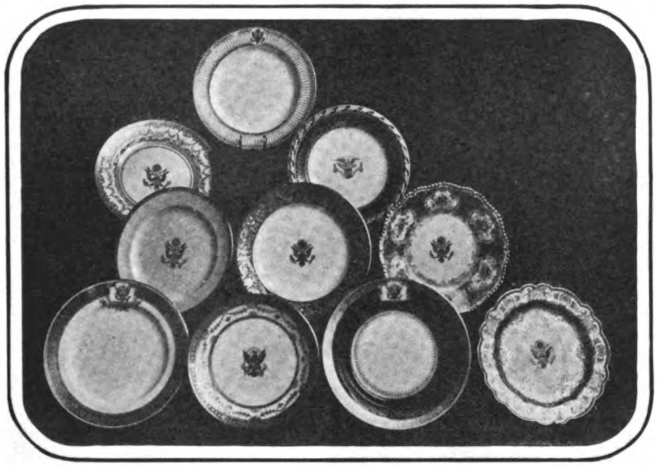


Design for Dinner Plates

SOME months ago Mrs. Roosevelt commissioned Mr. Charles M. Van Heusen, of the Van Heusen Charles Company, Albany, New York, to visit the noted factories, with the idea of submitting a collection of samples for her selection. Seventy-eight different and exclusive designs were brought to the attention of the lady of the White House. For months the matter has been the thought of many of the most noted china-decorators, and possibly never before has there been a more beautiful collection of designs in ceramic art presented to the consideration of any one with a similar idea in view. It seemed as though any taste could be gratified,—deep rich reds, beautiful blues and yellows, Rose du Barrys, and the different shades of green to the very simplest treatments that can be imagined.

The one selected by Mrs. Roosevelt is a simple Colonial pattern, with the obverse, or front, of the Great Seal of the United States enamelled in color as the decorative feature. It was made by Wedgwood, and covers the requirements possibly better than any of the others. One disadvantage, however, of which the democratic simplicity of this country boasts, is that there are no heraldic emblems, and Mrs. Roosevelt was very anxious to have a service which would be distinctly known as the White House service. There are, however, two or three emblems which can be used to denote the Presidential position. One is his personal seal, but which is no different from the seal of any notary public. Another is the Great Seal of the United States. It was finally determined that the Great Seal should be enamelled on the service, and then the hunt for the samples began.

The Great Seal, as originally adopted by the statute of June, 1782, consisted of two faces, an obverse, or front, and a reverse, or back.



Various Designs for Plates

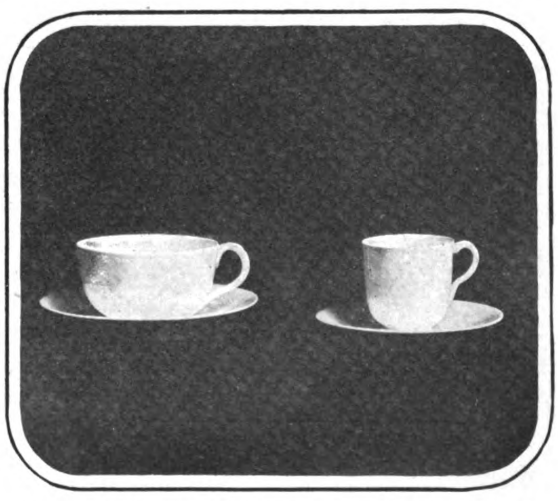
It has been noticed that none of the different drawings of the Great Seal as adopted by Congress has been in detail absolutely correct, and considerable attention has been paid to have the Seal that is to be enamelled on the service as nearly accurate as possible. It is, indeed, an exquisite decoration for the White House service. The White House service consists of 1296 pieces. The glass service is one of extreme beauty, and is unusual, as it exemplifies the arts of heavy cutting and delicate etching well blended.

It is understood that but one piece signed by John Wedgwood is known to exist, and that bears the name and date, 1691, incised around the jug.

The design selected by Mrs. Roosevelt has been patented and copyrighted for the exclusive use of the White House. The Executive designs will not be sold outside the White House under any consideration.

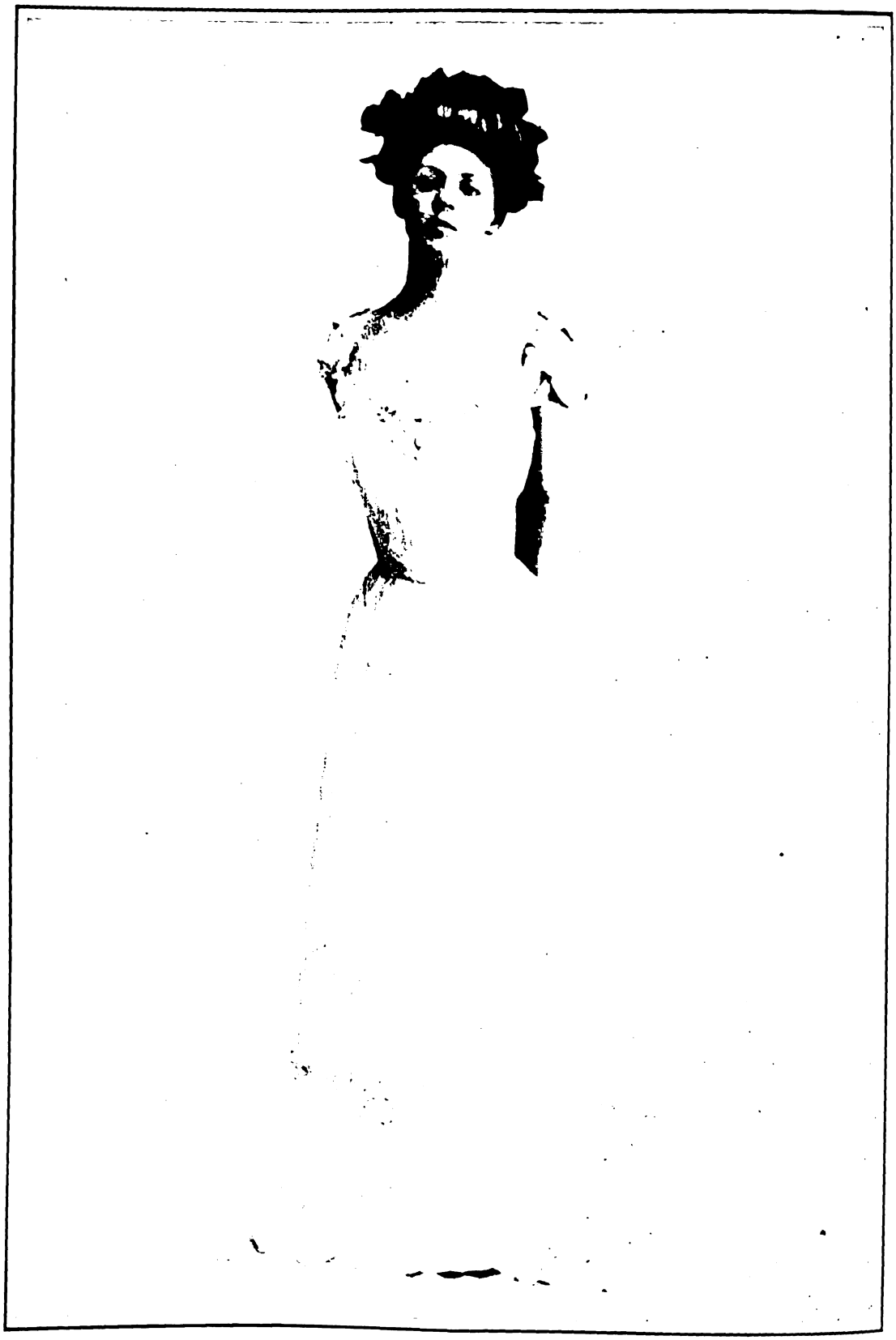


A Goblet Design for the Glass Service



Shapes of Cups and Saucers that are to be Decorated

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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

The clever young actress who starred last season in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Miss Barrymore belongs to a gifted family of actors, and is the sister of Lionel and daughter of Maurice Barrymore. She appears at the Savoy in "A Country Mouse," and will create the part in this country which Miss Annie Hughes played so successfully in London all last season

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending October 11, 1902

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COMMENT

THE most important of the fall campaigns—that of New York State—loses the interest it promised through the failure of the Democrats, under Mr. Hill, to take advantage of an exceptional opportunity. Public sentiment in favor of administering a rebuke to those who are now running the Republican party, sufficient, at any rate, to encourage the upbuilding of a healthful opposition, has been growing steadily ever since the failure of the latest Congress to acquit itself creditably, and this time and place seemed not only the most natural but the most likely to produce effective results. The hope was that a man might be nominated for Governor who could be depended upon to prove as capable and trustworthy as Mr. Odell, thus enabling the contest to be waged upon broader lines. It was possibly only fair to Judge Parker to heed his disinclination to become the candidate, although there is no good reason to doubt that he would have accepted a unanimous nomination; but even so, there were other Democrats, of whom Mr. Shepard was the most notable, who would have filled the bill satisfactorily. Instead, Mr. Hill, for reasons best known to himself, selected the vacillating, inconsequential, and incompetent Mr. Coler, whose certain defeat, however overwhelming, will not even have the merit of quenching his insatiable thirst for public office in particular and notoriety in general. We firmly believe that Judge Parker could and should have been elected; but whatever may be the bearing of the result upon national politics, the people of New York must be assured, first of all, of capable and level-headed conduct of its own affairs. So there is nothing to do but to vote for Mr. Odell.

Possibly, in view of the undesirability of the candidate, it was just as well that Mr. Hill bowed his head meekly to the shocking demand of yellow-journalism for a declaration in favor of government ownership of private properties, but he might at least have treated the ruffian Devery with the fairness to which all criminals are entitled. There was neither doubt nor denial of Devery's absolute right to sit as a delegate in the convention. He had won his fight by the same means as his opponent did not win his, and there was no shadow of justice or precedent for refusing him admittance. We said the ruffian Devery—and he *is* a ruffian, but it is by no means impossible that there were others in the hall whose characters would wither quite as quickly under a lime-light equally penetrating. In any event, he is an American citizen, and there was no possible justification for a deliberate violation of our primary law, involving a complete defeat of its very purpose, and making in a great Democratic convention a precedent of arbitrary determination which may, on some future day, be utilized by ruffians themselves for their own advantage, instead of by timid politicians for theirs.

One of the striking signs of the times is the reappearance of the Cleveland element in the Democratic State Convention of New York. It will be remembered that in 1884 Mr. Cleveland was violently opposed by the delegates of Tammany Hall to the Democratic national convention, and that in 1892 the delegates of the State of New York to the Democratic national convention of that year were instructed for Senator Hill. In 1896, and again in 1900, almost all of the distinguished Democrats in the city and State of New York who were known as friends of Mr. Cleveland are believed to have voted for Mr. McKinley. Now, on the other hand, such men as John G. Carlisle, Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. W. B. Hornblower, whom Mr. Cleveland tried to make a justice of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, Mr. J. Edward Simmons, President of the Fourth National Bank, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. James T. Woodward, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Ashbel P. Fitch, and other independent Democrats formerly conspicuous in the Cleveland wing of their party, were chosen delegates by Tammany constituencies to attend the State convention. It is known that they were elected at the request of Mr. Hill, who, for the moment, has complete control of the party machinery in the State of New York. From these facts, several deductions may reasonably or plausibly be drawn. It is, in the first place, evident that the gentlemen named would not, at the present time, return to the Democratic party unless they were assured that the objectionable features of the programme put forth at Chicago in 1896 would be ignored in the platform to be framed at Saratoga; and unless, also, they believed that a similar course would be pursued in the next Democratic national convention. It is further inferred by some expert observers that so many of Mr. Cleveland's friends would not have been invited by Mr. Hill to attend the New York State Convention, nor would they have accepted his invitation, unless he had let it be clearly understood that he would not himself be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904.

The withdrawal of Mr. George R. Sheldon's candidacy for the Republican nomination for the Lieutenant-Governorship of New York was an incident of no great importance in itself, yet we shall find it full of significance if we mark the reasons given—no doubt truthfully—for the withdrawal. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Sheldon's name was dropped out of deference to the wish of the Brooklyn delegates to the Republican State Convention that they should be permitted to designate the nominee for the office mentioned. As their fellow-townsman, Mr. Woodruff, had been Lieutenant-Governor for three successive terms, they had no reasonable claim upon the post, and, in the end, a candidate from a distant part of the State was selected. What caused Mr. Sheldon to withdraw his candidacy at the eleventh hour was Governor Odell's refusal to run on the same ticket with him, and this refusal had been caused by the discovery that a sinister effect had been produced upon delegates from the rural districts by the information, conveyed through Brooklyn delegates, that Mr. Sheldon had been conspicuously associated with certain "trusts." Many of these rural delegates, it seems, told Governor Odell that their constituents could not

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be persuaded to look favorably upon a ticket which bore the name of a trust magnate. That is to say, Mr. Sheldon found himself in a position similar to that which Mr. Chauncey M. Depew occupied at the Republican national convention of 1888, when the New York delegation made him its candidate for the nomination for the Presidency. Men who personally liked Mr. Depew, and who would have liked to see him President, considered it their duty to disclose to him the unwelcome fact that should he be nominated he would be defeated in some of the Western States normally Republican, because, in the popular mind, he was intimately associated with railway interests. In view of the reported facts, Mr. Depew withdrew his name, and although he has since been chosen a United States Senator by the New York Legislature, he has never been seriously considered as a candidate for office before the people.

What was true of railways fourteen years ago seems now to be true of all large combinations of capital. They excite distrust to an extent which shrewd political managers desiring the success of their party ticket feel themselves constrained to heed. We do not hesitate to say that this narrowing of the field of choice is a matter for profound regret. It is, indeed, no new thing in our political history for merit to be ranked lower than availability in the list of a candidate's qualifications. It was on the score of availability that Henry Clay in 1840 and 1848 was passed over in favor of very inferior men. In the case of Mr. Depew and Mr. Sheldon, however, the objection is pointed not against them personally, but against the whole class of men identified in the public mind with railways and other great corporations. This is equivalent to excluding from public service the strongest intellects of the country, which for several decades have been irresistibly impelled to take part in that consolidation of capital and enterprise which is the most imposing and momentous phenomenon in the political economy of our time. The political and financial problems incident to our Federal government have acquired such dimensions that the best trained and most powerful intellects in the United States are needed for their solution. In no other enlightened country upon earth would mere prejudice be suffered to dictate the selection or exclusion of candidates for offices invested with such capacious powers as those belonging to our Federal Chief Magistrate or to the Governor of the Empire commonwealth. If we go on rejecting political candidates on the ground that they are honorably connected with those corporate bodies that are fast absorbing the resources and the energies of the American community, we shall ultimately and logically be reduced to choosing nominees for high public office on the score, not of their achievements, but of their insignificance.

It is probably no surprise to Secretary Hay that his note inviting the attention of the powers represented in the congress at Berlin to the maltreatment of the Jews in Roumania has elicited an appeal that we shall extend the ægis of American influence over other sufferers from the non-enforcement of the Berlin Treaty. A perfect case for renewed expostulation on our part has been submitted by a representative of the Armenians residing in the United States, who number, it seems, some twenty thousand, and who have been driven into exile by the atrocious persecution to which they have been subjected at the hands of the Turkish government. The Berlin Treaty was every jot as specific and peremptory in the clause relating to the Armenian subjects of the Sultan as in that regarding the Jewish inhabitants of Roumania. The former are as much entitled to our good offices as are the latter. In the one instance, as in the other, our moral right to request the cosignatories of the Berlin Treaty to enforce it is based not only on broad humanitarian grounds, but on the particular fact that the quality of the immigrants seeking a refuge on our soil is injuriously affected by the outrages complained of. The powers that have recognized, by active co-operation or by the silence that gives assent, the propriety of the plea put forward by us on behalf of the Roumanian Jews, could not deny that we are equally entitled to advocate the cause of the Armenians.

Nor is this the only extension that the position taken by Secretary Hay is likely to receive. If it be true, as M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu, the well-known political economist, has acknowledged in a Paris newspaper, that on humanitarian and economic grounds the United States have an incontestable interest in the treatment of the European proletariat, that interest cannot be confined to Jews and Armenians. As a people inspired by philanthropic sympathies we cannot consistently shut our eyes to the outrages perpetrated on the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Macedonia, outrages vividly recalling the Bulgarian atrocities which provoked the armed interposition of Russia in 1877. There are signs that the hour for a renewed intervention of Russia south of the Balkans is approaching. For that very reason Secretary Hay's note referring to the treatment of Roumanian Jews may receive no overt approval from the St. Petersburg government, to which, in the event of a war with Turkey, the alliance of Roumania would be strategically indispensable. At the same time, the Czar's advisers keenly appreciate the value of American good-will from a financial point of view, and they must secretly applaud the appearance of the United States as a proclaimer of humanitarian sentiment and enlightened public opinion concerning European questions, for there can be no doubt about our attitude regarding the desirability of relieving the Christian populations of the Balkan peninsula from the Ottoman yoke. That is a matter about which Englishmen and Americans would heartily concur, the pro-Turkish sympathy resuscitated by Lord Beaconsfield in 1876-8 having now become extinct in England. Soon or late, indeed, it was inevitable that the richest country in the world, and, therefore, potentially, the mightiest, which the United States are now admitted to be, should exercise a tremendous influence over European public opinion. The historian will record, however, that it was reserved for Secretary Hay to insert the thin edge of the wedge at the wrong time.

There is a good deal of truth in the assertion lately made by M. Caix in the *Journal des Débats* that the drift of events is rendering superfluous our affirmation of the Monroe doctrine by assuring to us a practical hegemony over the Latin-American commonwealths. Like most European observers, indeed, he is mistaken in assuming that it is in pursuance of the Monroe doctrine that United States marines have been landed at Panama and Colon for the purpose of preventing interference with the Panama Railway on the part either of the Colombian government troops or of the Colombian revolutionists. The protection of the Panama Railway which we have repeatedly furnished is, as even Englishmen need continually to be reminded, not a right arrogated by us as a corollary of the Monroe doctrine, but a duty imposed on us by a treaty made with New Granada more than half a century ago, whereby we undertook to guarantee the free transit of the isthmus and the maintenance of order thereon. M. Caix is quite right, however, in deducing from certain other events the renunciation of any purpose to dispute our ascendency in the Caribbean, and, for that matter, in the waters laving the west coasts of Central and South America, so far as England and France are concerned. England virtually renounced the purpose when she consented to a revision of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, whereby she strove in 1850 to establish an equality of power and authority on the isthmus. France, for her part, will have withdrawn from competition for preponderance in the Caribbean when the purchase of the Panama Canal shall have been effected by the United States.

There is not much exaggeration in the deduction drawn by M. Caix that, with those events, and our purchase of the Danish West Indies, a page of history will have been turned, and a long step will have been taken toward the Americanization of the New World. There is no doubt, however, that the Americanizing process will be one of pacific conciliation and commercial consociation, not of political absorption. We desire neither to hold any of the Latin-American commonwealths as colonies nor to admit them as States into our Union. Touching those points the predominant feeling in the United States was accurately reflected by the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the Porto Rico cases. There is therefore no ground for the warning addressed by M. Caix to such Latin-American republics as Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, that they must set their houses in order if they want to maintain an inde-

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pendent existence. If by setting their houses in order he means a Latin-American confederation, a little reflection will show that the scheme would be impracticable. Even if practicable it would be superfluous; for, if one of the republics named were to ask for annexation to the United States, the request would almost certainly be rejected. Not political fusion, but the undefined hegemony which events seem pressing upon us represents the utmost limits of our wish.

President Palma has been induced to discuss the condition of free Cuba, and has very pardonably allowed himself to rub his hands with satisfaction and to smile with gentle amiability as he looks back over the first four months' life of the new republic. The President of Cuba says that his success through these four months has surpassed his hopes; that he has paid all the expenses of the government, and has a surplus in hand; and that everything is running smoothly, and to his entire satisfaction. On the question of reciprocal trade favors with this country, the President of Cuba expresses himself hopefully. He looks for favorable action by the United States Senate next session, and considers the insertion of a Cuban plank in the Republican platform in several States as a good sign. But, continues President Palma, Cuba wants no reciprocity with the United States that will affect her commerce with other countries. Cuba's ports must be open to the world, and she must foster commercial relations with every country. Any measure of reciprocity to be acceptable must be equally beneficial to both countries. As regards the loan of $35,000,000 about which we have heard so much, President Palma says, with great justice, that the borrowing of so large a sum is a very serious question for Cuba, and that he must carefully study it, before deciding on his course of action. He hastened to add that should Cuba decide to borrow this sum she would be careful to fulfil all requirements of the Platt amendments, as to setting aside certain resources for a sinking-fund and to assure the payment of interest. President Palma would be glad to see the United States artillery finally withdrawn from Cuba, but, with this one exception, he sees nothing but causes for satisfaction all around him. He has no question of winter fuel to face and solve in his tropic island.

The war for Canadian tariff revision continues to rage around the Hon. J. Israel Tarte, the Minister of Public Works. It is significant that the word "strenuous" begins to be applied to him by the press of the Dominion. Speaking the other day at Orillia, Ontario, Mr. Tarte humorously declared that he was a man who had the misfortune to know what he wanted, and say what he thought. To the department over which he presided belonged the duty of developing the internal waterways of Canada. Mr. Tarte said that he was a newspaper man, and that he believed in informing himself by travel and otherwise. He was a believer in Canada, and was resolved not to stay in his own town, but to travel, and learn every detail of his country as well as he could. Amid immense applause he declared that he gave his attention to the map of his country, and he punctuated his oration by appeals to a large map displayed on the platform. He quoted figures, showing that Canada not only possessed the best and shortest water-routes to the sea, but also the shortest routes across the ocean to the markets of the Old World. Buffalo had fifty grain-elevators largely stored with Canadian grain yet the Erie Canal was a mere ditch. This year Canada would have fifty million bushels of grain for export, but not ten per cent. of it would be carried in Canadian bottoms. He proposed to develop Canada's harbors and Canada's waterways. In a year or two the St. Lawrence route would be not only safe, but one of the safest in the world. With Canada's advantages in transportation, and her immense natural resources, she was strong enough to be the mistress of her own destiny. Then turning to the tariff, he declared that it was a difficult question, but affirmed that he enjoyed grappling with delicate and difficult questions. The whole question was this: Were the Canadians to become a nation, or were they to depend upon America for their destiny? Continuing, he affirmed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had come back from the negotiations at Washington red hot, and had declared he never would go there again. Finally, evidently with a prophetic eye on the future, Mr. Tarte declared that, were he himself forming a cabinet, he would try to have all shades of opinion represented. Men were liable to change their opinions. Only true love lasted forever.

Governor Taft's recent Manila speech on the occasion of his return to the Philippine Islands touches on several very important points. He declared that his hearers could be confident that it would be only a matter of a year or two before the American duty on Philippine products was reduced to so small a figure as to make it practically free trade. Delays in Congressional action on the tariff, and postponement of the time for a popular assembly, were only the outgrowth of a conservatism due to a doubt on the part of many as to the real condition of the islands. In view of the unwillingness of the Vatican to enter into a contract for the definite removal of the Spanish friars, the Secretary of War was unwilling to enter into a contract obliging the Philippine and American governments to pay the indefinitely large sums asked as indemnity for the possessions of the friars, without further investigation, and preferred to recur to the original method of settlement proposed by the Vatican — that is, through an apostolic delegate, who should visit the islands with authority to sell the lands, to settle the rentals due, and to agree upon the question of charitable and educational trusts. This basis has been agreed to, and negotiations were to be continued in Manila after all the data necessary had been submitted by the representative of the Church to the government. The negotiations upon many of the issues were only begun, though the sale of the friars' lands had been approved, and the question of the return of the friars to their parishes was completely in the hands of the people of each parish, who would have to settle it for themselves, and abide by the result.

From Rome comes the announcement that a pontifical bull on the apostolic constitution of the Philippines will soon be issued. It will indicate the papal view of the objects and aims of Archbishop Guidi's mission to Manila. Foreshadowing the contents of the bull, it is said that the apostolic delegate will have to reorganize the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy of the archipelago, creating three new dioceses, and proposing prelates for the archbishopric of Manila and the remaining bishoprics, after which he will convoke a synod to establish the forms of ecclesiastical government, in harmony with the customs of the islands. One of the first projects of the archbishop is the establishment at Manila of two seminaries for the education of the native clergy, who are destined immediately to displace the foreigners. These seminaries will be entrusted to a religious order which has not hitherto been represented in the archipelago. A portion of the students of the seminaries will be sent to Rome to complete their education, either at the North-American or at the South-American College, or in a special Filipino college, if it is found practicable to establish the latter. The friar question might, it is suggested, be solved without recourse to the recall of the friars by opening the Philippines to all the clergy of all the religious orders, without distinction of nationality, thus quickly overshadowing the few hundreds of Spanish friars remaining there. The reorganization of the Church in the islands will be paid for by the money coming from the sale of the friars' lands, and from the indemnity which the United States will pay for war damages to Church property. The Church is to submit an estimate of the amount demanded, which may become the base of negotiations between the apostolic delegate and the Governor.

We have now another illustration of the weakness of our banking system, which, in some respects, is so admirable. Prosperity has been so great, trading has been so active, that the loaning capacity of New York banks has been strained to its uttermost. When we add to the conditions thus brought about the annual drain of currency to the West and South, this year a little heavier than usual, we have panic conditions. These are mainly produced by law. Congress has provided for them in advance by establishing and maintaining a system whose circulation cannot respond to the demands of business, and which gives to tangible currency an importance quite at variance with the requirements and practices of modern commercial and financial life, which has made the transfer of credits its most important circulating medium. When the demand for credits from local traders

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and the demand for cash from the Western banks reach a certain point, the New York banks are compelled, by the legal requirement to maintain a reserve for the protection of their depositors, to contract the credit circulation, to call in their loans, to raise the price of money to a prohibitive point, and to compel sales which, in many cases, result in disaster and often in ruin, for there is no legal provision providing for assistance from banks that are flush, as the Western banks are now. Such conditions prevailed in New York for many weeks. Secretary Shaw, was, of course, called upon to come to the aid of the money-market, this being the only civilized country in the world whose Treasury can force or prevent a panic. Mr. Shaw, at first, was inclined to doubt the necessity of interference. Then he offered to issue additional circulation against "free bonds"—that is, bonds owned by the banks not already security for their circulation; then he anticipated interest on the debt for the remainder of the fiscal year; finally, on Monday, September 29, when the rate for money on call had advanced to 35 per cent., he released $30,000,000, which the banks were holding as a reserve against government deposits to the amount of $130,000,000. This reserve has heretofore been required, notwithstanding the fact that the government deposits have been amply secured by bonds deposited by the banks. The Secretary's announcement increased the credit currency by $130,000,000. He also announced that he would issue new circulation against other than government securities. For this purpose he had already printed notes to the amount of $25,000,000. The trouble in the money-market, which at least approached a panic, was, as we have said, largely due to our banking laws. A remedy lies in the power of Congress, and a bill is already before the House of Representatives which would work a great reform if it should be enacted. But can Congress be induced to turn its attention to a subject made so uninteresting both by its importance and by its general character? There is a difficulty not to be despised.

The second operation on the President's leg, which was found to be necessary, emphasizes what we said last week in concluding our paragraph on the sudden termination of his Western trip. It is clear now that the President was careless of his health after the sad trolley accident at Pittsfield. He received an injury there, of the painful character of which at least he must have had immediate and acute notice. If he concealed the intimations from his physician, he doubtless underrated the pain. If he disclosed the pain to his physician, the latter should have forbidden the Western journey. If this journey was actually forbidden, and the President insisted upon it until it was brought to a sudden termination at Indianapolis, Mr. Roosevelt showed a lack of proper regard for the President and for the country, which is intensely interested in the President's physical welfare. The truth is that a great risk has been taken and a danger has been carelessly encountered. The President received an injury at Pittsfield which was so serious that its continuance threatened him at least with an illness which would have caused the country much anxiety. Now such anxiety is precisely what the President ought not to inflict upon the country. Plain Theodore Roosevelt may take all the risks he likes, provided his wife and children have no objection, but President Theodore Roosevelt does not belong exclusively to himself and his family, but to the country, and he owes it to the country to take every precaution to fill out the term to which he has succeeded. He does not know it, perhaps, partly because the country has been only half conscious of it, and partly because it has been politely silent, but his jumping and climbing and rushings have been regarded with much anxiety by a people who are fond of him, and whom, therefore, he ought not needlessly to alarm.

The pleasing rumor comes from over the sea that King Edward wishes to make President Roosevelt an honorary colonel of one of his regiments. As an evidence of the King's good-will this is very gratifying, but, after all, it is just as well that the laws are such that the President could not accept the proffered honor, even if he wanted to. It would embarrass him seriously when other sovereigns offered him similar commissions, as they would be much inclined to do were he to accept the first. His precise duty in the event of a general Continental war, for instance, as a British colonel, a French general, a Russian major, a German field-marshal, an Italian captain, and a Spanish admiral, which we may assume would be some of the grades he would occupy, would be very difficult to determine, and he would find himself involved in an inward conflict alongside of which the strenuous life, as it is now understood, would be as an ant-hill to a Mount Pelée. It would be awkward, too, for a President of the United States to be in any way subject to the command of the British or any other king. In the case of King Edward, who is always in a very friendly mood toward the United States, perhaps the menace in such a situation would amount to little, but it requires no extraordinary stretch of the imagination to discover trouble for ourselves in a position which placed Mr. Roosevelt under the orders of the Kaiser Wilhelm, and of course the President could not decline a commission in the German army if he had accepted one under the flag of Great Britain. Altogether, then, it is a good thing that there is no possibility of the President's accepting the distinction the King of England would confer upon him. It does credit to the heart of his Majesty that he should have thought of paying so marked a compliment to his great and good friend the President of the United States, but, while it is improper to look a gift-horse in the mouth, it occurs to us that his choice of honors to be bestowed might have been more felicitous—like the Governor-Generalship of Canada, for instance. President Roosevelt could do something with a commission of that kind, and without hurting Canada a bit.

The election of D. C. Heyward as Governor of South Carolina is one of the incidents in our political history which prove the soundness of the heart of the democracy. Mr. Heyward's victory is Tillman's defeat. The successful candidate belongs to what is known as the aristocratic class—to the class once led by Wade Hampton. This class was noisily and boastfully "put out of politics" by Senator Tillman, and the belief has been general that the people of the State, especially the farmers, had definitely yielded to the notion that the more vulgar a man the better qualified is he for the tasks of government. Heyward has proved that this belief was not well founded—at least that the reign of the vulgar *per se* was but temporary. Heyward was not known beyond his own locality, and the company of young men who organized and gained the victory for him were amateurs. He won on his intellectual and moral merits, even among the farmers whom Tillman had sedulously cultivated by demagogic arts—by selling himself the produce of his farm from the tail of his own wagon, by ostentatious parade of his cow-hide boots—by what, in short, may be termed the one-gallus method. One who has watched American politics for a long time would prove that his observations had been of little value to him if he should declare that the result of this election in South Carolina has permanently regenerated the State. There is no doubt that the bad will triumph there again, and that it will be defeated again. What it shows is that when an American community becomes thoroughly awake to political depravity, or to pretence, the depraved and the pretending are likely to be overthrown; and for this reason the democracy may be said to be sound at heart.

The action of Governor Jenks of Alabama in pardoning five white men who had been convicted of lynching an innocent negro is perplexing and not at all satisfactory. These men had been tried and convicted at much trouble and expense, and were undergoing imprisonment. One of them had been sentenced for life. They killed the negro, and no new extenuation of their crime seems to have been discovered, but Governor Jenks was a candidate for re-election, and concluded apparently that it was not good politics to be too critical of the behavior of white men who had thought proper to hang a negro, even though, as it turned out, the negro had done nothing wrong. Perhaps, too, many of the voters in Alabama felt that any man is liable to make a mistake about a negro, and that punishment in such cases ought not to be encouraged. At any rate, after encouraging the arrest and conviction of these lynchers, the Governor has turned them all loose again.

There are symptoms of a revival of the discussion about the army canteen. General Funston, commanding the De-

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partment of the Colorado, speaks in his annual report of a deplorable increase of offences in general and of desertion in particular, in his department, and attributes it, first, to "resentment of unaccustomed limitations and restrictions felt by men returning from field service," and, second, to the abolition of the canteen. He says that the saloons that have sprung up just outside the reservations since the canteens were closed are vile places, run by scoundrels, where soldiers are debauched and fleeced. The army cannot control these places; the local authorities, as a rule, "regard them with indifference or approval." There can be no reasonable doubt, says General Funston, that most of the trials by court martial and summary courts in his department are due to these noisome dives, which have sprung up since the canteen was abolished. General MacArthur reports for the Department of the Lakes that guard-houses at all the posts are overcrowded with prisoners awaiting trial. No doubt many soldiers have come back from the Philippines who did not employ themselves while there in perfecting their morals. To keep them in order at a military post would be hard enough in any case, but it does not take a strong imagination to conceive how much the natural difficulties of the situation must be increased when the only decent places where soldiers could buy beer have been replaced by these whiskey-selling gambling-hells where everything possible is done to ruin the soldier.

Perhaps General Corbin says, as a Parisian newspaper correspondent reports, that "the German Emperor is the planet's greatest man." Why not? Those who cannot agree with such a valuation ought not to revile the general, but to remember that greatness is as much a matter of feeling with the admirer as of quality in the object. It makes a difference who decides on the identity of the greatest man on the planet. Right here in this town there are persons who very likely have never heard of the German Emperor, or, if they have, who never gave him the tribute of a passing thought, who are persuaded that the planet has nothing greater than William S. Devery. They had another greatest man last year, and probably will have still another next year; but today, it is Devery. In Chicago, according to all accounts, one John Alexander Dowie is temporarily exalted by a host of adorers to the highest pinnacle. Sometimes the object of homage is a woman—as witness the case of the ingenious constructor of Science and Health and her followers. Tom Johnson appears at the moment to fill all the demands for superlative greatness of one class of our fellow-citizens, while the reigning pugilist, whoever he may be, is always on a mountain-top while he lasts. Other ideals of greatness appear where they are least expected. A successful business man, whose acquaintances never dreamed that he ever had a thought for anything except business, in a confidential moment told a friend that he considered Mr. Louis Pasteur to be the greatest man in the world. Another stoutly declared, and entirely in earnest, that Booker Washington was superior to any other man in America, claiming that that settled the case so far as the rest of the world was concerned. Probably nine-tenths of the wholesome boys in America who are blessed with good homes grow pretty well into their teens with the firm belief that nobody else quite comes up to their fathers; while there is a suspicion that even in these disillusioned days occasionally a wife fondly entertains that notion about her husband. So, happily, there is no lack of greatest men in the world, assorted to suit all manner of tastes and dispositions. And if General Corbin chooses to accord that distinction to the German Emperor, what need of attempting refutation? Liberty of choice is unrestrained, and waiting objects of adoration abound. Reason is unnecessary, reason is superfluous, reason can never convince the contradictory. Say, like Lucetta in the play, "*I* think him so, because *I* think him so." That is enough.

It seems to be really true that the persecuted Doukhobors, who were helped to find a refuge in Canada, have developed a conviction that animals too are born free and equal, and that it is wrong to thwart their inclinations either by killing them for food or by making them work. It was reported that, acting on this conviction, these remarkable fanatics had turned their live-stock loose, and declined to look after them any further, and that it was probable that both the animals and the Doukhobors would starve during the coming winter. Confirmation of this report comes with the news that the Canadian government has caused the cattle, sheep, and horses to be seized and sold for the benefit of their late owners. It is possible that not all of the Doukhobors are parties to this extraordinary folly, and that some of them may be growing sensible, but developments of the kind reported must be exceedingly mortifying to the philanthropists who have tried to help these wretched people.

Whether the organization of the new international trust, the British-American Tobacco Company, represents a victory for the American Tobacco Company or for the Imperial Company of Great Britain seems to be disputed. There is no doubt that the American Tobacco Company spent a great sum of money in the effort to acquire control of the manufacturing and retail tobacco business in the United Kingdom. That this effort failed is evident from the published terms of the agreement which forms the basis of the international combination, for the American and the Imperial companies covenant to respect each other's domestic trade, while a new company, to be known as the British-American, will compete for the trade of all the rest of the world, except, of course, those countries, like France, where the manufacture and sale of tobacco are a government monopoly. The Imperial Company withdraws from the British colonial market in favor of the international corporation: this is obviously a concession to the American Tobacco Company, which contributes two-thirds of the capital, and is represented by two-thirds of the directors in the international concern. From the facts here recited it may be inferred that the British consumer of tobacco has been left at the mercy of the Imperial Company. As a matter of fact, that corporation was far from having a monopoly of the British market even before it was confronted by American competitors. If an attempt is made unduly to raise the prices of cigars, cigarettes, and smoking-tobacco in the United Kingdom, the old native rivals of the Imperial Company are certain to be strengthened by an inflow of new capital. As for the American Tobacco Company, it has safeguarded itself against the threatened invasion of its market on this side of the Atlantic, and it has entered, as we have said, into a combination for the control of the markets exterior to the United Kingdom and the United States, but, on the whole, its strenuous endeavor to conquer the British market must be pronounced unsuccessful. It takes a financier of considerable magnitude to play the Napoleon in England.

The most recent and also the most practical suggestion of means by which English manufacturers may successfully meet American competition in the world's market comes from Professor Dewar, the noted scientist. At the British Association's annual meeting, in September, he said that Britain's great blunder had been the remaining in ignorance of what was being done on the other side of the Atlantic, and that if manufacturers would subsidize their chief officials to spend their holidays in the United States and see how time could be economized by organization, they would be repaid a hundredfold. Professor Dewar's advice is very good, as far as it goes, but it will not cause any loss of sleep among American manufacturers, for however much the aforesaid chief officials might learn—and they have keen eyes and good memories—English trade would still be handicapped by the English workman, who, as a rule, does as little as he can in a working day, while the American, despite his grumbling, his strikes, and his occasional sprees, works hard. This difference between workmen on the two sides of the Atlantic has often been noticed and commented on alike by English and American employers. It has been attributed to difference of climate, pay, food, etc., but the true reason is far more significant; it is that the able English mechanic seldom or never expects to change his condition, while almost every American hopes that some day he will become a manager and employer through sheer ability, so he works as if he were heir-presumptive to everything in sight, and he has hundreds of thousands of exemplars to cheer him, all of whom came up from the bottom.

M. Léon Daudet, son of the distinguished French novelist, has delivered himself of the extraordinary opinion that novel-

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reading should be stopped by law. It is said that he favors the enactment of a law forbidding the sale of all fiction to women and children on the same principle that in some States statutes forbidding the sale of morphine and cigarettes have been enacted. He contends that the morbid taste of the public for exciting romances is responsible for much of the unhappiness and unrest in the world, and that these lead men on to deeds of actual evil; and he goes so far as to predict that future generations will scorn novel-reading as a deliberate and low form of intoxication. Without going into an inquiry as to how far his distinguished father's *Sappho* has prompted this spirit of reform in the mind of the son, we should like to know some of the statistics M. Daudet had before him when he reached his conclusion; what the specially offending books are, for he cannot, of course, have meant to sweepingly condemn the whole bulk of romantic literature. There are books and books. Some fiction, far from warping the mind, as M. Daudet intimates that it does, actually takes the warp out of it, while other tales are so much of an offence to the community and so detrimental to its welfare as to suggest the propriety of invoking the services of the board of health to secure their suppression. We fancy that in France there is more of the latter kind of fiction than is good for the country, and considering the tenor of a certain kind of French romance, we can see a glimmer of reason in the reformer's effort; but we think he makes a mistake in advocating actual prohibition when what the situation demands is merely a wise or restrictive measure, regulation, not extermination. If we were in M. Daudet's place, instead of advocating the legal suppression of fiction for women and children, we should suggest that the literature of which he complains should be sold only upon prescription from a practising physician. It should be dispensed, rather than dispensed with, intelligently, and with due regard for the necessities of the reader. Of course, in this country, we can get along without any such legal measures for the protection of the weak and the innocent, but in France, where there is so much absinthe in the well of the writer's inspiration, we can quite see how M. Daudet's idea may be taken with some seriousness.

Among the many world records held by this country at the present time is that of gambling. We are easily first in this sinister accomplishment. It crops out all over the country —in the street urchin; in the university youth; in the clerk and the workman; in society; in the family even (where one night a week is often set apart for an "innocent" little game of poker); in the gambling establishments which the law is powerless to suppress; at the race-tracks; and, above all, in Wall Street. It is safe to say that more gambling goes on in Greater New York every day than in any other community in the world, not excepting the kingdom of gambling, Monaco. The dishonesty, corruption, and misery entailed are stupendous and heartrending to contemplate. At first sight this incurable mania for gambling with which we are afflicted seems a heinous and unmixed evil. It is bad enough, in all conscience, and it is not our purpose to plead for it. But as madness is often the result of some fine quality or power becoming excessive or going wrong, so gambling seems to be a diseased form of a spirit which has made the prosperity of America—the spirit of enterprise. In fact, enterprise is a sort of gambling. A man gages his savings, his time, his energy, in a scheme which he hopes will yield him fivefold, tenfold, a hundredfold, but whose success is almost as problematical as the fall of a roulette ball, the finish of a horse-race, or the fluctuation of the stock-market. The difference between gambling and genuine enterprise is that in the former a man wagers on pure hazard, often pitting his reason against a mechanical thing that has nothing to do with reason except to mock it, while in the latter he bets on his own power and resource. Gambling and enterprise are both the expression of an intense ambition to get rich. And as long as that ambition remains the moving principle in American activity, there will be this double expression of it,—enterprise and gambling, the one leading to prosperity, the other, more often than not, to poverty and ruin and all degradation.

The modest little statement recently issued by the association which has for eleven years generously and splendidly backed and supported the great Chicago Orchestra, of which Theodore Thomas is the director, is a somewhat impressive and remarkable document. It sets forth, for instance, the striking fact that within these eleven years the members of the association, who are all Chicago men and women, have made up a total difference of $370,000 between the income and the expenses of the orchestra. This great deficit has been cheerfully met by the wealthy music-lovers of Chicago, because they have been willing to spend the money in educating and gradually elevating the musical taste of the Middle West. The existence of an annual deficit in the finances of the orchestra is no evidence that Chicago people are at all behind those of any other section of the country in their appreciation of orchestral music of the highest class, for Theodore Thomas had not only failed to make his orchestra pay for itself in both Boston and New York before he came to the West, but he had failed to find in either city the generous public spirit which has held up his hands for the past decade. There is something paradoxical in the fact that Chicago—only the other day known chiefly as the capital of filth and Philistia—should stand alone among the great cities of the country as willing to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain high musical ideals. But almost everything about Chicago is a paradox, and nothing it does or is would much excite surprise. Meanwhile it has in Theodore Thomas perhaps the greatest living reader of orchestral music. His whole career has been one of complete devotion to an ideal. Rather than lower the standards of his orchestra he would lay down his bâton in a second and for all time. Practical people will say, of course, that the deficit could be avoided and the orchestra be made self-supporting if a greater variety of popular music were injected into its programmes. But it is a fine thing in this day to find a man who hitches his wagon to a star and refuses to switch to the trolley for the sake of the additional fares he could pick up. And it is still finer and much more remarkable to find in what has been called the most materialistic and modern of cities rich men and women who tell the star-driver to go ahead and they will see he does not lack for a plentiful supply of axle-grease. Especially significant is the fact that the prospects for the twelfth annual season of the orchestra are that it will almost, if not quite, pay for itself. In which case Mr. Thomas and his backers may well feel that the long effort and the great expense have not been in vain.

The appointment of Mr. Worthington C. Ford to the head of the department of historical manuscripts in the Congressional Library at Washington is significant. Mr. Ford is one of our first authorities on American history, and also on manuscripts. He is not only a writer of distinction, but has all his life been a collector of manuscripts. So much for the head of the department. As to the department itself, it is growing to be of great value under the wise direction of Mr. Herbert Putnam, the librarian. Congress does not give Mr. Putnam nearly as much money as he ought to have for the purchase of books and manuscripts, but the librarian does so well with what is given him that he will probably in time teach Congress the value of his work, and will inspire it with the laudable desire of making its library the great reservoir of material for the study of American history. Here ought to be the place to which all students of our colonial and national history should be obliged to resort, as it may be if Congress will listen to Mr. Putnam, and will consider the valuable treasures which he has already been able to purchase, notwithstanding the small means which it places at his disposal.

Only two electricians have been honored as the recipients of the Niagara medal—Lord Kelvin and Lewis Buckley Stillwell. The fame of the former is world-wide; the latter is the young American whose portrait appears in our series this week. He began his serious study at Middletown, in the ingenuity-breeding State of Connecticut, and continued in the Westinghouse shops till he became chief electrical engineer and assistant manager. He made the plans and supervised the construction and, for a time, the operation of the great plant at Niagara; and now has charge of the electrical work of both the Elevated and Subway companies in this city. He prefers application to invention, and on that line bids fair to play a very important part in the electrical development which is so striking a feature of recent industrial progress. He is a Pennsylvanian, and is thirty-nine years old.

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New York Politics

The Republican Platform

THERE are several reasons why the attention of the country was fixed on the proceedings of the Republican State Convention. What position would the Convention take with reference to Cuban reciprocity and other proposed readjustments of the Dingley tariff, with reference to the so-called trusts, and with reference to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for the Republican nomination for the Presidency two years hence? Other matters in which the people of the Empire commonwealth are locally concerned, such as the canal question, and the proposed amendment of the State Constitution empowering the Legislature to fix the hours of labor, figure conspicuously in the platform, and may decide the outcome of the State election next November. It is, however, the issues first above mentioned which possess an interest and an importance that transcend State boundaries.

The plank in the platform which relates to Cuba gives no countenance to those Republicans who, in the alleged interest of the beet-sugar industry, prevented a moderate reduction of our customs duties on Cuban sugars, although such reduction was generally acknowledged to be of vital import to the prosperity of the island. The language used, however, by the New York Republicans in their State Convention might have been less ambiguous and have conveyed a deeper sense of duty. When they say, for instance, that they favor such reciprocity with the new republic as shall assure effective relief to Cuba and substantial benefit to our own people, "without harm to any American industry," they seem to recognize as disputable the question whether our beet-sugar industry would be injured by such a moderate reduction of the duty on the Cuban product as twenty per cent. It has been conclusively proved that no injury to our native sugar-growers would result from so inconsiderable a concession to their Cuban competitors. What the Convention should have emphasized, if it meant to give Mr. Roosevelt's Cuban policy vigorous support, was the moral obligation assumed by President McKinley, and inherited by his successor. That moral obligation was contracted when delegates of the Cuban Constitutional Convention came to Washington and received from Mr. McKinley and his Secretary of War the following promise: That the Executive, while not presuming to bind the legislative branch of the Federal government, would do its utmost to secure a reduction of the tariff on Cuban sugars, provided certain stipulations embodied in the so-called Platt Amendment, and strongly desired by the United States, should be incorporated in the Cuban Constitution. Relying on that promise, and believing that our Federal Executive would be able to secure an endorsement thereof by Congress, the Cuban Constitutional Convention authorized the independent insular government, when created, to insert the desired stipulations in a treaty. Such a treaty, it was distinctly understood, would be the consideration given for a reduction of our tariff in favor of Cuban products. The New York Republicans might have pointed out that, so long as we refused such a tariff reduction, we have no moral right, even if we have a legal right—which is doubtful—to exact the concession defined in the Platt Amendment.

We pass to the position taken by the New York Convention with reference to the so-called trusts, and the alleged relation of the tariff thereto. It will be remembered that the Iowa Republicans pronounced in favor of reducing the tariff wherever its provisions afforded a shelter to monopoly. The reference to the tariff in the platform framed by the New York Republicans is contained in about five lines. After pointing out that the promise of abundant work and good wages, based on the enactment of a protective tariff, has been fulfilled, they announce that the integrity of the protective principle must be preserved because that principle is required to maintain the highest scale of American wages and the supremacy of the American workshop. They do not say in so many words that they will repeal or reduce the tariff, in case any of its provisions shall be found to shelter monopoly, but perhaps such a promise may be inferred from the fact that they pledge the party to the support of such *legislation* as will suppress and prevent all combinations and monopolies in whatever form having for their purpose the destruction of competition in legitimate enterprise, the limitation of production in any field of labor, or the increase of cost to the consumer of the necessities of life.

It will be observed that we have italicized the word legislation. The New York Republicans carefully confine themselves to pledging the use of the *law-making* power at Albany or in Washington for the purpose of dealing with monopolies when discovered. They say not a word about the *constitutional amendment*, which, President Roosevelt has said, would be found indispensable,—an amendment giving Congress the control over the within-State business of corporations which is now exercised by the State governments. Much significance should undoubtedly be attached to the fact that the Republicans assembled in the President's own State have refrained from so much as mentioning the drastic and revolutionary remedy repeatedly proposed by Mr. Roosevelt for the possibly harmful tendencies of those colossal combinations of capital and enterprise which constitute the most imposing of recent economical phenomena. Under the circumstances, silence on a question forced by the President into the foreground of discussion cannot be otherwise construed than as disapproval and repudiation. It is plain enough that the President's own party in his own State will not stand for the tremendous innovation henceforth inseparably associated with Mr. Roosevelt's name. It remains to be seen whether in a single one of the forty-five States a Republican convention will second the demand for the constitutional amendment which he has proclaimed essential to the safety of the commonwealth.

From the Democratic point of view, the grim reticence maintained on this fundamental question by the New York Republicans must be a disappointment. They are deprived of a battle-cry which might have become powerfully effective. So far as the contest in New York is concerned, they cannot now assert that the Republicans are committed to a monstrous heresy that would virtually annihilate State rights and the habit of self-rule.

The Democratic Platform

A GOOD deal can be said in criticism of the style and construction of the New York Democratic platform, but, as a statement of principles, it is far superior to the Republican platform. It is inordinately long, and it is clearly the wandering and disjointed work of several carpenters put together at last by a joiner too busy to cut the aggregation down to fair proportions.

However this may be, the real things in a platform are its declarations of the party's beliefs on the crucial subjects of the time—not of the brief moment, but of the epoch in the nation's history which endures until these crucial subjects are settled finally, or at least for years to come. On these subjects, as we have already said, the Democratic platform is very much better than the Republican platform. It not only sets forth sounder political philosophy and sounder economics, but it is franker and honester. It meets the tariff question, the trust question, and the various State and local issues more manfully and much more satisfactorily.

In brief, the Democratic party is for a reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis, and for immediate revision with that object in view; it opposes the withdrawal and the locking up of money from circulation by over-taxation; it indulges in some generalities about trust evils, as its competitor does, and where it is more definite it is generally as unsound as politicians usually are on this subject; it is correct, however, in its assertion that the Republican tariff policy has been the mother of trusts, and it is practical and praiseworthy in proposing, as one remedy, the withdrawal of all protective duties from trust products that are necessaries of life; it is also commendable in flatly opposing the President's revolutionary and procrastinating proposal to transfer the power of the States on this subject to the Federal government; it opposes the colonial policy of the administration, insisting on the perfectly true propositions that the British crown colony is not compatible with our free institutions, and, as to the Filipinos, that "they cannot become citizens without endangering our civilization; they cannot become subjects without imperilling our form of government." Its utterance as to Cuba and our duty to the new republic almost invites the employment of that much-abused word, ringing. It is not, as most Republican platforms are, a half-way meeting of Mr. Roosevelt's generalities; but it emphatically admits our duty to Cuba, and favors a concession that shall place the tariff on Cuban products on a revenue basis, which is much better than the 20-per-cent. cut contemplated by the most generous of Republicans.

After reading all that is excellent, although too verbosely expressed, it is discouraging to drop to the state socialistic plank favoring the national ownership and operation of the anthracite-coal mines. If the party at large is to adopt this view of the relation of the state to the business of coal-mining; if it is to advocate the invasion of a State by the Federal government, with its power of eminent domain, and the appropriation by it of private property—the party ceases not only to be the defender of the sovereignty of the States, but to be Democratic. It will then be the champion of centralized state socialism. It is to be hoped that this plank is but the expression of the insanity of the moment, caused by exceptional conditions, which have proved to be peculiarly terrifying to politicians of both parties.

The declarations of the platform of State issues are also franker, and certainly fuller, than those of the opposition platform. But it is with national issues that we are especially concerned, and here, including the plank on civil service reform, it is superior to its rival.

The man who early in the day has overcome, by vigilance and restraint, the strong impulses of his blood towards intemperance, falls not into it after, but stands composed and complacent upon the cool, clear eminence, and hears within himself, amid the calm he has created, the tuneful pæan of a godlike victory. Yet he loves the Virtue more because he fought for her than because she crowned him.—*Landor.*

Honor to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and *is* something. For in the way of being *worthy*, the first condition surely is that one *be*. Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till Cant cease, nothing else can begin.—*Carlyle.*

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If It had but Lived

THE presence in the New York Democratic State Convention of men of ability and character, and especially of men who, like Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Hornblower, recall the protest of 1896 against Bryan and Populism, is very stimulating. It is many years now since the once familiar names of Democratic leaders have been read in reports of political conventions, and the country, without distinction of party, will be glad to see their bearers back in harness; for the country has distinctly suffered from their absence, an absence which has not only signified the rule of their party by its feebler elements, but has deprived the majority party of a much-needed wholesome restraint.

One of the most serious mishaps to American politics in recent years was the dissolution of the National Democratic party which was formed at Indianapolis in September, 1896. It was organized by self-sacrificing and patriotic men, who had served the country with much ability and with high-mindedness. They saw their party taken from them by men to whose essential principles they were utterly hostile. They were convinced that the triumph of these men and their opinions would greatly injure the country. They were conscious, at the same time, that, in organizing the new party, they were probably abandoning public life definitely. The convention at Indianapolis thus deserves an honorable place in our political history. In point of time, it is our latest self-renunciatory assemblage, held for the purpose of upholding the ideals of the republic, for advancing the cause of individual liberty against the socialism of all factions, and for the maintenance of sound and conservative principles.

This party should not have been permitted to die. It accomplished its immediate purpose, and aided in securing the triumph of sound-money principles. It seemed, then, to its organizers and leaders to have accomplished its task, and dissolution followed. But we can see now that if it had lived until to-day it would have provided a needed opportunity for independent voting, and would have held up a standard around which the conservatives of all parties could have rallied. It would have represented the sane and patriotic thought of the land. It might easily have become the nucleus of the party of the future with which the best men of both of the old parties would have allied themselves. It might have named so many of the successful Congressional candidates this year as to change for the better the moral and mental atmosphere of the House of Representatives.

This party, first of all, placed patriotism above all personal or party advantage. It was an organized unselfish devotion to the public welfare. It stood between the two extremes which are now vexing us. It was the party of individualism against both the "communism of wealth" and the "communism of poverty," to quote Mr. Cleveland's expressive phrase. Its leaders were worthy of the confidence of all classes and conditions of men. They would not now be making war upon any institution of our society. They could be counted on to carry out the pledge of their platform. This pledge is worth repeating, for it has now quite as much significance as it had in 1896:

"The Democratic party," was the statement, "is pledged to equal and exact justice to all men of every creed and condition; to the largest freedom of the individual consistent with good government; to the preservation of the Federal government in its constitutional vigor, and to the support of the States in their just rights; to economy in the public expenditures; to the maintenance of the public faith and sound money; and it is opposed to paternalism and all class legislation."

Here was a party that stood for that ordered liberty the maintenance of which is the essential condition of a healthful democracy, and which has been the finest characteristic of our English-speaking race since Henry II. replaced the anarchy of Stephen with the rule of law. Here, too, was a party which, if it existed to-day, could be depended on to keep the hand of intermeddling power from every natural economic and industrial movement, but that would sternly punish fraud and all violations of the law, as well those of great corporations as those of individuals; that would favor in legislation or in administration neither the rich nor the poor; that would not sell justice for campaign contributions nor pander to the mob for votes; and that would leave American enterprise free to grow in accordance with the laws of nature and of our own genius. The last promise of the Indianapolis platform reads as if it were written to meet the best thought of to-day. It is as follows:

"The Democratic party ever has maintained, and ever will maintain, the supremacy of law, the independence of its judicial administration, the inviolability of contract, and the obligations of all good citizens to resist every illegal trust, combination, or attempt against the just rights of property and the good order of society, in which are bound up the peace and happiness of our people."

It is impossible for one not blinded by any of the partisanship of the day to read this noble platform and not to regret the dissolution of the party which framed it. The work for such a party is now ready to its hand. Will its spirit inspire any existing organization? Power and influence will surely follow if it does.

Cotton

See page 1464

THE cotton blossom is the lotus flower of the South. No matter what new crop may be planted beyond the Potomac or what may come out of its mountains in the way of minerals or from its forests in lumber, cotton is to the Southern planter what wheat and corn are to the grain farmers of the Western prairies, but, unlike the latter, he has a love for it inherited from long lines of ancestors. The true native of the Southern States cherishes the same feeling for the cotton that his grandfather did years before the war. The average darky will do twice as much work in a cotton-field as in any other branch of work—because it seems more natural to him to hoe it and pick it. There is a great deal of truth in the assertion that if any one wishes to hear genuine negro melodies he must visit the cotton-fields at harvest time. The native of Georgia or the Carolinas who has drifted Northward to make his fortune on 'Change in New York, will risk his money on cotton futures where he would not touch grain, provisions, or even railroad securities.

The people of the South, indeed, have good reason for this sentiment toward the fleecy staple, for it has done more than anything else in making over the South and bringing its present share of prosperity. A second Birmingham and Sheffield are to be found in Alabama. The world's greatest pine forests are located in Texas. Enough phosphate to fertilize every farm in America underlies the earth's crust in Florida, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Along the Atlantic coast stretches a great garden from Hampton Roads to the Florida capes, which feeds the people of the North and West during the months when their own gardens are covered with snow and ice. But cotton overshadows all of these in its benefits. Even if a 10,000,000-bale crop sends the price down close to the cost of production, nearly a fifth of this goes into the doors of the mills at home every season to be turned into all kinds of fabrics, from the coarsest sheeting to velvets and even carpets. There are plantations in North and South Carolina whose owners haul the contents of the boll to the factory in sight of the field. The men and boys who gather the crop may next season be wearing shirts made from it in the near-by towns, for the cloth was purchased at the mill. The days when nearly every pound went a thousand miles perhaps before being converted into cloth or yarn have passed away, although a large fleet of steamships every season leave the string of seaports from Norfolk to Galveston, carrying it by the thousand packages to England's great spinning centre, while long train-loads cross the continent to be placed in ships bound to China and Japan. Perhaps the same trains may carry cargoes of cloth made from the staple which in a few months will be worn by the coolies of eastern Asia, for some of the Southern mills are sending their entire product to the Orient.

Though a fair crop may add $400,000,000 to the wealth of the South in a single season, this is but one item of profit. It represents merely the cotton converted into cash. Machinery is to be found in cotton-growing States which, when the package or wagon-load is placed in it, cleanses the fleece, separates the berry or seed, rolls the fleece into bats, turns the seed into oil and meal, without the touch of a human hand. The product of the seed itself in a year is worth $60,000,000 to the South, in oil, meal, and "linters," thanks to this wonderful mechanism. About 1,750,000 barrels of cotton oil leave the Southern States yearly, some of it to be used in making salads for the table, some going into soaps and medicines, and some forming the base of various food compounds. Its use to-day is almost world-wide, and it must be admitted that not a little crosses the Atlantic to Europe to be refined and come back in packages labelled as oil from the olive-trees of southern Europe. But chemists and physicians say that it contains no harmful ingredient, and perhaps this deception is not as dangerous as some of the others with which the public is daily victimized.

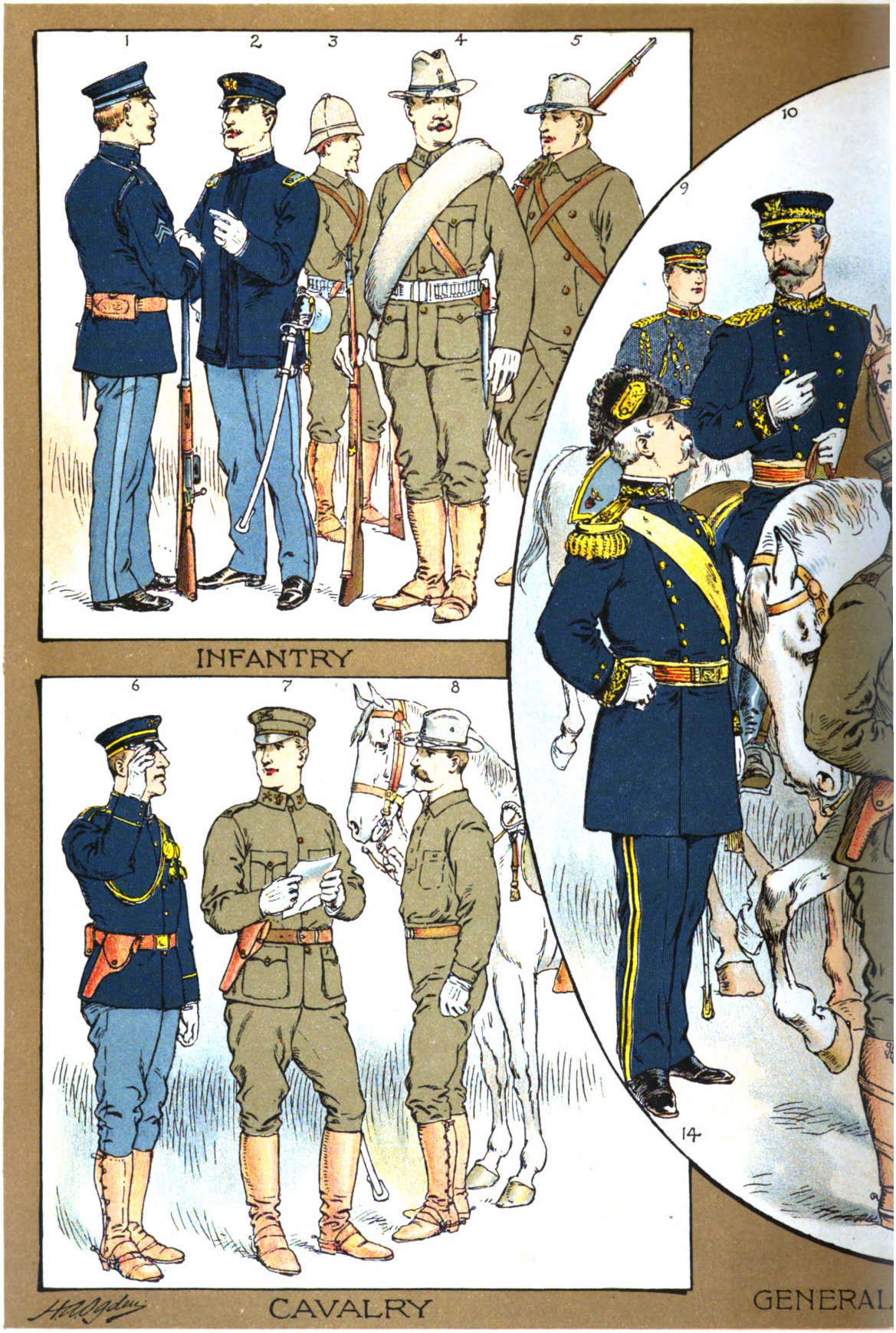
The importance of the labor-saving machinery has indeed been realized by the producers and sellers of cotton and other products, and processes which have been invented within a few years have proven most profitable to the Southern States on account of the economies they represent. The day is not far distant when the cotton-picking machine, with its iron teeth pulling out the contents of every boll as it rattles along between the rows, will take the place of the army of blacks, ranging from the gray-haired gatherer who filled his basket as a slave, to the pickaninny just able to walk, for this apparatus has recently been successfully tried in the Gulf States. Then one of the most picturesque phases of Southern life will disappear forever. But the change will mean millions of dollars more in the pockets of the planters. The old-time method of squeezing the cotton with wooden screws, and even the ponderous compress with its powerful steam-engine, are being succeeded by the plant which, as already stated, takes in the cotton at one end and turns it out in seed and bales at the other automatically, the only human labor required being to stitch the covering on the bales, mark them, and load them on the cars.

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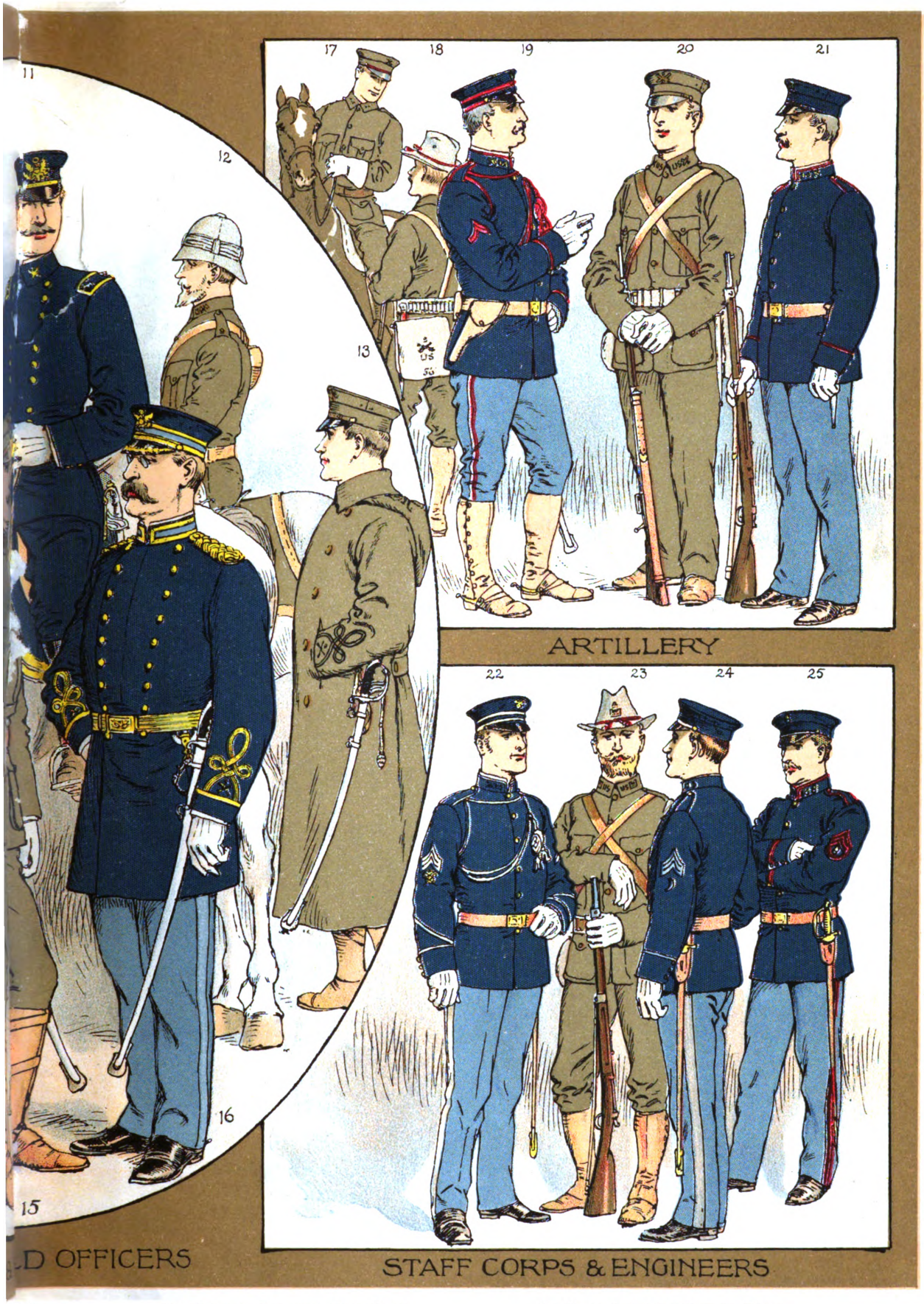
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1. Sergeant of Infantry, Full Dress.
2. Lieutenant of Infantry, Dress.
3. Private of Infantry, Service, with Helmet.
4. Private of Infantry, Service.
5. Private of Infantry, Service Overcoat.
6. Private of Cavalry, Full Dress.
7. Captain of Cavalry, Service.
8. Private of Cavalry, Service.
9. Aide to Brigadier-General, Full Dress.
10. Brigadier-General, Mounted, Full Dress.
11. Major-Gene
12. Field-Offic
13. Overcoat fo
14. Major-Gene
15. Colonel of

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THE NEW



DRESS.
PS, SERVICE.
, SERVICE.
ED, FULL DRESS.
VICE.

16. MAJOR OF INFANTRY, FULL DRESS.
17. FIELD ARTILLERY PRIVATE, SERVICE.
18. COAST (OR HEAVY) ARTILLERY PRIVATE, SERVICE.
19. FIELD ARTILLERY CORPORAL, FULL DRESS.
20. COAST ARTILLERY PRIVATE, SERVICE.

21. COAST ARTILLERY PRIVATE, DRESS.
22. POST QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT, FULL DRESS.
23. ENGINEER PRIVATE, SERVICE.
24. POST COMMISSARY-SERGEANT, DRESS.
25. ORDNANCE-SERGEANT, DRESS.

UNIFORMS

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Woman's Limitations in Burlesque

Now that the season is approaching when the roof-garden performance cedes to the in-doors vaudeville, and the comedy companies relaxing at the sea-side suburbs begin to gather up their forces for the winter's campaign in the city, we can expect those novelties, none of them older than the Nile, in which the histrionic imagination is so fertile, to renew themselves at the lighter-minded theatres. Among them will be undoubtedly some forms of the female burlesque and grotesque which the sex has taught us to look for in its repertory, and if we are of a philosophical frame, to ponder as the most bewildering manifestations of the Ever-Womanly.

It used to be supposed that woman's prime calling was to be beautiful, and if she could not really be so, at least to look beautiful. To this end it was felt that she might justly use all the arts at her command. She might paint the lily if it needed painting; she might give a flush to the faded rose; she might pencil and prolong the dim, imperfect arch of the brows; she might heighten the lustre of her eyes by darkening their lashes; she might gild her hair if it was black or brown; she might induce a raven gloss, tending to a greenish-purple, on her tresses when they were untimely silvered, or even when they were maturely gray. To realize, by whatever means, an ideal of loveliness, to take the fancy and the heart, was her right and in a sort her duty. Her figure as well as her face might join in the gentle conquest. Necks and shoulders, if not naturally of a dazzling whiteness, might be enamelled to some such effect; diffident or exuberant contours might be invited or repressed by the dressmaker's skill, and the graces of an erect and fetching carriage promoted by the use of devices which the modest muse of the higher journalism fain leaves the graphic half-tones of the advertising columns to realize. If this was the case in the world which is proverbially a stage, it was not only permissible, it was almost obligatory, in the world professionally a stage. The tradition of it still remains there, and any note of another ideal which carried the impression of its evanescence would be a false note.

But there is no question as to the presence of another ideal, involving a certain sacrifice of the instinctive feminine desire to seem as pretty as possible. Where the ideal came from cannot be affirmed with so much certainty, but probably it arose from woman's impatience of monotony, and of her wish, shown in so many sorts, to do whatever man does and beat him on his own ground. Whenever man has worn a hat, a coat, or collar or waistcoat, of a peculiarly attractive pattern, woman has wanted one like it, but nicer, and has got it. If the emulation went no farther, it was because of the same wisdom which limits her ambition in the direction of those callings once considered wholly his. Some of these she appropriates, and those which she feels she cannot grace she leaves to him still. But she has shown lately a disposition to experiment in the grotesque which has resulted so interestingly that she may be tempted to push her invasions farther, and to try her powers more extensively in a region hitherto strange to her.

Her experiments possibly began with the lady-clown who was added some years ago to the amusing personnel of the greatest shows on earth. If the lady-clown did not succeed in an imaginable measure, it was no doubt because the exigencies of the three-ring performance reduced all clowns to one level of silence, and confined her to wearing wide white trousers with large spots, a white face, a pink nose, and a mouth protracted well towards the ears by crimson lines. She was funny in this effect, but passively rather than actively funny. When she put her hands into her pockets and pulled the trousers out to their full width, it was droll, but no one knows how much droller it might have been if one could have heard what she said, supposing she said anything. The true clown speaks as well as looks his jokes, and the lady-clown never appeared under conditions which favored her evolution. Now that she has disappeared, this seems a pity, for one cannot wish any avenue needlessly closed against woman's enterprise. If she could have been seen in the simple old one-ring circus, where she could have been heard also, she might have driven all other clowns from the sawdust. She might even have returned to a costume more obviously becoming, and appeared in a dinner gown, as the gentleman clown now often appears in evening dress and gives us the surprise of seeing a person in a high hat and a clawhammer coat turning somersaults.

It is not too late for her recall on more favorable terms, and in the mean time we must make what we can of her younger sisters, or possibly daughters, who are experimenting in other forms of the fantastic and bizarre. One of the Sunday editions has given in an impressive conspect some of these ladies as they look in real life and as they appear in the characters they have created, and showing what very pretty girls they are when they are, as it were, off duty. At the first glance, the difference is so great that it is with a personal grief one notes the immense sacrifice which these ladies have made to art. Instead of invoking that powerful spirit to enhance their charms, they employ its aid to travesty, to hide, to annul them. In frantic forms of rusticity, with their hair sticking out in harsh pigtails from the sides of their heads; with preposterous pantalettes tied at the ankles; with short, stiff, branching skirts; with huge check aprons, slouching caps, Bowery jackets, clumsy boots, hulking gaits and toeing-in postures: with every device that can disfigure and distort, they abandon themselves to caricatures, which do not, at least in the pictures, console with any effect of amusement for the immeasurable loss of the loveliness sacrificed to them. In this, their self-sacrifice is like much other self-sacrifice, and must reveal a tardy advantage only after years of blank despair.

But possibly in the theatre, with the help of a prevailing mood in the audience, with the glitter of the lights, and the movement of the sympathic music, these martyrdoms may be of more immediate effect; or possibly they are not so much martyrdoms after all. It may be that through their several travesties these comic ladies are able to make uncouthness do the effect of comeliness, and to win a triumph such as beauty, with the help of art, fails to achieve, when not aided by that subtler agency which we are obliged to call charm for want of some apter word. Even if it were a real martyrdom we might be brought to consent to it in the interest of good morals, for these caricatures do not involve the indecency which is so often the means of fascination beyond the foot-lights. It is a curious fact that on the stage a man may take a woman's rôle and be simply and wholesomely funny; but commonly when a woman takes a man's rôle she succeeds in the measure of her impropriety. These martyrs to the grotesque, however, are as inoffensive as so many men, and as uncorrupting. The lady-clown was an instance of woman pleasing as man without displeasing as woman. It is not beyond belief that woman could assume the part of tramp-magician, and not offend in it, and it would be very interesting to see the experiment tried. She is so successful in delighting by feats of daring that it is an open secret how often the trapezist is a pretty boy made up for pretty girl. There is a public demand for her in the more fearless events of the circus, and there seems no good reason why her ventures in the region of the comic should always involve the impression of wasted self-sacrifice.

Perhaps the sense of this comes from a certain disappointment which her ventures bring to the spectator. After all, those caricatures are not funny, and it seems from a defect of humor rather than from an abundance of it that the comic ladies attempt them. One excepts such a matchless inspiration as Miss Lewis's Tough Girl, of course; but she was a realization of life and not a burlesque of it. She was a great work of art, but those others, those grotesques, are factitious and not amusing. In seeing them one laments that so much beauty has been sacrificed in them to no purpose. One is nearer to weeping than to laughing; they bring to the sympathetic bosom something like the pang which attends parlor recitations in the comic vein. This is not denying that women are humorous; they are very often so, especially when taking themselves too seriously; and there is no doubt but the grotesque is as open to their effort as to men's. The lady-clown is so far, however, their only contribution to that higher grotesque which gives the spectator joy through the caricature of one sex by the other. Women's impersonations of men have usually involved a peculiar claim to admiration as women; whereas men when they have impersonated women have mostly managed to do so in the interest of pure fun. One could look on forever at the Russell Brothers personating the two Irish chambermaids, but one very presently wearies, not to say sickens, of the sight of the loveliest woman portraying a tipsy young man, or a comic newsboy, or a saltatory sailor. In such acts, she expects her face and her figure to have more influence than under ordinary circumstances, but the effect that she ought rather to aim at is that purely impersonal result achieved by men when they personate women. Nobody thinks in their case, or cares, whether they are handsome or not, and except in the case of the lady-clown, the women who attempt men's rôles seem always to be anxious that they should be recognized as pretty women. Here is a defect, though not necessarily a limitation, of their art. There is really no reason why they should not ignore themselves, or their claims to admiration, as generously as men impersonating women; and we do not despair of yet seeing the public laugh as wholesomely, as impartially, as disinterestedly, at two delightful comédiennes representing, say, Irish waiters, as at the famous brothers who no longer delight us as Irish chambermaids. In such an event, they would have to give up high-heeled shoes and stays, and guard themselves from running when they wished to walk rapidly. A model of most things to be avoided could be found in the Hamlet of Bernhardt, and the lesson need not be the less apt because that is supposed to be a tragic and not a comic figure.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out. . . .
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.
—*Shakspere.*

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Zola

See page 1448

EMILE ZOLA, who was stifled by coal gas in his house in Paris, on September 29, was sixty-two years old, and doubtless had years of work left in him, but he seemed to have reached the fulness of his fame, and only some extraordinary opportunity ably grasped could have added to it. He was recognized as a great writer before he succored Dreyfus, and since that time he has stood out as both a great writer and a great man. He lived to be the foremost French writer of his day, and to gain a place in the front rank of French patriots. The story of his life is a story of unflinching toil and courage. Left fatherless at seven, he got the rudiments of education with difficulty, and in his early years had an extreme experience of poverty, and learned by necessity to know the under side of Paris, its miseries and sin.

At seventeen he began life for himself in a garret in Paris, and after two years of hard struggles for existence found work in the publishing-house of Hachette, which brought him the means of subsistence and a chance to study and to write. Five years later, in 1864, he published his first book. A year later came another book, and in due time followed *Thérèse Raquin*. By that time he had established himself as a writer of fiction and a journalist, and had given up his clerkship at Hachette's and become a regular contributor to the newspapers, and especially to *Le Figaro*. All this time there was growing in his mind the scheme of the Rougon-Macquart series of realistic novels, the first of which appeared in 1871. On these novels rests his reputation as an author. Not only France, but all the world read them and discussed them. Gradually they made Zola both famous and rich, but for many years his fame was besmirched with the filth that was in his books. When his path lay through the sewers, through the sewers he trudged, and turned aside for nothing. His candor seemed unspeakable to the average Anglo-Saxon mind. The French Academy found it unnecessary at least, and would never admit him to its membership. But the books were strong; they found many readers, and people of the best judgment found them vastly worth while. To speak the truth, even though it was outrageous, became Zola's aim and habit. He chose his own path and followed it with stubborn strength, confident that his purpose was lofty and his methods warrantable, and disdaining to be turned aside by criticism.

It was this man, schooled by the labors of twenty-five years to speak unsavory truths and defy censure, who stood up in France and faced the Dreyfus madness. His activities in the Dreyfus matter began in 1896, with an article in *Le Figaro*, protesting with vigor and contempt against the anti-Semitic feeling in France. They went on, until in January, 1898, his famous *J'accuse* letter to President Faure in *L'Aurore*, following close upon the acquittal of Esterhazy, put him at the head of the movement which culminated in the retrial of Dreyfus and his pardon by a frightened government. Such a public service could hardly be done by a man of letters except in France. It could not have been done anywhere except by a powerful and determined man of disciplined audacity. More than all, it was a great work of righteousness, not to be undertaken except by a man who loved righteousness and was ready to fight hard for it in the face of great odds. It ennobled Zola, and dignified all his past works. Critics may still insist that his books outrage taste, but they will hardly again disparage the power or the importance or the righteousness of their author.

Freighting in the Desert

See page 1449

A GREAT deal has been told us, both fact and fiction, of the romance and dangers of the stage-driver's calling, yet there is still a class of teamsters in the Southwest whose every trip holds hardships that far outweigh any risk of the road-agent's gun.

The most perilous of all these routes is considered to be the line bringing borax out of the famous Death Valley of southeastern California. There are eighteen mules and two wheel-horses in one of these teams, managed by a long "jerk-line," which runs the whole length of the "string" on the side of the driver, who rides the "nigh wheeler." Each of the immense borax-wagons, with its great wheels like a locomotive's, carries two water-barrels and a toolbox as well as a brakeman.

Slowly they come over the shimmering waste, through the blinding glare of midday, enveloped in a haze and followed by a towering cloud of white alkali dust, while on either hand the gnarled and meagre greasewood-bushes are scattered far about, and the gaunt cones and serrated ranges of the desert hills point upward into a deep quivering silence.

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENT AND TRUSTS

SPINK, S. DAK., *Sept. 23, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of the 20th inst., you say, in regard to the President's speeches on trusts, "The question arises at once whether the President's habits of life are consonant with such effort as is required for the real work of a constructive statesman, such as he aspires to be." Your assertion is evidently intended to imply that it is impossible for a man with so many duties of different kinds as the President's to be able to investigate a subject of such vast importance as the trust question, with any hope of being able to grasp the whole situation with intelligence and impartiality.

But if this is true, the question arises, Are there, outside of that portion of American society "that calls itself the Four Hundred," who pine for something to do, persons who have the leisure and the means to investigate the trust problem? It is to be feared that even editors, whose duty it is to give us information in regard to the trust question as well as on all other questions, are too busy, and have not the time nor the opportunity to investigate and solve this problem. But even if it should be true in regard to the President, it is my humble opinion that he does right in bringing the case before the tribunal of the people. Even if there should be, as it seems, insurmountable obstacles in the way of solution, it shows only that the President and the people of the United States must work the harder to get at a fair and equitable solution of the trust problem.

Of course, the best solution could be done by the trusts themselves. But then they would have to get souls, conscience, and feeling enough to be restrained from taking advantage of the power which their millions and billions give them, and use their power as stewards of God, for the benefit of mankind as well as for their own. But as it is well known that corporations have no souls, and as it is also out of the question that they ever will get conscience or feeling and use their opportunity except for gain, the next-best plan is, no doubt, to let the Republican party, with the President in the lead, work out the solution of the trust problem. The Republican party will not kill the trusts, but simply put a lariat about their horns, and not let them roam free and at will, growing fat on the land, without giving any profit to the country.

Yours truly,
E. DALE.

A DEMOCRAT'S REASONS FOR UPHOLDING THE PRESIDENT

WEST CHESTER, PA., *Sept. 22, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been a subscriber for several years, and upon the principle that our best friends tell us of our faults, I want to say I don't like your editorials on President Roosevelt. I am a Democrat, yet I want the President given a chance. I believe him to be an honest, intelligent man. The question of trusts and labor organizations is giving thinking people of both parties a great deal of anxiety. As Mr. Hewitt said, if labor organizations are not checked they will dictate who shall be elected President, and many think without combinations of capital they cannot be checked. No man can now work in a coal-mine, and there are few factories in the country where a man can work, unless he belongs to a labor organization; and their laws *are not* patriotic. Mr. Bonner used to say one Dexter was worth fifty ordinary horses, and so I think one of the old-time HARPER'S WEEKLY editorials is worth at least a dozen such as I enclose.

I am yours, with respect,
JOHN V. CRAVEN.

AN EDUCATING FORCE

BIDDEFORD, ME., *Sept. 20, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Please find enclosed renewal of my subscription for HARPER'S WEEKLY, and I want to say that I take great pleasure in every department of the paper. It seems to me that the wider circulation of the WEEKLY and the broader dissemination of its ideas are objects which every believer in the intelligent progress and welfare of the country should desire. The WEEKLY certainly contains a higher trend of thought and a better and more consistent mode of reasoning than any other weekly published. Your "Comment" is matter which, if continued in its present line, will educate those who are uneducated, and keep those educated who, from lack of contact with the progressive thought of the times, fall too easily into newsy and trashy ruts, mistaking the stereopticon glare of up-to-date journalism for the real sound sense of reasonable men.

Yours truly,
JOHN P. DEERING.

TRUST INFLUENCE IN CONGRESS

BEMIDJI, MINN., *Sept. 19, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your comment of the 20th inst. you call upon the President to tell us what the trust evils are.

You unconsciously tell us what at least the gravest of them are in your article on "Trusts and Socialism" in HARPER'S of the 13th inst.

You say: On the one hand, it would make Congress a cesspool of corruption.

What would make Congress so—the law or the manipulators of the trusts?

The very fact that any man or association of men has the power and the will to corrupt our legislators should be reason sufficient that something revolutionary should be enacted in the way of legislation.

That such attempts have already been made and successfully carried out by the trusts cannot be doubted by any intelligent man.

I am, etc., READER.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

(A Satire)

By J. Storer Clouston

PART III

MONSIEUR PURSUES THE FOX, AND OTHER GAME

I

"Do you dance?" asked Teddy.

"All night if you will play to me," I replied.

"Ride?" said he.

"On a horse? Yes, my friend, I can even ride a horse."

"Well, then, I say, do you care to come to a ball at Seneschal Court, the Trevor-Hudson's place; meet next day, and that sort of thing? Dick and I are going. We'll be there about a week."

"But I do not know the—the very excellent people you have named."

"Oh, that's all right," said Teddy; "they want a man or two. So few men dance nowadays, don't you know. I keep it up myself a little; girls get sick if I don't hop round with 'em now and then. Hullo! I see you've got a card from my mater for the 29th. Don't go, whatever you do; sure to be dull. The mater's shows always are. What did you think of that girl the other night? Ha, ha! Told you so; I know all about women. What's this book you're reading? French, by Jove! Pretty stiff, isn't it? Oh, of course, you are French, aren't you? That makes a difference, I suppose. Well, then you'll come with us. Thursday, first. I'll let you know the train."

"May I bring my Halfred?" I inquired.

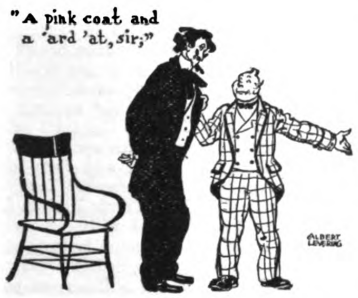
"Rather. Looks well to have a man with you. I'd bring mine, only he makes a fuss if he can't have a bed-room looking south, and one can't insist on people giving him that. Au revoir, Mossoo."

This was on Monday, so I had but little time for preparation. Halfred was at once taken into consultation.

"I am going to hunt," I said; "also to a ball; and you are coming with me. Prepare me for the ball-room and the chase. What do I require beyond the things I already have?"

"A pink coat and a 'ard 'at, sir," said he, with great confidence. "Likewise top-boots and white gloves for to dance in, not forgettin' a pair o' spurs and a whip."

"I shall get the hat, the coat, and the



boots. Gloves I have already. You will buy me the spurs and the whip. By-the-way, have you ever hunted, Halfred?"

"Not exactly 'unted myself, sir," said he, "but I've seed the 'unt go by and knowed a lot o' 'unting men. Then bein' connected with horses so much myself, I've naterally took a hinterest in the turf and the racin' stable."

"You are a judge of horses?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I am generally considered to know something about 'em. In fact, sir, Mr. Widdup—that's the gentleman what give me the testimonial—he's said to me more nor once, 'Halford,' says he, 'what you don't know about these 'ere hanimals would go into a pill-box comfortable.'"

"Good," I said. "Find me two hunters that I can hire for a week."

The little man looked me up and down with a discriminating eye.

"Something that can carry a bit o' weight, sir, and stand a lot o' 'ard riding; that's what you need, sir."

Now I am not heavy, nor had circumstances hitherto given me the opportunity of riding excessively hard; but the notion that I was indeed a gigantic Nimrod tempted my fancy, and I am ashamed to confess that I fell.

"Yes," I said, "that is exactly what I require."

"Leave it to me, sir," he assured me, with great confidence. "I'll make hall the arrangements."

My mind was now easy, and for the two following days I studied all the English novels treating of field sports, and the articles on hunting in the encyclopædia and almanacs; so that when Thursday arrived and I met my friends at the station, I felt myself qualified to take part with some assurance in their arguments on the chase. We are a receptive race, we French, and the few accomplishments we have not actually created we can at least instantly comprehend and master.

Next door to us, in a second-class compartment, Halfred was travelling, and attached to our train was the horse-box containing the two hunters he had engaged. I had had one look at these, and certainly there seemed to be no lack of bone and muscle.

"Mr. Widdup and me 'ired 'em, sir," said Halfred, "from a particular friend o' ours what can be trusted. Jumps like fleas, they do, he says, and 'as been known to run for sixty-five miles without stoppin' more'n once or twice for a drink. 'Ard in the mouth and 'igh in the temper, says he, but the very thing for a gentleman in good 'ealth what doesn't 'unt regular and likes 'is money's worth when he does."

"You have exactly described me," I replied.

But if I had the advantage over my two friends in the suite I was taking with me, Teddy Lumme certainly led the way in conversation. He was vastly impressed with the importance of our party (a sentiment he succeeded in communicating to the guard of the train and the other officials); also with the respectability of the function we were going to attend, and with the inferiority of other travellers on that railway.

This air of triumphal progress or coronation procession was still further increased by the indefatigable attentions of Halfred, who at every station ran to our carriage door, touched his hat, and made inquiries concerning our comfort and safety; so that more than once a royal cheer was raised as the train steamed out again, and Dick even declared that at an important junction he perceived the Lord Mayor's daughter approaching with a basket of flowers. Unfortunately, however, she did not reach our carriage in time.

"Where are your horses, Teddy?" asked Dick. "Coming down by a special train?"

"Oh, they are mounting me," said Teddy. "Trevor-Hudson always keeps a couple of his best for me. What are you doing?"

"Following on a bicycle," replied Dick. "My five grooms and six horses haven't turned up."

"My dear Shafthead," said I, "I shall lend you one of mine."

"Many thanks," he answered—with gratitude, no doubt, but with less enthusiasm than I should have expected. "Unfortunately I've seen 'em."

"And you do not care to ride them?" I asked,—with some disappointment, I confess.

"Not alone," said Dick. "If you'll lend me Halfred to sit behind and keep the beast steady, I don't mind trying."

"Very well," I said, with a shrug.

This strain of a brutality that is peculiarly British occasionally disfigures my



dear Dick. Yet I continue to love him—judge then of his virtues.

"Are they good fencers?" asked Lumme.

"I have not yet seen them with the foils," I replied, smiling politely at what seemed a foolish joke.

"I mean," said he, "do they take their jumps well?"

"Pardon." I laughed. "Yes, I am told they are excellent—if the wall is not too high. We shall not find them more than six feet?"

But I was assured that obstacles of more than this elevation would not be met frequently.

"Do they take water all right?" asked the inquisitive Teddy again.

"Both that and corn," I replied. "But Halfred will attend to these matters."

English humor is peculiar. I had not meant to make a jest, yet I was applauded for this simple answer.

"Tell me what to look for in my hosts," I said to Dick presently.

"Money and money's worth," he replied.

"What we call the nouveau riche?" I asked.

"On the contrary, what is called a long pedigree nowadays: two generations of squires, two of captains of industry (I think that is the proper term), and before that the imagination of the Herald's office. There is also a pretty daughter—isn't there, Teddy?"

"Quite a nice little thing," said Lumme, graciously.

"I thought you rather fancied her."

"I'm off women at present," the venerable *roué* declared.

Dick's grin at hearing this sentiment was more eloquent than any comment.

But now we had reached our destination. Halfred and a very stately footman, assisted by the station-master, the ticket-collector, and all the porters, transferred our luggage to a handsome private omnibus; then, Halfred having arranged that the horses should be taken to stables in the village (since my host's were full), we all bowled off between the hedge-rows.

It was a beautiful October evening, still, clear overhead, and red in the west; the plumage of the trees had just begun to turn a russet brown; the air was very fresh

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after the streets of London; our horses rattled at a most exhilarating pace.

"My faith!" I exclaimed. "This is next to heaven. I shall be buried in the country!"

"Those hunters of yours ought to manage it for you," observed Dick.

Yet I forgave him again.

We turned through an imposing gateway, and now we were in a wide and charming English park. Undulating turf and stately trees spread all round us, and ended only in the dusk of the evening; a herd of deer galloped from our path; rooks cawed in the branches overhead; a gorgeous pheasant ran for shelter towards a thicket. Then came on one side an ivy-covered wall, over whose top high, dark evergreens stood up like Ethiopian giants. Evidently these were the gardens, and in a moment more we were before the house itself.

By the aid of two servants who were nearly as tall as the Tower, we are led first through an ample vestibule, then a door opens, a buzz of talk within suddenly subsides, and we march across the hall in single file to greet our host and hostess. What I see during this brief procession is a wide and high room, a gallery running round it, a great fireplace at the further end, and a company of nearly twenty people sitting or standing near the fire, and engaged in the consumption of tea and the English crumpet.

I am presented, received with off-hand friendliness, told to help myself to tea and crumpet, and then left to my own devices. Lumme and Shafthead find each an acquaintance to speak to, my host and hostess turn to their other guests, and with melted butter oozing from my crumpet into my tea, I do my best to appear oblivious of the glances which I feel are being directed at me. "What does it mean?" I ask myself. "Has Lumme exceeded his powers in bringing me here?"

At last I venture to accost a gentleman who at the moment is also silent.

"Have you also come from London?" I ask.

"I? No. Live near here," he says, and turns to resume his conversation with a lady.

I am seriously thinking of taking my departure before there is any active outbreak of hostility, when I see a stout gentleman with a very red face approaching me from the farther side of the fireplace. I have noticed him staring at me with, it seemed, undisguised animosity, and I am preparing the retort with which I shall answer his request to immediately leave the house, when he remarks in a bluff, cheerful voice as he advanced,

"Bringin' your horses, I hear."

"I am, sir," I reply, in great surprise.

"Lumme was tellin' me," he adds, genially. "Ever hunted this country before?"





And in a moment I find myself engaged in a friendly conversation, which is as suddenly interrupted by a very beautifully dressed apparition with a very long mustache, who calls my stout friend "Sir Henry," and consults him about an accident that has befallen his horse. But I have begun to see the theory of this reception. It is an Englishman's idea of making you—and himself—feel at home.

This idea having dawned upon me and my courage returned, I cast my eyes round the company, and selecting the prettiest girl, made straight at her. She received me with a smiling eye and the most delightful manner possible, and as she talked and I looked more closely at her, I saw that she was even fairer than I had thought. Picture a slim figure rather under middle height, a bright eye that sparkled as though there were dew upon it, piquant little features that all joined in a frequent and quite irresistible smile; and finally dress this dainty demoiselle in the most fascinating costume you can imagine. Need it be said that I was soon emboldened to talk quite frankly and presently to ask her who some of the company were? "Sir Henry" turned out to be Sir Henry Horley, a prosperous baronet, who scarcely ever left the saddle; the gentleman with the long mustache to be Lord Thane, an elder son with political aspirations; while the man I had first accosted was no less a person than Mr. H. Y. Tonks, the celebrated cricketer.

"And now will you point out to me Miss Trevor-Hudson?" I asked. "I hear she is very beautiful."

"Who told you that?" she inquired, with a more charming smile than ever.

"Her admirers," I answered.

The girl raised her eyebrows, shot me the archest glance in the world, and pointing her finger to her own breast, said, simply,

"There she is."

I said to myself that though my friend Teddy Lumme was "off women," I, at any rate, was not.

II

At dinner I found myself seated between Lady Thane and Miss Rosalie Horley. Lady Thane, wife to the nobleman with the long mustache, had an attractive face, but took herself seriously. In a man this is dangerous; in a woman, fatal. I turned to my other neighbor and partially obtained my consolation there. She was young, highly colored, hearty, and ingenuous, and proved so appreciative a listener as nearly to suffocate herself with an oyster pâté when I told her how I had burgled Fisher. The remainder of my consolation I obtained from the prospect, directly opposite, of Miss Trevor-Hudson. She was sitting next to Teddy Lumme, and if it had not been for his express declaration to the contrary, I should have said he was far from insusceptible to her charms. Yet, since I knew his sentiments, I did not hesitate to distract her glance when possible.

After dinner, a great bustling among the ladies, a great putting on of overcoats and lighting of cigars among the men, and then we all embarked in an immense omnibus and clattered off to the ball. This dance was being held in the county town some miles away, so that for more than half an hour I sat between Dick and Teddy on a seat behind the driver's, my cigar between my teeth, a very excellent dinner beneath my overcoat, and my heart as light as a sparrow's. On either side the rays of our lamps danced like fireflies along the woods and hedge-rows, but my fancy seemed to run still faster than these meteor companions, and already I pictured myself claiming six dances from Miss Trevor-Hudson.

But now other lights began to appear, twinkling through trees before us, and presently we were clattering up the High Street of the Market Town. Other carriages were already congregated about the Assembly Rooms of "The Checquered Boar," a crowd of spectators had gathered before the door to stare at visions of lace and jewelry, the strains of the band came through an open window, and altogether there was an air of revelry that I suppose only visited



the little borough once a year. Inside the doors, waiters with shining heads and ruddy faces waved us on up and down stairs and along passages, where at intervals we met other guests as resplendent as ourselves, till at last we reached the ball-room itself.

In English country dances it usually is the custom to have programmes in which you write the names of your partners for the evening. I now looked round to secure one particular partner, but she was not to be seen. Suddenly I spied the skirt of a light blue dress through the opening of a doorway. I rushed for it, and there out in the passage was the misogynist Lumme, evidently entreating Miss Trevor-Hudson for more dances than she was willing to surrender. For her sake this must be stopped.

"I have come to make a modest request," I said: "will you give me a dance—or possibly two?"

With the sweetest air she took her programme from the disconcerted, and I do not think very amiable, Teddy, and handed it to me.

"I have taken 3, 7, and 14," I said, giving it back to her.

"Fourteen is mine," cried Teddy.

"Not now," I said, smiling.

"I had booked it," said he.

"Your name was not there," I replied.

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"And now, Miss Hudson, if you are not dancing this dance, will you finish it with me?"

She took my arm, and the baffled despiser of women was left in the passage.

This may sound hard treatment to be dealt out to a friend, and indeed I fear that though outwardly calm, and even polite to



exaggeration, my indignation had somewhat run away with me. Had I any excuse? Yes—two eyes that, as I have said, were bright as the dew, and a smile not to be resisted!

She danced divinely. She let me clasp her hand tenderly yet firmly, and she smiled at me when she was dancing with others. I noticed once or twice when we danced together that Lumme also smiled at her, but I was convinced she did not reply to this. In fact his whole conduct seemed to me merely presumptuous and impertinent. How mine seemed to him, I cannot tell you.

He had secured the advantage of engaging several dances before I had time to interfere, and also possessed one other—a scarlet evening coat, the uniform of the hunt. But I glanced in the mirror and said to myself that I did not grudge him this adornment, while as for my fewer number of dances, I found my partner quite willing to allow me others to which I was not legally entitled. In this way I obtained No. 13, to the detriment of Mr. Tonks, and was just prepared to embark upon No. 14, when Lumme approached us with an air I did not approve of.

"This is my dance," he said, in a manner inexcusable in the presence of a lady.

"Pardon," I replied. "It is mine."

Miss Hudson looked from one to the other of us with a delightfully perplexed expression, but I fear with a little wickedness in her brown eye.

"What am I to do?" she said, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"It is my dance," repeated Teddy, glaring fixedly at me.

I also shrugged my shoulders, smiled, and offered her my arm to lead her away.

"I am sorry, Mr. Lumme," said the cause of this strife sweetly, "but I'm afraid Mr. d'Haricot's name is on my programme."

Teddy made a tragic bow that would have done credit to a dyspeptic frog, and I danced off with my prize. At the end of the waltz, he came up to me with a carefully concocted sneer.

"You know how to sneak dances, Moshyour," he observed. "Do you do everything else as well?"

I kept my temper and replied suavely: "Yes, I shoot tolerably with the pistol, and can use the foils."

"Like your cab-horses?" sneered Teddy, taking no notice, however, of the implied invitation to console himself if aggrieved. "I'm keen to see how long you stick on top of those beasts."

"Good, my friend!" I replied. "I take that as a challenge to ride a race. We shall see to-morrow who first catches the fox!"

III

When I awoke next morning, my first thoughts were of a pair of brown eyes, dainty features that smiled up at me, and a voice that whispered as we danced for the last time together, "No, I shall not forget you when you are gone." Then quickly I remembered the sport before me and the challenge to ride to the death with the rival who had crossed my path.

"Halfred!" I said.

The little man looked up from the pile of clothes he was folding in the early morning light, and stopped the gentle hissing that accompanied and doubtless lightened every task.

"Fasten my spurs on firmly," I said. "I shall ride hard to-day!"

He cannot have noticed the grave note in my voice, for he replied in his customary cheerful fashion:

"If heverything sticks on as well as the spurs, sir, you won't 'ave nothin' to complain of."

"I shall ride very hard, Halfred."

"'Arder nor usual, sir?" he asked, with a look of greater interest.

"Vastly, immeasurably!"

"What's hup, sir?" he exclaimed, in some concern now.

"I have made a little bet with Mr. Lumme," I answered in a serious voice, "a small wager that I shall be the first to catch the fox. If you can make a suggestion that may help me to win, I shall be happy to listen to it."

"Catch the fox, sir?" he repeated, thoughtfully, scratching his head. "Well, sir, it seems to me there's nothin' for it but starting hoff first and not lettin' 'im catch you hup. I 'aven't 'unted myself, sir, but I've 'eard tell as 'ow a sharp gent sometimes spots the fox afore any of the hothers. That's 'ow to do it, in my opinion."

I thought this over, and the scheme seemed excellent.

"We shall arrange it thus," I said: "You will mount one horse and I the other. We shall ride together and look for the fox!"

Conceive my servant's delight! I do not believe that if I had offered him a hundred pounds he would have felt so much joy.

I dressed myself with the most scrupulous accuracy, for I was resolved that nothing about me should suggest the novice. My pink coat fitted to within half a little wrinkle in an inconspicuous place, my breeches were a miracle of sartorial art, the reflection from my top-boots perceptibly lightened the room. No one at the breakfast table cut more dash. I secured a seat beside Miss Trevor-Hudson, and we jested together with a friendliness that must have disturbed Lumme, for he watched us furtively with a dark look on his face, and never addressed a word to a soul all the time.

"I shall expect you to give me a lead today," she said to me.

"Are you well mounted?" I asked.

"I am riding my favorite gray."

"Ride hard, then," I said, loud enough for Lumme to hear me. "The lead I give will be a fast one!"

Before breakfast was over, we had been joined by guest after guest who had come for the meet. Outside the house, carriages and dog-carts, spectators on foot, grooms with horses, and sportsmen who had already breakfasted, were assembled in dozens, and the crowd was growing greater every moment. I adjusted my shining hat upon my head and went out to look for Halfred. There he was, the centre evidently of considerable interest and admiration, perched high upon one of the gigantic and noble quadrupeds, and grasping the other by the reins. His livery of deep plum-color relieved by yellow cording easily distinguished him from all other grooms, while my two steeds appeared scarcely to be able to restrain their generous impatience, for it required three villagers at the head of each to control their exhilaration.

"I congratulate you," I said to my servant; "the *tout ensemble* is excellent."

At that moment his mount began to plunge like a ship at sea, and the little man went up and down at such a rate that he could only gasp:

"'Old 'im, you there, chawbacons! 'Old 'im tight! 'E won't 'urt you!"

In response to this petition the villagers leaped out of range and uttered incomprehensible sounds, much to my amusement. This, however, was quickly changed to concern when I observed my own steed suddenly stand upon end, and flourish his fore legs like a heraldic emblem.

"You have overfed them with oats," I said to Halfred, severely.

"Oats be—" he began, and then pitched on to the mane—"oats be—" and here he just clutched the saddle in time to save himself from retiring over the tail. "Oats be blowed!"

"It ain't oats that's the matter with 'em," said a bluff voice behind me.

I turned and saw Sir Henry looking with an experienced eye at this performance.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Vice," said he. "I know that fiddle-headed brute well; no mistakin' him. It's the beast that broke poor Oswald's neck last season. His widow sold him to a dealer at Rugby for fifteen pounds, and, by Jove, here he is again, just waitin' for a chance to break yours!"

He turned his critical eye to Halfred's refractory steed.

"And I think I remember that dancin' stallion, too," he added, grimly. "Gad! you'll have some fun to-day, monsieur."

This was cheerful, but there was no getting out of it now; indeed the huntsmen and the pack were already leading the way to the first covert, and everybody was on the move behind them. I mounted my



homicide during one of its calmer intervals, the villagers bolted out of the way, and in a moment we were clearing a course through the throng like a charge of cavalry.

"Steady there, steady!" bawled the Master of the Hunt. "Keep back, will you?"

With some difficulty I managed to take my mount, plunging and sidling, out to

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where Halfred was galloping in circles at a little distance from the rest of the field.

"Where are the hounds? Where is the fox?" I cried.

"In among them trees," replied Halfred, as we galloped together towards the Master.

"Let us go after them!" I exclaimed. "Lumme waits behind with the others. Now is our chance!"

"Come on, sir!" said Halfred, and we dashed past the Master at a pace that scarcely gave us time to hear the encouraging cry with which he greeted us.

The wood was small, but the trees were densely packed, and it was only by the most miraculous good luck, aided also by skilful management, that we avoided injury from the branches. Somewhere before us we could hear the baying of the hounds, and we directed our course accordingly. Suddenly there arose a louder clamor, and we caught a glimpse of white and tan forms leaping towards us. But we scarcely noticed these, for at the same instant we had espied a small brown animal slipping away almost under our horse's feet.

"The fox!" cried Halfred.

"The fox!" I shouted, bending forward and aiming a blow at it with my whip.

With a loud cheer we turned and burst through the covert in hot pursuit, and easily distancing the hounds, broke into the open with nothing before us but Reynard himself.

Figure to yourself the sensation!

Ah, that I could inoculate you with some potent fluid that should set your blood on fire and make you feel the intoxication of that chase as you read my poor, bald words! Over a fence we went, and descended on the other side,—myself hatless, Halfred no longer perched upon the saddle, but clinging manfully to the more forward por-



tions of his steed. Then through a wide field of grass we tore. This field was lined all down the farther side by a hedge of thorns, quite forty feet high, which the English call a "Bullrush." At one corner I observed a gate, and having never before charged such a barrier, I endeavored to direct my horse towards this. But no! He had seen the fox go through the hedge, and I believe he was inspired by as eager a desire to catch it as I was myself. I shut my eyes, I lowered my head, I felt my cheek torn by something sharp, and heard a quick crash of breaking branches, and then, behold! I was on the further side! My spurs had instinctively been driven harder into my horse's flank, and though I had long since dropped my whip, they proved sufficient to encourage him to still greater exertions.

Finding that he was capable of directing his course unassisted, and perceiving also that he had taken the bit so firmly between his teeth as to preclude the possibility of my guiding him with any certainty, I discarded the reins (which of course were now unnecessary) and confined my attention to seeing that he should not be hampered by my slipping in my saddle. One brief glance over my shoulder showed me his stable companion following hard, in spite of the inconvenience of having to support his rider upon his neck, and racing alongside came the foremost hounds. Behind the pack were scattered, in a long procession, pink coats and galloping horses, dark habits and more galloping horses. I tried to pick out my rival, but at that instant my horse rose to another fence, and my attention was distracted.

Another field, this time ploughed, and a stiffer job now for my good horse. Yet he certainly would have overtaken our quarry in a few minutes longer had he selected that part of the next fence I wished him to jump. But, alas! he must take it at its highest, and the ploughed field had proved too exhausting. We rose, there was a crash, and I have a dim recollection of wondering on which portion of my frame I should fall.

Then I knew no more till I found myself in the arms of the faithful Halfred, with neither horse, hounds, fox, nor huntsmen in sight.

"Did you catch it?" I asked.

"No, sir," said he, "but I give it a rare fright!"

But I had scarcely heard these consoling words before I swooned away again.

To be Continued.

Finance

In some respects the exciting times which have lately been seen in the securities markets should prove beneficial to the country at large not less than to the speculative community. The stringency in the money-market and the extraordinary measures adopted by the Secretary of the Treasury to relieve the situation, as well as the widespread agitation concerning the vexatious "Treasury problem," should serve in a campaign of education as a result of which, it is devoutly to be hoped, there may be a remodelling of the obsolete, unscientific, and unbusinesslike fiscal system which has long been a source of astonishment to European economists. Its over-prolonged existence has been due to popular misapprehension of the issues involved and crass ignorance of scientific finance, kept alive by unworthy political motives. It requires political bravery of an unfortunately too rare order to indulge in the agitation of measures of which demagogues can make capital by calling it "subservience to Wall Street and protection of stock gamblers." Secretary Shaw will doubtless be denounced by his friends the enemy, but there will be the advantage of widespread discussion of the matter, which may or may not be followed by reforms during the next session of Congress. The other salutary lesson, to be learned by the speculative community, is that defiance to well-established laws of finance can have but one result, and that not pleasing to the advocates of higher prices in season and out of season. It is an unfortunate fact that the memories of a certain class of stock speculators are short-lived. It may be that the very action of the Secretary of the Treasury, primarily, indeed exclusively, intended to avert serious trouble, may lead to unwarranted speculation. It scarcely seems possible to the outsider that Wall Street, one day on the verge of panic, should on the next become over-optimistic. But that would be characteristically American.

It had been obvious for a long time that a bull campaign at a time which the experience of the past had shown to be the season of reduced speculative activity was, to put it mildly, ill-advised. The country at large continued highly prosperous, to be sure, but the bank reserves needed strengthening, and not weakening. All the talk of abundant money in the West for crop-moving purposes, of our ability to call upon Europe for gold whenever we should really need it, of new conditions creating new precedents, etc., might have availed with the "lambs," but should have had no weight with experienced bankers. Yet the banks took no steps to check what then was suspected of being, and since has been shown clearly to have been, unreasonable speculation.

As time went on and prices rose, the bank reserves dwindled. It was again obvious that we were rapidly drifting toward a pinch in money, all the more quickly when the Treasury began to "lock up" money, or, in less picturesque words, when the government receipts from customs were larger than had been foreseen. It all culminated in the exhaustion of the reserves of the New York Clearing House banks, which fell below the legal minimum. There followed the wholesale calling of loans by the banks, the only measure they could take to strengthen their position; also the one step they always take when the over-extension of credits for stock-market purposes becomes apparent to all, including the "lambs." The wholesale calling of loans could result in but extensive liquidation of speculative accounts.

That portion of the public which had not kept out of the market sold out its holdings. In addition, the weaker pools and speculative cliques also were obliged to liquidate. Prices declined sharply, the downward movement being accelerated in sundry instances by denials of the various "deals" which had served as a pretext for advancing prices in special stocks. The reaction was checked on Saturday by the bank statement, which, through the peculiar workings of the system of averages followed in compiling the statistics, indicated that the deficit in the reserves had been wiped out, and there was once more a moderate surplus. On the following Monday, however, high money rates induced fresh liquidation, and when call money touched 35 per cent. there was a violent break. The entire market fell into a state bordering on downright demoralization, and it looked as if, for all the unabated prosperity of the country, we might see worse things, because money was scarce.

It is not likely that there would have been a panic on the following day, as has been claimed, but that there might have been more serious trouble than any experienced since the upward movement of stocks was checked by tightening money, seems reasonable. We were confronted by no commercial crisis. Trade conditions everywhere, always excepting the anthracite-mining region, were sound as ever. The productive forces in the industrial world were undiminished. The harvests had passed the danger-point. Obviously, therefore, the trouble was confined to the stock-market, and was the result of well-understood causes. However, Wall Street was relieved of anxious doubts and much perturbation of spirit by the action of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Secretary Shaw, after careful consideration, decided, in his own words, "to cooperate as far as possible with the banks, both East and West, in their effort to supply the necessary credit to do the unprecedented amount of business that is taxing railroads and steamship lines, as well as banks, to their utmost." To do this the national bank depositories would not be required to carry a reserve against government deposits secured by government bonds. As the Treasury had on deposit with various banks throughout the country some $130,000,000 against which the banks have been compelled to hold more than $30,000,000 in gold or its equivalent, this would make immediately available that much cash, which would serve as the basis for $130,000,000 additional credit.

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Books and Authors

Love and the Soul Hunters is the eye-arresting title of Mrs. Craigie's new novel. When she started to write fiction a dozen years ago she avowed that "the title in each case will be found to explain, so far as a title may, the character of the work." Thus *Some Emotions and a Moral, The Sinner's Comedy, A Bundle of Life, A Study in Temptations, The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham,* and *The School for Saints* tell at a glance what to expect before turning a page. The title of her new novel would rather indicate that Mrs. Craigie, like Marie Corelli, is also out on the ecclesiastical warpath, the Scriptural quotation which gives authority for her title being, "Thus saith the Lord: will ye hunt the souls of my people?" Mrs. Craigie styles her novels "philosophical fantasies." Her first book, which she finished in the autumn of 1891, was composed during many months of wearing illness and under a strain of domestic anxiety, and most of her work since has been written, she says, "during long days and hours of invalescence." She is the daughter of John Morgan Richards, the proprietor of a famous patent medicine and of *The Academy and Literature.*

Some readers of Mrs. Craigie's *Robert Orange,* published two years ago, may remember how pained she was to find that the book had gone to press without her final corrections on the last few pages, and how she was constrained to make explanation of this fact through the columns of the press. This recalls a strange happening which befell the conclusion of *The School for Saints,* to which *Robert Orange* was a sequel. *The School for Saints* appeared as a serial in a New York evening paper, but, as a matter of fact, only half of the novel was printed in its pages, for long before Mrs. Craigie had finished the remaining half the newspaper had exhausted the copy at its command, and faced with two alternatives, either to explain to its readers that the story would be resumed at some future indefinite date, or to manufacture a conclusion in its own office, it chose the latter expedient. It might be of interest to the literary ferret to compare the two conclusions.

The frequent slovenliness of reviewers in misrepresenting facts or confusing characters and places in the work of an author calls for severe censure, for surely an author's work when committed to their care is in the nature of a trust. A reviewer of *Out of the West,* by Elizabeth Higgins, for instance, writing of that remarkable Western novel in the pages of a prominent literary periodical recently, laid the scene of the story in Colorado, when it is plain as a pikestaff that it is situated in Nebraska. Sometimes the blunder is so amusing as to mitigate its aggravation, as in the case of the gentleman who once remarked to the author of *The Dark o' the Moon:* "Your books, Mr. Crockett, have been a great delight to me. They have called up many happy recollections of my early life—*in the west of Ireland.*" But when so well-informed a critic as Mr. W. L. Courtney, who edits the *Fortnightly Review,* writes of "the beautiful new Kentucky style of Miss Mary Wilkins," surely Homer nods indeed.

Mystery promises to do for the *Confessions of a Wife,* now drawing to a close in a leading magazine, what it accomplished for *An Englishwoman's Love Letters.* There have been several guesses at the authorship of these pseudonymous *Confessions,* among other names the most plausible being Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward and Mr. J. P. Mowbray. That these *Confessions* are written by a man—"poor man, dressed in a little brief anonymity"—we have little doubt. No woman, let us hope, would so falsify the instincts of her sex, or so unblushingly lay bare the silly sentimental soul of a weak sister with the possibility of ultimate identification. We venture the guess that these *Confessions* are, in fact, the clever fabrication of a certain versatile Doctor of Letters, dead and living, who, during the intervals of occupying the editorial stool and the professorial chair, frivols over the name of "Rafford Pyke."

The following hitherto unpublished letter, written by the famous novelist Charles Reade, has just been printed by Mr. Joseph Hatton, to whom it was addressed:

3 Blomfield Villas,
Uxbridge Road.

My Dear Hatton.—Let me congratulate you on being hard-worked and on being able to work hard. I cannot. Two years ago my health and spirits sank together under the great calamity of my life, and they are still at low ebb. I am willing to work, and know it would be wise, but have not the heart to undertake any great thing. I have offered Messrs. Harpers to resume my short stories, which I discontinued because the illustrators were both incapable and unteachable, but I dare not attack a three-volume novel. For one thing, I am prostrated by bronchitis one week in every four, except in the heat of summer. I never go out at night in cold weather, so if you want to see me you know where to find me. I have left the sweet little home where I was so happy and so unhappy, and have taken this villa, in which I have three sitting-rooms and two bed-rooms, all looking south, half an acre of lawn, high walls all round, hares, rabbits, etc. Come and see it when you have nothing better to do.

Yours truly,
Chas. Reade.

It is strange that no adequate biography of Reade has yet been written, the memoir penned by his brother in 1887 being an unsatisfactory and unhappy piece of work. Charles Reade was not one of the great novelists of the century, but he was one of the most popular, and his novels are as readable and entertaining to-day as they were at the time they were written. Born in 1814, it was not until the year 1850 that he began to write, and then it was for the stage, writing "about thirteen dramas which," he relates, "nobody could play." His most successful play was "Masks and Faces," written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and his adaptation of Zola's *L'Assommoir* in 1879 still lives in the memory of many as a powerful work on the stage. The keen dramatic instinct—"inherited from his mother"—displayed in the construction of his novels rendered most of them easy of transfer to the glare of the footlights. His masterpiece is without question *The Cloister and the Hearth,* one of the best historical novels in the language. But *Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, It is never too late to Mend, Hard Cash, Foul Play, Put Yourself in His Place,* and *A Terrible Temptation* rank among the most popular stories in fiction. His work was sustained on a high level of interest, and the reader who once begins one of his books will read on through the list of his eighteen novels without a pang of disappointment. Surely, in these days of uniform editions, there should be room for one such of Charles Reade's works. Certainly, after Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* deserves a fitting literary memorial, and we venture to say that the enterprise would receive a generous reward from the public. Reade died in 1884.

The current *Bookman* mentions a number of important literary centenaries that are not far distant, beginning with that of Lord Lytton, who was born on May 25, 1803. Curiously enough, it omits the centenary of Emerson, which will also take place on May 25, 1903. The next centenary of literary importance will be that of Hawthorne, which falls due in the following year. Emerson has received fair treatment at the hands of his biographers, but his influence as an intellectual and spiritual force, especially with relation to Transcendentalism, still remains to be estimated. The coming centenary offers an opportunity that is not likely to be neglected.

We have seen no reference in any of the recent comments on the centenary of the once famous "L. E. L." to the touching poem which Mrs. Browning wrote, called "L. E. L.'s Last Question." Letitia Elizabeth Landon's last days were full of pitiful misery. Married in June, 1838, to George MacLean, she went out with him to a pestilential place in Africa, where he had been appointed as Governor, and died in October of the same year, broken in heart and spirit. Her death was attributed to an overdose of prussic acid. It is known that she did not marry for love, but as a means of escape from her drawing-room detractors. Some premonition or foreboding of impending tragedy evidently weighed her spirits on the voyage to the Cape, for the "last question" was the line of a poem written on board ship—"Do you think of me as I think of you?" Years ago we remember reading Mrs. Browning's memoriam of "poor L. E. L.," and the poignant pathos of its utterance has stayed in the memory like a living sorrow. Of L. E. L.'s work as a poet, Mrs. Browning says, in a letter dated January 7, 1845: "It appears to me that she had the gift—though in certain respects she dishonored the art—and her latter lyrics are, many of them, of great beauty and melody, such as having once touched the ear of a reader, live on in it." Robert Browning, among many celebrated men of the time, was one of her admirers.

Dr. John Brown, the well-known author of *Rab and His Friends,* met Charles Dickens late in his life for the first and only time. The conversation turning on national traits and characteristics, Dickens took occasion to remark, as a tribute no doubt to his friend, that he had been cured of any cockney prejudice against Scotchmen which he might have had, by the heroic conduct of a young Scottish surgeon which he had witnessed at Chatham during the cholera time. Strange to say, this young surgeon was none other than Dr. Brown, to whom he was telling the story. In early life, it appears, Dr. Brown spent a year as an assistant surgeon at Chatham.

There is an incident in *The Vultures* which recalls a very characteristic story told of Lord Beaconsfield at a critical time when Russia was threatening Constantinople, and British interposition was expected every hour. Reginald Cartoner, the English "vulture," or diplomatic representative of his government, is dining one evening at his club, when an old traveller remarks, "The world must be quiet indeed with you here in London, all the winter, eating your head off." "I am waiting," replied Cartoner. "What for?" "I do not know," he said, placidly continuing his dinner. In real life, it happened this way: Seated by the side of Lord Beaconsfield at the dinner table one evening during the Russian intimidation of Turkey, the hostess, a celebrated lady still alive, having discussed and settled the political situation of the moment, inquired of her distinguished guest in a thrilling whisper. "What are you going to do?" "I am waiting," quietly replied the Prime Minister of England. "What are you waiting for?" pressed his hostess. "I am waiting for you to pass the mustard," said Beaconsfield. And, like Cartoner, he "placidly continued his dinner."

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of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
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HASKINS & SELLS
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CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKSELLS"
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Have you read "Lin McLean," by Owen Wister, published by Harper & Brothers?

Financial

INCORPORATED 1885

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CAPITAL (Full Paid) - - - $1,500,000
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Solicits Current Deposit Accounts,
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and Places Ground Rents.
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WILL YOU JOIN US
October 21st or November 4th to see

MOUNTAINS OF GOLD ORE

6,000 Acres

DIVIDENDS COMMENCE IN OCTOBER

Gold

"Better Than Represented"

Is what stockholders say after visiting the property.

J. H. Loyd, Mining Expert, Momence, Ill.; Clem W. Studebaker, South Bend, Ind.; J. S. Tilden, Garrettsville, O.; A. T. Anderson, O.; T. Olson, Herscher, Ill.; A. J. Byrnes, Kankakee, Ill.; R. C. Sturgeon, Geo. J. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. And 40 others.

Timber and Gold

Greatest Gold Deposits Ever Seen
OVER
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FREE MILLING GOLD ORE
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BLOCK OF STOCK AT
75 CENTS A SHARE
For Quick People. Next Block at 90c. Par Value of Shares, $1.00. Fully paid and non-assessable. Will be worth $20 per share in a very short time.

Extract from Studebaker Report

"South Bend, Ind., Sept. 5, 1902.

"Summing up, I think nature has left nothing undone to make this enterprise in time the largest of its kind the world has ever known, and I predict that in less than three years the Eagle Mining & Improvement Company will be declaring from 50 to 75 per cent. annual dividends on the par value of its stock. With best wishes, I am, Yours respectfully,
(Signed) CLEM W. STUDEBAKER."

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"Gold Quarry, Not a Mine,"

Is what stockholders say after visiting property, viz.:

D. W. Beiger, Mishawaka, Ind.; Geo. H. Fuller, Chicago Heights, Ill.; David I. Gelder, G. Garst, P. De Tamble, C. Houldsworth, Chicago; H. L. Risetter, Lee, Ill.; I. L. Webber, El Paso Tex., and 40 others.

Coal and Gold

Assets: Over $500,000,000 Worth of Gold in Sight

Water, Water Power, Timber, Coal, Old Abe Mine, Fruit Lands, Healthy Climate, Town Site. Free—Illustrated Prospectus Tells You All About It. MONTHLY DIVIDENDS TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

NOTE—As a guarantee to prospective investors we will pay railroad fare both ways if this property is not better than represented in above statement.

MILTON GEORGE, Fiscal Agent of the Eagle Mining and Improvement Company of New Mexico.
Office 314 Tacoma Building, Chicago

The following prominent physicians, stockholders in this company, we refer to by permission:

Doctors Daniel T. Nelson, D. A. Kennedy, Doctor W. P. Pierce, Hooperston, Illinois; W. R. Shinn, Chenoa, Illinois; James I. Hale, Anna, Illinois; A. W. Pounder, Elkhart, Indiana; W. C. Payne, Marshalltown, Iowa, A. E. Barber, South Bend, Indiana; J. K. Moradian, J. L. Urheim, Chicago; E. O. Gierre, Madison, Wisconsin; J. K. Cory, Geneva, Illinois; J. F. Shrontz, Momence, Illinois; John Phillips, Stevens Point, Wisconsin; W. P. Roberts, Janesville, Wisconsin; S. W. Sigler, Niles, Ohio.

THE MAID-AT-ARMS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Cardigan," etc.

ILLUSTRATED. PRICE, $1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York

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Airey was a connoisseur in pearls, or so it seemed

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXII

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT

"AND I think that's an end of any worry about Beaufort Chance!"

It was a heartlessly external way of regarding a fellow-creature's fate, but in relating how Connie Fricker had carried off her prisoner, and how subsequent despatches had confirmed his unconditional submission, Peggy had dealt with the narrative in a comedy vein throughout. Though she showed no gratitude to Beaufort, she owed him some as a conversational resource if in no other capacity; he enabled her to carry off the opening of her interview with Airey in that spirit of sturdy unemotionality which she desired—and was rather doubtful of maintaining. Coinciding in her wish and appreciating the device, Airey had listened with an applauding smile.

Peggy now made cautious approaches to more difficult ground.

"So he's off Trix's mind," she concluded, sighing with relief. "And the other thing's off her mind too. She's heard from Mr. Fricker."

"Ah!" Airey, who had been walking about, turned short round on her and waited.

"Yes; she believes it all. He did it very well. As far as I'm concerned he's behaved most honorably." Peggy had the air of giving a handsome testimonial. "She's asked me no questions; she never thought I had anything to do with it; she just flew at me with the letter. You can't think what a difference it makes! She holds up her head again."

"Is it quite fair?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, yes, for the present," Peggy insisted. "Perhaps she might be told some day." She looked at him significantly.

"Some day? How do you mean?"

"When she can bear it." Peggy grew embarrassed as the ground became more difficult. "If ever other things made her feel that what had happened didn't matter, that now at all events people valued her, or—or that she'd rather owe it to somebody else than to herself or her own luck."

He did not mistake her meaning, but his face was still clouded; hesitation and struggle hung about him still. Neither by word nor in writing had Peggy ever thanked him for what he had done; since she had kissed his hand and left him, nothing had passed between them till to-day. She guessed his mind; he had done what she asked, but he was still miserable. His misery perhaps made the act more splendid, but it left the future still in shade. How could the shade be taken away?

She gathered her courage and faced the perilous advance.

"You'll have observed," she said, with a nervous laugh, "that I didn't exactly press my—my contribution on you. I—I rather want it, Airey."

"I suppose you do. But that's not your reason—and it wasn't mine," he answered.

"Is it there still?" She pointed to the safe. He nodded. "Take it out and give it to me. No, give me just—just twenty-five."

"You're in a saving mood," remarked Airey, grimly, as he obeyed her.

"Don't shut the safe yet," she commanded, hastily. "Leave it like that—yes, just half-way. What ogreish old bolts it's got!"

"Why not shut it?" he objected, in apparent annoyance. Did the sight of its partial depletion vex him? For before Peggy could go to Fricker's, some of its hoard had gone to Tommy Trent.

"There's something to put in it," she answered, in an eager, timid voice. She set her little bag on the table and opened it. "You gave me too much. Here's some back again." She held out a bundle of notes. "A thousand pounds."

He came slowly across to the table.

"How did you manage that?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it. He just gave them back to me. Here they are. Take them and put them in."

He looked at them and at her. The old demon stirred in him; he reached out his hand towards them with his old eagerness. He had run over figures in his mind; they made up a round sum—and round sums he had loved. Peggy did not glance at him; her arms were on the table and her eyes studied the cloth. He walked away to the hearth-rug and stood silent for a long while. There was no reason why he should not take back his money; no reproach lay in that,—it was the obvious and the sensible thing to do. All these considerations the demon duly adduced; the demon had always been a plausible arguer. Airey Newton listened, but his ears were not as amenable as they had been wont to be. He saw through the demon's specious case.

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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Here was the gate by which the demon tried to slip back to the citadel of his heart!

Peggy had expected nothing else than that he would take them at once. In a way, it would have given her pleasure to see him thus consoled; she would have understood and condoned the comfort he got, and thought no less of his sacrifice. His hesitation planted in her the hope of a pleasure infinitely finer. The demon's plausible suggestions carried no force at all for her. She saw the inner truth. She had resolved not to look at Airey; under irresistible temptation, she raised her eyes to his.

"That's not mine," he said at last. "You say Fricker gave it back to you. It's yours, then."

"Oh no; that's nonsense! It's yours, of course, Airey."

"I won't touch it." He walked across to the safe, banged it to, and locked it with savage decision; the key he flung down on the table. Then he came back to the hearth-rug. "I won't touch it. It's not mine, I say."

"I won't touch it; it's not mine either," insisted Peggy.

The despised notes lay on the table between them. Peggy rose and slowly came to him. She took his hands.

"Oh, Airey, Airey!" she said, in whispered rapture.

"Bosh! Be businesslike. Put them in your bag again."

"Never!" she laughed, softly.

"Then there they lie." He broke into a laugh. "And there they would, even if you left me alone with them!"

"Airey, you'll see her soon?"

"What the deuce has that got to do with it?"

"Nothing; nothing!" Her gayety rose and would not be denied. "A little mistake of mine! But what are we to do with them?"

"The poor?" he suggested. Peggy felt that prosaic, and shook her head. "The fire? Only there isn't one. Spills? The butterman?"

"They do crackle so seductively," sighed Peggy.

"Hush!" said Airey, with great severity.

Her heart was very light in her. If he could jest about the trouble, surely the trouble was wellnigh past? Could it be abolished altogether? A sudden inspiration filled her mind; her eyes grew bright in eagerness, and her laugh came full, though low.

"How stupid we are! Why, we'll spend them, Airey!"

"What?" That suggestion did startle him.

"This very day."

"All of them?"

"Every farthing. It 'll be glorious!"

"What are we to spend them on?" He looked at them apprehensively.

"Oh, that won't be difficult," she declared. "You must just do as I tell you, and I can manage it."

"Well, I don't know that I could have a better guide."

"Go and put on your best clothes. You're going out with me."

"I've got them on," smiled Airey Newton.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Peggy, in momentary distress. His face reassured her; they both fell to laughing.

"Well, anyhow," she suggested, as a last resort, "suppose you brush them?"

Airey had no objection to that, and departed to his room.

Peggy moved about in restless excitement, fired by her idea. "First for her! And then—" She shook her head at her own audacity. Yet confidence would not die in her. Had she really struck on the way? Had not the demon summoned up all his most seductive arguments just because he was sore afraid? It was madness. "Yes, madness to cure madness!" cried Peggy, in her heart. A gift to the poor would not do that; the fire would consume and offer nothing in return. She would try.

Airey seemed to surrender himself into her hands; he climbed into the cab docilely. She had run down first and given the man a direction. Airey did not ask where they were going. She opened the little bag, took out its contents, and thrust them into his hands; he pocketed them without a word. They drove westward. She glanced at him covertly once or twice; his face was puzzled but not pained. He wore an air of sedate meditation; it was so out of keeping with the character of the expedition that Peggy smiled again.

She darted another quick look at him as they drew up at their first destination. He raised his brows a little, but followed her in silence. Peggy gave a gasp of relief as they passed within the doors.

The shopman was not tall and prim, like the bank clerk; he was short, stout, and inclined to roguishness; his eyes twinkled over Peggy, but he was fairly at his wits' end for an explanation. They could not be an engaged pair; Airey's manner gave no hint of it—and the shopman was an experienced judge. Was it an intrigue? Really, in the shopman's opinion, Airey's coat forbade the supposition. He inclined to the theory of a doting uncle or a prodigal godfather. He tumbled out his wares in the profusion such a chance demanded.

At first Airey was very indifferent, but presently he warmed up. He became critical as to the setting of a ring, as to the stones in a bracelet. He even suggested once or twice that the color of the stones was not suitable, and Peggy was eager to agree. The shopman groped in deeper darkness, since he had taken Peggy's complexion as his guiding star. However, the bargains were made—that was the thing; three or four little boxes lay on the counter neatly packed.

"I will bring them round myself, madam, if you will favor me with the address."

"We'll take them with us, please," said Peggy.

There was a moment's pause; a polite but embarrassed smile appeared on the shopman's face; an altogether different explanation had for the moment suggested itself.

"We'll pay now and take them with us," said Peggy.

"Oh, certainly, if you prefer, madam," murmured the shopman, gratefully. He engaged upon figures. Peggy jumped down from her chair and ranged about the shop, inspecting tiaras at impossible prices. She did not come back for three or four minutes. Airey was waiting for her, the small boxes in his hand.

She darted out of the shop and gave the cabman another direction. Airey followed her with a slowness that seemed deliberate. She said nothing till they stopped again; then she observed, just as she got out of the cab, "This is the best place for pearls."

Airey was a connoisseur in pearls, or so it seemed. He awoke to an extraordinary interest in them; Peggy and he actually quarrelled over the relative merits of a couple of strings. The shopman arbitrated in favor of the more highly priced; it had been Airey's choice, and he was ungracefully exultant.

"I don't like shopping with you," declared Peggy, pettishly.

"Anything for a quiet life!" sighed Airey. "We'll have them both."

A quick suspicion shot into her eyes.

"No, no, no," she whispered, imperatively.

"Why not?"

"It would just spoil it all. Don't spoil it, Airey!"

He yielded. Here again the shopman had several theories, but no conviction as to the situation.

"Now we might lunch," Peggy suggested. "It's very tiring work, isn't it?"

At lunch Airey was positively cantankerous. Nothing in the *table-d'hôte* meal satisfied him; the place had to be ransacked for recondite dainties. As for wine, he tried three brands before he would drink, and then did not pretend to be satisfied. The cigar he lit afterwards was an ostentatious gold-wrapped monster. "We procure them especially for the Baron von Plutopluter," the *chef d'hôtel* informed him significantly.

"I'll put half a dozen in my pocket," said Airey.

Peggy eyed the cigar apprehensively.

"Will that take very long?" she asked. "We've lots more to do, you know."

"What more is there to do?" he inquired, amiably.

"Well, there's a good deal left still, you know," she murmured, in a rather embarrassed way.

"By Jove, so there is," he agreed. "But I don't quite see—"

Certainly Peggy was a little troubled; her confidence seemed to fail her rather; she appeared to contemplate a new and difficult enterprise.

"There isn't a bit too much if—if we do the proper thing," she said. She looked at him—it might be said she looked over him—with a significant gaze. He glanced down at his coat.

"Oh, nonsense! There's no fun in that," he objected.

"It's quite half the whole thing," she insisted.

There were signs of rebellion about him; he fussed and fidgeted, hardly doing justice to the Baron von Plutopluter's taste in cigars.

"I shall look such an ass," he grumbled at last.

"You shall be quite moderate," she pleaded, speciously, but insincerely. She was relieved at the form of his objection; she had feared worse. His brow, too, cleared a little.

"Is there really any philosophy in it, Peggy?" he asked, in a humorous puzzle.

"You liked it. You know you enjoyed it this morning."

"That was for—well, I hope, for somebody else."

"Do try it—just this once," she implored.

He abandoned himself to her persuasion; had not that been his bargain for the day? The hansom was called into service again. First to Panting's—where Airey's coat gave a shock such as the establishment had not experienced for many a day—then to other high-class shops. Into some of these Peggy did not accompany him. She would point to a note and say, "Not more than half the change out of that," or, "No change at all out of that." When Airey came out she watched eagerly to see how profound would be the shopman's bow, how urgent his entreaty that he might be honored by further favors. It is said that the rumor of a new millionaire ran through the London of trade that day.

"Are you liking it, Airey?" She was nearly at an end of her invention when she put the question.

He would give her no answer. "Have you anywhere else you want to go?"

She thought hard. He turned to her smiling:

"Positively I will not become the owner of a grand-piano."

A brilliant idea flashed on her—obvious as soon as discovered, like all brilliant ideas:

"Why, you'll have nothing decent to carry them in when you go visiting!"

A sudden sense of ludicrousness overcame Airey; he lay back in the cab and laughed. Was the idea of visiting so ludicrous? Or was it the whole thing? And Peggy's anxious seriousness alternating with fits of triumphant vivacity? All through the visit to the trunk-maker's Airey laughed.

"I can't think of anything else—though there's a note left," she said, with an air of vexed perplexity.

"You're absolutely gravelled, are you?" he asked. "No, no, not the piano!"

"I'm finished," she acknowledged, sorrowfully. She turned to him with an outburst of gleefulness. "Hasn't it been a wonderful day? Haven't we squandered, Airey?"

"We've certainly done ourselves very well," said he.

The cabman begged directions through the roof.

"I don't know," murmured Peggy, in smiling despair. "Yes,

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yes," she called, "back to Danes Inn! Tea and bread-and-butter, Airey!"

He took the key of his chambers from his pocket. "You go and make tea. I'll be after you directly."

"Have you thought of anything else?" she cried, with a merry smile.

"I want to walk home and think about it," said Airey. "I sha'n't be long. Good-by." He recollected a trifle. "Here's some money for the cab."

"All that?" asked Peggy.

"He's sure we're mad already. Don't let's disturb his convictions," Airey argued.

She gave no order to the man for a moment; she sat and watched Airey stroll off down Regent Street, his hands in his pockets (he never would carry a stick) and his head bent a little forward, as his custom was. "What is he thinking?" she asked herself. What would he think when he realized the freak into which she had led him? He might turn very bitter—not with her, but with himself. The enjoyment into which he had been betrayed might now, in a reaction of feeling, seem the merest folly. How should she argue that it had not been? What would any sober judgment on it say? Peggy drove back to Danes Inn in an anxious and depressed state. Yet ever and again the humors of the expedition broke in on her memory, and she smiled again. She chinked the two sovereigns he had given her in her hand. What was the upshot of the day? When she paid the cabman she exchanged smiles with him; that gave her some little comfort.

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Danes Inn was comforting too. She hastened to make tea; everything was to be as in old days; to add to the illusion, she herself, having been too excited to eat lunch, was now genuinely hungry. She began to cut bread-and-butter. The loaf was stale! Why, that was like old days too; she used to grumble at that, and Airey always seemed distressed; he used to pledge himself to have new loaves, but they did not always come. Now she saw why. She cut the bread with a liberal and energetic hand; but as she cut—nothing could be more absurd or incongruous—tears came into her eyes. "He never grudged me enough, anyhow," she murmured, buttering busily.

Surely, surely, what she had done should turn to good? Must it stand only as a fit of madness, to be looked back on with shame or spoken of with bitter ridicule? It was open enough to all this. Her heart still declared that it was open to something else too. The sun shot a ray in at the big, dingy window, and lit up her face and hair. Her task was finished; she threw herself into her usual chair and waited. When he came she would know. He would have thought it over. His step was on the stair; she had left the door unlatched for him; she sat and waited, shutting her eyes before the brightness of that intruding ray.

An apprehension seized her—the fear of a task that she delayed. The step might not be Airey's; it might be Tommy Trent's. She might never be ready with her apology to Tommy, but, at any rate, she was not ready yet. No, surely it could not be Tommy! Why should he happen to come now? It was much more likely to be Airey.

The expected happened; after all, it sometimes does. Airey it was; the idea that it was Tommy had served only to increase Peggy's sense of the generally critical character of the situation. She had taken such risks with everybody—perhaps she must say such liberties.

"Tea's ready," she called to Airey the moment he appeared.

He took no sort of notice of that. His face, grave, as a rule, and strong, heretofore careworn too, had put on a strange, boyish gayety. He came up behind her chair. She tried to rise. He pressed her down, his hands on her shoulders.

"Sit still," he commanded. "Lean your head forward. You've got a plaguey lot of hair, Peggy!"

"What are you doing?" she demanded, fiercely.

"You've ordered me about all day. Sit still."

She felt his fingers on her neck; then she felt too the touch of things smooth and cold. A little clasp clicked home. Airey Newton sprang back. Peggy was on her feet in a moment.

"You've done that, after all?" she cried, indignantly.

"You were at the end of your ideas. That's mine—and it balanced the thing out to the last farthing!"

"I told you it would spoil it all!" Her reproach was bitter as she touched the string of pearls.

"No, Peggy," he said. "It only spoils it if it was a prank, an experiment, a test of your ingenuity, young woman. But it doesn't spoil it if it was something else."

"What else?" she asked, softly, sinking back again into her chair and fingering his present with a touch so gentle as to seem almost reverent. "What else, Airey dear?"

"It came on me as I walked away from the shop—not while I was going there. I was rather unhappy till I got there. But as I walked home—with that thing—it seemed to come on me." He was standing before her with the happy look of a man to whom happiness is something strange and new. "'That's it,' I thought to myself, 'though how the deuce that chit found it out—!' It would be bad, Peggy, if a man who had worshipped an idol kicked it every day after he was converted. It would be vicious and unbecoming. But he should kick it once in token of emancipation. If a man had loved an unworthy woman (supposing there are any), he should be most courteous to her always, shouldn't he?"

"As a rule," smiled Peggy.

"As a rule, yes," he caught up, eagerly. "But shouldn't she have the truth once? She'd have been a superstition too, and for



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ce the truth should be told. Well, all it came to me. And that's the philosophy it. Though how you found it out—! ell, no matter. So it's not a mere freak, as it a mere test of your ingenuity, young end?"

"I just had to try it," said Peggy Ryle, wildered, delighted, bordering on tears.

"So, will you wear the pearls?" He used, then laughed. "Yes, and eat your ead-and-butter." He came up to her, holding out his hands. "The chains are loose, ggy, the chains are loose." He seized his e and began to fill it, motioning her again vards the tea table. To humor him she nt to it and took up a slice of bread-and-tter.

"A stale loaf, Airey!" she whispered—and med to choke before she tasted it in an ticipated struggle with its obstinate subnce.

He smiled in understanding. "How men wrong—and women! Look at me, look Fricker,—yes, look at—her! We none of knew the way. Fricker won't learn. She —perhaps! I have, I think." He moved vards her. "And you've done it, Peggy."

"No, no," she cried. "Oh, how can you so wrong as that?"

"What?" He stood still in surprise. Didn't you suggest it all? Didn't you take ? Wasn't it for you that I did it?"

"Oh, you're so blind," she cried, scornly. "Perhaps I suggested it, perhaps I nt with you. What does that matter?"

"Well, Peggy?" he said, in his old, ingent, pleasant way.

"Oh, I'm glad only one thing's changed in !" she burst out.

"Well, Peggy?" he persisted.

"Were you thinking of me?" she dended, contemptuously. "Were you kicking your idol for me? Were you buying me? What made it harder to buy after ich than before? Was that the difference ween buying for yourself and for me?" r scorn grew with every question. "What e I done that you should give me this?" plucked fretfully at the offending string pearls.

"Never mind that. It was only to use up change—if you like. What do you an by the rest of it?"

"What do I mean?" cried Peggy. "I an that if you've done her a service, she's e you more. If you've given her back self-respect, what hasn't she done for ? Are you going to her as her savior? , I know you won't talk about it! But that in your mind? Go to her as yours ! Be honest, Airey! Whose face was in r mind through the drive to-day? If ever thought of telling it all, who were going to tell it to? If you wanted to free, for whom did you want your freen? I! What had I to do with it? If ould seem to speak with her voice, it was I could do. And you've been thinking t she's done nothing for you. Oh, the ustice of it!" She put up her hand and l it on his, which now rested on the back her chair. "Don't you see, Airey, don't see?"

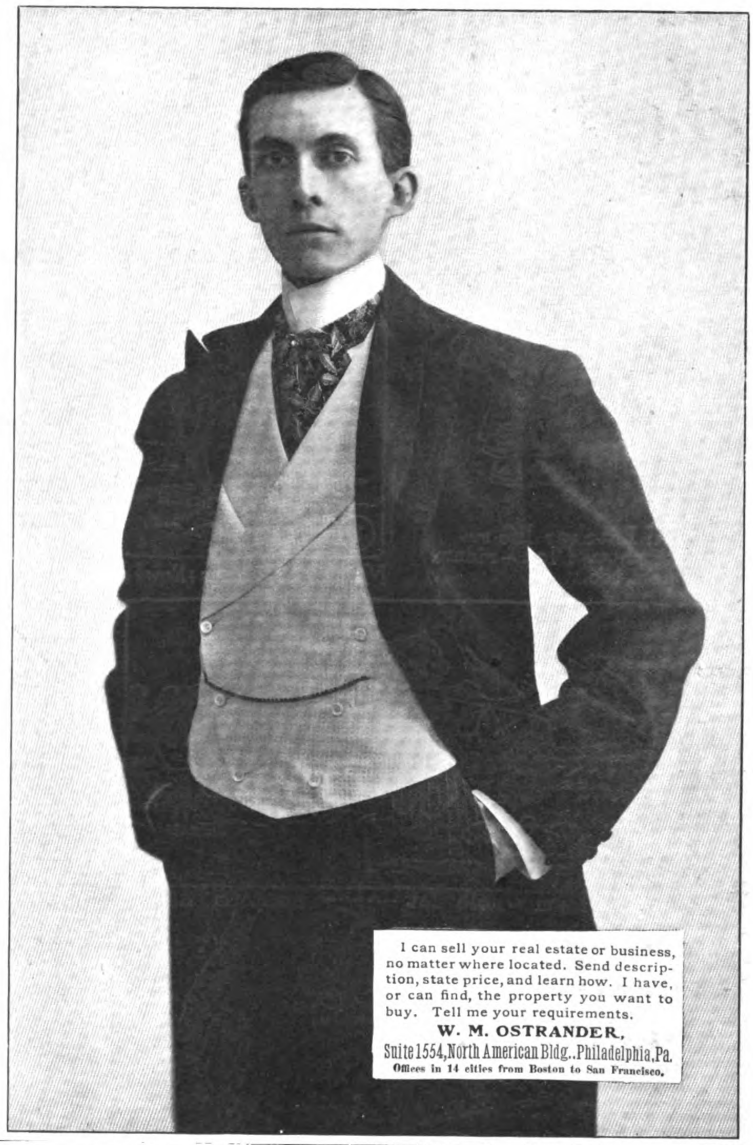
He smoked his pipe steadily, but as yet he e her no assent.

"It's cost me nothing—or not much," ggy went on. "I broke two promises."

"Two?" he interrupted, quickly.

"Yes; one you know—to Tommy." He ded. "The other to her—I promised to no one else she was ruined. But that's much. It seems to me as if all that she's e through, all she's lost, all she's suffer—yes, if you like, all the wrong things 's done—had somehow all been for you. was the only woman who'd have made change in you. Nobody else could have ven out the idol, Airey. You talk of me. 've known me for years. Did I ever ve it out? No, she had to do it. And ore she could she had to be ruined, she l to be in the dust,—perhaps she had to cruel or unjust to others. I can't work the philosophy of it, but that's how it's ppened." She paused, only to break out ementally again: "You spoil it with your s of me; you spoil it with the necklace!" th a sudden movement she raised her ids, unclasped the pearls from about her k, and threw them on the table. "Everything for her, Airey," she begged, "everyng for her!"

(Continued on page 1480.)



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1

Hi! Betcher life me ketchum flox – ridum hoss, too. . . . . .



2

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3

Hi! me ridum whole lot ..... beatum all.



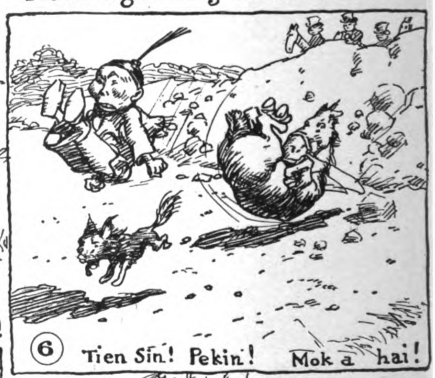
4

Takum high fence just like Automobub



5

Now, gottum flox ---- dead skinch!



6 Tien Sin! Pekin! Mok a hai!



7

Ow!!! 鬼子兵西洋 ... 來 !!!!!

ALBERT LEVERING



8

Blush?-Brush? Me no usum Blush-me usum Razor.....

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(Continued from page 1479.)

His eyes followed the pearls, and he smiled. "But what about all the things for me?"

"Aren't they for her too? Aren't you for her? Wouldn't you go to her as fine as you could?"

"What a woman—what a very woman you are!" he chuckled, softly.

"No, that's all right," she insisted, eagerly. "Would she be happy if you lavished things on her and were still wretched if you had anything for yourself?" She was full of her subject; she sprang up and faced him. "Not this time to the poor, because they can't repay! Not this time to the fire, because it would give you no profit! You must love this—it's a great investment!"

He sat down in the chair she had left empty, and played with the pearls that lay on the table.

"Yes, you're right," he said at last. She was the beginning of it. It was she who—but shall I tell that to her?"

"Yes, tell it to her, to her only," urged Peggy Ryle.

"Give me your hands, Peggy. I want to tell something to you."

"No, no, there's nothing to tell me—nothing!"

"If the philosophy is great and true, is there to be no credit for the teacher?"

"Did I?" murmured Peggy. "Did I?" he went on, in a hurried whisper: "If that's all true, perhaps Tommy Trent will forgive me for breaking my word."

"If Fricker fell, and I have fallen, who is Tommy Trent?"

She moved away with a laugh, hunted for a cigarette—the box was hidden by papers—found it, and lit it. She saw Airey take up the pearls, go to the safe, open it, and lock them in.

"Never!" she cried, in gay but determined protest.

"Yes, some day," said he, quietly, as he went back to his seat.

They sat together in silence until Peggy had finished her cigarette and thrown it away.

"If all goes well," he said, softly, more as though he spoke to himself than to her, "I shall have something to work for now. I can fancy work will be very pleasant now, if things go well, Peggy."

She rose and crossed over to him.

"I must run away," she said, softly. She leaned down towards him. "Is it a great change?" she asked.

"Tremendous—as tremendous as its philosophy." He was serious under the banter. She was encouraged to her last venture, which he might have laughed back into retreat.

"It isn't really any change to me," she told him, in a voice that trembled a little. "You've always been all right to me. This has always been a refuge and a hospitable home to me. If it had all failed, I should have loved you still, Airey, my friend."

Airey was silent again for an instant.

"Thank God, I think I can believe you in that," he said at last.

She waited a moment longer, caressing his hand gently.

"And you'll go soon?" she whispered. "You'll go to her soon?"

"This very night, my dear," said Airey Newton.

Peggy stood upright. Again the sun's rays caught her eyes and hair, and flashed on her hands as she stretched them out in an ample luxury of joy.

"Oh, what a world it is, if you treat it properly, Airey!" she cried.

But she also had made her discovery. It was with plain amusement and a little laugh, still half incredulous, that she added, "And, after all, there may be some good in saving money, too!"

To be Continued.

The learning of those who are called the learned is learning at second hand: the primary and most important must be acquired by reading in our own bosoms; the rest by a deep insight into other men's. What is written is mostly an imperfect and unfaithful copy.—*Landor.*

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Sulgrave Manor House, the Home of George Washington's Ancestors, at Banbury, England

There is a report that the ancestral home of George Washington's family is to be taken down and re-erected in America. It is Sulgrave Manor House, at Banbury, England. The estate originally belonged to a priory dissolved by Henry VIII. at the Reformation and given to one Lawrence Washington, of Northampton. Lawrence Washington came of a Lancashire family His grandson, Lawrence, had two sons, both of whom emigrated to America about 1657, and it was one of these sons—John who became the great-grandfather of George Washington



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Integrity in Business

"BUSINESS integrity is a trait in human nature quite independent of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude," remarked an old army officer to the present writer, who surprised him in the act of replacing some age-yellowed papers in his office safe. "Here are exhibits X and Y, by way of demonstrating my philosophy."

He unfolded one of the papers with great care. It bore date 1874, and was a demand note for $1092, signed by a regular-army officer of good rank and some reputation.

"That man," the speaker continued, "did so good service in the volunteer army at Vicksburg that Grant took him out and sent him to West Point, so as to put him on an even footing with anybody and insure him a military career. He deserved it. I haven't a word to say against him as a soldier. But on his business side—well, you may guess what he is when I tell you that he has never paid a penny of principal or interest on that note, now twenty-eight years old. I had scraped together a little money, and he needed some, or thought he did, so he asked me to let him have it. As I could not use it in the field, where I was fighting Indians, I consented. Oh yes, I've made my 'demand' more than once, but that is all the good it does. No, I don't believe he deliberately set out to rob me; he simply lacks the faculty for keeping his engagements when it comes to money matters.

"Here"—and he unfolded the second paper—"is a bit of handwriting I keep simply as a souvenir. It is a note, but it was paid long ago. The only reason I have it still is that the man who signed it is so honest himself that you couldn't make him believe that I am not also, or that I would take any advantage of him; and his knowledge that he has paid me cent per cent leaves him without either a troubled conscience or a worry of any kind about the matter. You can guess from the name, Charlie Hing, that he is a Chinaman. He was once—long ago—my servant. When we parted he asked me if I would lend him sixty dollars so that he could go back to China and see his family. That was in the days before the exclusion law. I was glad to accommodate him, for he had been a faithful fellow, but I never expected to see the color of my money again.

"Well, he went, and came back in due time. Meanwhile I had been moving about the country, and on his return he could not find me at first; but he set about a search, and pursued it systematically till he discovered where I was. Then he fell to work till he had earned the money. It took him some time, for it was a large sum for a Chinaman in those days; but back to me it came, every cent.

"All of which goes to show— However, you had better make your own deductions."

Well—were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends;
To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of men;
And every hundred years to rise
And learn the world, and sleep again;
To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,
And wake on science grown to more,
On secrets of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy lore;
And all that else the years will show,
The poet forms of stronger hours,
The vast Republics that may grow,
The Federations and the Powers;
Titanic forces taking birth
In divers seasons, divers climes;
For we are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

—*Tennyson.*

They (the Greeks) were great and free, and grew up on the soil of their own individuality, creating themselves out of themselves, and moulding themselves to what they were and willed to be.—*Walter Pater.*

Who can say he is not a fool before he has been tried by a woman?

—*George Meredith.*

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ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT

Leopold. "Josephine, I'm goin' ter be a great musishener like Paderoosker"
Josephine. "But, Leo, you never even seen a piany. How cud you play?"
Leopold. "Don't need ter. All yer have ter do is have long hair ter run yer fingers through, then look sleepy-like, and bust a couple er keys"

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XII.—ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, *AET. 47*

See page 1508—Editorial Section

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A Fuel to Supplant Coal

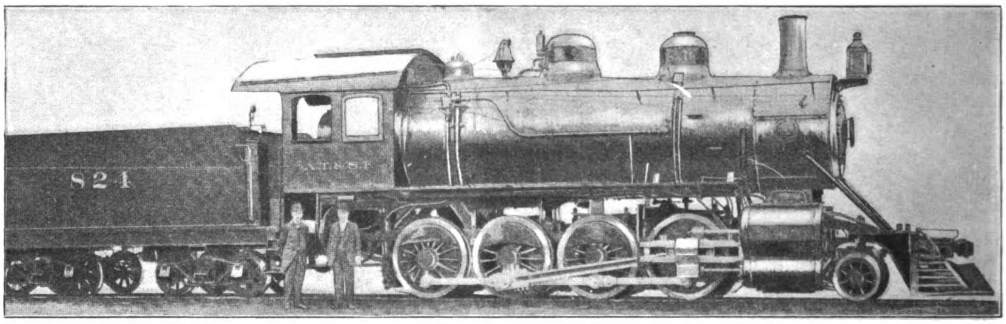
MILLIONS and immortality are well within reach of the man who discovers or devises a practical substitute for coal. Never has a great chemical problem come so close to the lives of the people. Science asks for a fuel which will be cheap, accessible, and plentiful, from which light, heat, electricity, and motion in all its modes may be generated. Science so far finds no answer. Oil and wood are the only other natural fuels, and wood has been wasted for four hundred years, while oil, whose uses have grown so wonderfully in a half-century, seems still to labor under objections which unfit it for use as a general fuel in congested communities.

The fuel of the world must be a natural product, at least in so far that no other fuel is needed to create it. Gas answers the requirements, but natural gas has been found in limited areas and quantities only. Artificial gas is generated, like electricity—both admirable heating and lighting agents—from the coal pile. Science strives to pierce to the pole, to traverse the air, to light, heat, and move the world, but comes back to the coal pile. This inevitable coal pile comes from private property, and its size is not dependent on the needs of the public or of science. But must science be always bound down to the demands of individuals? It is not impossible that the public lands of the Northwest and Southwest include vast coal deposits.

Air, earth, water, and fire—the elemental three are useless to humanity without the fourth. So far earth has furnished the source of heat and light. But the coal beds cannot last forever. What has earth to offer in place of coal?

Wood? The forests are henceforth luxuries. Oil—ah, privately owned as it is, oil is a splendid fuel, abundant and cheap. Why can oil not be used in great cities in place of coal? The insurance companies and the boards of health answer immediately that the storing of fuel oil in necessary quantities in congested communities would threaten perils of which we can only conceive. The earth in which the oil would have to be stored, the streets over which it would have to be hauled, the air, in transit, would become so saturated with oil fumes, inflammable and nauseous gases, that a conflagration worse than any ever known to history would follow right speedily, started perhaps by the flash of a smoker's match. Oil would not do, therefore, for New York city or any other large city. Oil is, however, a fuel of great utility, growing all the while in popularity. For forge fires and annealing ovens it gives an even, admirable heat. For melting glass in the lehr, or tempering oven, oil is successfully used in the East. Steel manufacturers burn oil to heat their billets and to melt steel in open-hearth furnaces. In the Southwest, where heavier grades of crude oil are found in quantity, oil-burning locomotives haul trains on the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fe railroads. The Boston and Maine Railroad Company has had designs made for oil-burning locomotives.

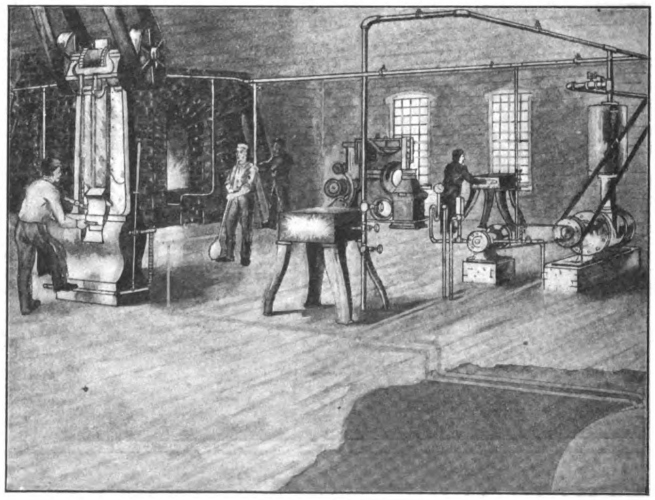
The changes in a manufacturing or heating and lighting plant required for the use of oil instead of coal are not great. The down-draught furnace, the mechanical stoker, and the Pillatt grate-bar may be adapted to any hard-coal furnace to enable it to burn soft coal without causing a nuisance. The installation of an air-compressor, and of atomizers and burners, by which oil may be burned instead of coal, is not more complicated. The resulting heat is effective because even. A complete oil-burning plant is shown in the illustration, with a glass-furnace, drop-forges, air-compressors, annealing ovens, etc. The superintendent of the Capitol Building is now experimenting with an oil plant at Washington.



An Engine, planned and built by Cornelius Vanderbilt, which runs with Petroleum as Fuel

Coal, wood, and oil aside, what remains? There are briquettes, made of culm, or coal waste first cleaned and then moulded under high pressure. The late Wallace Andrews formed a company to pipe coal dust to the seaboard, in solution in water, under pressure, but his death delayed what seemed to be a promising enterprise.

Oxygen is the elemental source of heat and light, and oxygen is found plentiful in the air and in water. Who will release it and use it for suffering humanity? Electricity may be generated—so as to light and heat the world—by water power as well as by burning coal. Who will harness the tides economically and generate along the shores of Manhattan Island enough electricity to heat and light New York? Until every waterfall, including Niagara, is worked to its utmost power production, men have no need to be absolutely dependent on coal. Extraction of nitrogen from the atmosphere, on a commercial basis, has been attempted. A company in New York will put up a plant at Niagara Falls to use electricity in releasing nitrogen. Priestly discovered in 1785 that an electric spark determined a chemical change in air. The gaseous oxides of nitrogen are evolved by the process. Plants renew the supply of gaseous oxides as human beings consume it.



A Furnace, with Petroleum as Fuel, which furnishes Heat and Power for running different Apparatus

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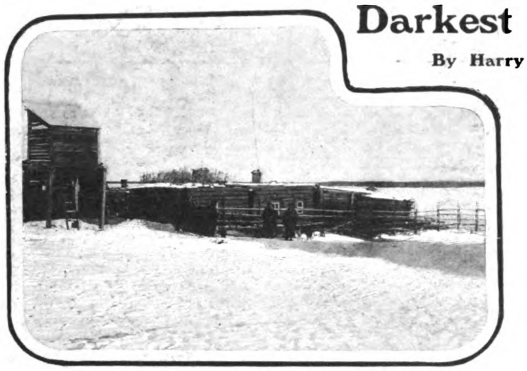
THE PRESIDENT'S ATTEMPT TO END THE COAL STRIKE

Conference at the temporary White House on October 3, when the President called together the leader of the miners' union and the operators of the anthracite coal mines, and called their attention to the fact that there "are three parties affected by the situation in the anthracite trade:—the operators, the miners, and the general public"

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Darkest Siberia

By Harry de Windt



Chief-of-Police House at Sredni-Kolymsk



The Hospital of an Exile Settlement

THERE are only two political prisons where offenders are actually kept in cellular confinement throughout the Russian Empire. One of these is Schlüsselburg, situated on a lonely island in Lake Ladoga; the other, the prison of Akatui, about 200 miles east of Irkutsk, in Eastern Siberia. Akatui, I was permitted to inspect in 1894, and also to have access to every "political" within its walls. There are perhaps a score of state prisoners clothed in convict garb, while a few wore leg-irons, as only the most dangerous revolutionists are sent here, for terms varying from ten years' hard labor to the life sentence. Severe penal discipline, eight hours a day in a silver-mine, and association at night with the vilest criminals was the lot of these men, the majority of whom were well educated and accustomed to a life of ease, if not of luxury; and yet I would prefer to pass five years here than twelve months in comparative liberty at Sredni-Kolymsk, the remotest Siberian settlement within the arctic circle, about 10,000 English miles from St. Petersburg.

At the time of my visit in March, 1902, sixteen exiles, including two ladies, were living here. All had been banished from European Russia by "Administrative Process"—viz., by a tribunal composed of the military authorities and Secret Police. Usually this "Process" is simple and expeditious. A suspected person may be seated quietly with his family, at his office, or at some public place of entertainment, when the fatal touch on the shoulder summons him away—perhaps forever. If found guilty, a term of imprisonment in Europe invariably precedes the journey to Siberia, which is made with a criminal gang as far as Irkutsk. Here prison dress is discarded, and a Cossack takes charge of the exile until his destination is reached. If the latter be in the far North the journey is a severe one—especially for a woman. Women are accompanied on these journeys by a companion of either sex, and never travel alone with a guard.



Harry de Windt

Sredni-Kolymsk is situated on the Kolyma River, about 300 miles from the Arctic Ocean, and contains about 400 inhabitants, consisting of government officials, political exiles, Russian settlers, and native Yakuts. The settlers are mostly time-expired convicts, who, on their discharge, have received a free grant of land from the state. A more desolate, God-forsaken spot than this village can scarcely exist, especially in winter-time, when dreary green forest and the drearier drab settlement alone relieve a mournful wilderness of white. There is one straggling street of squalid, mud-plastered log huts, surrounded by similar dwellings scattered about an area of perhaps a mile in circumference. A wooden church, its timbers bleached and rotting with age, only just overtops the stunted buildings around, and a portion of its crazy spire, detached by age and climate, lies where it has fallen in the crowded graveyard below. At first sight the place resembles one cleared, by some deadly pestilence, of every living soul—anything but the abiding-place of human beings. Occasionally an official, smothered in furs, hurries homeward out of the ferocious cold, or a poorly clad, shivering exile emerges from one miserable hut to disappear into another; perhaps towards evening some Yakuts may be seen hauling ice and firewood for household purposes; and you may gaze out of the window from sunrise to sunset, day after day, month after month, and see no more. From year to year, winter and summer, Sredni-Kolymsk remains as dead as Pompeii; as silent as the tomb.

The hut of M. Strajevsky, whose portrait appears on the following page, resembled those occupied by most of his fellow-exiles. It contained one room, about twelve feet square, with windows of ice, through which light filtered dimly even on the brightest day. The carpetless floor of beaten earth was sodden with moisture, and the log walls glistened with damp. Three planks on trestles covered with deer-skins formed a sleeping-place; and more planks, nailed roughly together, a table, on which lay writing material and a few books. An old deal case was the only seat, and a few faded photographs the sole adornments of this dreary apartment where Strajevsky, once a rising barrister in Warsaw, had passed eight years of his life. The place felt chilly and full of draughts, and when we entered my host went to the earthen fireplace and kindled some sticks, which burnt brightly for a few moments, and slowly flickered out. He then climbed to the roof, blocked the chimney with rags, and returned. This is the Yakut method of warming a room,—although we sat in a temperature of 32° Fahr. by my thermometer. For Sredni-Kolymsk is near the tree-line, and a heap of smouldering ashes generally replaces a fire in the hut of the "political," whose miserable pittance scarcely permits of the purchase of sufficient food, much less of such luxuries as fuel and warmth.

In Russia, loss of liberty entails, in the case of political offenders, forfeiture of all property to the state, which provides every exile with a monthly allowance. The amount differs in the various districts. At Verkhoyansk it amounts to seventeen rubles, at Sredni-Kolymsk eighteen rubles, but ten times that sum would be inadequate here where provisions are always at famine prices. During the winter reindeer meat is so expensive that the exiles are compelled to subsist entirely upon fish, caught the preceding summer, and generally so decomposed as to be quite unfit for human consumption. Flour is never procurable at less than twenty-five cents and often reaches forty cents per pound, and inferior sugar and tea cost seventy-five cents and one dollar a pound respectively, while all kinds of groceries fetch five times as much as they do in Yakutsk, where, already, European prices are trebled. Clothing and furs are proportionately dear, so that in winter-time these unhappy people are at the mercy of the most rigorous climate in the world, while, in many cases, they occupy huts so filthy and dilapidated that they have been abandoned even by the native Yakuts. An exile whose wife voluntarily accompanies him receives nineteen rubles instead of the usual eighteen (an arrangement suggestive either of a mistake or grim humor on the part of the administration!), leaving exactly nine rubles and fifty kopeks (or under five dollars) for the monthly maintenance of each. I should add that the above facts were furnished by an official on the spot, whose substantial salary barely sufficed to keep him in food and lodging, and who reluctantly admitted that in the case of exiles' life must be one perpetual struggle for existence.

Strajevsky informed me that in summer-time he and his comrades were able to earn a little money by manual labor, and to subsist on fresh fish caught in the Kolyma River. Otherwise the month of January here differs little, save in temperature, from July. For summer at Sredni-Kolymsk is no bright season of sunshine and flowers, but three gloomy sunless months of rain and fog, accompanied by swarms of mosquitoes. The place then becomes a hot-bed of disease caused by the accumulated sewage of winter (which finds no outlet), and "miasma" from the surrounding marshes. In July the downpour is generally increased,

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Strajevsky—Political Exile



An exiled Woman and her Children



An Exile gone mad after Three Years

and the miserable log huts are often flooded for days together, pulmonary and rheumatic complaints being a natural consequence. Thirty per cent. of the natives suffer from leprosy and syphilis, and enteric fever is common amongst Europeans. The government appoints no medical officer, and at the time of my visit M. Miskiévitch, a medical student (and an exile) was attending, with very meagre facilities, to the ills of the entire community. There was no infirmary of any kind, a small hospital which once existed now being occupied by a family of thriving but filthy Yakuts. Twenty years ago this building was "condemned," and reconstructed (on paper at St. Petersburg), a considerable sum of money being raised by public subscription for the erection of a suitable building. A part of the structure may yet be seen in its initial stage of foundations and corner-posts, where it will probably remain as a silent record of a late "Ispravnik's" reign and rascality.

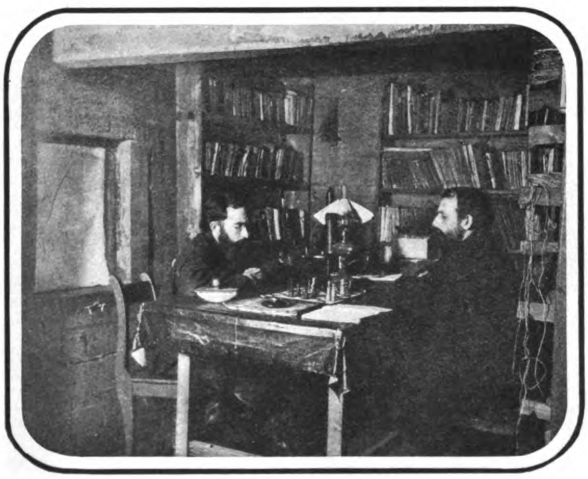
But a nervous malady peculiar to this region is far more dreaded by the exiles than either pestilence or famine. This is a form of chronic hysteria which occurs in both sexes (chiefly in women) after a prolonged stay here. An early symptom of this ghastly affliction is the sudden impulse to shout and dance at the most inopportune moments, or to mimic the voices and actions of others. Thus I witnessed a painful scene one evening while visiting the exiles; and the next day a Russian woman of the criminal class seized my arm in the street and repeated, with weird accuracy, a sentence in French which I was addressing to my companion. This mysterious disease is common to officials, politicals, and natives alike, and is said to be caused by the climate and trying conditions of life, for removal of the sufferer southward generally effects a cure. On the other hand, thirty per cent. of the persons so afflicted who continue to reside here become, sooner or later, hopelessly insane.

Amongst the many photographs of exiles, past and present, which covered the library walls, one object especially aroused my curiosity — a funeral wreath of faded Siberian wild flowers secured by a black silk ribbon with a golden inscription. A chance remark one evening, at the house of an official, recalled the melancholy relic to my mind, and I learnt on enquiry that it had been placed on the coffin of one Kaleshnikoff as a tribute of affectionate regret by his exile comrades. Kaleshnikoff had taken his life, and I give the details of the occurrence and its consequences as they were related to me by an official. They may, therefore, be taken as an unexaggerated account of perhaps the most terrible tragedy that has been recorded of recent years in the annals of Siberian exile:

Serge Kaleshnikoff, formerly an officer in the Russian navy, was banished to Sredni-Kolymsk, after the usual term of European imprisonment, in 1899. He was a young man, intelligent, well-educated, and endowed with a bright, hopeful disposition that had resisted the baneful effects of even this arctic "Inferno" for an unusual length of time. Even the officials liked him, with the exception of the late Chief of Police—one Ivanoff.

One day last summer Kaleshnikoff, while fishing from a canoe on the Kolyma, espied the barge of Ivanoff returning from a visit to the settlement of Nijni-Kolymsk, three hundred miles down river, near the Arctic Ocean. The young exile, who was expecting a letter, paddled out to intercept the barge, and boarded her, leaving his canoe to trail astern. Accounts differ as to Ivanoff's condition on the day in question, some averring that he was intoxicated, others that his temper was only worse than usual—which says a great deal. In any case, Kaleshnikoff's polite enquiry was met by a coarse epithet, which the exile resented with some warmth. Angry words followed, with the result that Ivanoff, now foaming with rage, summoned assistance. Kaleshnikoff was seized, stripped, and flogged by half a dozen Cossacks. He was then unbound and thrown, streaming with blood and almost insensible, into his canoe, while the barge proceeded on her way.

The occurrence took place some miles from Sredni-Kolymsk, and it was only the next evening that Kaleshnikoff was able to regain the settlement, in an exhausted condition from weakness and loss of blood. A sense of abject degradation allied with acute physical pain seemed to have paralyzed his mental faculties, for, with a vacant look, he silently waved his friends off, and they saw him disappear through the doorway of his dwelling. Presently the report of firearms was heard, and Ergin rushed to ascertain the cause. Kaleshnikoff was found lying on the floor of his hut quite dead, still grasping the revolver with which he had taken his life. The sentence "Good-by! I leave for a happier land," had been hastily scrawled in pencil on a sheet of paper, probably just before the writer had died.



The Library at Sredni-Kolymsk

An enquiry followed, and pending the examination of witnesses, the Chief of Police was placed under arrest, which, unfortunately for himself, did not prevent him from leaving his dwelling. Oddly enough, Ivanoff's day of retribution was the one on which his victim was laid to rest in a lonely spot on the banks of the Kolyma. The same evening Ergin, who had been the dead man's intimate friend, was returning, a shot-gun on his shoulder, from the marshes. As Fate would have it, Ivanoff was, at the time, unconsciously smoking a cigarette at his doorway, immediately on the exile's homeward path. The crime was unpremeditated, for there is no reason to doubt the statement of Ergin that when he first noticed the Chief of Police his thoughts were far away. But the sight of that hated personality, and the recollection of its barbarous cruelty, suddenly filled Ergin with ungovernable fury. Ivanoff, instinctively alive to his peril, strove to rush in-doors; but the exile, taking deliberate aim, fired both barrels, and the murderer of his friend fell lifeless on his threshold.

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Types of Modern Portrait-Sculpture

GERMAN art critics have found a subject for protracted discussion in Professor Max Klinger's statue of Beethoven, which has been shown this summer in the Düsseldorf Exhibition at Crefeld. The picture of it here given gives an idea, at least, of what it is. Klinger has enthroned his Beethoven like Jove, in a remarkable chair, and emphasized his godlike aspects by stripping off his clothes and giving him an eagle. The work is one of great power; there is no doubt of that, though dispute about its merits has run high. Its details are extraordinary. The remarkable workmanship of the onyx drapery, the skill with which the white streaks in black marble have been made to heighten the effect of the eagle's plumage, the angels' heads in ivory on a colored opal ribbon in mosaic workmanship at the back of the chair, are all so interesting in themselves that they are charged with detracting from the strength of the whole. Part of the effect of the figure as seen from a distance is lost, as the observer comes near, by the distraction of his mind to accessories which he cannot overlook.



Beethoven.—By Max Klinger
Courtesy of *Musical Courier*

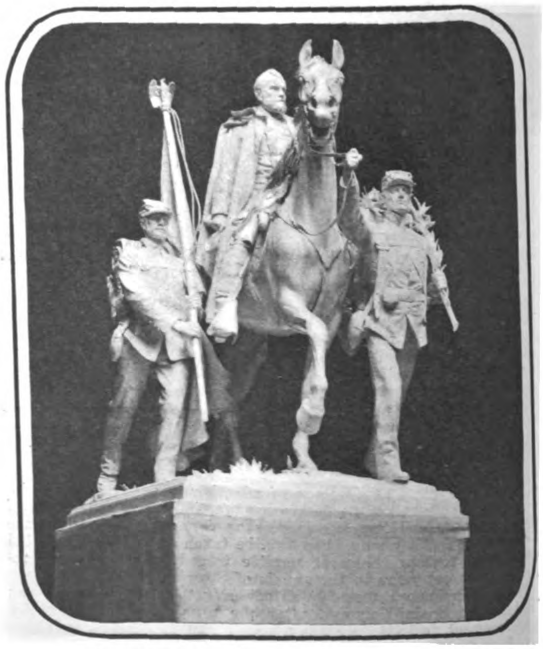
But discussion has raged in particular over the artist's daring in showing a nineteenth-century demi-god without his clothes. It is an old story that coats and trousers are a vexation to sculptors, but a nineteenth-century man without his trousers, and even without his shirt and his shirt collar, is a somewhat weird object, and certainly unfamiliar. Klinger's naked Beethoven is not the Beethoven we know, albeit he is an imposing figure of a man. Greenough's colossal figure of Washington, which sits waiting for an under-shirt in front of the Capitol at Washington, has never been a popular work, albeit it has the dignity of its subject and something of the grandeur of its size. Eighteenth-century men's clothes looked better in bronze and marble than ours. The ruffled shirt and knee-breeches are far more easily managed than trousers and starched linen, but the clothes of our time must continue to cover the men of our time, even when they stand in bronze. Professor Klinger has shown us the alternative, and though what he has done is wonderful, it is not likely to be flattered by imitation.

Our best sculptors nowadays are dealing very successfully with the clothes difficulty, and with the other difficulties in modern portrait-sculpture. Some of the best examples one recalls are by St.-Gaudens: Lincoln, in Lincoln Park, Chicago; Peter Cooper and Admiral Farragut, in New York; the Shaw Memorial in Boston. Farragut was naturally a picturesque figure of a man, and of course a uniform helps, but Lincoln and Peter Cooper are about as difficult subjects for sculpture as one can find. In his dealings with them Mr. St.-Gaudens has illustrated anew that clothes don't make the man, and that the sculptor who is master of his art can give us the man gloriously in spite of his clothes and in them. The Shaw Memorial is a particularly striking instance of the triumph of mind over trousers and shoes.

More recent examples of a like sort are the models, by Mr. Charles H. Niehaus and Mr. Henry M. Shrady, of an equestrian statue of General Grant, designed to stand in Washington between the White House and the Potomac River, on what is known as the White Lot. Pictures of these models are given below. There has been a competition for this statue, and the choice has narrowed down to these two works, both of which are now on exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. Of the competitors, Mr. Niehaus is a well-known sculptor of whose work there are many examples in Washington. Other considerations aside, it seems a merit that his design for this Grant statue is a group of three figures, and in that particular differs from and exceeds in distinction all the other equestrian statues in Washington. With all due respect to General Jackson, General Grant was the greatest soldier who will ride a bronze horse in Washington, and his statue ought to be the most notable of the whole bronze troop. But in the pictures, Mr. Shrady's statue seems more like the real Grant. The designer is a son of Dr. A. M. Shrady of New York.

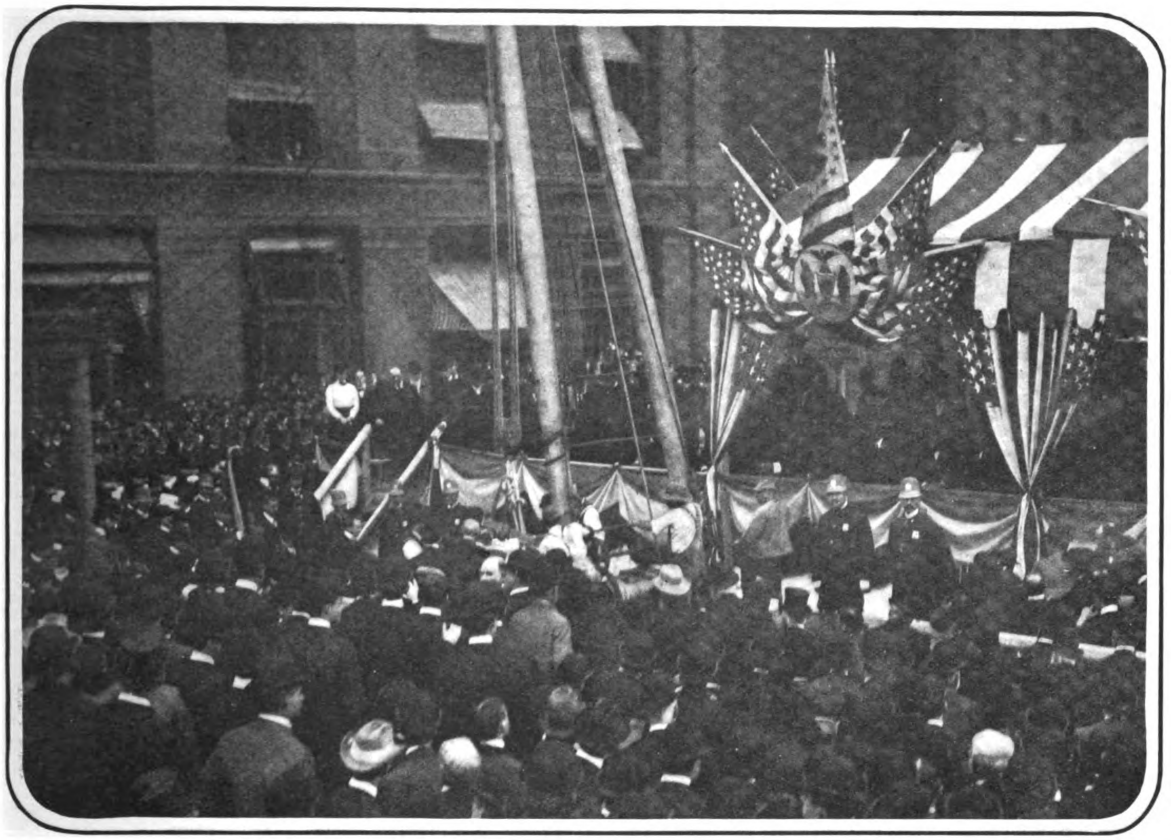


General Grant.—By Henry M. Shrady



General Grant.—By Charles Henry Niehaus

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The Beginning of the new Custom House for the Port of New York

Secretary Shaw laying the corner-stone for the new building at the foot of Bowling Green, in New York city, during the ceremonies which took place on October 7

Laying the Corner-Stone of the New York Custom House

AS the regulars from Fort Hamilton marched up Broadway on the 7th, with their own band playing such music as only a regular band can, business life in the American metropolis paused in its heyday, without ever stopping to inquire of the event then being celebrated. The quick-step of the regulars takes the eye and tickles the fancies. All Wall Street and Broadway turned out, in doors and windows, to do honor to the straight-set, impassive men in blue who were obeying orders, as regulars always do, in marching to the old Custom House in Wall Street to escort the Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mayor Low, the Collector of the Port, and a score of distinguished Americans to the site of the new Custom House in Bowling Green. When several small pieces of field artillery were trained about the grimy old building in Wall Street, around which the business life of the city has centred for more than a century, the Wall Street crowd—there is no other crowd in the country like it—surmised furtively that perhaps the government was buying coal instead of bonds. But a serious appreciation of the event which Secretary Shaw and ex-Secretary Gage were to celebrate, in company with Collector Stranahan, ex-Governor Morton, Alexander E. Orr, Charles Stewart Smith, ex-Secretary Tracy, ex-Secretary Fairchild, ex-Secretary Bliss, and the foremost merchants of the town, was soon evident. Secretary Shaw laid the corner-stone of the new granite Custom House, just south of old Bowling Green, which was the pleasure-garden of New York merchants when General John Lamb, the first Collector of the Port of New York, lived in Wall Street next door to the first Custom House. Collector Stranahan introduced Mr. Shaw, and Bishop Burgess of Long Island prayed. Ex-Secretary Gage, in whose administration the project for the new Custom House matured, alluded in his address to the fact that on the same site, more than a hundred years ago, a Government House was built, originally intended to be the office of the President of the United States.



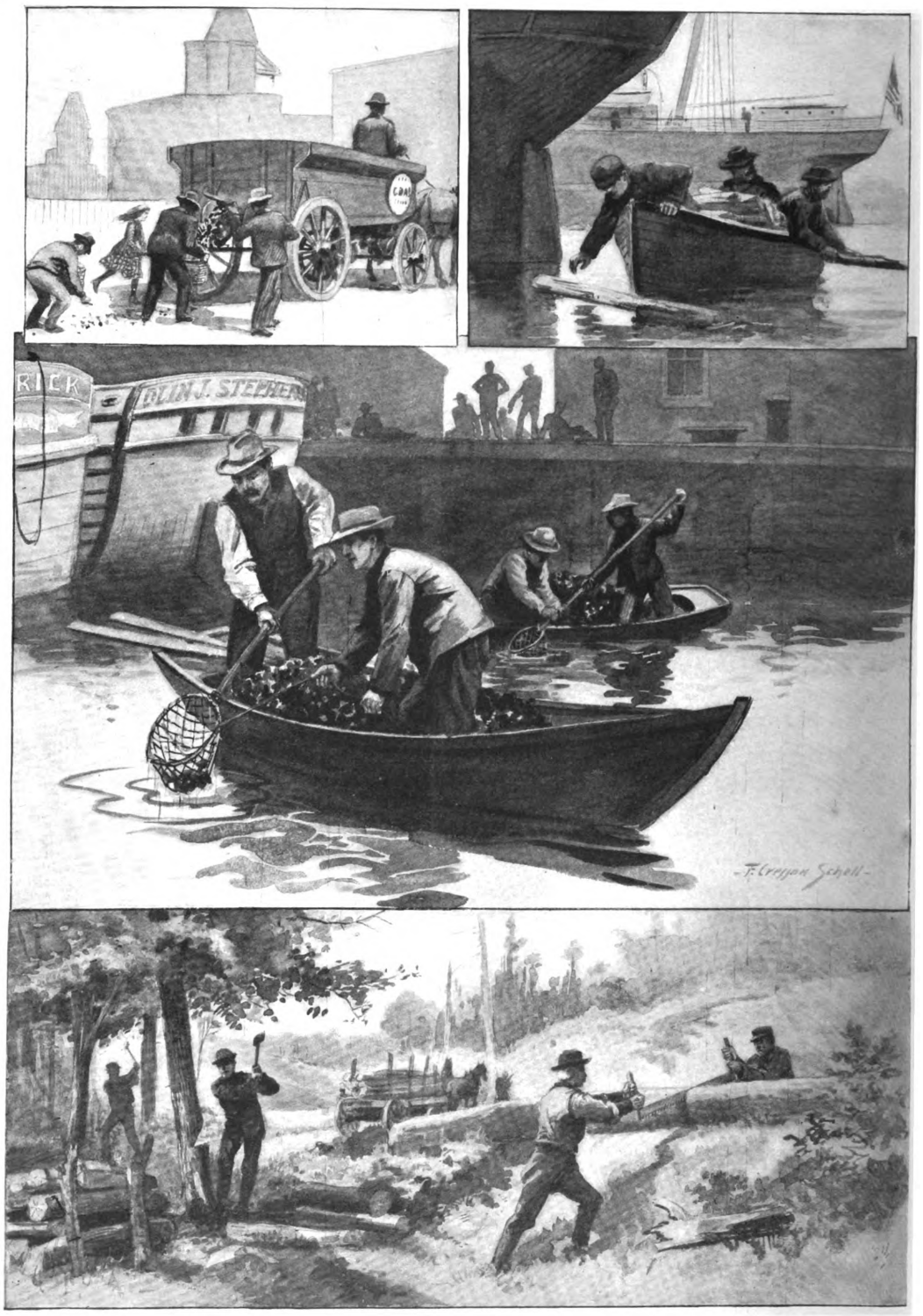
The Crown-Prince of Siam

Who has just arrived in this country

The Coming of the Crown-Prince of Siam

THE arrival of his Royal Highness, the Crown-Prince of Siam, in the United States, by the Hamburg-American steamer *Fürst Bismarck*, was appropriately welcomed. A visit from the heir to the throne of a sovereignty is an infrequent event in this country, more than half a century having elapsed since H.R.H. Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, landed in New York. The Crown-Prince of Siam, who is twenty-four years of age, and has been educated at the British Military College of Sandhurst, and at Oxford, is to that extent something of an Englishman himself. He is accompanied to the United States by his brother, his Royal Highness Chakrabongse, his First Aide, Colonel Phya Rajavallobh, and other Siamese gentlemen, and was welcomed on landing, on behalf of the United States government, by Assistant-Secretary-of-State Peirce, Mr. J. H. Gore of the Columbian University at Washington, and Mr. E. H. Loftus, the Secretary of the Siamese Legation at Washington. The visit of his future sovereign has been, of course, a great event in the diplomatic career of the Siamese minister to the United States, Phya Akharaj Varadhara, whose stay at Washington has hitherto been comparatively uneventful. We Americans have become decidedly cosmopolitan, and are prepared for Siamese princes, Siamese cooking, and anything else Siamese that seems good in our eyes. In the mean time the next King of Siam, which has been so fortunate as to keep clear of entangling dependencies and alliances, has been visiting West Point, Annapolis, and the chief cities on his way to San Francisco.

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SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE COAL FAMINE

1. Stealing coal by the lump. 2. Driftwood at a premium. 3. Fishing up coal that has fallen off the barges. 4. Cutting valuable trees in the suburbs

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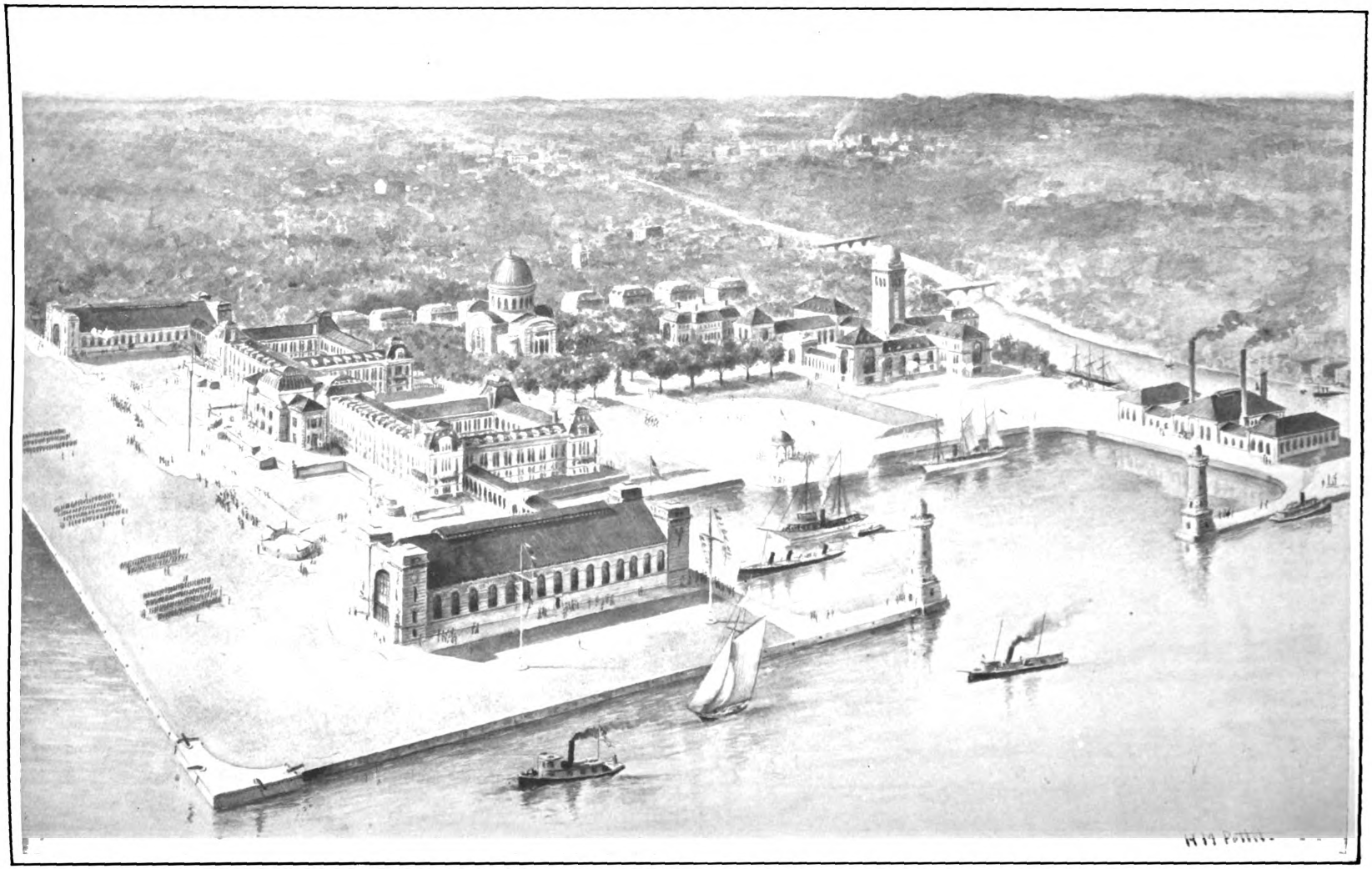
MISS MARGARET DALE

Who has made such a hit in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" as "Lady Lumley." It is probable that Miss Dale will be the next star among women

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THE UNITED STATES MIDDY'S NEW HOME

This drawing represents the buildings and docks of the Naval Academy at Annapolis as they will appear when the work now under way is completed. For a description of this great improvement see page 1521

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending October 18, 1902

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COMMENT

THE condition of the Colon-Panama Railroad continues to be more tranquil, although it is by no means feasible for the United States authorities to relax in any degree the vigilance which they have exercised hitherto. The Secretary of the Navy has transferred the *Cincinnati* to Haiti, where matters continue in an explosive condition, without any certainty of stable equilibrium being soon reached. The general situation in the Caribbean area is so far from satisfactory that, in order to safeguard American interests there, it has been decided to form a special West-Indian squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Coghlan, to include the *Olympia* as flag-ship, the *Cincinnati, Montgomery, Newark, Raleigh, Detroit, Marietta,* and *Machias.* Though the *Cincinnati* leaves Colon, the full force of marines will remain, the *Wisconsin* meanwhile strengthening the hands of the United States authorities by her presence at Panama. It was thought at one time that the *Cincinnati* was destined for Venezuela, rather than Haiti, as great uneasiness was felt at President Castro's threat to cut the cables. So far as can be learned, this threat will not be carried out, though Señor Castro seems to have good grounds for wishing to reduce the news of Venezuelan doings to a minimum. He is evidently rapidly reaching a state of desperation,—not without sound cause. As an international event, the formation of the West-Indian squadron looks like the beginning of a new epoch—an epoch of more definite control of Latin-American affairs by the United States,—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A question that may breed some trouble has been raised by the course pursued towards the Colombian government by Rear-Admiral Casey, who recently arrived at Panama on board the battle-ship *Wisconsin.* It will be remembered that Commander McLean of the United States cruiser *Cincinnati,* who had been previously charged with the duty of applying our interpretation of the treaty of 1846, had permitted the transportation of Colombian troops on the railway from Panama to Colon, after they had been disarmed, and had also permitted the separate transportation of arms and ammunition. Both the disarmed troops and the materials of war were placed under escorts of marines. On arrival of Admiral Casey, however, General Salazar, Governor of Panama and commander of the Colombian forces on the isthmus, was informed that the transportation by the Panama Railway of armed or unarmed military employees of the Colombian government, or of war material of any kind, would not be permitted. Against this construction of the treaty concluded in 1846, between the United States and New Granada, General Salazar protested, on the ground that it violated one of the two obligations assumed by us in that convention—to wit, the guarantee of free transit across the isthmus, and the guarantee of Colombia's rights of sovereignty and property over the isthmian territory. The ground of Admiral Casey's instructions is obvious enough. Our State Department holds that the maintenance of freedom of transit across the isthmus is our primary duty, and that if the transportation of Colombian troops on the railway seems certain or likely to cause the obstruction of free communication by the rebels, the exercise of that act of sovereignty by Colombia must be suspended. The performance of two obligations being not inseparable, as General Salazar asserts, but practically incompatible, one of them must give place temporarily to the other, and our government naturally regards the maintenance of freedom of transit as a matter of superior importance to the furtherance of Colombia's attempt to suppress a rebellion.

Back of this reasonable construction of the treaty, and morally commending it, is the knowledge possessed by our State Department that the government now installed at Bogota, although recognized by us as a *de facto* régime, has no *de jure* title to existence, but is, on the contrary, the outcome of a glaring usurpation. The intelligence, the progressiveness, and the probity of the country are, for the most part, arrayed on the side of the revolutionists, and it is hard to believe that such elements of the population will not eventually succeed in overturning the government headed by Dr. Marroquin. Under the circumstances, our State Department could hardly be expected to neglect the primary duty assumed by the treaty of 1846, and to expose isthmian freedom of transit to a grave risk of interruption by conceding to the troops of the Colombian *de facto* government a right to use the Panama Railway which is denied to their opponents. Of course, General Salazar remonstrates against our refusal to let him use the railway for military purposes; but, had we pursued a different course, the leader of the revolutionary forces would have protested in his turn, and probably would have proceeded to interrupt railway communications. It is, in a word, a situation wherein it behooves us to step gingerly and to cleave to the letter of international law. Our State Department cannot lose sight of the fact that any treaty relating to the Panama Canal which may be signed by the present Bogota government will not be worth the paper on which it is written, so far as the Constitution of Colombia is concerned, and that it will need to be ratified when a constitutional government is re-established in that country. We must not offer even a semblance of siding with either of the parties to the civil war by which Colombia is now devastated.

An unusually interesting political campaign is now drawing to a close in Honduras, where Dr. Soto, one of the Presidents created by Barrios when his influence was supreme in Central-American affairs, is now, after an exile of nearly seventeen years, likely again to become head of the republic. It is an encouraging sign of better times in Central America that Soto returned to enter the Presidential contest not with a filibustering expedition, but as a passenger on a merchant steamer, and instead of calling his partisans to arms, established a newspaper to advocate his political theories. Quite as remarkable was the fact that the ancient custom of Cen-

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tral-American republics, which prescribed the nearest stone wall and a file of soldiers as the proper accessories in the reception of an ex-President returning from exile, was allowed to fall into abeyance, and the President in office treated the man who aspired to succeed him with all the consideration due to an ex-Chief Magistrate. Though Soto's journey across the country from Puerto Cortez to Tegucigalpa, the capital, was a continuous ovation, deputations coming from miles away to see and welcome him, he was not interfered with by the government, and the two other aspirants for the Presidency, bitterly opposed to him politically, met him in the most cordial manner, and assured him of their personal regard. It is safe to say that nothing of the kind ever happened before in Central America, and, indeed, it is doubtful if a parallel case could be found in the history of the countries lying between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. To be sure, something may break loose yet, but so far the campaign has been conducted in as prosaic and orderly a manner as a Presidential contest in the United States.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been trying to break the dense cloud of dulness which has hung over English public life since the coronation. "Black Michael," as he used to be called, when he left Mr. Balfour's cabinet, gave no sufficient reason for going back on his colleagues; but the admirers of the stalwart Chancellor of the Exchequer were fairly certain that a good reason would be forth-coming in due season. It has come. Sir Michael spoke the other day at Bristol, and his former colleagues have reason to regret it. He began by going for the War Office. The South-African war, he said, did not compare, in economy and efficiency, with the war in the Sudan,—an evident reflection on Kitchener, who was the moving spirit in both. There was a necessity for drastic reforms in the War Office, continued the orator,—on the military side, however, rather than on the civil. This may be an allusion to the Sandhurst cadets and their champagne and carpets, of which we have recently heard a good deal. Then Sir Michael went on to say that he had told this to his colleagues in the cabinet again and again, but without avail. They would never reform the War Office until they made the great mass of military officers pay some attention to the duties of their profession, as naval officers did, and until they removed all outside influences now interfering with the management of the army, as well as selections, appointments, and promotions which never would be tolerated in the civil service. Then Sir Michael declared himself a stalwart and uncompromising adherent of the much-abused education bill. He declared that this bill provided the only way of grappling with the educational problem in England—the extension of elementary education in the denominational schools. Then, with a fine blaze of indignation, Sir Michael announced that if the local authorities tried to thwart this measure in operation, Parliament would intrust their work to others, and the courts would know how to deal with those who, by refusing to pay the rates, ranged themselves on the side of anarchy.

That was a remarkable speech which was made by Lord Minto, the Viceroy of Canada, at the banquet given to Sir Edmund Barton, the Premier of the Australian commonwealth. Lord Minto expressed the opinion that it was the duty of the colonies to place their local military forces permanently at the disposal of the mother-country, so that they might be used for imperial defence. Such a declaration could scarcely have been pleasing to Sir Edmund Barton, who is known to have taken precisely opposite ground at the conference of colonial premiers recently held in London. It is one thing, however, to err against good taste, and another thing to violate the unwritten British Constitution. Sir Edmund's conviction that the local forces of the colonies should be looked upon as intended for local purposes alone is shared by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, as Premier of the Dominion, may be called upon at any moment by the Canadian Conservatives to defend his opinion on this point in the Ottawa House of Commons. A cabinet question may thus be created touching which Lord Minto has publicly put himself in the position of taking sides. He has no more constitutional right to take sides in such a matter than has the British sovereign to proclaim his sympathy with Mr. A. J. Balfour, the head of his Majesty's government, or with Sir H. C. Bannerman, the leader of his Majesty's opposition in the House of Commons. Should King Edward VII. make such a public announcement of disagreement with his Prime Minister as Lord Minto has permitted himself to make, there is no doubt that a Parliamentary crisis would forthwith be caused by the resignation of the Balfour cabinet. We have, as yet, no intimation of the course which Sir Wilfrid intends to pursue on his return to Canada. He may think it judicious to overlook the incident altogether, but, in that case, he will lend himself to the establishment of a precedent which may have mischievous results hereafter.

We wonder what George III. of England and his government—which noble monarch and courtly gentlemen had their own peculiar views on colonization—would think of the attitude of the present rulers of that realm towards its colonies, and particularly how they would regard the most recent expression, by Mr. Chamberlain, of that attitude! He has practically said that a self-governing colony should govern itself as it pleases, provided that imperial interests are not thereby affected. The occasion was this: The Australian commonwealth Parliament had legislated against the employment of Kanaka labor in the state of Queensland, and also provided for the forcible deportation of time-expired laborers. The decree is a great hardship for the unfortunate natives, and it also hits the Queensland planters heavily. But Australia has fully made up its mind that "the Kanaka must go." Three thousand Pacific Island laborers petitioned the English crown, protesting against the operation of the act. In a despatch addressed to the Governor of Queensland, Mr. Chamberlain sent the following reply: "It has been decided not to advise his Majesty to disallow the act. That decision was taken on the broad constitutional ground that the act involves no imperial public interest, and that in other matters his Majesty's government are not prepared to take upon themselves the functions of a Court of Appeal from the Parliament of a self-governing colony." England has indeed learned many important things about the art of colonization since the days of King George III.

This trouble in connection with Kanaka labor in Queensland is one of the chief causes of a serious movement which is on foot for the secession of that state from the recently formed commonwealth. It is very unlikely the secessionists will effect their object. None of the federated states could secede or attempt to do so without resort to force of arms, and, though a good deal of bitterness exists, the difficulty is not likely to become so serious as to require the ignition of gunpowder to settle it. A federation is not to be thoroughly welded in a day, nor in two years—the present age of the Australian commonwealth. So many individual state claims and requirements have to be adjusted, satisfied, partly satisfied, or finally disallowed. In the Canadian Federation the state of Nova Scotia once almost unanimously declared in favor of separation, and petitions urging it were sent from practically the whole province to the British government. But the latter refused to amend the British North-American Act. To-day Nova Scotia is a contented and prosperous member of the Canadian Federation. Queensland will doubtless get over its troubles, and become an equally prosperous and contented member of the commonwealth. Meanwhile the brows of the sugar-planters are black, and fierce is the light within their eyes.

An event which promises to be memorable in the history of the revival of our transatlantic commerce was the filing in Trenton on October 1 of the Articles of Incorporation of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the corporate name under which the Atlantic steamship combination is to be carried out. What are the resources of the corporation which aims to regain for the United States a part at least of that large share of the world's carrying trade which we transacted in the decade preceding the civil war? The capital stock of the company is to be $120,000,000, half of which is to be common stock and half preferred stock, bearing six per cent. cumulative dividends. Not a dollar's worth of stock, whether common or preferred, is to be offered to the public; the interests associated in the corporation are to take it all. We observe, further, that the company is authorized by its charter to issue four-and-a-half-per-cent. gold bonds aggregating $75,000,000, to be secured by a mortgage on the com-

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pany's property. Of these bonds two-thirds have been already underwritten by New York and London capitalists. As a majority of the subscriptions, however, have come from New York, it follows that American interests dominate the underwriting syndicate, as well as the corporation itself, wherein they are represented by a majority of the directors. There is no change in the previously published list of the companies included in the combination. These companies are the American and Red Star lines (both of them hitherto owned by the International Navigation Company of New Jersey, now transformed into the International Mercantile Marine Company), the White Star, the Leyland, the Dominion, and the Atlantic Transport lines. The Cunard Company is to remain outside of the combination, and is to receive a large subsidy from the British government, which, however, will continue to pay the subsidy hitherto received by the White Star Line.

The German lines are not ostensibly included in the combination, and the precise terms of the agreement with them are not known, but it is understood that such an arrangement has been made as will preclude them from competing for British business with the lines in the shipping combination. Whether the Dutch, Belgian, and Scandinavian lines will also enter into fixed relations with the new company is a matter about which authentic information is still lacking. That the French Line will remain isolated seems to be taken for granted. Nobody disputes that signal economies in working expenses can be effected through the extinguishment of vexatious and costly competition between the companies comprehended in the combination. It should, therefore, be possible to transport to Europe, at rates materially lower than have hitherto prevailed, the products of American farms, factories, and mines. It remains to be seen whether the Cunard Line and the other outstanding companies, including the actual and prospective Canadian lines, will be able to compete for freight and passengers with the new corporation. The British government and the more intelligent part of the British public seem to have recovered from the panic into which they were thrown by the apprehension that American capitalists might oust Great Britain from the transatlantic trade, of which she once possessed a virtual monopoly. They have come to the conclusion that, from this point of view, England has less to fear from the United States than from Germany. They have come to perceive that the more American capital is invested in the transatlantic trade, the less likely are the United States to engage in war with Great Britain, or to witness with equanimity an attempt to cut off England's food-supplies on the part of a Continental power. This Anglo-American combine should have been recognized from the outset as a proof that the United States and England are drifting towards a community of interests.

The Wall Street buccaneers and blackmailers who systematically engage in blocking the designs of corporations, with an eye to the ultimate withdrawal of their opposition for a consideration, were roughly handled the other day in the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul, when Judge Amidon dismissed the "Peter Power" case against the Northern Pacific Railway Company. The object of the bill originally filed by "Peter Power" on December 30 was to restrain the Northern Pacific Railway Company from retiring its preferred stock, a transaction which, under the company's charter, could be performed only on the first day of January. Judge Amidon pointed out that, by delaying the filing of the bill until the date named, an attempt was made to perpetrate a grievous wrong upon the company, for if the dummy plaintiff could have succeeded, by virtue of a temporary injunction, in throwing the matter over the first day of January, 1902, the retirement of the preferred stock would have been defeated for at least a twelvemonth. The fact will be recalled that, after the identity of the dummy plaintiff, Peter Power, was disclosed, one Camille Weidenfeld came forward with a petition admitting that he was the real party in interest, and requesting leave to intervene as complainant. On Wednesday, October 1, Judge Amidon granted the leave requested, at the same time pronouncing Weidenfeld guilty of a gross imposition upon the court. On the same day the case was dismissed upon its merits, the court finding that the action of a majority of the Northern Pacific stockholders in transferring their stock to the Northern Securities Company could not be passed upon without making the Northern Securities Company a party to the suit, and that Weidenfeld's rights as a stockholder in the Northern Pacific Railway Company had not suffered by the transaction of which he complained. The court did not assert in so many words that the suit had been brought for purposes of extortion and blackmail, but it did not hesitate to say that there were few circumstances in Weidenfeld's conduct, in connection with the institution and maintenance of the suit, which appealed to the discretionary powers of a court of equity. We do not suppose that Weidenfeld, or any of the men notoriously connected with suits of the "Peter Power" variety, will be very deeply affected by verbal castigation. They are more likely to congratulate themselves on their escape from disbarment, indictment, and imprisonment. It remains to be seen how long they will enjoy impunity.

It has long been known that the rule of the United Mine Workers is absolute and tyrannical. It is supreme in the soft-coal regions—that is, it is master of both employer and employee. It is, furthermore, true that it does not trust its own members, notably in the matter of their dues. The practice of the union is to collect these dues from the owners of the mines. The union exacts of the miner that he give to his employer an order authorizing him to pay to the union's officer a certain part of his monthly wages. Sometimes the union does not wait for an order, but, on special occasions, as when assessments are levied, it goes directly to the employer and demands that the dues assessed shall be deducted from the monthly pay. This is frequently done without any consultation with the men whose pay is about to be docked. The operator makes the deduction, whether the miner likes it or not, because he knows that in the event of a refusal the union will order a strike. Both he and the union know that they are safe, because the refusal of a miner to assent to the assessment results in a withdrawal of his "card," which means that if he does not permit his union to take what it likes of his wages he will lose his means of livelihood. This has been illustrated within the week on a large scale in the State of Alabama. The Tennessee Company, engaged in the business of mining soft coal, has been in the habit of paying the dues of the United Mine Workers, and other indebtedness of its men, from their monthly wages. It received, however, a written order from each individual; otherwise it refused to pay. A few days ago Mr. Mitchell's association levied an assessment on the union miners and laborers of the Tennessee Company in aid of the strikers of the anthracite region. The company was willing to pay this assessment for its men, provided the men gave it the proper authority. A good many of the men, however, refused to sign an order, and, consequently, the company declined to pay their assessments. Upon this, Mitchell ordered a strike, and the order was obeyed. The men strike against one another and the company. The men who signed the orders strike because some of their fellow-workmen will not pay the assessment, and because, without their express orders, the company refuses to pay out the money which belongs to these unwilling men. If, under the circumstances, the company did pay the assessment, the men could recover it at law. The men who refused to pay are also striking. Apparently they strike against the company on the ground that it obeyed their own directions, and refused to dispose of their money contrary to their own wishes. In reality, they strike through fear of the union.

For several days some of our daily contemporaries urged the President to send troops into Pennsylvania without any request from the State authorities. They all quoted a section of the United States Revised Statutes which apparently made the President the peace officer within each of the States. Not one of them seemed to think it necessary to ask if the statute was constitutional, and evidently only one of them cared, and it was brave enough to acknowledge its error. What is the Constitution, that it should stand in the way of cheaper coal? What was wanted was coal, not law, so the President was urged to send troops into Pennsylvania. At last it was discovered that the statute had been repealed, and, if further search had been made, it would also have been found that, before the repeal, a minor United States judge had declared the statute unconstitutional. It was unconstitutional on its face, and those who advocated its enforcement should have recognized this important point; but the unhappy truth

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is that what the editors wanted was an excuse for Federal interference, and some of them would probably have been delighted if the President had been led into disobedience of the Constitution, into invasion of the State of Pennsylvania, before he discovered that the statute which they so grandly quoted no longer existed. Of course, the President could not really have been induced to do this, for, unlike his instigators, he has advisers who have read the statutes, and who are familiar with the decisions of the courts.

What do people do who can't get hard coal for domestic uses? Houses in these parts don't need to be heated yet, but provision has to be made for cooking, and the readiest means of meeting that need is a gas, or oil, stove. There has been an immense demand for both of these makeshifts. Folks who have gas-ranges are fairly comfortable in their minds. Their housekeeping goes on easily, and they have only such reasonable anxiety as concerns the prospect that the gas companies may have to cut down the supply of gas. The oil-stove owners seem secure against any hap, in so far as their cooking goes, for no one has suggested yet that the supply of oil will run out. If it comes to a pinch about heating houses, recourse will be had to soft coal, imported coal, and wood. Few New York houses built more than forty years ago had furnaces, but they had grates and fireplaces. People who can afford to buy wood won't suffer, but hard wood in New York is usually about fifteen dollars a cord, which hinders it from being a popular fuel. People who can get soft coal, or live in steam-heated apartments, won't suffer anything worse than inconvenience. How soft coal burns in furnaces few people know in this part of the country, but of course it will burn and will give out heat. But it burns better in grates, provided the draught is reasonably good, though it is a dirty fuel. There can be a very great economy in fuel without suffering, or any ill result. People generally may have a chance to find that out, and if they do, it will be interesting to notice how far the change in their habits which the coal strike may force upon them will be lasting. There are millions of people of New York alone who would like to cut down the cost of living if only they knew how. The shifts they may be put to by the scarcity of coal may open their eyes to some economies which they will elect to retain. If we only knew how many seemingly indispensable things we could spare without harm, we might live a good deal cheaper and more happily. The coal shortage will tend to simplify living, and disturbing as it is, it may do some of us some good.

The Spanish court has in the last few days supplied a bouquet of extraordinary stories of that peculiar luridness and improbability that we are accustomed to only in despatches from Vienna and Shanghai,—the two centres which, since the death of the late Ananias, hold the record for fertility of invention. The point of these stories is the startlingly new light in which the King and the Queen Mother of Spain are set forth to the world; yet, when one reflects on the wild possibilities of the Habsburg blood, and its past vagaries, one is led to pause before discrediting the whole tale as a mere piece of sensational nonsense. First, we are told that the Queen Mother, Maria Christina, whom we have been accustomed to look on as a shy pietist of a somewhat sour and inhuman type, is really a heroine of romance who would have won the heart of Alexandre Dumas. The good lady is declared to have fallen deeply in love, when she was a mere girl, with a certain Count de la Escosura, the two fervent hearts plighting an eternal troth. Then dire necessity overtook them; for the princess was compelled to make one of those reluctant marriages of state that take so much gilt off the royal gingerbread; and the bitterness of separation had to be endured. After a long interval, it is said that the two severed hearts are once more joined; the Queen, having discharged her state duties in producing and rearing an heir to the throne, has decided that it is her turn now, and has morganatically married her count, so the story says, on her recent visit to Austria. If this be true, we most sincerely wish them all happiness, according to the tradition of similar fairy-tales.

The youthful King Alfonso is the hero of a tale quite as startling in its way. Apparently his Juvenile Majesty has been reading the two masterpieces of the lamented Lewis Carroll, and has been especially struck with the Red Queen's favorite remark: "Off with her head! Off with his head!" This Draconian sentiment has caught his fancy, and he has just been trying it — on his mother! It is reported that when he heard of the charming romance we have just outlined, his Spanish Majesty flew into a violent passion, ordered his mother to be beheaded on the spot, and only after great difficulty was persuaded to change the sentence to banishment. Apparently, however, the Queen Mother had also been reading *Alice in Wonderland,* for when ordered to withdraw to the provinces, her Majesty is reported to have answered, "Sha'n't!" Master Alfonso is reported to have retaliated by ordering his mother to leave the palace at once; then, without waiting to hear her reply, he donned plebeian attire, betook himself to a resort of questionable delights, and tried to drown his sorrow in Spanish sack. His mother sat up for him, and when he came home in the small hours, somewhat the worse for wear, she gave him a sound talking to; his Majesty replied by telling her to mind her own business, adding that he was King, and that she must obey him. The Queen replied that obedience was also due from sons to their mothers, to which the graceless son answered that if his mamma did not keep quiet, he would call the guards and have her put out of the palace. At this point he went to sleep with his boots on. A wreath of like flowers of rhetoric, presented to archbishops, ministers of state, grandees, and so forth, by the young King, is also recorded. As Huck Finn says, "Kings is kings, and you got to make allowance."

Her August Majesty Tze His An, Dowager Empress of China, and her worthy adopted son, his Imperial Majesty Kwang Hsu, offer a charming contrast to the angry passions of the Spanish royalties. Recently, to mark the renewal of perfectly good relations between China and the powers, the worthy Empress Dowager gave a "pink tea" to the ladies of the embassies and ministries at Peking. It is reported that her Celestial Majesty was urbanity itself; there was something even kittenish and sprightly in her greeting to her guests. This dear old lady, who was so universally anathematized only two years ago, and who was reported by the veracious news-providers of Shanghai to have boiled two or three ambassadors in oil or filled them up with melted lead, was decked, it seems, in a magnificent gown of blue silk, embroidered with golden butterflies and birds. Her hair was done in the Manchurian fashion, with two huge bows, or butterflies, at the side, and her smile was sweet and winning. Emperor Kwang Hsu stood beside his adoptive mamma, sweet-tempered and affable, his olive face lit up with a playful smile. He allowed the dear old lady to do all the talking, through a charming Chinese damsel, the daughter of a former Chinese minister to Berlin, who speaks German and English fluently. The Dowager Empress wore high-heeled shoes,—a somewhat necessary precaution, if, as is credibly reported, she is even shorter in stature than was Queen Victoria, the two august ladies who, between them, governed half the human race, averaging something less than five feet in height. Most amusing was the end of this reception, for the Dowager retired to her bed-room, taking two of her lady guests with her, and all three climbed into a huge bed, where, it is said, they played cat's cradles. This particularly delighted Kwang Hsu, who came in while the game was going on. Altogether, these royal personages, the world over, are very much in the public eye in this so-called twentieth century.

The first annual report of President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, contains abundant evidence that the interests of this great institution have been intrusted to worthy hands. We cannot recall a document of this nature that is more lucid and to the point; more direct in its recommendations, more candid in its setting forth of existing conditions, and more convincing in the arguments it directs against the pockets of the generously inclined. It is no surprise to those who have watched the development of Columbia in the past ten or twelve years to learn that from being one of the richest institutions of learning in the United States it has become one of the most needy. The splendid growth of the past decade has meant a corresponding urgency for funds, which, because of circumstances beyond the control of officials, has not been adequately met. The needs for greater housing space for the increased and enlarged departments alone have served materially to drain the resources of the

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institution. Acres in New York city, even at a point so far removed from the bustle of business activities as Morningside Heights, are by no means cheap. A plot of ground that would cost Dr. Eliot of Cambridge $18,000, Dr. Butler points out would cost him $200,000. In addition to these requirements are "the most pressing needs of the schools of Applied Science and of Medicine." These schools have taken forward strides of almost marvellous extent in the past few years, and their material resources are not only no longer adequate to the exact needs of the moment, but are, in fact, $2,700,000 short of the sums actually required, with no provision for the future growth which is inevitable. To relieve all these necessities Dr. Butler flatly asks for $15,000,000. A few years ago an appeal for a fund of this magnitude would have been startling, but in these days of munificent benefactions by men unusually favored by fortune it does not seem to be too much to ask for. What a hundred thousand dollars was to our fathers, a million is to many of our citizens to-day, and an endowment which a quarter of a century ago would have seemed splendid sinks now into insignificance. New York has reason to be proud of Columbia, and it would seem as if, from out of some of the vast fortunes the citizens of this metropolis have won, the amount, generously large as it is, asked on its behalf by its President, should be forth-coming. A city can have no finer monument within its borders than a great university which has shown itself a worthy factor in the citizenship of the nation, as well as in the scholarship of the world, and an opportunity has arisen in these plainly stated needs of Columbia for our men of great fortune to show that they appreciate the fact.

In the matter of a shorter academic course for the A.B. degree, Dr. Butler not only expresses himself strongly in its favor, but goes a step further than the authorities of Harvard have done, in recommending that under certain conditions the degree shall be conferred at the end of two years. It is no merely theoretical proposition that Dr. Butler presents for the consideration of his trustees, but a constructive scheme which bears all the marks of reasonableness and practicability. He believes that the university "will perform the greatest public service if it establishes two courses in Columbia College, one of two years and one of four years—the former to be included in the latter—and if it requires the satisfactory completion of the shorter course, or its equivalent elsewhere, for admission to the professional and technical schools of the university. By taking this step the university would retain the college with its two years of liberal studies as an integral element in its system, shorten by two years the combined periods of secondary school, college, and professional-school instruction, and yet enforce a standard of admission to the professional schools which, both in quantity and in quality, is on a plane as high as the Columbia degree of Bachelor of Arts of 1860 which was recognized as conforming to a very useful standard of excellence. At the same time," Dr. Butler adds, "we should retain the four years' course, with all its manifest advantages and opportunities, for those who look forward to a scholarly career, and for as many of those who intend to enter upon some active business after graduation as can be induced to follow it."

President Andrew Jackson said of Major Lewis, Amos Kendall, and the two or three others who constituted his famous "kitchen cabinet," that he wished to have near him sometimes "men with whom he could smoke and converse at random, without the constraint of a council and clashing minds." That was rather a poor idea, since the President of the United States is hardly supposed, nowadays at least, to make his mind up about public affairs through the aid of random conversations in a cloud of smoke. Nevertheless, every chief of a constitutional state must sometimes wish that he had two cabinets—one for the public, for the country, for politics, and the formalities, and the other for himself, to be composed of the cleverest, safest, and most faithful personal advisers whom he can find. All men make a choice of that kind in their own affairs. Family councils are well enough sometimes; Heaven generally provides us with relatives to whom we must listen with respect; yet most of us find another group of people who seem to be more truly related to us than our relatives. We are happy if we find a relative to whom we are sympathetically and confidentially related; and doubtless the chief of state is happy if he can make cabinet members of two or three of his more intimate advisers. President Roosevelt has no kitchen cabinet. He seems to have hit upon a new plan in providing for himself special advisers for special occasions. Twice lately he has, for a special purpose each time, sought the direct counsel of a group of advisers who were not "officially constituted." We refer to the "Senatorial conference" which was called at Oyster Bay, one of whose members was Postmaster-General Payne, and to the conference at Washington which preceded the summoning of the coal-operators and Mr. John Mitchell. The second conference led to the taking of a most important step. It was formative, and, though apparently futile, will be historical.

Prophecy is a dangerous gift, and we submit to a number of estimable gentlemen, of whom the Rev. Dr. Slicer is a fair type, that in dealing with a question of such grave importance as the coal strike, their published utterances should be carefully guarded. It can serve no possibly good end to announce to the world that "unless the public necessity for coal be promptly relieved this city will witness lawlessness and anarchy." By just such unwise utterances as this are the seeds of lawlessness and anarchy sown. When a man of Dr. Slicer's position says that "in this city of 3,500,000 inhabitants you will find half a million who will refuse to tamely see their families suffer and die," and continues to predict an uprising, he clearly exceeds the limits of propriety, broad as is the license in speech ordinarily permitted to his cloth. It is very true that there is reason for grave apprehension as to the comfort of a large proportion of the dwellers in this and other cities from the curtailment of their fuel-supply, but it is the mission of our preachers and publicists generally to do all that they can to alleviate this suffering, and to allay tempestuous feelings by wise counsels, temperately and adequately expressed, not by suggestion to incite the thoughtless and misguided on to deeds of violence. Lawlessness and anarchy will not serve to cure the evils of the situation; they will, on the contrary, merely aggravate them, and every iota of Dr. Slicer's influence should be exerted to discourage the notion that these things can or will be. What we need most at this juncture is calm and temperate reason. We can get along without prophecy, particularly of the sensational and irrational sort so much affected by persons of too fluent speech.

A curious phenomenon is the obstinate and general opposition of the owners of Southern cotton-mills to legislation restricting the employment of young children in their mills. A good many of these mill-owners are Northern men. Many of them are highly respectable members of highly respectable communities. Many of them, Northern and Southern men alike, are ready to admit that it is a bad thing that little children should work long hours in cotton-mills. They concede that it is bad for the children; some of them say it is bad for the mills, too, and that infant labor, cheap as it is, is unprofitable. Some of the owners say they only let children into their mills because other mills take them, and that they would welcome a mill-owners' agreement to exclude them. But they all get together to fight State legislation to prohibit the employment of children under twelve. They say that it would be "the entering wedge," and that that concession once allowed, labor legislation would follow which would make it impossible for the Southern mills to compete successfully with New England. Their position is ungraceful and inhumane, and is getting to be untenable. What better can mill-owners expect, when they begin by hindering just and necessary legislation, than to end by suffering from laws to which their opposition might be justified. Their stubborn and selfish opposition to good laws leaves them in a bad position to fight bad ones. Nothing but law seems likely to protect the Southern infants. The fight to have the necessary laws passed is as unwearied as the opposition, and the prospect is that it will win substantial victories this winter.

Edwin Dinwiddie, president of the American Anti-Saloon League, has made reply to the reports of General Funston and others telling of bad results that have followed the suppression of the army canteen. He says, in effect, that it is apparent, first, that if men in service get drunk it is not because the beer-selling army saloon has been suppressed, but because, by its continuance for twelve years, it debauched the soldiers and

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gave them bad habits; second, that the inability of commanding officers to maintain discipline without a beer saloon is proof of incompetency. But neither of these things is by any means apparent. Soldiers drank before the beer-selling canteen was instituted, and the effect of the canteen was not to increase intemperance, but to diminish it. That some commanding officers cannot suppress drunkenness under present conditions is due, not to incompetency, but to the limitations of their powers. They cannot keep their men shut up all the time, nor can they control them absolutely when not on duty. Soldiers are not entirely deprived of liberty. They are not convicts. They can be punished for getting drunk, but they cannot be deprived altogether of opportunities to drink. When Mr. Dinwiddie suggests that the trouble is that the canteen flourished too long, and that officers are incompetent, his discourse is not helpful. He does better when he demands "a fair trial of the post-exchange system with the canteen eliminated." Such a trial is understood to be now in progress. Congress appropriated half a million dollars to help it on. We would all like to see it succeed. We would all like to see the army an example of abstemiousness to the rest of our population. The canteen has never been considered a perfectly harmless institution. All that has been claimed for it has been that it helped to keep soldiers contented and out of mischief, and promoted order, good discipline, and the health and welfare of the enlisted men.

The coming of Pietro Mascagni to the United States was one of the interesting events of last week, and in a larger sense than a mere musical one should he be made welcome. Whatever his mission in coming, whether it be to make money, as some of his Italian critics aver,—and why should he not?—or for the purpose of broadening his own mental horizon by the stimulus of travel, we should do all we can to make him feel that we are glad to see him. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his melodious measures, if they live or die, the fact remains that in his one conspicuous production, "The Cavalleria Rusticana," he has given an infinite amount of pleasure to this generation, and the list of singers who can do this is not over-large—certainly by no means as great as the list of the world's princes and potentates who are received with loud acclaim whenever they venture abroad. How high up on the scroll of great composers Mr. Mascagni may ultimately be placed it would be idle for any one to attempt to conjecture, but as one who has brought to the ears of almost all classes of music-lovers,—to the educated, who know their operas as well as they know their A B C's, as well as to the followers of the piano-organ, whose love for its measures is as primitive as it is deep,—a number or two that have lingered long and pleasantly in the memory, he is worthy at least of the highest evidences of our appreciation. He has done something for his own time to make life happier and sweeter and better, and if there is any way in which we who have profited by his talent or his genius, whichever it may be, can repay the debt we owe him, the obligation to do so rests most emphatically upon us.

General John B. Castleman, of Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, has secured the contract as rural mail-carrier between that place and Burgin. General Castleman will carry the mail in a coach and four, with outriders and a trumpeter, all in gorgeous scarlet coats. The example is one which might well be followed by rich young men over the country who have been trying to establish regular coaching routes through the picturesque scenery of the rural districts. These coaching routes have not proved more successful because they had no regular and useful object. Let them now take on government contracts as rural mail-carriers, and that difficulty will be done away with. What could more pleasantly interrupt the monotony of a coaching trip than to rein in the panting, piebald chargers at each fat, red farm-house, while the man in scarlet winds his horn and waits while the barefoot boy runs down the dewy lane to get the last copy of the *Weekly Countryman* and the regular letter from big brother Tom in the city. Such a regular duty would lend a certain dignity to coaching which is now lacking. The rich young coachmen might well feel, also, a thrill of patriotic pride at the thought that, in one way at least, they were serving their country. And my lady on the box would find plenty of added opportunities to study the habits and customs—to say nothing of the postal cards—of her humbler countrymen.

Even the busy masculine world — perhaps the masculine world especially — has had occasion to notice that a great improvement has taken place in the last few years in the feminine fashion picture. A really pretty girl, dressed in the new fixings, and photographed in them, illustrates the fashions not only in the modern sense of the verb to illustrate, which signifies to set forth or exhibit, but in the ancient, which means to give honor and glory to. The traditional fashion plate served the purpose merely of setting forth the shape, the cut, the geography, as it were, of the costume. The feminine reader cared little about anything else, apparently. She was not after a picture of a beautiful and shapely woman; she was after "ideas" for her own or some one else's clothes. However, under these old conditions, the "eternal feminine" did not really go to the heart of things. In these marvellous old drawings the costumes fitted so miraculously well—they were so smooth, so flat, so rigid—that the dressmaker for herself and others could not tell how the clothes were going to "hang" on a real live woman. Under the photographic system, on the other hand, models who represent the various physical types or builds of women are employed, and women of the corresponding type quickly choose from amongst the pictures their own representatives. Finding them, they perceive how a garment is going to look when they wear it. Meantime, through this comparison with nature, the distorted form of the old fashion picture has become absurd and quite shocking. Even fashion pictures which are drawn must be much truer to life than they were made formerly. Photography has, in this respect at least, done good service for beauty.

A French writer, M. Jean Jussieu, has read what Mr. Carl Snyder lately wrote in the *North American Review* about American inferiority in science, and discusses it in *La Revue*. Mr. Snyder maintained that we Americans were better at using the scientific discoveries made by others than at finding out important things ourselves. We were good at adaptation, but disposed to shirk the long labors of research which add to scientific knowledge. Mr. Snyder's conclusions did not go undisputed in this country, but M. Jussieu has approved and accepted them. He has himself lately made a long visit to the United States, and draws on his own observations, as well as on Mr. Snyder's article, for his discourse. What ails us that we are not better and deeper students of science? Is the country too young? He thinks not. The American, he says, has as good a chance as any one. The means and the knowledge are accessible to our men, but in scientific work the use is not made of them that might be made. He finds our people too much bent on worldly success. The money-making ideal, he thinks, has clogged, and will clog, American science. Overmuch democracy has brought about the triumph of utilitarianism. The idea of equality has bred an every-one-for-himself spirit. Disinterestedness is lacking. There is a reluctance to make sacrifices for science, for art, for anything. Popular success is what all of us are after, and in the haste to win it thoroughness is ignored. He charges that here "the school governs science, the masters govern the school, the parents govern the masters, the children govern the parents,—therefore the children govern science." That condition he finds beneficial neither to the children nor to science. To put it briefly, he finds that we are too much concerned with other things to do much for science. Perhaps so, at present. But is not this country just now in rather an abnormal condition? Money-making in the last five years has progressed so prodigiously as to unsettle to some extent the American mind, and a recent visitor would be apt to receive impressions which may be more true of the immediate period than of the future. The great increase of wealth is going to mean an increase of leisure for somebody. Europe every year sends us hundreds of thousands of people whose first need in life is to make a living. We use immense efforts to make them self-supporting, and she criticises us because we are utilitarian. We have had to be utilitarian. We had debts to pay and a huge country to develop. As time goes on our minds will turn more and more from money-making to other things, and doubtless to science and to art among the rest.

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The President, the Strike, Love of Order, Contempt of Law

THERE are ill-informed men in the United States, especially among those of foreign origin, who are blind to the existence of the barriers erected by the Constitution to prevent the interference of the Federal government in the affairs of the States. Their view of the political aspects of the dispute between operators and miners in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania was expressed the other day by a naturalized German Jew, when he inquired, "Why does not that man Rosenfeld [meaning the President] settle this strike business in two minutes?" By citizens imbued with his preconceptions, the invitation to a conference at Washington, addressed by Mr. Roosevelt to the operators and the representatives of the United Mine Workers, was naturally regarded as an exhibition of the velvet glove covering the iron hand whose pressure would speedily be felt. There was plenty of velvet, but from the nature of our Federal Constitution, there could be no iron; and to those citizens who know something about our Federal institutions, and who think it important to preserve the dignity of the office of Chief Magistrate, the question must suggest itself whether it was wise for the President, at the stage which the coal strike has now reached, to lend any color to the mistaken impression that he is clothed with any responsibility or any power in the premises.

We say the stage which the coal strike has now reached; for, up to the present moment, the strikers have not interfered with the carriage of the United States mails; neither has the Governor nor the Legislature of Pennsylvania, confessing inability to maintain peace and order in the anthracite region with the armed force at their disposal, called upon the President for the cooperation of Federal troops. In the absence of the sole conditions which would constitutionally justify his interposition, Mr. Roosevelt might have given proof of foresight and discretion if, perceiving the danger of establishing a precedent that might tend unwarrantably to magnify the already excessive popular conception of the powers pertaining to his office, had refrained from even the semblance of intermediation between the parties to the coal controversy. It is certain that the dignity of the Chief-Magistracy has not been heightened, but rather lowered, through the abortive conference convoked by Mr. Roosevelt, which has left the responsibility for the reopening of the mines and the renewed production of coal precisely where it rested before the conference took place, to wit, upon the shoulders of Governor Stone of Pennsylvania. It is the duty of Governor Stone to exhaust the whole military force at the disposal of his State for the preservation of peace and order in the anthracite region, and for the protection of all non-union miners in their constitutional right to work. Should his force prove inadequate to that paramount end, it is his duty, either personally or in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Legislature, forthwith summoned for the purpose, to invoke the armed assistance of the Federal government.

Should the presence of a Federal armed force, conjoined to that of the State, not be followed by an extensive resumption of work in the mines, it would then, and not till then, be apparent that the operators are mistaken in their assertion that only protection is needed to assure the procurement of miners in sufficient numbers to work the mines on a great scale; and it would thereupon be incumbent not on the Federal government, but on the State government of Pennsylvania, to inquire whether the law of that State afforded any warrant for the temporary operation of the anthracite mines by State officials, for the relief of the coal-consuming community. Throughout the whole chain of legal and equitable remedies applicable to various stages of the strike situation, it is manifest that the grave burden of responsibility for the losses and sufferings of the coal-consumers are subjected will continue to rest upon Governor Stone until he can manage to devolve a part or the whole of it upon the Legislature or the courts of Pennsylvania.

No well-informed and fair-minded person can fail to acknowledge that, of the respective responses made by the operators and the miners to Mr. Roosevelt's request, that they should come together, the reply of the former involved the more material concession. When Mr. Mitchell said that the miners would immediately return to work, provided the operators would agree to refer the demands made by the United Mine Workers to arbitrators appointed by the President, he knew that he was putting forward an offer which he had no power to carry out. Only a convention of the United Mine Workers can order the miners back to work or authorize the reference of that body's demands to arbitration. In no event could a return of the miners to work be immediately ordered, for the reason that the delay incident to the action of a convention is fixed by the constitution of the association just named. Moreover, Mr. Mitchell knew that, if the operators agreed to the arbitration proposed by him, it would matter but little to the body which he represents what decision the arbitrators might render, seeing that, by the very fact of the agreement to the reference proposed by him, the operators would have conceded the main point in dispute, to wit, the recognition of the society known as the United Mine Workers. The operators, on the other hand, showed a conciliatory spirit and a marked deference to Mr. Roosevelt, in his individual as distinguished from his official capacity, when they receded from the peremptory declaration to which they had hitherto adhered, the declaration, namely, that they had nothing to arbitrate. They no longer confined themselves to saying that, if the miners returned to work, they should receive the same wages which had been paid to them before the strike. They now made the important addition to their offer that, if the employers and employees at any particular colliery could not reach a satisfactory adjustment of any alleged grievances, those grievances should be referred to the judges of the Court of Common Pleas of the district in which the colliery is situated for final determination. Obviously those judges would be exceptionally qualified to pronounce judgment in the premises, for the reason that they are not only judicially trained, but would be intimately acquainted with the local conditions. Neither can it reasonably be presumed that they would be biassed in favor of the employers. The presumption is the other way; for those judges of the Court of Common Pleas are elected by the voters in their respective districts, and the miners constitute an overwhelming majority of those voters. Why, then, did not Mr. Mitchell jump at the new offer which the operators made in Mr. Roosevelt's presence, an offer which gave the miners the fairest prospect of securing redress for their alleged grievances? Mr. Mitchell rejected the offer because it was made not to the United Mine Workers, of which body he is the spokesman, but to the various groups of miners connected each with a particular colliery. In other words, he made it evident to every keen-sighted observer that he cared not a iot about the so-called grievances of the miners, or about the actual or prospective sufferings of the coal-consuming community, but that he is determined to use those grievances and those sufferings as so many clubs wherewith to wrench from the operators a recognition of the miners' union.

There is one fact developed, or emphasized, however, by the strike which is of general and perennial interest. It is worth while considering seriously, even after the coal strike is over and the immediate occasion gone. This fact is the deplorable and depressing ignorance of the constitutional relations of the President to the State governments which has been manifested by many people, including some who set themselves up as political teachers.

The confusion of the public mind is due largely to a misapprehension of the President. The uninformed or careless saw him taking part in the coal strike, and at once assumed that he would not do this, that he would not take a position in such a quarrel unless he had the power to compel a settlement by force if the operators and the miners would not come to terms by surrendering at his request. The President announced that he represented the third party to the controversy—namely, the public, and it is familiar knowledge that when the public really possesses legal rights the government has the right to enforce them. We are not saying that the President claimed rights for the public; he merely described public suffering existing and to come; but in doing so he confused the public mind, for there are a great many people who do not stop to reflect, who rush to conclusions, and, indeed, it may be said that the majority of American citizens regard as official every act of the President which is not plainly or purely personal, domestic, or social. But the people who thought that the President would not talk unless he could and would also act were mistaken as to the President's purpose, and were wholly ignorant of the constitutional principle to which we have referred and which should be matter-of-course knowledge to every American citizen.

Worse than the evil or criminal conduct of ignorant or criminal men is the ignoring or violation of the law by those charged with its defence and administration. And yet it is one of the besetting sins in our democracy that good men and faithful officers often seek what they regard as the good of the community through violations or evasions of the law. In other words, they read their inclinations into the law. It was a manifestation of this spirit which induced sometime good men to cry out to the President to send troops into Pennsylvania, without regard to the wishes of its authorities, finding excuse for their lawless teachings in distortions of the Constitution, and which inspired one man, who had been a judge, but who had forgotten the history of Charles the First of England and his fatal scorn of Parliament, to call on an American President to convene Congress and "order" it to pass a law hostile to the guaranteed rights of private property. Although, as we have said, the American spirit demands the maintenance of order, there is a tendency hostile to the law, which is our real sovereign. This is a disposition to seek order, despite the law, instead of by means of the law, a disposition which makes for anarchy, and which is all the more harmful because it is the disposition of those who have opportunities for influence.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

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The Lost Opportunity

WE pointed out, some weeks ago, that the convention of the New York Democracy, which was to meet at Saratoga on September 30, had an opportunity of improving the position of the party in that State. We directed attention to the fact that the Republican party was vulnerable on both State and national issues. The Odell administration had provoked considerable dissatisfaction by its indifference to the pressing canal question, by its relegation of the State hospitals for the insane and of other State charitable institutions to partisan control, and by its opposition to home rule in excise matters, including especially the application of excise revenue to the localities in which the licenses are issued. Moreover, a national issue of vast magnitude had been imported into the canvass by President Roosevelt when he repeatedly advocated a constitutional amendment giving the Federal government control of the within-State business of corporations, a manifestly perilous proposal, which the Republican party in State conventions held in New York and other commonwealths not only had refrained from disavowing, but had tacitly refrained by promising support to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for the Presidency two years hence. Under the circumstances, we expressed the opinion that for the Democracy to regain a large part, if not the whole, of its former strength in the State of New York, it would only need to exhibit ordinary sagacity and foresight by framing a platform on those State-right principles to which it had hitherto been loyal, and by selecting as a candidate for Governor such a man as Chief-Judge Parker, who was elected to his present office by a large majority in 1897, only a year after Mr. McKinley had won an overwhelming victory in the State.

Believing, as we do, that the welfare of the Union, as well as of the constituent States, would in the long-run be furthered by the maintenance of something like a balance between two great political parties, we regret that ex-Governor Hill, who is generally held accountable for the course pursued at Saratoga, should have taken measures calculated to weaken instead of to strengthen the Democracy. He picked out a shifty, insignificant, and distrusted demagogue as the Democratic candidate for the great office of Governor of the Empire Commonwealth, and he constructed a platform which, in a conspicuous particular, is more flagrantly socialistic than any proposal associated with the name of Mr. W. J. Bryan, and no less obviously fatal to State rights than the constitutional amendment suggested by Mr. Roosevelt. The constitutional amendment, indeed, which has been mooted by the President, is denounced by the Democratic State Convention of New York as impracticable and dangerous; moreover, in the light of the fact that just such an amendment was advocated by Republicans in the House of Representatives before the national election of 1900, and thereafter immediately dropped, it is not unfairly described as an *ignis fatuus* proposal, put forward for the purpose of procrastination, and intended solely to prevent the prompt application to trust evils of practicable remedies that lie within the power of Congress and of State Legislatures. Mr. Hill—we are justified in assuming him to have been the author of the New York Democratic platform—was perfectly right in asserting that those who believe trusts to be injurious to the public welfare should seek relief therefrom in two ways, and in two ways only, to wit, first, by appealing to the constitutional power of Congress over taxation, the mails, inter-State commerce, and all modes of inter-State communication; and, secondly, by invoking the vast legislative powers, which, by our Federal Constitution, are relegated to the States.

Had Mr. Hill stopped there in his formulation of national issues, and had he, instead of putting forward an immature, a colorless, and a boneless person like Mr. Bird S. Coler, permitted Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker to be nominated for Governor, he would have had at least a chance of retrieving the fortunes of the Democracy in the State of New York, and he certainly would have placed it in a good strategic position with reference to the national contest of 1904. Unfortunately for him and his party, it occurred to him at the last moment that he might turn to partisan account the temporary excitement caused among the consumers of hard coal by the dearth of that commodity, owing to the strike in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. With an eye single to momentary advantage, and overlooking the disastrous results of a public betrayal of fundamental Jeffersonian principles, he resolved to outbid Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt for socialistic support by demanding that the Federal government should, by an assertion of the right of eminent domain, at once assume the ownership and operation of the anthracite mines. It is well known to Mr. Hill, as a trained lawyer, that the right of eminent domain, so far as this is constitutionally vested in our Federal government, and has been hitherto defined by the United States Supreme Court, has never been stretched beyond the taking of land to be used for post-offices, custom-houses, light-houses, fortifications, and river and harbor improvements; that is to say, for purposes plainly ancillary to functions delegated to the Federal government by the Constitution. Among those functions the provision of fuel for the inhabitants of the United States is obviously not included. It is no more included than is the provision of water, of light, of food, of the products of iron and steel, or of the means of transportation. It is perfectly known to Mr. Hill that, for an extension of the Federal government's right of eminent domain to the ownership and operation of anthracite mines a constitutional amendment would be needed; that such an amendment, if it could be passed, would leave the door wide open to socialism of the Karl Marx type, or, in other words, to the abolition of the right of individual property; and that, for this very reason, the adoption of such an amendment by three-fourths of the States is utterly inconceivable. Mr. Hill's demand, therefore, that the Federal government shall own and work the anthracite mines must be stigmatized as an insincere and *ad captandum* proposal, designed for no worthier purpose than to snatch a temporary party advantage from a transient exigency, at the cost of the desertion of the basic principles of our existing social structure.

Of what avail was it to ignore the demagogic platforms framed at Chicago and at Kansas City, and scrupulously to avoid the utterance of Mr. Bryan's name, if the Democratic State Convention of New York was to advocate an innovation incomparably more subversive of individual rights and of the social structure reared thereon than any which Mr. Bryan has propounded? Of what avail was it to condemn the constitutional amendment recommended by Mr. Roosevelt if in the same breath the Democratic State Convention of New York was to advocate an even more dangerous invasion of State rights? We say more dangerous because, while Mr. Roosevelt has proposed to give the Federal government powers of control over the within-State business of corporations, equal and concurrent with the powers already exercised by the States, Mr. Hill has gone much farther and has proposed to give the Federal government what no State has yet dreamed of acquiring—that is to say, the exclusive ownership and exploitation of commodities hitherto reserved for individuals. By his revolutionary proposal Mr. Hill may possibly gain a handful of Socialist votes in the city of New York, but he ought to lose the vote of every old-fashioned Democrat in the State who believes in the Jeffersonian doctrine of State rights, and who sees that the principle of the individual ownership and use of property lies at the core of our civilization.

The Appeal to Woman

WHILE the great coal strike has brought itself home to men's business with a clatter reverberating through all the newspapers, another economic disturbance has found its way to their bosoms almost unnoticed in its vastly wider social implications. It is true that the dramatic events which marked the chief seismic centre at Newport were duly recorded in the public prints. The first hints of the uneasiness were caught by those sleepless observers whom no movement of our civilization escapes, and who are accumulating for the history of our time materials of such unexampled richness. The intelligence of a threatened revolt in the cottage of a millionaire at the capital of fashion was telegraphed with a fulness which could not have been exceeded if it had been the menace of a revolution in Paris or Berlin. The great journals re-enforced their agents who are always on the ground there noting the vain struggles of society leaders to amuse themselves and one another, and there began to appear attempted interviews with the millionaire and his family, and accomplished interviews with his butler, who was the leader of the insurrection, with the footman, who ably seconded the butler, with the housekeeper, with the coachman and the groom, with the upper housemaid, and as many more of the revolutionary menials as could be got at: they seem to have been readily accessible. Portraits of the parties concerned were published, varying somewhat from journal to journal, but upon the whole interesting pictures if not accurate likenesses, and at any rate sufficiently presenting the type: we recall the portrait of the butler as embodying all those traits which one would like to import from England in one's butler, if one could afford a butler. When the outbreak came, and the domestics, some eighty-odd of them, left the cottage roof which had sheltered them, there were half-page historic pieces representing their march in an impressive perspective, which were perhaps the free, bold effect of the artist's pencil rather than the literal work of the photographer. When, later, the new butler and the new footman fought out a private difference in the pantry, while the host and his guests dined in full hearing of the fray, there was indeed no view of the action, which was much better left to the reader's imagination, but no detail which could feed his fancy was wanting in the printed accounts of the affair.

In all this the play of our agile American humor was to be suspected. The lively wits of the press contented themselves with suggesting the ludicrous aspects of the incident, and when it was closed, no longer concerned themselves with it. But there are other aspects of it which the press will do very well to concern itself with, for they are more threatening to our peace than some more obvious dangers of industrial revolt. Not many of us are owners of mines, mills, or railroads, to be tied up in those constantly recurring cases where there is nothing to

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arbitrate, but very many of us are employers of the labor in the kitchen and upstairs which is beginning to think of its rights, and to ask what they are. The old-fashioned economist will see in this unrest the result of outside agitation, and will assign it to the moral activities of that society woman of Chicago who was able, a year ago, to put herself imaginatively in her domestic's place, and to fancy how she would feel if she had no hours but a beggarly afternoon out once a week which she could call her own, and were subject night and day to a demand for her services from any member of the family, eating lukewarm food at a second table in a hot, dark kitchen, and sleeping in the worst room and the worst bed in the house. The end of her thinking about the matter was that there should be two shifts of servants in every household, working eight hours each. Whether she formulated other reforms, we do not now remember, but this one was enough to fill all the housekeepers of moderate means with dismay. They said, and very rightly, that they could not afford to keep two shifts of servants, and that the old slavish life of their domestics must go on as before, tempered by such consideration and affection as they would or could give them. Apparently the proposed reform did not effect itself on any large scale even in Chicago, and in other places it remained a rumor which the housekeepers hushed up from the servants as carefully as possible.

Yet the danger that domestic service will imagine its rights and claim them is an ever-present menace to our domestic tranquillity; and it is doubtful if any vigilance on the part of housekeepers will avert it, though we have heard of one lady who, on reading of the revolt of the Newport cottager's eighty servants, kept that incendiary part of the paper from her general-house-work girl and carefully burned it up. Another has learned, we do not know how reliably, that the domestic servants in Pittsburg have formed a union, and she is trembling lest her small handmaid shall come to know of it. No doubt a like anxiety is felt in thousands of cases which have not come to our knowledge, and no doubt there is real cause for it, though the peril is not very imminent. How near it may be, of course, no one can say, but it will not be averted by shutting our eyes to it, and we would entreat the ladies to consider what they will do if it comes upon them. Heretofore they have not been much concerned in labor troubles. They have heard that the dividends have been stopped by this or that strike, but they do not know just how, and beyond promising themselves to retrench they have not done anything about it. They have sometimes even sympathized with the workmen, and have failed to understand what is so clear to every masculine intelligence, when one of two parties in dispute about wages declares that there is nothing to arbitrate. But now, when the shadow of the Walking Delegate is projecting itself across the kitchen threshold, or is at least climbing the back fence in its inevitable approach, what are they going to do?

The genius of woman ought to be able to solve the problem by some means far short of her doing her own work, as woman's mother and grandmother used to do. No person of refinement, not even men who learned in their honey-moons to dread any example of their wives' cookery, can wish it to come to that. It might be a very good thing for a woman's health to sweep her room, and make her bed, and dust her parlor, and get her dinner; but the attenuation of her physical energies has been carried so far by civilization that it will take a generation or two of golfing, boating, and bathing to give her sex back the strength of old days, when the domestic virtues went hand in hand with the domestic labors. Then, how will it be with her when Bridget, in whatever multiple, comes in some morning and tells her that there is a strike on for an eight-hour day, and that she had been ordered out by her union? Did that revolt in the humble cottage at Newport contain the seeds of a universal revolution? If it did, how is woman going to extirpate them? It is up to her to say, if not to show.

Perhaps in her hands, refined by long leisure—the white delicate hands of the only real aristocracy we have — is the clew by which we shall all find our way out of the industrial maze. Man is trammelled by an irrefutable logic in which there is no escape. He has been taught to believe that the conditions of this best of all possible worlds are so good that it is a kind of sacrilege to meddle with them, and that as little wages and as much work as possible are the only terms on which the sacred status can be maintained. In this belief he is every day coming up against a dead wall, but he does not turn aside from the path in which he has been led, except now and then to shoot an agitator who says he is in the wrong way. It now seems to be coming woman's turn to deal with the difficulties which defy him though they have not daunted him. If she proves herself superior to them, and deals successfully with the economical pro question, she may yet be rewarded with a share of the political power now denied her.

Public-School Work

THE New York State Teachers' Association has been conducting some very interesting investigations into the effectiveness of public-school work in the State of New York. Four hundred and nine prominent business men were requested to state to the association their opinions, based upon their personal observation, as to whether the schools as at present organized prepare children to earn their living, and in what way, in their judgment, instruction may be improved to this end.

The replies are suggestive, and in the main inspirational of hope. The indications are that the graduates of our public schools make, on the whole, most satisfactory employees in so far as the academic work of the system can make them so. In elementary knowledge there seems to be every reason to believe that the general average of the product is high, although it would seem that in the cultivation of certain essentials of character the results are less satisfactory. Many of the gentlemen addressed seem to think that the training of the schools might be made of a more practical nature, which is the chief adverse criticism they have to make of the operation of the educational department. Their complaints of the deficiencies in character strike one as not being irremediable. For instance, sixty per cent. of the replies received bear testimony to the truthfulness, the cleanliness, and the anxiety of the youth to make something of himself. The departures from standards seem to lie in punctuality, manners, industry, reliability (as to judgment), and economy, all of which, without being by any means mere incidents of character, are none the less within the power of employers to correct. If a boy is truthful, and cleanly—in mind and in body—and ambitious to succeed, his deficiencies in punctuality, worldly wisdom, and manners are easily cured, and more easily by the employer to whom the lad is an individual and concrete thing than by the teacher who has no means by which to overcome extraneous influences, and who under an inevitable condition is required to regard the pupil as merely one of many, each of the many having a distinctly differentiated necessity.

An interesting feature of the investigation, in view of the much-mooted high-school question, is the testimony these witnesses of efficiency bear as to the value to themselves of the high-school graduates:

As far as high-schools are concerned [we quote from a condensation of the reports made by the *Commercial Advertiser*], the business men voted that such education is useful for business, and that they would give preference to a high-school graduate. There was a strong vote also in favor of a commercial high-school course, but three years are considered ample. The question as to what languages should be studied for business shows German far in the lead, Spanish second, and French third. The combination of German and French, however, led other groups. The age at which a boy should begin his commercial course was answered fourteen by a majority of voters. Of those who found defects in their boys, a large percentage declared that in arithmetic lay the chief weakness, while many others declared English and penmanship to be at fault. From the nature of these answers it is apparent that the American boy has been studied by his employer, and his composite word-photograph obtained.

The criticisms of these observers of the public-school system are summarized as follows:

Instruction is not thorough enough.
There is too much nature-study.
Ethical training is largely neglected.
Too much rote work is allowed.
Do not allow so much home work.
Have more science and less Latin and Greek.
The work in English is too advanced.
There are too many pupils to one teacher.

These are followed by suggestions which approximate the following:

Insist on accuracy in arithmetic.
Have more male teachers.
Teach boys "how to think."
Have lectures by successful business men.
Give us practical arithmetic.
Special instruction to defectives must be provided.
Make the English work practical as well as cultural.
Have a gymnasium in every school.
Favor restriction rather than expansion of the course.

In addition to which, authoritative opinions are expressed as follows:

Many boys lack the proper interest.
Teachers deserve great praise.
City-bred boys do not succeed as well as boys from the country.
Manners are not up to the mark.
Too few boys show ambition to succeed.
Boys have steadily improved during the past twenty years.
The New York schools are doing satisfactory work.
Boys of foreign birth do wonderfully well.
Common-sense is the greatest factor in success.

The School-Teachers' Association is to be congratulated upon having conceived and carried through an investigation of such vital interest to every citizen of this republic. The public school must be to the future what the little red school-house of New England has been to the past and present, and we know of no more illuminating *exposé* of the results and requirements of an educational system than is presented in this summary of the results of the pertinent questions asked of practical men of affairs competent to answer them with authority.

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The Rise of Robert La Follette, the Governor of Wisconsin

By John H. Finley

Out in the Mississippi Valley, where oratory has not yet gone out of vogue, there has been held for the last twenty-five years and more an annual oratorical contest, to which most of the States of the Middle West have sent their representatives. This used to be, before the formation of other similar associations and debating leagues and the rise of football, the greatest college event of the year, for every college and university in good standing, from the Ohio River to the Rocky Mountains, competed in the preliminary State contest to determine which should have the honor of representing the States in the final inter-State event. In these speaking bouts many a Westerner has won his first laurels, and it is a singular coincidence that among those who have been victorious are three men especially prominent politically to-day in three of those Western States—Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana; Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois; and Robert La Follette, Governor of Wisconsin.

La Follette, when he represented his State as orator, was a student in the University of Wisconsin, which in his gubernatorial day has come to take rank in curriculum and some other things with the best institutions in the country. It was an experience of special pleasure to ride with this sometime student back to the campus, now covered with magnificent buildings, in the "Governor's carriage," and to witness the proud and affectionate greeting of those who had taught him in the days when, with a Scotch-Irish pertinacity, ingenuity, and wit that could both support his mother and pay his academic bills, he was making his way through the less labyrinthian curriculum of the primitive Western university. I do not know whether his comrades ever learned the import of his French-Huguenot name; if they did, they must have forgotten it in its unfitness. He had even in those days put on a serious face, and his hair was even then flung back as a runner's already under way for the goal.

When he had finished his university course he began the study and practice of law in the shadow of the university and the State-house and in the district of the farm-house in which he was born. One who does not know cannot be sure of his dreams; but, at any rate, it was not very long before he was sitting in Congress, at twenty-nine years of age, its youngest member. There he remained for three terms, enjoying the increasing confidence of his constituency and of his party in Congress. Speaker Reed appointed him in his third term to membership in the Ways and Means Committee, and he is credited with efficient service in the construction of the McKinley tariff bill. Certainly Mr. McKinley, who was partial to promising young men, had a special liking for this eloquent, hard-working, fearless little "Badger" Congressman, and trusted his judgment, his ability, and his honesty.

Then something happened in Wisconsin; State issues got mixed up with national issues, and some of the Republican Congressmen stayed at home, among them young Congressman La Follette. If this doughty Scotch-Irishman, with a French name, had aspirations that looked down the corridor across the Rotunda to the other wing of the Capitol, he saw his way suddenly barred. President McKinley soon after offered him a good berth in the Treasury, but he declined, and he went back to his law again—once more within sight of his home State-house, within sound of the grinding of its legislative mill. Again, one who does not know, can only surmise of what he was dreaming; but in 1896 he was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, and he went to the convention with enough votes to nominate him. "The temptations which environ State conventions," however, were too strong for some, and enough of his followers deserted him to compass his defeat.

In his subsequent reflections his reform efforts had their conception. The State machine of his own party was against him; this he knew. The people of the State were with him; this he believed. How to get the will of the people recorded in spite of the machine was his problem; but he generalized it, and made it a problem of representative government. And in his proposed solution the man and the measure have become merged. To the country at large he has become the most conspicuous exponent of the "direct-nomination" system, as the means of giving the people control of nominations as well as of elections. Yet, while imputing honesty and sincerity to him, one must see that he has been at the same time working out the problem of his own advancement. The two would seem to be consistent now, however inconsistent they may have appeared at first. He was again defeated in his attempt to secure the nomination in 1898, though the principles which he advocated were recognized by the platform. But in 1900 he was unanimously nominated, and on his own platform. The forces opposed to him, inadequate to prevent his nomination, now sought, after his election, to defeat the legislation promised by the platform; and they succeeded. A direct primary election bill was indeed passed by the next Legislature, but of such a character as to discredit its professed purpose, and it was vetoed by the Governor. Nor were other measures advocated by Governor La Follette, and supported by his platform, more successful. The "stalwarts" of his own party were victorious.

This brings Robert La Follette's political biography down to the present year, when an effort was again made in his own party to defeat his renomination; but this failed, and he is once more the Republican nominee for Governor, with renewed pledges from the party to demand the enactment of a direct primary law and of laws tending to equalize the burdens of taxation.

All this would be chiefly of State concern if there were not involved with these State issues the question of the United States Senatorship. Whether Senator Spooner, whose term expires in 1903, is personally opposed to the reforms advocated by Governor La Follette or not, I do not know; but under the cover of his name and fame the "stalwart" opposition has been successful. When I said to the Governor that I hoped the rumored antagonism between him and the Senator was not real, he had no unkind words, but pointed me to the plank in the new platform which condemns the "pernicious activity of Federal officials in the State, in flagrant disregard of civil-service laws, in attempts to forestall and control the convention action of the party to which they owe their preferment, and in assisting professional lobbyists before the Legislature and elsewhere in the work of defeating legislation, in repudiation of party pledges." If the Federal office-holding lobby has been guilty of the charges brought against it, the sincere friends of the reforms to which the platform was pledged certainly have reason for registering this complaint and for making emphatic protest. La Follette is here clearly in the right. He has good reason, too, for insisting that the United States Senatorship, which has undoubtedly been raised as an issue, should not prejudice the State legislation which is unmistakably demanded by the people.

But the inconsistency of the platform is apparent in that while it proclaims against Federal interference in State affairs, it assumes to compel the United States Senator for Wisconsin to support State measures which are entirely independent of national policies—all of which comes from the supposed necessity of making national and State party lines identical. The platform indorses Senator Spooner's official career with great heartiness, expresses regret for his announced determination not to serve another term, and pledges him the enthusiastic support of the party if he should become a candidate for re-election. But it insists that his candidacy must be "in harmony with the sentiment and in support of the platform principles" adopted by Wisconsin Republicans in convention—a condition with which Senator Spooner may not be able conscientiously to comply.

The people of the country at large who are acquainted with Mr. Spooner's splendid service as United States Senator will resent this restraint put upon him, especially if it should result in his retirement. No member of the Senate during the last two or three years has shown greater qualities of statesmanship or has been more industriously and unselfishly devoted to the larger interests of the nation than he, and it would be a lamentable loss to the country if he were to retire for any reason; it would be inexcusable if his withdrawal were forced by anything short of physical necessity.

It is easy for one at a distance to see and to say what the wisest course would have been; and it is to be hoped that even now these by-paths which have been taken may lead into it; that Mr. La Follette may be given a further opportunity to try his reforms in Wisconsin (and they will be of national interest and importance), and that Mr. Spooner may be permitted to pursue his useful course in the Senate, unvexed of purely State matters and unmolesting.

I do not know how Wisconsin got the name "Badger," but in its suggestion of never giving up it is well associated with the present Governor of that State. Naturalists describe that animal as one which is harmless if not abused, but which resists obstinately "till overpowered, and after a brief rest is ready for another struggle." This is certainly descriptive of the Governor, whom the people delight, in their affection for him, to call "Bob." One must admire his courage, his integrity, his unimpeachable character, and his unfatiguing devotion to his conscious duty. He is the type of man whom it is satisfying to have coming to the top in politics. He is only forty-seven years old, and younger yet than his years suggest. The State of Wisconsin needs him for her own work during the next two years at least. He can afford to be generous toward those who have opposed him, in prospect of the victory of the measures which he has advocated. He can even afford to go back to his law-office again for a time.

The thoughtful must think wisely in order that the practically minded may act wisely.
—*Dr. Percy Gardner.*

The labor we delight in physics pain.
—*Shakspere.*

Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage. The older plant is cut down that the younger may have room to flourish: a few tears drop into the loosened soil, and buds and blossoms spring over it. Death is not even a blow; is not even a pulsation; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. Health, Genius, Honor, are the words inscribed on some; on others are Disease, Fatuity, and Infamy.—*Landor.*

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. Storer Clouston

PART IV

MONSIEUR MAKES LOVE AND WAR

I

PICTURE me now stretched upon a sofa in the very charming morning-room of Seneschal Court, a little bruised, a little shaken still, but making a quick progress towards



recovery. Exasperating, no doubt, to be inactive and an invalid when others are well and spending the day in hunting and shooting; but I had two consolations. First of all, Lumme had not beaten me. He, too, had been dismounted a few fields farther on, and though he had ridden furthest, yet I had gone fastest and could fairly claim to have at least divided the honors. But consolation No. 2 would, I think, have atoned even in the absence of consolation No. 1. In two words, this comfort was my nurse.

Yes, you can picture Amy Trevor-Hudson sitting by the side of that sofa, intent upon a piece of fancy-work that progresses at the rate of six stitches a day, yet not so intent as to be unable to converse with her guest and patient.

"You are really feeling better to-day?" she asks, with that sparkling glance of her brown eyes that accompanies every word, however trivial.

"Thank you, I have eaten two eggs and a plate of bacon for breakfast, and should doubtless be looking forward now to lunch, if my thoughts were not so much more pleasantly employed."

"Are you thinking, then, that you will soon be well enough to go away?"

"I am thinking," I reply, "that for some days I shall still be invalid enough to lie here and talk to you."

She does not look up at this, but I can see a charming smile steal over her face and stay there while I look at her.

"What do you think of this flower?" she asks.

To obtain the critical reply she desires entails her coming to the side of the couch and holding one edge of the work while I hold the other. Then I endeavor to hold both edges, and somehow find myself holding her hand as well. It happens so naturally that she takes no notice of this occurrence, but stands there, half smiling down at me and talking of this flower, while I look up at her face and talk also of the flower. In fact, she seems first conscious of that chance encounter of hands when a step is heard in the passage. Then, indeed, she withdraws to her seat, and the very faintest rise in color might be distinguished by one who had acquired the habit of looking at her closely.

It was Dick Shafthead who entered. From his look I could see that he was unprepared to find me already provided with a nurse. Not that it was the first time she had been here—but then I did not happen to have mentioned that to Dick. In a few minutes Amy left us, and he looked with a quizzical smile first at the door through which she had gone, and then at me.

"You take it turn about, I see," he said. "I didn't know the arrangement, or I shouldn't have interrupted."

"I beg your pardon," I replied. "Either my head is still somewhat confused, or I do not understand English as well as I thought."

"I imagined Teddy was having a walk-over," said he, with a laugh.

None are so quick of apprehension as the jealous. Already a dark suspicion smote me.

"Do you allude to Miss Trevor-Hudson?" I asked.

"Who else?"

"And you thought Teddy was having what you call a walk-over?"

"I did," said Dick. "But it is none of my business."

"It is my business," I replied, "to see that this charming lady does not have her name associated with a man she only regards as the merest acquaintance."

"Has she told you that is how she looks on Teddy?"

"She has."

Dick laughed outright.

"What are your hours?" he asked. "When does Miss Hudson visit the sick-bed?"

"If you must know," I replied, "she has had the kindness to visit me every morning. Also in the evening."

"Then Teddy has the afternoons," said he.

"But he has been hunting."

"He comes home after lunch, I notice," laughed Dick.

I became angry.

"Do you mean that Miss Hudson—"

"Is an incorrigible flirt? Yes," said he.

"Shafthead, you go too far!" I cried.

"My dear monsieur, I withdraw and I apologize," he answered, with his most disarming smile. "Have it as you wish. Only—don't let her make a fool of you."

He turned and walked out of the room, whistling, and I was left to digest this dark thought.

Certainly she could never compare that ridiculous little man with—well, with any one you please. It was absurd! I laughed at the thought. Yet I became particularly anxious to see her again.

In the evening she came for a few minutes to cheer my solitude. She could not stay; yet she sat down. I must be very sensible; yet she listened to my compliments with a smile. She was ravishing in her simple dress of white, that cost, I should like to wager, some fabulous price in Paris; she was charming; she was kind. Yes, she had been created to be a temptation to man, like the diamonds in her hair; and she perfectly understood her mission.

But I did not criticise her thus philosophically that evening. Instead, I said to her, "I was afraid I should not see you till to-morrow—and perhaps not to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow?" she asked. "Are you going away, after all?"

"I shall be here; but you?"

"I suppose I must visit my patient."

"But if Mr. Lumme does not go hunting—will you then have time to spare?"

She rose and said, as if offended, "I don't think you want to see me very much now."

Yet she did not go. On the contrary, she stood so close to me that I was able to seize her hand and draw her towards me.

"Ah no!" I cried. "Give me my turn! I am but one of your admirers, and if you are as kind to all—" I paused. She gave me a bright glance, a little smile that drove away all prudence.

"Amy!" I cried. "I have something to give you!"

And I gave her—a kiss.

She protested, but not very stoutly.

"I have something else," I said. And I was about to present her with a very similar offering, indeed I was almost in the act of presentation, when she started from me with a cry of, "Let me go!" and before I could detain her she had fled from the room. In her flight she passed a man who was standing just inside the door, and it was he who spoke next.

"You damned scoundrelly frog-eater,"* he remarked.

It was the voice of my rival, Lumme!

"Ah, monsieur!" I exclaimed, springing up. "You know the consequences of your language, I suppose?"

"I'm glad to see it makes you sit up," he replied.

I advanced a step and struck him in the face, and then, seeing that he was about to assault me with his fists, I laid him on the floor with a well-directed kick on the chest.

"Now," I said, as he rose, "will you fight, or are you afraid?"

"Fight?" he screamed. "Yes, if you'll fight fair, you kicking froggy!"

"As to the weapons," I replied, "I am willing to leave that question in the hands of our seconds—swords or pistols—it is all the same to me."

He looked for a moment a little taken aback by my readiness.

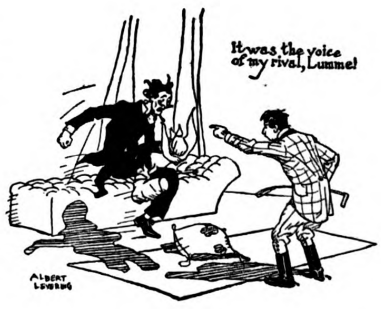
"Ah," I smiled, "you do not enjoy the prospect very much?"

"If you think I'm going to funk you with any dashed weapons, you are mistaken," said Teddy, hotly. "We don't fight like that in England, but I won't stand upon that. My second is Dick Shafthead."

"And I shall request Mr. Tonks to act for me," I replied. "The sooner the better, I presume?"

"To-morrow morning will suit me," said he.

"Very well," I answered. "I shall now send a note by my servant to Mr. Tonks."



I bowed with scrupulous politeness, and he, with an endeavor to imitate this courtesy, withdrew. Then I rang for Halfred.

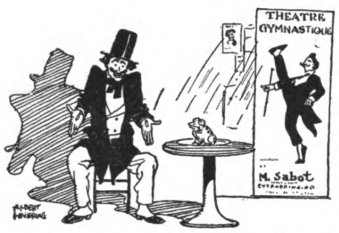
II

It was scarcely yet daylight when I left my room, and with a little difficulty made my way along dim corridors and down shadowy stairs to the garden door, by which it had been decided that we could most stealthily escape to the rendezvous. Through the trimmed evergreens and the paths where the leaf-fall of the night still lay unswept I picked my course upon a quiet foot that

*It is a legend among the English that we subsist principally upon frogs.

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left plain traces on the dew, but made no sound to rouse the sleeping house. A wicket-gate led me out into the park, and there I followed a path towards an oak



It is a legend

paling that formed the boundary along that side. At the end of the path a gate in the paling took one into a narrow lane, and this gate was to be our rendezvous.

As I advanced, I saw between the trees a solitary figure leaning against the paling, and I was assured that my adversary at least had not failed me. Looking back, I next caught sight of the seconds following me, and I delayed my steps so that I only reached Lumme a minute or so before them. We raised our hats and bowed in silence.

He looked pale, but I could not deny that his expression was full of spirit, and I felt for him that respect which a brave man always inspires in one of my martial race. His costume I certainly took exception to, for instead of the decorous garments called for by the occasion, he was attired in a light check suit with leather leggings, and a pale blue waistcoat, and indeed rather suggested a morning's sport than the business we had come upon. This, however, might be set down to his inexperience, and as a matter of fact he was outdone by our seconds, for in addition to wearing somewhat similar clothes, they each carried a gun and a cartridge-bag. Evidently, I thought, they had brought these to disarm suspicion in case the party were observed. Their demeanor was beyond reproach, and indeed surprising, considering that they had never before acted either as principals or seconds. They raised their hats and bowed with formality.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Shafthead.

He took the lead throughout, my second, Tonks, concurring in everything he said.

"You still wish to fight?"

Lumme and I both bowed.

"You both refuse to settle your differences amicably?"

"I refuse," replied Lumme.

"And I certainly," I said.

"Very well," said Dick. "It only remains to assure you that the loser will be decently interred."

Here both he and Tonks were obviously affected by a very natural emotion; but with a distinct effort he cleared his throat and resumed:

"And to tell you the conditions of the conflict. Here are the weapons."

Conceive our astonishment when we were each solemnly handed a double-barrelled shot-gun and a bag full of No. 5 cartridges! Even Lumme recognized the unsuitability of these fire-arms.

"I say, hang it!" he exclaimed, "I'm not going to fight with these!"

"Tonks, I protest!" I said, warmly. "This is absurd!"

"Only things you're going to get," replied Tonks, stolidly.

"Gentlemen," said Shafthead, with more courtesy, "you have agreed to fight in any method we decide. If you back out now, we can only suppose that you are afraid of getting hurt—and in that case, why do you want to fight at all?"

"All right, then," replied Lumme, with an *élan* I must give him every credit for. "I'm game."

"And I am in your hands," said I, with a shrug that was intended to protest not against the danger, but the absurdity of these weapons. "At what distance do we stand?"

"In that matter we propose to introduce another novelty," replied Dick.

"To make it more sporting," explained Tonks.

"Just so," said Dick. "You see that plantation? We are going to put one of you in one end and the other in the other; you have each fifty cartridges, and you can fire as soon as you meet and as often as you please. One of the seconds will remain at either end to welcome the survivor."

"Oh, that's not a bad idea," said Lumme, brightening up.

I had my own opinion on this unheard-of innovation, but I kept it to myself.

"Now you toss for ends," said Tonks. "Call!"

He spun a shilling and Lumme called, "Heads."

"Heads it is," said Tonks. "Which end?"

"It doesn't make much difference, I suppose," replied Teddy. "I'll start from this end."

"Right you are," said Dick. "*Au revoir*, monsieur. When you are ready to enter the wood, fire a cartridge to let us know. Here is an extra one I have kept for signalling."

I bowed, and followed my second across the lane and through a narrow gate in a high hedge that bounded the side furthest from the park.

We now walked down a long field shut in by trees on either hand. At the farther end from the lane these plantations almost met, so that they and the hedge enclosed the field all the way round, except for one narrow gap. Here Tonks stopped and turned.

"You enter here," he said, indicating the wood on the right-hand side of this gap, "and you work your way back till you meet him. By-the-way, if you happen to hear shots anywhere else, pay no attention. The keeper often comes out after rabbits in the early morning."

"But if he hears us?" I asked.

"Oh, we've made that right. He knows we are out shooting. Good luck!"

I would at least have clasped the hand of possibly the last man I should ever talk with. I should have left some message, said something; but with the phlegmatic coolness of his nation, he had turned away before I had time to reply. For a moment I watched him strolling nonchalantly from me with his hands in his pockets, and then I fired my gun in the air and stepped into the trees.



Well, it might be an unorthodox method of duelling, but there could be no questioning the element of hazard and excitement. Here was I at one end of a narrow belt of trees, not thirty yards wide and nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and from the other came a man seeking my life. Every moment must bring us nearer together, till before long, each thicket, each tree stem, might conceal the muzzle of his gun. And the trees and undergrowth were dense enough to afford shelter to a whole company.

At a good pace I pushed my way through the branches and the thorns, wishing now, I must confess, that I had adopted a costume more suitable for this kind of warfare, till I had turned the corner of the field and advanced for a little distance up the long side. While I was walking down with Tonks, I had taken the precaution of noting a particularly large pine, which seemed as nearly as possible the half-way mark, but now a disconcerting reflection struck me. That pine was indeed half-way down the side of the field, but I had also had half of



the end to traverse, so that the point at which we should meet, going at a similar pace, would be considerably nearer than I had calculated. Supposing, then, that Lumme was also hastening to meet me, he might even now be close at hand! I crouched behind a thorn-bush and listened.

It was a still, delightful morning; the sun just risen, the air fresh, no motion in the branches. Every little sound could be distinctly heard, and presently I heard one, a body moving in another thicket not ten paces away. I raised my gun, aimed carefully, and pulled the trigger.

The stealthy sound ceased, and instead, a pheasant flew screaming out of the wood. No longer could there be any doubt of my position. I executed a strategic retreat for a short distance to upset my enemy's calculations, and waited for his approach. But I heard nothing except two or three shots from the plantation across the field, where the keeper had evidently begun his shooting. I advanced again, though more cautiously; but in a very short time was brought to a sudden standstill by a movement in a branch overhead. The diabolical thought flashed through my mind, "He is aiming at me from a tree!"

Instantly I raised my gun and discharged both barrels into the leaves. There came down, not Lumme, but a squirrel; yet the incident inspired me with an idea. I chose a suitable tree, and having scrambled up with some difficulty (which was not lessened by the thought that I might be shot in

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the act), I waited for my rival to pass below.

Five minutes passed; ten; fifteen. I heard more shots from the keeper's gun; I slew two foxes and a pheasant which were ill-advised enough to make a suspicious stir in the undergrowth; but not a sign of Lumme. I had not even heard him fire one shot since the duel began. Some mystery here, evidently! Perhaps he was waiting patiently



for me to approach within a few paces of the lane whence he started. And I—should I court his cartridges by falling into the trap?

Yet one of us must move, or we should be the laughing-stock of the country-side, and if one of two must attack, the brave man can be in no doubt as to which that is. I descended, and with infinite precautions slowly pushed my way forward, raking with my shot every bush that might conceal a foe. Suddenly, between the trees I saw a man—undoubtedly a man this time. I put my hand in my cartridge-bag. One cartridge remaining, besides two in my chambers; three cartridges against a man who had still left fifty! Yet three would be sufficient if I could but get them home.

Carefully I crept on my hands and knees to within a dozen paces; then I raised my head, and behold, it was Tonks I saw, standing in the lane and leaning against the paling of the park! But Lumme? Ah, I had it. He had fled! Shouldering my gun, I stepped out of the wood.

"Hello!" cried Tonks. "Bagged him?"

"No," I said.

"Been hit?" he asked. "You look in rather a mess."

"No," I replied. "I have not even been fired at."

"I heard a regular cannonade," he said.

"Forty-seven times have I fired at a venture," I answered. "And I have not been inaccurate in my aim. In that wood you will find the bodies of four squirrels, five pheasants, and two foxes."

"But where is Lumme?" he inquired.

"Fled," I replied, with an intonation of contempt I could not conceal.

"What, funked it?"

"I saw no sign of him."

"By Jove! that's bad," said Tonks, though in so matter-of-course a tone that I was astonished. A man of a sluggish spirit, I fear, was my cricketing second.

"Let us call Shafthead," I said. "For myself, my honor is satisfied, and I shall leave him and you to deal with the runaway."

We walked together along the lane till we came to the gate in the hedge through which we had started for the wood. Through this we could see right down the field, and there, coming towards us, walked Shafthead and Lumme.

"The devil!" I exclaimed.

"By Jove!" said Tonks.

"Can you explain this?" I asked him.

"I? No; unless you passed one another."

"Passed!" I cried, scornfully. I threw the gate open and advanced to meet them. To my surprise, Lumme looked at me with no sign of shame, but rather with indignation.

"Well," he cried to me, "you're a fine man to fight a duel. Been in a ditch?"

"Poltroon!" I replied. "Where did you hide yourself?"

"I hide?" said he. "Where have you been hiding?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you men never met?" asked Shafthead.

"Never!" we cried together.

"Tonks," said he, "into which plantation did you put your man?"

"The right-hand one," said Tonks.

"The right!" exclaimed Dick. "Then you have been in different woods! Tonks, this is scandalous!"

But my second had already turned his head away, and seemed so bowed by contrition that my natural anger somewhat relented.

"Possibly your own directions were not clear," I suggested.

"Ah," said Dick, "I see how it was! He must have turned round, and that made his right hand his left."

"Well," said Lumme, "you've made a nice mess of it. What's to be done now?"

"I am in my second's hands," I replied.

"And I think you've fought enough," said Tonks. "How many cartridges did you fire, Lumme?"

"Thirty-two," said he.

"Well, hang it, you've loosed seventy-nine cartridges between you, and that's more than any other duellists I ever heard of. Let's pull up the sticks* and come in to breakfast."

"Is honor satisfied?" asked Dick, who had more appreciation of the delicacies of such a sentiment than my prosaic second.

Lumme and I glanced at one another, and we remembered now our past intimacy; also perhaps the strain of that fruitless search for one another among those thorny woods.

"Mine is," said Lumme.

"Mine also," said I.

And thus ended what so nearly was a fatal encounter.

We all walked back from the field of battle in a highly amiable frame of mind. Going across the park, Lumme and I fell a little behind our seconds and conversed with the friendliness of two men who have learned to respect one another. We had cordially shaken hands, we laughed, we even jested about the hazards we had escaped; one would think that no more complete understanding could be desired. Yet there was still a little thorn pricking us both; a thorn that did not come from the woods in which we had waged battle, but lived in the peaceful house before us. Our talk flagged; we were silent; then Teddy abruptly remarked,

"I say, I don't want to rake up bygones and that sort of thing, don't you know, but—er—you mustn't try to kiss her again, d'Haricot."

"Try?" I replied, a little nettled at this aspersion on my abilities. "Why not say 'you must not kiss her again'?"

"By Jove! did you?" cried Teddy, stopping.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"My dear Lumme, the successful man is he who lies about himself and holds his tongue about women."

"Be hanged!" he exclaimed.

"Well, why not be?" I inquired, placidly.

"I don't believe it," he asserted.

"Continue a sceptic," I counselled.

"She told me she had never kissed any one else," he blurted out.

It was now my turn to start.

"Except whom?" I asked.

"Me,—if you must know," said Teddy.

"You kissed her?" I cried.

"Well, it doesn't matter to you."

"Nor does it matter to you that I did," I retorted.

"But did you?" he asked, with such a painful look of inquiry that my indignation melted into humor.

"My dear friend," I replied, "I see it all now. She has deceived us both! We are in the same ship, as you would say; two of those fools which women make to pass a wet afternoon."

"You mean that she has been flirting with me?" he asked, with a woe-begone countenance.

"Also with me," I answered, cheerfully. For a false woman, like spilt cream, is not a matter worth lament.

"I shall ask her," he said, after a minute or so.

"Have you ever known a woman before?" I asked.

"I've known dozens of 'em," he replied, with some indignation.

"And yet you propose to ask one whether she has been true to you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked.

"Because, my friend, you will receive such an answer as a minister gives to a deputation."

"But they might both tell the truth."

"Neither ever lies," I replied. "Diplomacy and Eve were invented to obviate the necessity."

This aphorism appeared to give him some food for reflection—or possibly he was merely silenced by a British disgust for anything that was not the roast beef of conversation.

We had come among the terraces and the trimmed yews and hollies of the garden. The long west wing of Seneschal Court, with the high tower above it, was close before us. Suddenly he stopped behind the shelter of a pruned and castellated hedge, and with the air of a lost traveller seeking for guidance, asked me,

"I say, what are you going to do?"

"Return to London this morning."

"Why?"

"For the same reason that I leave the table when dinner is over."

"You won't see her again?"

"See her? Yes. As I should see the remains of my meal were I to pass through the dining-room. But I shall not sit down again."



I do not think Teddy quite appreciated this metaphor.

"Don't you think she is—" he began, but had some difficulty in finding a word.

"Well served?" I suggested.

"No."

"Digestible, then? No, my friend, I do

* "Pull up sticks"—a football metaphor.—d'H.

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not think she is very digestible either for you or for me. We get pains inside and little nourishment."

"I liked her awfully," said poor Teddy.

"Who would not?" I replied. "If a girl is beautiful, charming, not too chary of her favors, and yet not inartistically lavish; if she knows how to let a smile spring gently from an artless dimple, how to aim a bright eye and shake a light curl; and if she is not too fully occupied with others to spare one an hour or two of these charms—who would not like her? Personally, I should adore her—while it lasted."

"Do you really think she isn't all she seems?" he asked, in a doleful voice.

"On the contrary, I think she is more—considerably more. My dear Lumme, I have studied this girl dispassionately, critically, as I would a work of art offered me for sale, and I pronounce my opinion in three words—she is false! I counsel you, my friend, to leave with me this morning."

"And I should advise you to take this *gentleman's* advice," exclaimed a voice behind us, in a tone that I cannot call friendly. We turned, possibly with more precipitation than dignity, to see Miss Amy herself within five paces of us. Evidently she had just appeared round the end of the castellated hedge, though how long she had been standing on the other side I cannot pretend to guess. Long enough, at any rate, to give her a very flushed face and an eye that sparkled more brightly than ever. Indeed, I never saw her to more advantage.

"How dare you," she cried, tears threatening in her voice, "how *dare* you talk of me so!"

"Mademoiselle—" I began, with conciliatory humility.

"Don't speak to me!" she interrupted, and turned her brown eyes to Lumme. Undoubted tears glistened in them now.

"So you have been listening to this—this person's slanders? And you are going away now because you have learned that I am false? I have been offered for sale like a work of art! He has studied me dispassionately!" Here she gave me a look whose wrathful significance I will leave you to imagine. "Go! Go with him! You may be sure that *I* sha'n't ask either of you to stay!"

Never had two men a better case against a woman, and never, I am sure, have two men taken less advantage of it.

"Miss Hudson, I say—" began poor Teddy, in the tone rather of the condemned murderer than the inexorable judge.

"Don't answer me!" she cried, and turned the eyes back to me. The tears still glistened, but anger shone through them. "As for you, you—you—brute!"

"Pardon me," I replied, in a reasonable tone, "the conversation you overheard was intended for another."

"Yes!" she exclaimed, "while you are trying to force your odious attentions on me, you are attacking me all the time behind my back!"

"Behind a hedge," I corrected, as pleasantly as possible.

But this did not appear to mollify her.

"You think every woman you meet is in love with you, I suppose?" she sneered. "Well, you may be interested to know that we all think you simply a ridiculous little Frenchman."

"Little!" I exclaimed, justly incensed at this unprovoked and untrue attack. "What do you then call my friend?" For Lumme was considerably smaller than I and might indeed have been termed short.

"He knows what I think of him," she answered; and with this ambiguous remark (accompanied by an equally ambiguous flash of her brown eyes at Teddy), she turned scornfully and hurried to the house.

For a moment we stood silent, looking somewhat foolishly at one another.

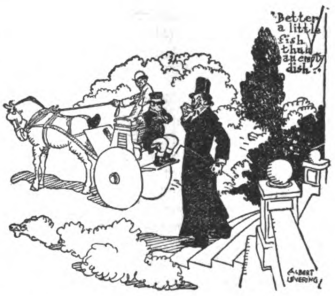
"You've done it now," said Teddy at length.

"I have," I replied, my equanimity returning.

"I suppose I'll have to clear out too. Hang it! You needn't have got me into a mess like this," said he, in an injured tone.

"Better a mess than a snare," I retorted. "Let us look up a good train, eat some breakfast, and shake the dust of this house from our feet."

He made no answer, and when we got to the house he tacitly agreed to accompany Shafthead and myself by the 11.25 train. My things were packed, Halfred and a footman were even piling them on the carriage,



and I was making my adieux, when I observed this dismissed suitor enter the hall with his customary cheerful air, and no sign of departure about him.

"Are you ready?" I asked him.

"They've asked me to stay till to-morrow," he replied, with a conscious look he could not conceal, "and—er—well, there's really no necessity for going to-day. Good-by. See you soon in town."

"Good-by," said Amy, sweetly, but with a look in her eyes that belied her voice. "I am so glad we have been able to persuade *one* of you to stay a little longer."

"Better a little fish than an empty dish," I said to myself, and revolving this useful maxim in my mind, I departed from Seneschal Court.

To be Continued.

Finance

EXCITEMENT has not been absent from the securities-market of late. There has been no "epoch-making" movement, to be sure, and Wall Street's chronology is reckoned by sensational market fluctuations; but there have been much feverishness, some unusual developments, and the accentuation of certain features which had not been overprominent, all of which have called forth an unusual volume of comment, differing in intensity of feeling according to individual temperament, or, more likely, to the magnitude of the market commitments of the commentator. The situation has not, indeed, become so clear as to make prophecy any easier or safer than before, though we are told, as a sort of encouragement, that the "financial atmosphere" has been "cleared," and that certain elements of danger and various "menaces" to the market have become much less threatening. This much may not be gainsaid: Security prices have undergone declines, and over-venturesome speculators have joined the vast numbers who have become poorer, if not wiser, at the game of Wall Street. The folly of attempting to manufacture a bull market when conditions did not favor it has become manifest to all, and there is no longer any question of whether there is or is not to be money enough to "go around." There is not.

Secretary Shaw's action, which was briefly commented on in this column a week ago, did not prove to be the financial panacea which over-sanguine pool-managers and frightened speculators so loudly announced it was, at the time of the Secretary's first statement for publication. The banking community saw in the proffered help from the Treasury a measure of relief to be made use of in case of dire need, rather than the means of enabling pools and stock-market cliques to tide over what threatened to be a very disagreeable period. At all events, the market subsided from the exhilaration it displayed when the good news was announced, and settled itself hopefully to await the settlement of the anthracite miners' strike on Friday. President Roosevelt, Wall Street and indeed the country at large appeared to think, would doubtless make an end of the deadlock in the coal regions. But the famous conference came to naught. Mr. Roosevelt's impressive appeal to the patriotism of the representatives of both the owners and the striking miners fell on deaf ears. It possibly added to the President's reputation as an earnest and high-minded man, but it certainly did not end the strike. Wall Street was disappointed by the failure of the conferees to agree, and was badly shocked, moreover, by alleged advices from Washington that the Comptroller of the Currency had decided to insist upon the fulfilment of the twenty-five-per-cent. reserve clause on all New York bank deposits, in spite of Secretary Shaw's ruling. How serious this was regarded by the speculators was shown by the break on Friday.

The bank statement, though not alarmingly "unfavorable," proved too much for the equanimity of the still hopeful bulls. The Clearing-House banks which hold government moneys on deposit decided not to avail themselves of Secretary Shaw's offer, and did not increase their surplus reserves, as the Street expected, by dispensing with the twenty-five-per-cent. reserve in the case of deposits of government funds. The latter deposits with various New York banks amount to about $40,000,000. When Mr. Shaw said he would not require the banks to keep twenty-five per cent. of this sum as a reserve, since it was amply protected by the bank's security in United States bonds, it looked as if we might expect the banks to show an increase in their reserves of $10,000,000. But the banks felt it was their duty to strengthen their position, not by means of the Secretary's offer, but through a further contraction of their loans. To effect this it was evident that there must be further liquidation of speculative accounts in the stock-market, and this is precisely what was witnessed. Now the public, or that portion of it which had stocks to sell, had already parted with their holdings. The latter, however, were not great enough to release much borrowed money. So, in the parlance of the Board Room, the banks "gunned" for some of the overloaded pools and larger individual operators. To all appearances the gunning was successful. The loans have been reduced, and the holdings of the pools and operators in question have been greatly diminished. The professional traders, ever prone to exaggeration, talked of fabulous losses. But it is, at all events, certain that the stock-market, technically, is in far stronger position than it was a fortnight ago. However disastrous the liquidation and resultant declines in prices may have been to individuals, they have benefited the community in eliminating certain possibilities of very great trouble.

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Books and Bookmen

ONE of the cleverest parodies in Mr. Owen Seaman's *Borrowed Plumes*, just published, is the burlesque on Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, *The Eternal City*. David Rossi becomes Deemster Dotti, whose motto is "Everything for everybody else!" "Daniel Leonidas," he tells Athena of the mulberry eyes, was his baptismal name. "Dotti is an *alias*." "Never mind, dear," cried Athena. "To me, whatever your real name, you will never be anything but dotty!" She smiled shyly at her own wit, we are told, and flung herself upon his answering chest. The Epilogue is finely hit off in this fashion:

It was a summer evening. Kaspari's work was done. Beside his cottage door, on the hills above Megara, the fine old shepherd was sitting in the sun. He had just returned from Athens, after a one-day excursion.

"Papoûs!" (grandpapa), cried little Petrokinos, "what is that you have in your pocket, so large and smooth and round?"

"My child," replied Kaspari, "'tis a present from Athens for a good boy. 'Tis a bit of the Bust of the great Dotti!" . . .

"Who was Dotti, grandpapa?"

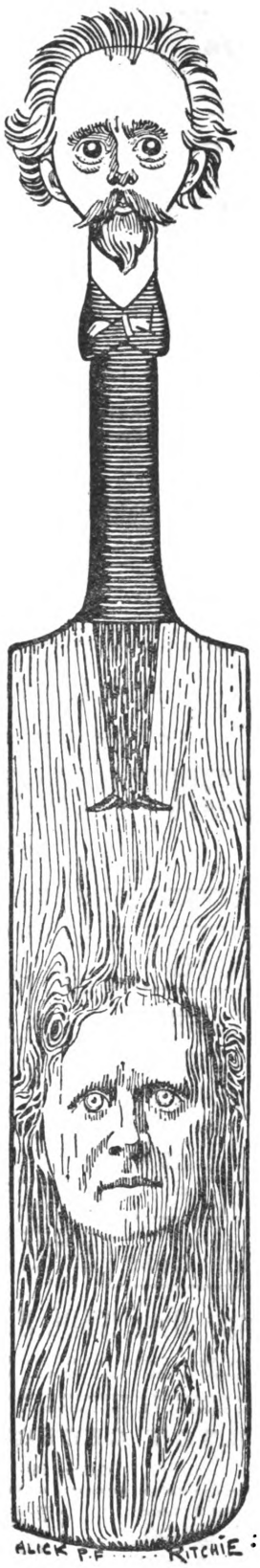
"Dotti, my boy? Why, that's ages ago, back in the early part of the twentieth century, before they did away with Kings and Boundaries, and such-like relics of barbarism."

"Is it a pretty story, grandpapa?" asked the boy, wistfully.

"That's a matter of taste, my child," replied the old man; "but I know it's a d—d long one."

The Eternal City, dragging out its dreary length through an inky waste of over six hundred pages, may be a dull story, but its theatric adaptation seems by all accounts to present a strong and interesting drama. The splendid spectacular presentation of the stage version by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his excellent company of players at His Majesty's Theatre in London is a veritable triumph for Mr. Hall Caine, after the derision and abuse hurled upon the metropolitan production of "The Christian." Many of the critics are still sceptical, and refuse to be won, but what cares Mr. Hall Caine, for has he not captured the greatest theatrical management in London? Has he not conquered the Great Public? Tidings also come from Washington that a similar success has crowned the efforts of the author and dramatist of *The Eternal City* in this country. Here Miss Viola Allen is the *Roma* of the novel; in London the character is impersonated by Miss Constance Collier, and in the English provinces by Miss Maud Jeffries, who played *Mariamne* to Mr. Tree's *Herod* in Stephen Phillips's poetic drama. One foresees a wild orgy of Weber-Fieldian burlesque in the near future. Mr. Hall Caine is due in New York on the arrival of the *Lucania* at the end of the week.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, in a recent number of the *North American Review*, notes the almost simultaneous production of three plays on the subject of Francesca da Rimini, by playwrights of three different nationalities, as illustrating in an interesting manner that impulse of the creative fancy which so often leads one imaginative writer to take up a theme already dealt with by another. To this we may add another curious coincidence of this simultaneous cerebration, also by playwrights of three different nationalities, on the subject of Mary of Magdala. It has been made public that Mr. Stephen Phillips is engaged on a poetic drama of the Magdalene, for Miss Julia Marlowe; also that Mrs. Fiske will open shortly with a translation of a play by Paul Heyse, the German novelist and dramatist, on the same theme. But before these announcements were made, Miss Florence Wilkinson, well known as the author of *The Strength of the Hills*, had conceived and written out the scenario of a play called "Mary Magdalene." We understand that Miss Wilkinson has since completed her drama, and as it is very effective in dramatic treatment and construction, it is likely to be produced by some aspiring actress desirous of rivalling Miss Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske. Both in the case of Francesca and the Magdalene, the dramatists have had free play of imagination in creating their own story, for with the exception of the climactic situation about which the dramatic action revolves, no definite outline or fable or historical data exist to account for the central facts of these dramas—one being the apotheosis of a great human passion, unrepented; the other, of a great divine love, consummated in repentance.



"This is the Tree that grew the Ca[i]ne"

Hall Caine, the author and dramatist of "The Eternal City," and Beerbohm Tree, who has produced the play in London

A reviewer, who finds his occupation held up to odium by the authors whose especial grievance is the brief notice, has this to say in his defence: "The brief notice, these authors say, is written by a man who reads half a dozen pages of the novel, three at the beginning and the three at the end, and thus disposes in a few minutes of the toil of many months. Sir, you may desire to publish my portrait when I tell you that I read every word. There is for me a weird fascination even in a poor novel. I read on with growing wonder that the writer had the moral energy to persevere to the last chapter. But the point is that the reviewer in most cases should be able to state his impression of a novel in twenty lines. People who say this cannot be done are not acquainted with the art. William Black used to affirm that the reviewer's opinion was not worth having, because he could not know the processes of the novelist's mind. But he does know the results, and for the purpose of judgment he can put them in a very small compass. Twenty lines, sir, are enough for the ordinary novel, though twenty thousand might fail to disclose the whole nervous commotion that produced it."

It is true, nevertheless, that the reviewer is often a hardened expert with an incurable bias, a warped mind, a once kindly disposition turned to malevolence by the reviewing of books, of which there is no end. We sometimes hear it questioned whether reviewing has any influence nowadays on the circulation of books. If it has not, then the root of the evil may lie in the prevalence of the professional reviewer, with his set mind, his cast-iron methods and stock phrases, though much of it may be attributed to the sophomoric drivel that finds its cheap way into print only to take the name of literature in vain. It has been suggested that a revolution might be wrought in this direction by intrusting the task of reviewing to fresh and untried enthusiasts to whom novel-reading is a constant renewal of the heart's best emotions. Failing this, there seem but two alternatives before us. Let the author himself review his own book. He can best be trusted to discuss the story with understanding of its motives and action, revealing all that is most likely to lure the reader, and concealing so much of the plot (though Heaven knows there is little plot to most of them) as is necessary to the element of suspense. Another way to meet this author's peril is to agitate for the development of the Californian "law of privacy" in literature. Let it be a penal offence to review a novel without a certificate from the author that the critic is a fit and proper person to classify the beauties of the work.

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(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

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Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
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"Forgive me, dear, forgive me," Peggy murmured

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LAST KICK

IT was no wonder that Trix Trevalla was holding up her head again. Her neck was freed from a triple load. Mervyn was gone, and gone, she had warrant for believing, if not in contentment, yet in some degree of charity. Beaufort Chance, that terror of hers, whose coarse rebukes made justice seem base cruelty, was gone too—and Trix was still unregenerate enough not to care a jot with what feelings. His fate seemed so exquisitely appropriate to him as to exclude penitence in her. Lastly, Fricker was gone, and with him the damning sense of folly, of being a silly dupe, which had weighed more sorely than anything else on a spirit full of pride. Never a doubt had she about Fricker's letter. He had indeed been honorable in his dealing with Peggy Ryle; he had left Trix to think that in surrendering the shares to him she fell in with a business proposal which he was interested in making, and that she gave at least as good as she received. It needed very little more to make her believe that she was conferring a favor on him, and thereby cancelling the last item of the score that he once had against her. Surely, then, Peggy was both wise and merciful in arguing that she should not know the truth, but should still think that she was in debt to no man for her emancipation.

Let not Peggy's mercy be disputed, nor her wisdom either; for these points are immaterial. The fault that young lady did commit lay in a little oversight. It is well to decide that a secret shall be kept; but it is prudent, as a preliminary thereto, to consider how many people already know it or are in a position where they may find it out. Since though the best thing of all may be that it should never be told, the second-best is often to tell it one's self—and the worst of all to leave the telling in the hands of an enemy. It is just possible that Peggy had grown a little too confident with all her successful generalship. At any rate this oversight of hers made not a little trouble.

"DEAR MR. TRENT.—Come to me immediately, please. I have heard a most extraordinary story. I can hardly believe it, but I must see you at once. I shall be at home from six to seven, and later.

Yours truly,

TRIX TREVALLA."

"Now what's the meaning of that?" asked Tommy, smoothing his hat and setting out again without so much as sitting down for a pipe after he got back from the City. "Has Peggy been up to mischief again?" He frowned; he had not forgiven Peggy. It is not safe to discourage a standard which puts the keeping of promises very high and counts any argument which tends the other way in a particular case as dangerous casuistry. Tommy's temperament was dead against casuistry; perhaps, to be candid, his especial gifts of intellect constituted no temptation to the art.

Trix received him with chilling haughtiness. Evidently something was wrong. And the wrong thing was to be visited on the first chance-comer—just like a woman, thought Tommy, hasty in his inference and doubtless unjust in his psychology. In a few moments he found that he was considered by no means a chance-comer in this affair; nor had he been sent for merely as an adviser. Before Trix really opened the case at all, he had discovered that in some inexplicable way he was a culprit; the tones in which she bade him sit down were enough to show any intelligent man as much.

Trix might be high and mighty, but the assumption of this manner hid a very sore heart. If what she was now told were true, the last and greatest burden had not been taken away, and still she was shamed. But this inner mind could not be guessed from her demeanor.

"We've been good friends, Mr. Trent," she began, "and I have to thank you for much kindness—"

"Not at all. That's all right, really, Mrs. Trevalla."

"But I'm forced to ask you," she continued, with overriding imperturbability, "by what right you concern yourself in my affairs."

Tommy had a temper, and rather a quick one. He had been a good deal vexed lately too. In his heart he thought that rather too much fuss had been occasioned by and about Mrs. Trevalla;

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this was, perhaps, one of the limitations of sympathy to which lovers are somewhat subject.

"I don't," he answered, rather curtly.

"Oh, I suppose you're in the plot to deceive me!" she flashed out.

If he were, it was very indirectly, and purely as a business man. He had been asked whether the law could reach Fricker, and had been obliged to answer that it could not. He had been told subsequently to raise money on certain securities. That was his whole connection with the matter.

"But don't you think you were taking a liberty—an enormous liberty? You'll say it was kindness. Well, I don't dispute your motive, but it was presumption too." Trix's disappointment was lashing her into a revenging fury. "What right had you to turn me into a beggar, to make me take your money, to think I'd live on your charity?" She flung the question at him with a splendid scorn.

Tommy wrinkled his brow in hopeless perplexity.

"On my honor, I don't know what you're talking about," he declared. "My charity? I've never offered you charity, Mrs. Trevalla."

"You brazen it out!" she cried.

"I don't know about brazening," said Tommy, with a wry smile. "I say it's all nonsense, if that's what you mean. Somebody's been"—he pulled himself up on the edge of an expression not befitting the seriousness of the occasion—"somebody's been telling you a cock-and-bull story."

"What other explanation is there?"

"I might possibly discover one if you'd begin at the beginning," suggested Tommy, with hostile blandness.

"I will begin at the beginning, as you call it," said Trix, with a contempt for his terminology that seemed hardly warranted. She took a letter from her pocket. "This is from Mr. Beaufort Chance."

"That fellow!" ejaculated Tommy.

"Yes, that fellow, Mr. Trent. Mr. Fricker's friend, his partner. Listen to this." She sought a passage a little way down the first page. "'Not so clever as you think!'" she read. "'Glowing Stars were as pure a fraud as ever you thought them. But any story's good enough for you, and you believed Fricker took them back. So he did—for a matter of three thousand pounds. And he could have had four if he liked. That's what your cleverness is worth.'" Trix's voice faltered. She got it under control and went on with flushed cheeks, the letter shaking in her hand. "'Who paid the money? Ask Peggy Ryle. Has Peggy Ryle got thousands to throw about? Which of your charming new friends has? Ask Miss Peggy who'd give four thousand for her smiles! If she doesn't know, I should think you might inquire of Tommy Trent.'" Trix stopped. "There's some more about—about me, but it doesn't matter," she ended.

Tommy Trent pulled his mustache. Here was a very awkward situation. Beaufort Chance's last kick was a nasty one. Why couldn't Fricker have held his tongue, instead of indulging his partner with such entertaining confidences?

"Well, what have you to say to that?" His puzzled face and obvious confusion seemed to give her the answer. With something like a sob she cried, "Ah, you daren't deny it!"

It was difficult for Tommy. It seemed simple indeed to deny that he had given Peggy any money; he might strain his conscience and declare that he knew nothing of any money being given. What would happen? Of a certainty Peggy Ryle could not dispose of thousands. He foresaw how Trix would track out the truth by her persistent and indignant questions. The truth would implicate his friend Airey Newton, and he himself would stand guilty of just such a crime as that for which he held Peggy so much to blame. His thoughts of Beaufort Chance were deep and dark.

"I can't explain it," he stammered at length. "All I know is—"

"I want the truth! Can I never have the truth?" cried Trix. "Even a letter like that I'm glad of, if it tells me the truth. And I thought—" The bitterness of being deluded was heavy on her again. She attacked Tommy fiercely. "On your honor do you know nothing about it? On your honor did Peggy pay Mr. Fricker money? On your honor did you give it her?"

The single word "Woman!" would have summed up Tommy's most intimate feelings. It was, however, too brief for diplomacy, or for a man who wished to keep possession of the floor and exclude further attacks from an opponent in an overpowering superiority.

"What I've always noticed," he began, in a deliberate tone, "about women is that if they write you the sort of note that looks as if you were the only friend they had on earth, or the only fellow whose advice would save 'em from ruin, and you come on that understanding—well, as soon as they get you there, they proceed to drop on you like a thousand of bricks."

The simile was superficially inappropriate to Trix's trim, tense figure; it had a deeper truth, though.

"If you'd answer my questions—" she began, in an ominous and deceptive calm.

"Which of them?" cried Tommy, in mad exasperation.

"Take them in any order you please," she conceded, graciously.

Tommy's back was against the wall; he fought desperately for his own honor, desperately for his friends' secrets. One of the friends had betrayed his. She was a girl. *Cadit quæstio.*

"If I had supposed that this was going to be a business interview—"

"And about your business, it seems, though I thought it was mine! Am I living on your charity?"

"No!" he thundered out, greeting the simple question and the possible denial. "I've never paid a shilling for you." His tone implied that he was content, moreover, to leave that state of affairs as it was.

"Then on whose?" asked Trix. Her voice became pathetic; her attitude was imploring now. She blamed herself for this, thinking it lost her all command. How profoundly wrong she was in this matter Tommy's increased distress witnessed very plainly.

"I say, now, let's discuss it calmly. Now just suppose—just take the hypothesis—"

Trix turned from him with a quick jerk of her head. The baize door outside had swung to and fro. Tommy heard it too; his eye brightened; there was no intruder whom he would not have welcomed, from the tax-collector to the bull of Bashan; he would have preferred the latter as being presumably the more violent.

"There! somebody's coming. I told you it was not place to discuss things of this kind, Mrs. Trevalla."

"Of all cowardly creatures, men are—" began Trix.

A low, gently crooned song reached them from the passage. The words were not very distinct—Peggy sang to please herself, not to inform the world—but the air was soothing and the tones tender. Yet neither of them seemed moved to artistic enjoyment.

"Peggy, by Jove!" whispered Tommy, in a fearful voice.

"Now we can have the truth," said Trix. She spoke almost like a virago; but when she sat at the table, her chin between her hands, she turned on Tommy such a pitiful, harassed face that he could have cried with her.

In came Peggy; she had been to one or two places since Danes Inn, but the glory and gayety of her visit there hung about her still. She entered gallantly. Then she saw Tommy—and Tommy only, at first.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Are you waiting for me?"

Her joy fled; that was strange, since it was Tommy. But there she sat, and sat frowning. It was the day of reckoning!

"I've—I've been meaning to come and see you," Peggy went on, hastily, "and—and explain."

"I must ask you to explain to me first, Peggy."

This from a most forbidding, majestic Trix, hitherto unperceived. She had summoned her forces again; the pleading pitifulness was gone from her face. Tommy reproached himself for a sneak and a coward, but for the life of him he could not help thinking, "Now they can fight it out together!"

At first Peggy was relieved; a *tête-à-tête* was avoided. She did not dream that her secret was found out. Who would have thought of Fricker's taste for a good story or of that last kick of malice in Beaufort Chance?

"Oh, there you are too, Trix! So glad to find you. I've only run in for just a minute to change my frock before I go out to dinner with the—"

"It's only a quarter to seven. I want to ask you a question first."

Trix's chilliness was again most pronounced and unmistakable. Peggy glanced at Tommy; a sullen and wilfully uninforming shrug of the shoulders was all that she got. Peggy had enjoyed the day very much; she was young enough to expect the evening to be like it; she protested vigorously against this sort of atmosphere.

"What's the matter with you both?" she cried.

Trix came straight to the point this time. She would have doubted Beaufort if he had brought gifts in his hand; she did not doubt him when he came with a knife.

"Whose money did you give Mr. Fricker to buy me off?" she asked. She held out her letter to Peggy.

Without a word, beyond a word, Peggy took it and read. Yes, there it was. No honor among thieves! None between her and Fricker. Stay! he had said he would not tell Trix; he had never said or written that he would not tell his partner, Beaufort Chance. The letter of the bond! And he had professed to disapprove of Shylock! All that she had ever said about his honorable dealing, all that handsome testimonial of hers, Peggy took back on the spot. Thus did the whole of the beautiful scheme go awry!

"Trix, dearest—" she began.

"My question, please," said Trix Trevalla. But she had not the control to stop there. "All of you, all of you!" she broke out, passionately. "Even you, Peggy! Have I no friend left—nobody who'll treat me openly, not play with me as if I were a child, and a silly child? What can I believe? Oh, it's too hard for me!" Again her face sank between her hands; again was the awakening very bitter to her.

They sat silent. Both were loyal; both felt as though they were found out in iniquity.

"You did it?" asked Trix, in a dull voice, looking across at Peggy.

There was no way out of that. But where was the exultation of the achievement, where the glory?

"Forgive me, dear, forgive me," Peggy murmured, almost with a sob.

"Your own money?"

"Mine!" echoed Peggy, between a sob and a laugh now.

"Whose?" Trix asked. There was no answer. She turned on Tommy. "Whose?" she demanded again.

They would not answer. It was *peine forte et dure;* they were crushed, but they made no answer. Trix rose from her chair. Her manner was tragic, and no pretence went to give that impression.

"I—I'm not equal to it," she declared. "It drives me mad. But I have one friend still. I'll go to him. He'll find out the

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truth for me and tell it me. He'll make you take back your money and give me back my shares."

Irresistibly the man of business found voice in Tommy Trent. And appeal to instinct beats everything.

"Do you really suppose," he asked, "that old Fricker will disgorge three thousand pounds?"

"That's it!" cried Trix. "Look what that makes of me! And I thought—"

"It's past praying for now, anyhow," said Tommy, in a sort of gloomy satisfaction. There is, as often observed, a comfort in knowing the worst.

"I'll go to him," said Trix. "I can trust him. He wouldn't betray me behind my back. He'll tell me the truth as—as I told it to him. Yes, I'll go to Mr. Newton."

It was odd, but neither of them had anticipated the name. It struck on them with all the unexpectedness of farce. On a moment's reflection it had the proper inevitability of tragedy. Tommy was blankly aghast; he could make nothing of it. In all its mingled effect, the poignancy of its emotion, the ludicrousness of its coincidences, the situation was more than Peggy Ryle could bear. She fell to laughing feebly, laughing though miserable at heart.

"Yes, I'll go to Airey Newton. He won't laugh at me, and he'll let me have the truth." She turned on them again. "I've treated some people badly; I've never treated

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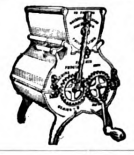
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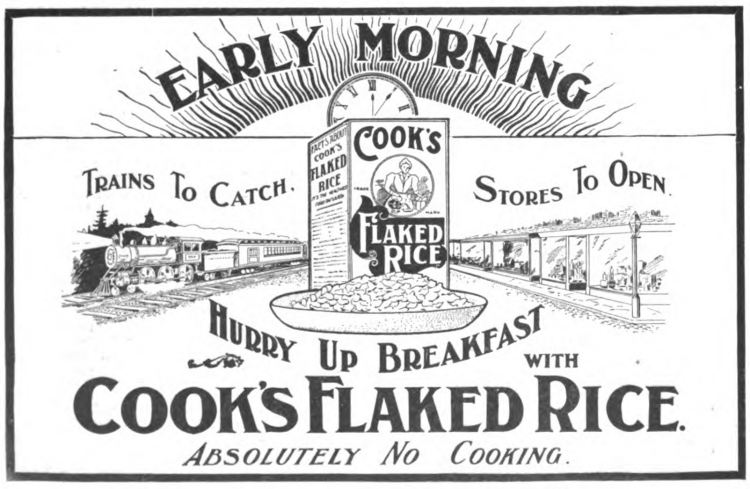
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you badly," she exclaimed. "Why should you play tricks on me? Why should you laugh? And I was ready to turn from all the world to you! But now—yes, I'll go to Airey Newton."

Fortune had not done yet; she had another effect in store. Yet she used no far-fetched materials—only a man's desire to see the woman whom he had come to love. There was nothing extraordinary about this. The wonder would have been had he taken an hour longer in coming.

Peggy heard the step on the stairs; the others heard it a second later. Again Tommy brightened up in the hope of a respite—ah, let it be a stranger, some one outside all secrets, whose presence would drive them underground! Trix's denunciations were stayed. Did she know the step? Peggy knew it. "You'll go to her soon?" "This very night, my dear." The snatch of talk came back to her in blazing vividness.

The baize door swung to and fro. "All right, Mrs. Welling; I'll knock," came in well-known tones.

"Why, it is Mr. Newton!" cried Trix, turning a glance of satisfied anger on her pair of miserable culprits.

Tommy was paralyzed. Peggy rose and retreated into a corner of the room. A chair was in her way; she caught hold of it and held it in front of her, seeming to make it a barricade. She was very upset still, but traitorous laughter played about the corners of her mouth—it reconnoitred, seeking to make its position good. Aggressive satisfaction breathed from Trix Trevalla as she waited for the opening of the door.

Airey put his head inside.

"Mrs. Welling told me I should find you," he began; for Trix's was the first figure that he saw.

"You find us all, old fellow," interrupted Tommy Trent, with malicious and bitter jocularity.

At this information Airey's face did not glow with pleasure. Friends are friends, but sometimes their appropriate place is elsewhere. He carried it off well, though, exclaiming:

"What, you? And Peggy, too?"

Trix had no idea of allowing wandering or diversions.

"I was just coming round to Danes Inn, Mr. Newton," she said, in a voice resolute but trembling.

"To Danes Inn?" The listeners detected a thrill of pleasure in his voice.

"Yes, to see you. I want your help. I want you to tell me something. Peggy here"—she pointed a scornful finger at Peggy intrenched in the corner behind her chair, and looking as though she thought that personal violence was not out of the possible range of events—"Peggy here has been kind—what she calls kind, I suppose—to me. She's been to Mr. Fricker and paid him a lot of money to get me out of Glowing Stars—to persuade him to let me out of them. You told me there was some hope of them. You were wrong. There was none. But Peggy went and bought me out. Mr. Chance has written and told me so."

Airey had never got farther than the threshold. He stood there listening.

Trix went on in a level, hard voice. "He thinks Mr. Trent found the money. It was three thousand pounds—it might have been four. I don't know why Mr. Fricker only took three when he might have had four."

For an instant Airey glanced at Peggy's face.

"But whether it was three or four, it couldn't have been Peggy's own money. I've asked Peggy whose it was. I've asked Mr. Trent whether it was his. I can't get any answer out of either of them. They both seem to think there's no need to answer me. They both seem to think that I've been such a—such a— Oh, what shall I do?" She dropped suddenly into a chair and hid her face in her hands.

At last Airey Newton advanced slowly towards her.

"Come, come, Mrs. Trevalla," he began.

Trix raised her face to his. "So, as I had no other friend—no other friend I could trust—and they wouldn't help me, I was coming to you. You won't forsake me? You'll tell me the truth?" Her voice rose strong again for a minute. "This is terribly hard to bear," she said, "because I'd come to think it was all right, and that I

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hadn't been a wretched dupe. And now I have! And my own dear friends have done it, too! First my enemies, then my friends!"

Tommy Trent cleared his throat and looked shamefully indifferent; but for no apparent reason he stood up. Peggy sallied suddenly from her intrenchments, ran to Trix, and fell on her knees beside her.

"Trix, dear Trix!" she murmured.

"Yes, I dare say you loved me, but it's too hard, Peggy." Trix's voice, too, was hard and unforgiving still.

Was the position desperate? So far as Fortune's caprice went, so it seemed. Among the three the secret was gone beyond recall. Not falsehood the most thorough nor pretence the most artistic would save it. The fine scheme of keeping Trix in the dark now and telling her at some future moment—some future moment of idyllic peace—was hopelessly gone. Now in the stress of the thing, in the face of the turmoil of her spirit, she must be told. It was from this that Tommy Trent had shrunk—from this no less than from the injury to his plighted word. At the idea of this Peggy had cowered even more than from any superstitious awe of the same obligation binding her.

But Airey Newton did not appear frightened nor at a loss. His air was gentle but quite decided, his manner quiet but confident. A calm happiness seemed to be about him. There was subtle amusement in his glance at his two friends; the same thing was not absent from his eyes when they turned to Trix, although it was dominated by something tenderer. Above all, he seemed to know what to do.

Tommy watched him with surprised admiration. The gladdest of smiles broke out suddenly on Peggy's face. She darted from Trix to him and stood by him, saying just "Airey!"

He took her hand for a moment and patted it. "It's all right," said he.

Trix's drooping head was raised again; her eyes, too, were on him now.

"All right?" she echoed, in wondering tones.

"Yes, we can put all this straight directly. But—"

There was the first hint of embarrassment in his manner.

"But what?" asked Trix.

He had no chance to answer her. "Yes, yes!" burst from Peggy, in triumphant understanding. She ran across to Tommy and caught him by the arm. "There's only my room, but that must do for once," she cried.

"What? What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Peggy's right," said Airey, smiling. There was no doubt that he felt equal to the situation. He seemed a new man to Peggy, and her heart grew warm; even Tommy looked at him with altered eyes.

"The fact is, Tommy," said Airey, easily, "I think I can explain this better to Mrs. Trevalla if you leave us alone."

Trix's head was raised; her eyes leaped to meet his. She did not understand—her idea of him was deep-rooted. It was trust that her eyes spoke, not understanding.

"Leave us alone," said Airey Newton.

Peggy beckoned to Tommy, and herself made towards the door. As she passed Airey, he smiled at her. "All right!" he whispered again.

Then Peggy knew. She ran into the passage and thence to her room. Tommy followed, amazed and rather rueful.

"We must wait here. You may smoke," said she, kindly; but she added, eagerly, "And so will I."

"But, I say, Peggy—"

"Wasn't it just splendid that he should come then?"

"Capital for us. But he did it, you know!" Tommy's tone was awestruck.

"Why, of course he did it, Tommy."

"Then, in my opinion, he's in for a precious nasty quarter of an hour."

Peggy plumped down on the bed, and her laugh rang out in mellow gentleness again.

"Doesn't it strike you that she might forgive him what she wouldn't forgive us?" she asked.

"By Jove! Because she's in love with him?"

"Oh, I suppose that's not a reason for forgiveness with everybody," murmured Peggy, smoking hard.

To be Continued.

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization."
—*Macaulay.*

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Details of rates and trains given by any New York Central ticket agent.

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By depositing ticket with Joint Agent at New Orleans on or before November 18 and payment of 50 cents, the return limit will be extended to November 30.

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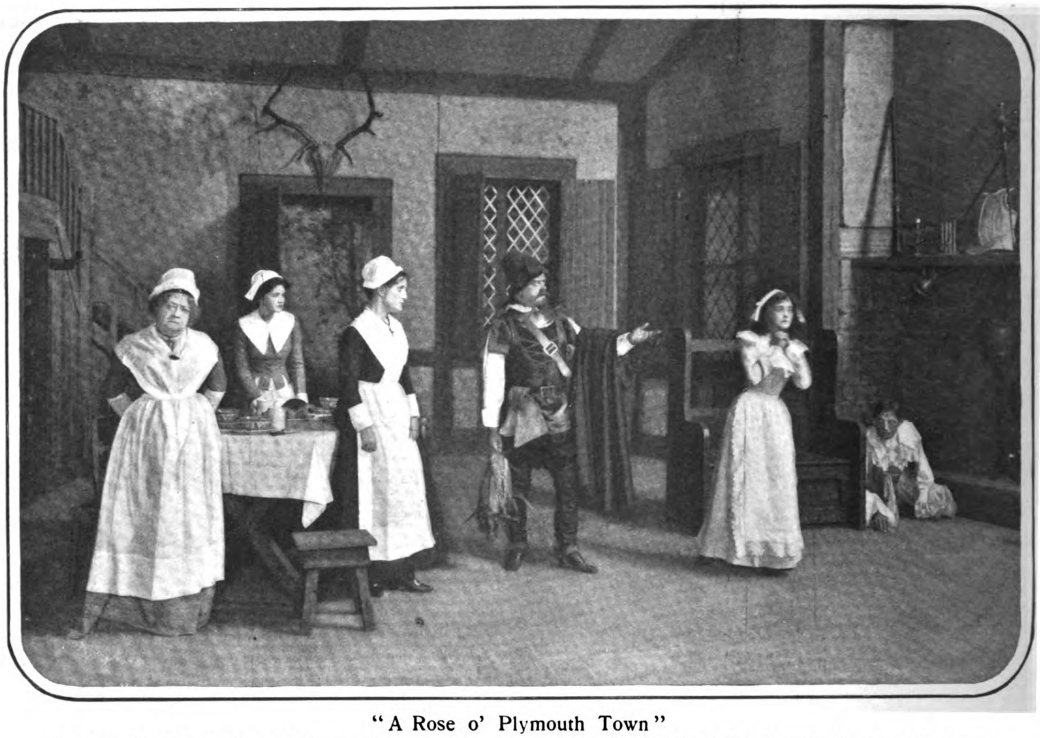
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"A Rose o' Plymouth Town"

Scene from Act I—"Miles Standish' (Augustus Cook) accuses his ward, "Rose de la Noye" (Miss Dupree), of stealing his corn, while the real culprit, "Garrett Foster" (Guy Bates Post), shielded by "Rose," hides behind the settle



"The Crisis"

Mr. Winston Churchill's dramatization of his own novel, which is now being played by James K. Hackett and Charlotte Walker

TWO PROMISING PLAYS OF THE SEASON

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The New Annapolis

See page 1498

THE Republic has been slow to recognize the importance of the institutions where are created the generals of its army and the commanders of its war-ships, but at last it has been roused to the necessity of providing the young men who are to serve on sea as well as on land with facilities in keeping with the profession which they have adopted. As a result of the plans which have been prepared, upon the shores of the Hudson and on the Severn will be erected groups of buildings which will be monuments to American progress in the science of war. They will form military and naval colleges in every sense of the word, and will have no equal in any other country.

Already the transformation at Annapolis has progressed to such an extent that the visitor can get a fair idea of the exposition which it will represent when the last stone has been placed in position and the last structure turned over to the government. A glance at the admirable scheme which has been conceived by the architect brings to mind Chicago's "White City," as well as other great displays of the same kind. It can well be called an exposition, but the edifices of stone and steel are to be built to stand for centuries, typifying the progress and position of the United States in naval education. Already the new Academy has become a centre of interest to the representatives of foreign governments, who realize what the lavish expenditure here and at West Point means in the increased importance of the United States as one of the world powers.

Only after a long struggle with Congress did the friends of the navy finally obtain recognition of the needs of the institution, the first appropriation of $500,000 being secured in 1897. With this a beginning was made, and, thanks to the efforts of various Congressmen, as well as to the several Secretaries of the Navy, year by year appropriations have been granted, until it is safe to say that all of the improvements suggested will be carried out, although they will represent an outlay of fully $6,000,000. Of first importance is the home of the cadets, or the "quarters," as it is technically termed. This building, stately in dimensions and truly magnificent in design, has a frontage of 635 feet upon Annapolis Harbor, with a width in the centre of not less than 400 feet. Its wings will contain the sleeping-apartments of the students. Other parts form the mess-hall, kitchen, etc. From each end extend colonnades which are of such size that they form important buildings in themselves, although merely intended for enclosed passages from the main building to the armory and boat-house. These structures, uniform in dimensions and outline, form a suitable setting for the main building, and are considered as portions of it. The armory will contain ample space for a drill-hall where a body of 500 men can practise evolutions in-doors when the weather permits. The boat-house, as its name implies, takes the place of the present antiquated structure, and with its rear end facing the proposed basin allows access to the water. As the armory and boat-house are in such continual use, it was decided best to connect them in the manner illustrated, and the group, which may be termed the front section of the Academy, forms a most notable architectural picture, facing as it does the Chesapeake, with the broad parade-grounds extending from its terraced surroundings to the water-front.

Next in importance to the cadet quarters, and located immediately back of it, will be what is termed the Academic building, where sessions of the classes will be held. This is planned to give ample facilities for all instruction, except the departments where

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Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten days, will be sold at $10.00 from Philadelphia and all points on the Delaware Division; $11.25 from Atlantic City; $9.60 from Lancaster; and at proportionate rates from other points, including Trenton, Bordentown, Mt. Holly, Cape May, Salem, Wilmington, West Chester, Reading, and principal intermediate stations. A stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo within the limit of ticket returning.

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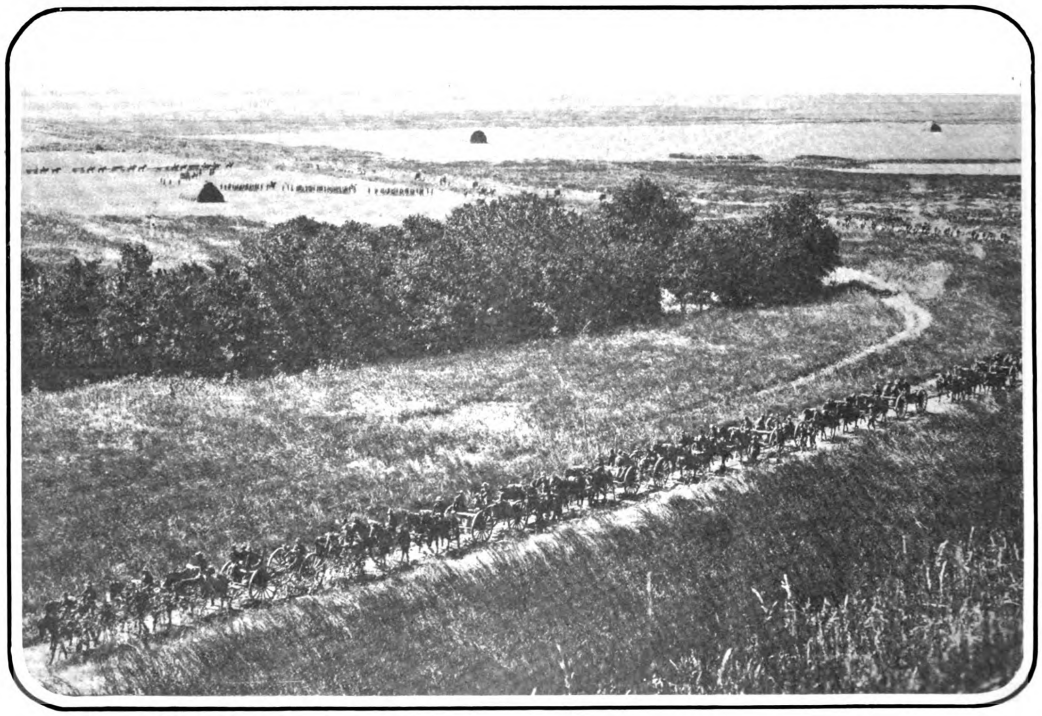
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THE FORT RILEY MANOEUVRES

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must be taught with the aid of apparatus. In the rear of the boat-house and separated from it by the proposed ship-basin will stand the power-house, furnishing heat and light as well as power for the entire group of buildings. The laboratory for instruction in physics and chemistry will also be a separate building, as well as the department of marine-engineering, which necessarily requires quite an elaborate mechanical equipment. It will be provided with all the facilities for educating the naval-constructor and the engineer, containing machine-shop, laboratory, wood-working-shop, library, and mould-loft, in addition to recitation-rooms.

All of these structures, as will be noted by the illustration, harmonize in location and design with the general plan of the architect, Mr. Ernest Flagg. One of the principal improvements will be the magnificent auditorium, which will take the place of the simple naval chapel. It will be a domed structure, and when completed will cost not less than $400,000. The basin will be deep enough to allow the training-fleet to be moored at the docks, and will accommodate all of the craft used by the cadets. It will be nearly enclosed, a circular quay of masonry projecting from each side into the river, the ends terminating in ornamental towers, which will be provided with beacon-lights. The approach to the basin will be terraced with rows of broad steps reaching to the top of the bank, forming an amphitheatre, and as the basin itself will be semicircular in form, the effect will be not only picturesque, but will remind one of some of the classic scenes of Greece and Italy. The open space from the bank of the river to the nearest building will be a campus 412 feet long and 250 in width. This, however, will not be used as a drill-ground, the evolutions of the cadet corps out-of-doors being carried out on the area which will be provided directly in front of the quarters.

Thus far but two contracts have been let, the Noel Contracting Company of Baltimore beginning work on the cadet quarters in January last. They will cost nearly as much as the other structures combined—$2,448,000—and will not be completed until June, 1905. The Noel Company, which is also erecting the marine-engineering building, to cost $330,000, will complete it in June, 1903. The next contracts to be given out in the main group will be for the power-house and the chapel. The Academic hall will be the last undertaking.

The work which has thus far been done at Annapolis is especially impressive when contrasted with the buildings which have served the government for an Academy. But few improvements have been made within the last twenty years, except the addition of apparatus of various kinds. Officers' quarters which were built soon after the Academy was opened by Secretary Bancroft in 1845 are still standing, although all will be eventually torn down, as the model village at the west end of the government reservation includes residences for the faculty, which are in keeping with the other buildings under construction. Historic Buchanan as well as Stribling and Goldsboro rows are being demolished to form sites for the new buildings, as well as many other landmarks now being obliterated by the pick and shovel.

There is no antagonism between romance and realism. All fiction, like all poetry, is the response to the great human outcry for romance.—*Academy.*

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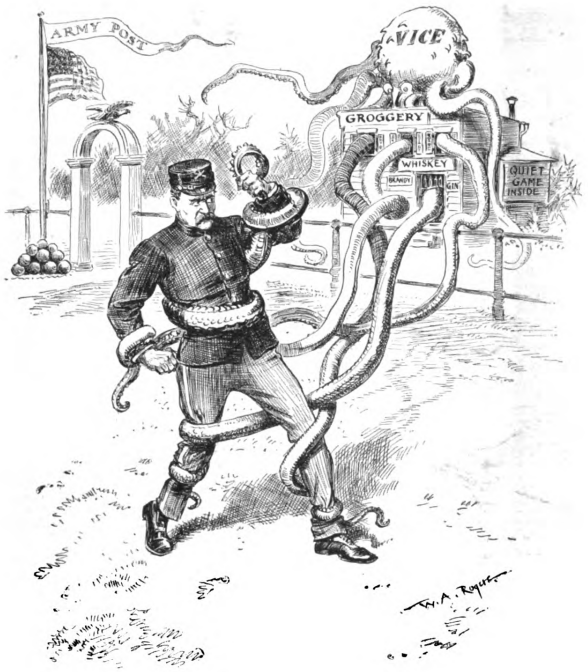
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, October 25, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2392

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

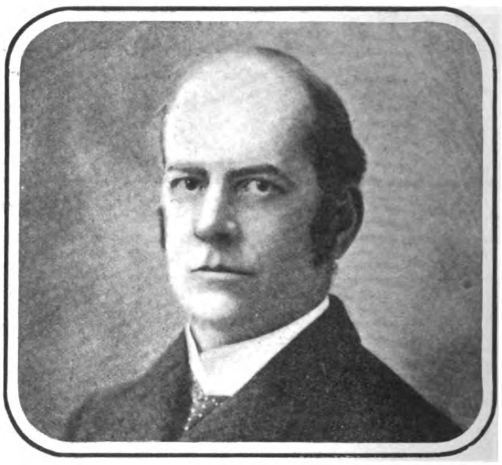
XIII.—EDMUND JANES JAMES, *AET. 47*

See page 1545—Editorial Section

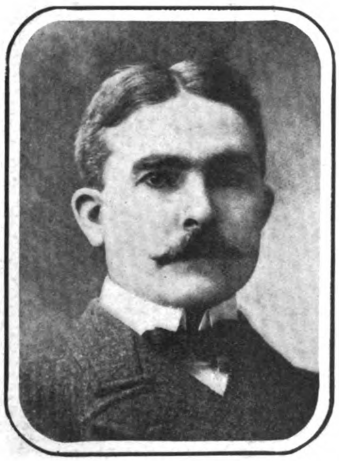
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John M. Wilson
Brigadier-General United States Army, Retired



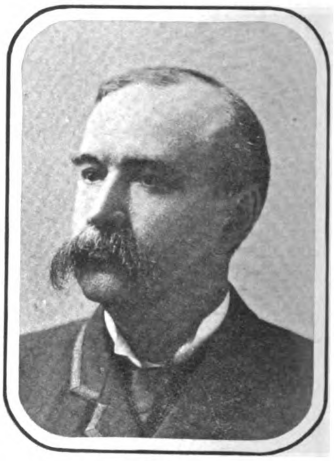
E. W. Parker
Chief Statistician Coal Division United States Geological Survey



Thomas H. Watkins
Independent operator who sold out to Coal Trust



John L. Spalding
Roman Catholic Bishop of Peoria, Illinois



George Gray
Judge United States Circuit Court



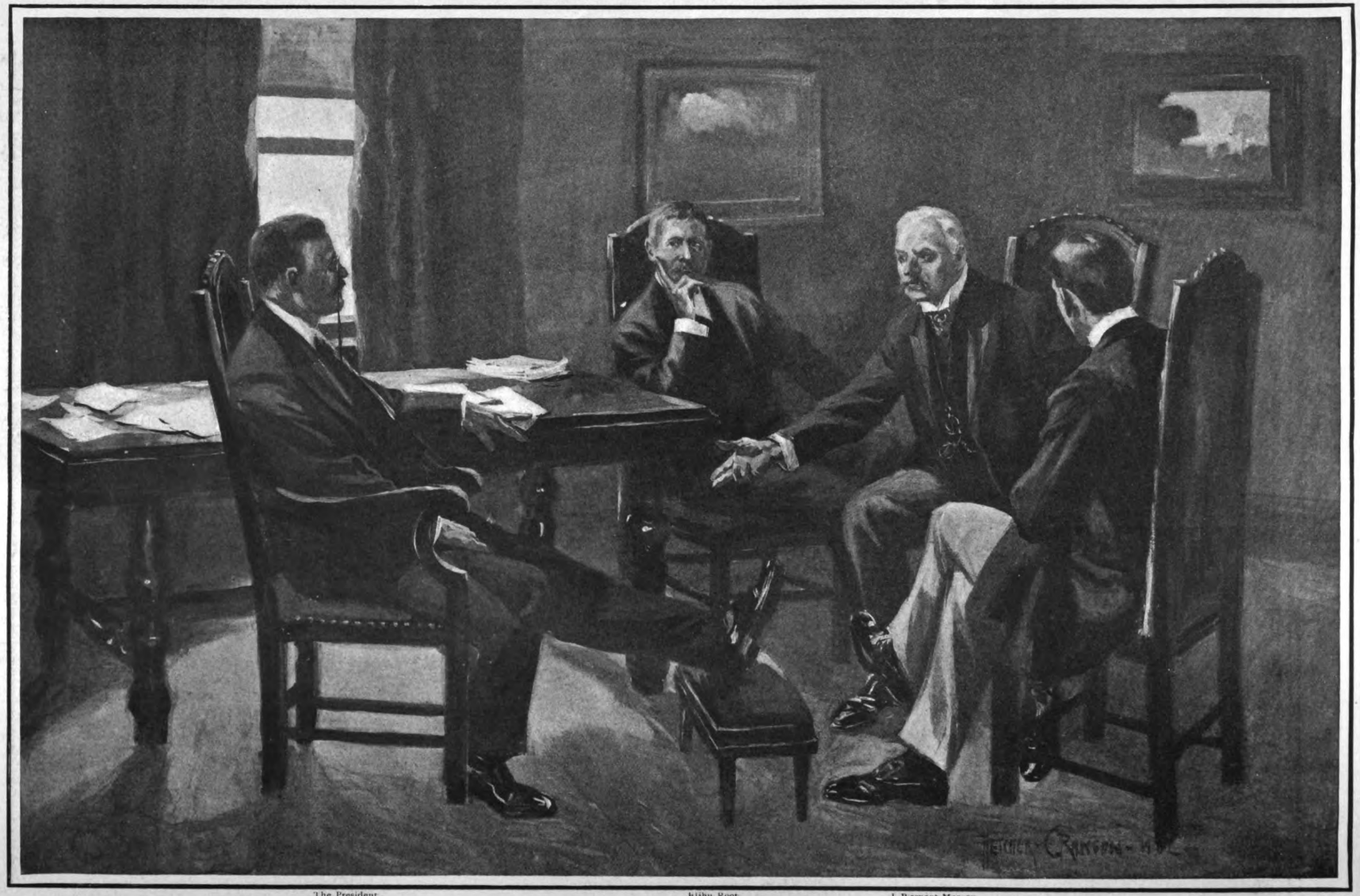
Carroll D. Wright
United States Commissioner of Labor



E. E. Clark
Grand Chief of the Order of Railway Conductors

THE PRESIDENT'S COAL-STRIKE ARBITRATORS

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The President Elihu Root J. Pierpont Morgan

THE BREAK IN THE COAL STRIKE.—A HISTORIC MOMENT

The conference held in the temporary White House at Washington on the night of Monday, October 13, marks an epoch in the history of the relations of labor and capital. The President of the United States, the leader of the nation, and J. Pierpont Morgan, the leader of finance the world over, conferred for one short evening, and began the settlement of the most serious deadlock that has occurred in the history of this country during times of peace

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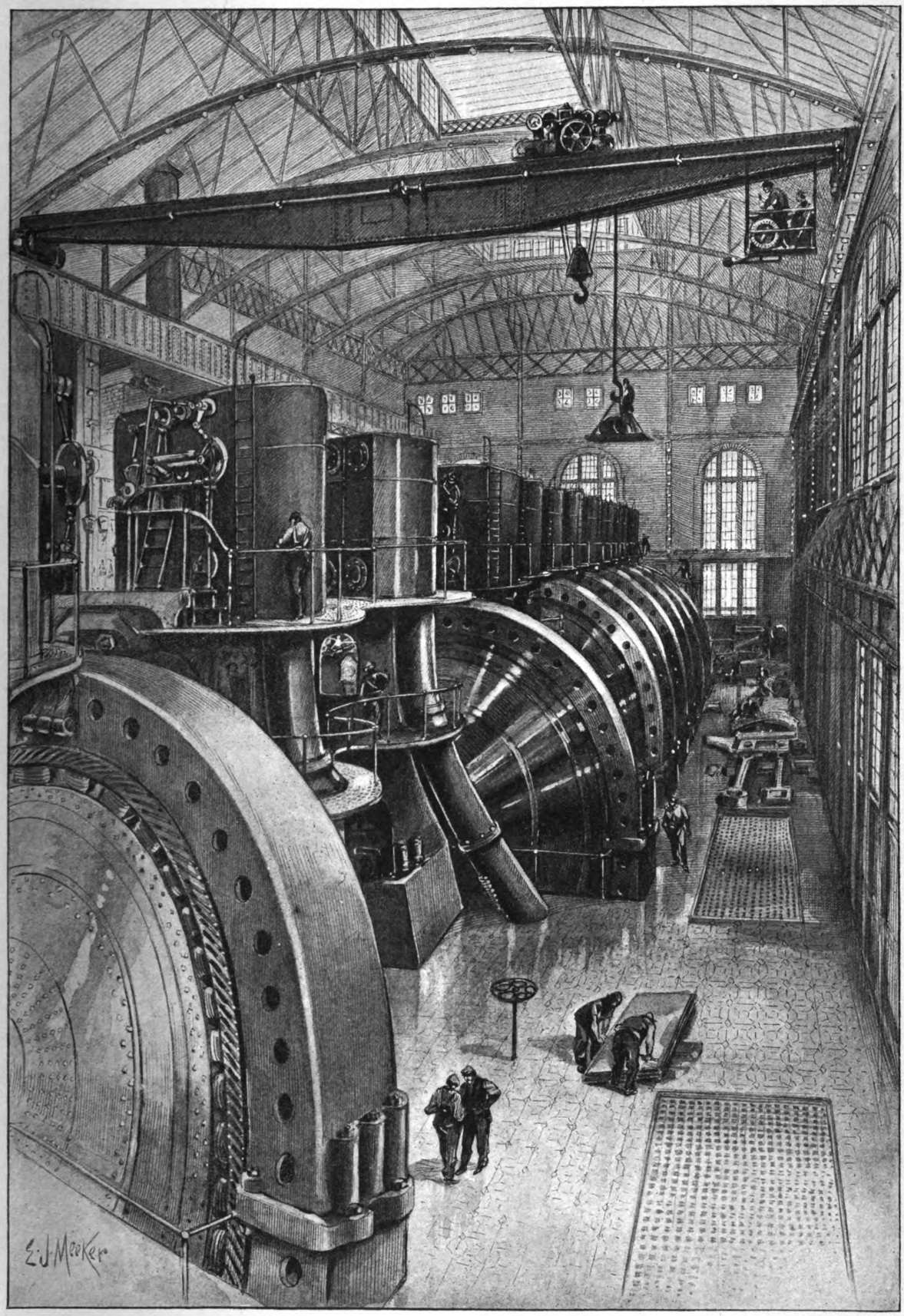


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LADY CURZON

The latest portrait of the Vicerine of India, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, and whose husband, it is reported, may be the next Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland

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Princeton's New President and the Men of '79

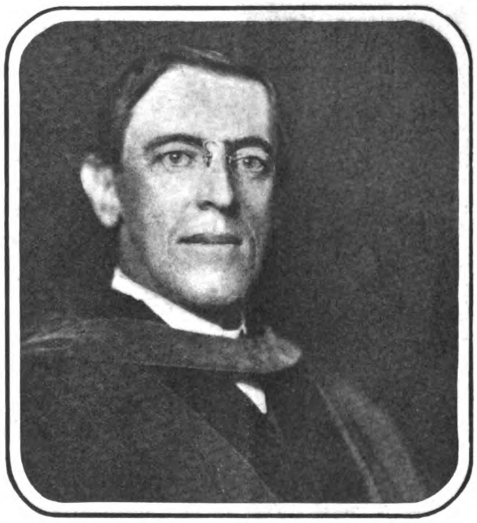


Cyrus McCormick
President of the International Reaper Company



Robert Bridges
Poet and author

IN the inauguration of Professor Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton University, the members of his own class ('79) are naturally among the most interested and enthusiastic participants. It cannot be invidious at this time to make particular mention of these companions of his perils of the academic curriculum. It is of special pertinency in these days when the traditional college course is being disparaged, to note that the four years spent in college by these men, who are now coming to their prime, have not barred the way to the highest positions for some of them, either in the professions or in business. Cyrus McCormick, the head of the great harvester combine, was one of President Wilson's classmates. It was he who with his brother founded the chair of jurisprudence and politics which Professor Wilson has for many years filled with distinction. Among those who have come to prominence in financial circles are Cleveland Dodge and C. C. Cuyler. In letters this little group (the class graduated 122) is conspicuously represented by Robert Bridges, of *Scribner's Magazine*, in medicine by Edward Parker Davis, in theology by Thomas Hall, in law by Mahlon Pitney and Robert McCarter. Woodbury is making a notably successful effort to keep New York's streets clean; Barringer has succeeded in mining; Magie is a professor in the university, Davis in the seminary, and so on. But what most impresses an outsider is the exemplary devotion of this class to the interests of Princeton—a devotion which is not exceptional, however, in its quality. When the class went out of Princeton it stationed the two lions in front of Nassau Hall; later it placed in the chapel the splendid bas-relief of Dr. McCosh by St.-Gaudens; and now it is announced that $100,000 has been raised by the class for a new dormitory to assist in caring for the increasing number of students. The auspices are certainly favorable at the beginning of the new administration. And now comes one member of this class to fill the chair of President, a man who has won the respect not only of the men he has known so long, but of all the students and professors with whom he has come in contact.



President Woodrow Wilson
Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, photographer of men

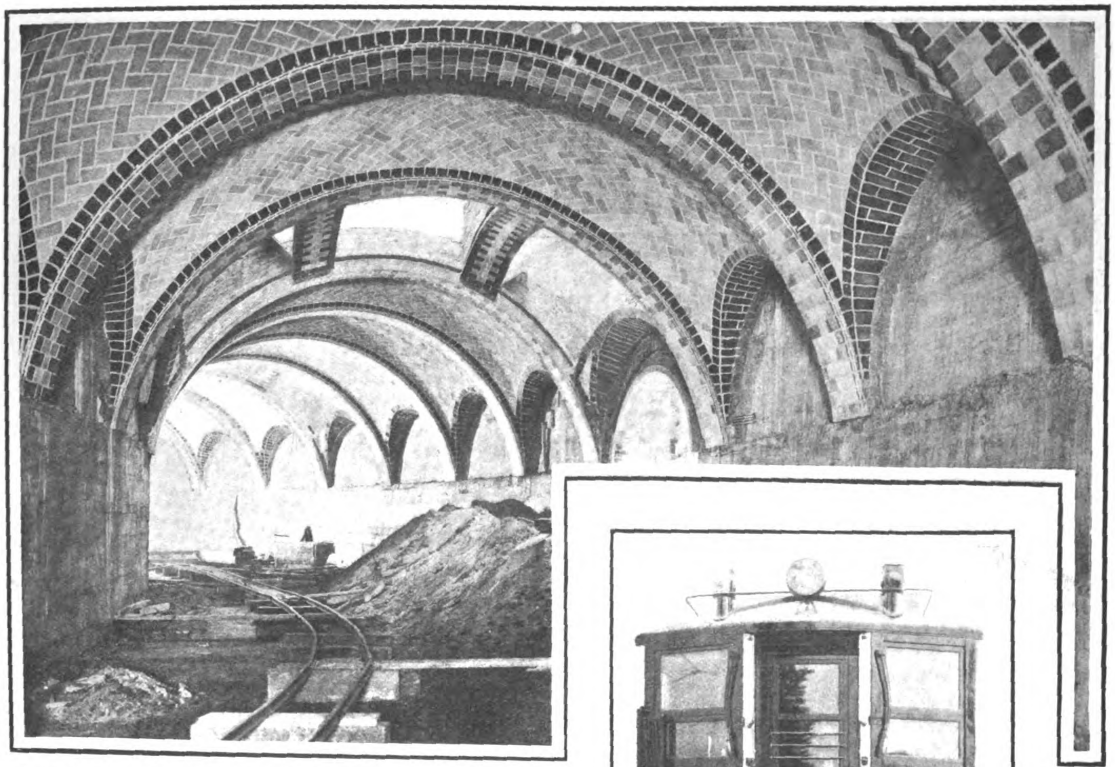


C. C. Cuyler
The New York banker

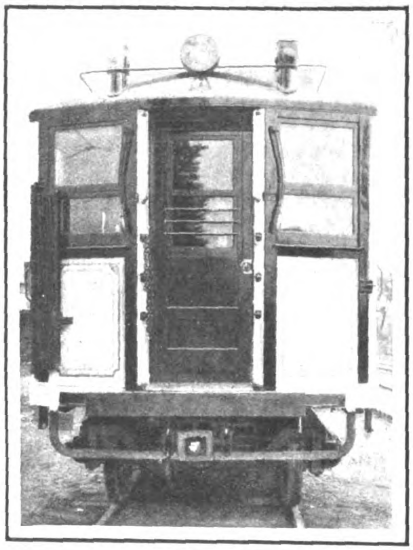


John McG. Woodbury
Commissioner of Street-Cleaning, New York City
Photograph by Pach Brothers

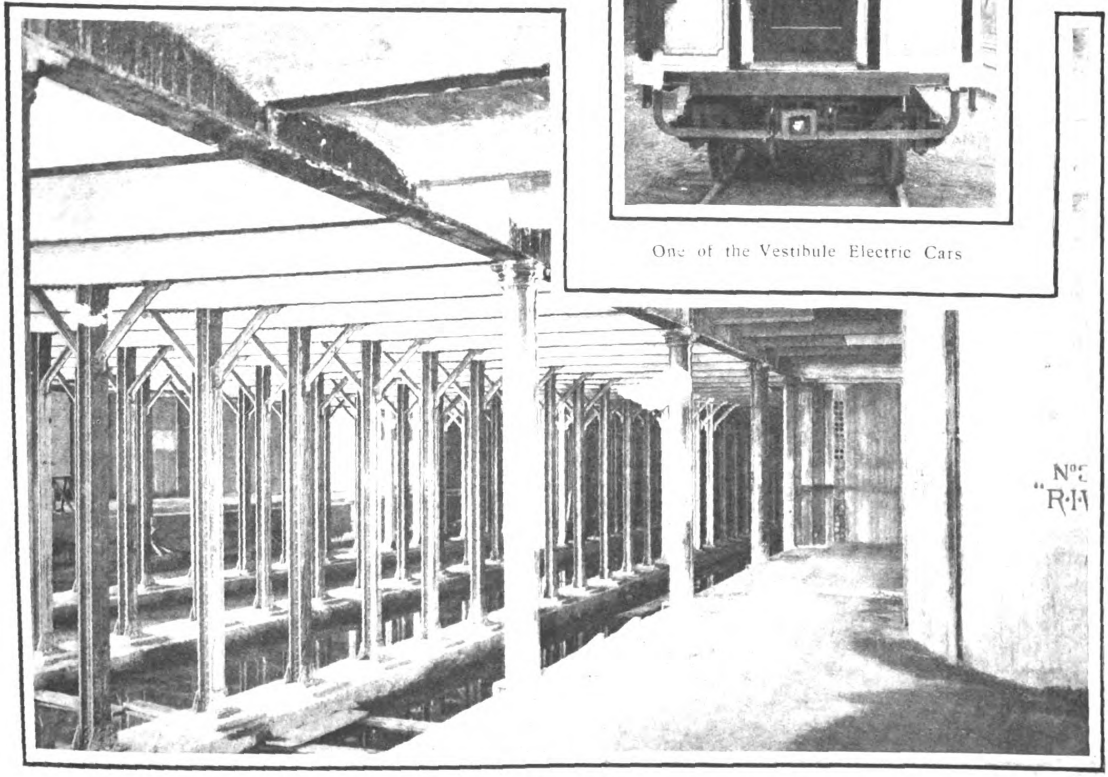
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Part of the Loop under City Hall Park, showing the Method of Arching and Decorating the Subway



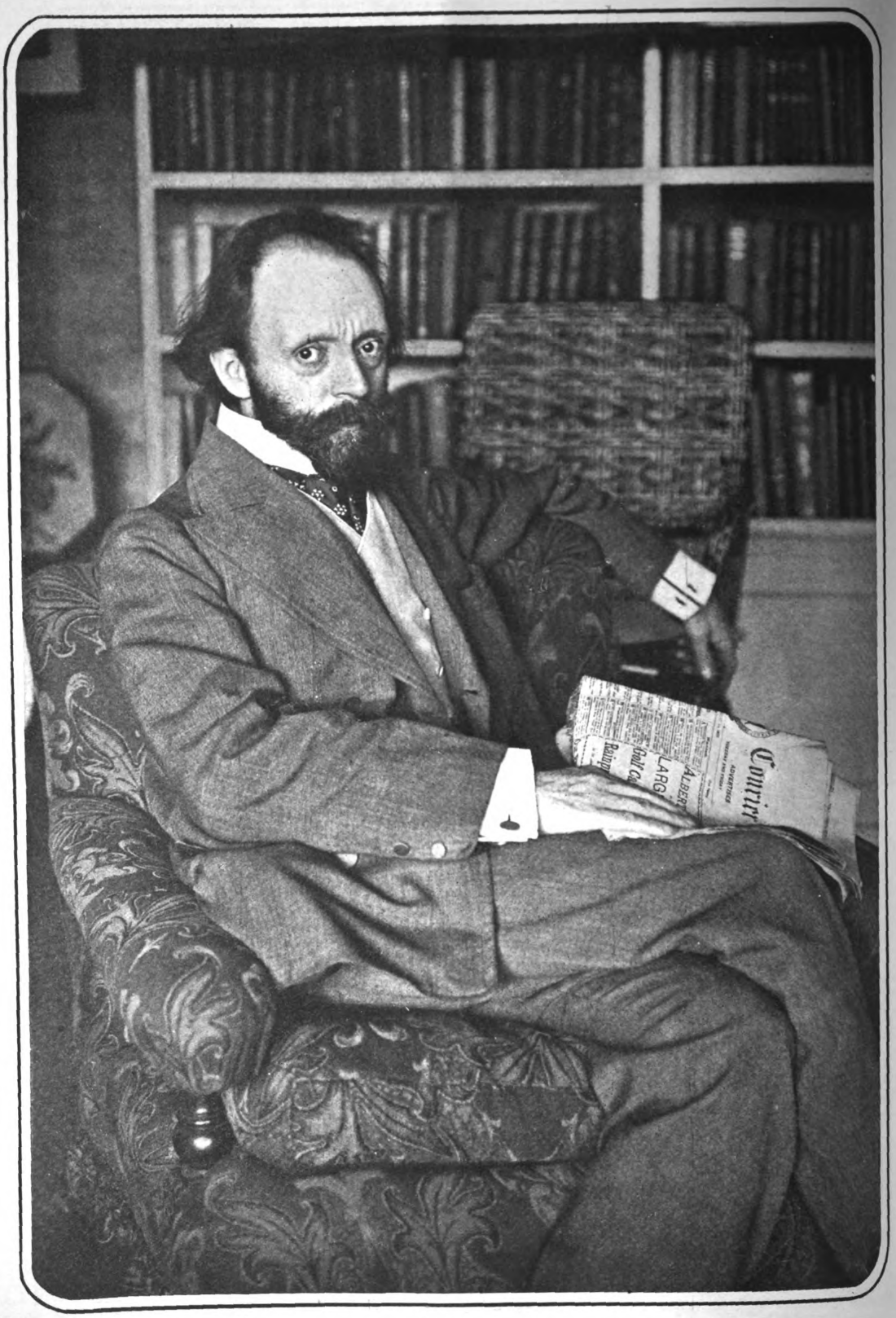
One of the Vestibule Electric Cars



A Station, showing the Two Express-train Tracks in the Centre, and the Accommodation Tracks on either Side

THE NEW YORK RAPID-TRANSIT SUBWAY TO DATE

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MR. HALL CAINE

The distinguished author and playwright, who has just arrived in America to superintend the production of the dramatization of his novel "The Eternal City," in New York

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Public

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending October 25, 1902

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COMMENT

HEARTY congratulations to President Roosevelt! When he undertook to settle the coal strike he stepped in where angels feared to tread. He did not rush in, for his mediation was undoubtedly reluctant, and impelled by the extreme and increasing stress of the situation. No one imputed any but the best motives to him, but a great many observers questioned the wisdom of his action, and regretted that he had meddled with a matter outside of his official duty. This feeling was deep and widespread after the failure of the conference at Washington, when strikers and operators seemed farther than ever from an agreement. It looked as though the President had failed. So he had, for the moment; but something had been accomplished. His failure disturbed the public and increased the pressure for an agreement. Men like Richard Olney, who disapproved his interference, still resented its apparent failure, and the incidental slight to the Presidential office. But, after all, as it has turned out, that futile conference was the beginning of the end. There the miners, through their representative, submitted an offer from which they could not retreat. The sober second thoughts of the operators, stimulated by weighty advice, presently constrained them to submit a counter-proposition. At this writing the President, with the consent of both sides, has appointed a commission to pass upon all points in dispute, and the strike is practically ended. It is a victory for neither operators nor strikers, but for the public and Theodore Roosevelt. His courage, his zeal for the public service, and his integrity have brought him out on top once more. He has made us all shake in our shoes, but he has won, and won for us, and at no cost of any vital principle that was at stake.

One of the reasons why President Roosevelt held public support is that he always preaches the gospel of encouragement. In spite of great harvests, in spite of the confident crescendo of prosperity, in spite of the thing which the London *Times* enviously and impiously calls "the dice always falling kind" in America, there never was a time when our people had more need to hear this comforting gospel. Whichever way they turn, they find some new and disheartening manifestation of profligacy and corruption. New York and its almost irremovable incubus of Tammany are not alone. It was not Tammany that managed the ghastly criminal corruption in Buffalo. It was not Tammany that overthrew by State enactment local self-government at Saratoga in order to replace it with the unchecked and disgraceful rule of a gamblers' conspiracy. Perhaps it was Tammany that taught Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Louis to be so corrupt, but singularly apt and ready pupils must have been found in those cities. Municipal rule seems tainted everywhere, and State governments, often more dependent on rural than on urban support, too often run to jobbery and log-rolling. All this in spite of some of the most magnificent moral movements that the world has ever seen. The people are honest people—they wonder why their best efforts to obtain honest government in State and local affairs so often fail. The note of discouragement—the dangerous "What's the use?" of politics—is struck too often. Yet since the people *are* honest people, there must be a way to bring honesty about. It is something to be encouraged to go on thinking this; and the President, with his own unflagging confidence of honesty and goodness, encourages the people as no one else could.

What is going to happen to the miners who stuck to their job? On October 14, a committee of five, representing such of them as are employees of the Hillside Coal and Iron Company, addressed a statement to President, Governors, Senators, and operators, reciting many facts, and asking protection for non-union workers. "We believe," says the address, "that we have the same right to remain at our post of duty as others have to desert it; and we respectfully submit that we should not be assailed or made to suffer for doing what we believe is right to our manhood, right to our families, right to our employers, and right to the nation." They ought not to suffer; that is sure. The operators, in their proposition, have stipulated that there shall be no persecution of non-union men. They do not intend to abandon the men who have stood by them. The public should not abandon them either, for they have stood by the public. It is a vital matter that these men should be protected. To abandon them to persecution would be infamy. In asking through their committee for a final solution, not a compromise, of the mining troubles, they say, "We do not feel that we should be called upon to again endure the pain, insult, and danger to ourselves and our families that we have endured during the last five months." They have endured enough.

We have described as demagogic, and we might stigmatize as insincere, the solution of the anthracite-coal problem propounded in the platform of the Democratic State Convention of New York. On what grounds can the aptness of the epithets be disputed? No grounds that will commend themselves to reasonable men are presented in the long speech which ex-Governor Hill made in Brooklyn on Saturday, October 11. How does he seek to justify his extraordinary proposal that the Federal government, by virtue of what he calls the right of eminent domain, shall assume ownership and control of the coal-mines in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania? He does not suggest, be it observed, that we shall give such power to the Federal government by a constitutional amendment. He denounces as academic and disingenuous the constitutional amendment proposed by Mr. Roosevelt for the purpose of giving the Federal government control over the so-called trusts, because, as he says, even if such

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an amendment were attainable, the attainment of it would involve prolonged delay, whereas the evils imputed by him to the trusts need to be quickly remedied. He takes no leaf, therefore, from Mr. Roosevelt's book, but makes the surprising declaration that, as regards the solution of the anthracite-coal problem, the Federal government is invested with complete power in the premises by the Constitution as it stands. He asserts, as we have said, that, by its possession of the right of eminent domain, the Federal government is already clothed with the power to assume the ownership and control of the anthracite coal mines. He does not condescend to quote the clause of our Federal Constitution by which such power is specifically conferred; neither does he adduce a single decision of the United States Supreme Court from which the existence of such a power is deducible by construction. He relies entirely upon analogies of a loose and far-fetched kind to make good his astonishing assertion.

We pass over the examples given by him of State and municipal ownership, which obviously have nothing to do with the question of Federal competence under the Constitution as it stands. We pass over, also, the examples of what the Federal government does or could do in the District of Columbia or in the Territories, since, again, these things have obviously nothing to do with the competence of the Federal government to enter the State of Pennsylvania and assume ownership and control of that section of the State's soil which includes the anthracite coal mines. The only precedents brought forward by Mr. Hill which have even a show of relevancy are the facts that the Federal government maintains public buildings for the use of its officials and citizens having dealings with them throughout every State of the Union, that it owns post-offices everywhere, and carries on the business of mail transportation from one end of the country to the other, and that it supplies the people with free seeds, plants, maps, and public documents. It is manifest that the carriage and distribution of the mails and the ownership and maintenance of post-offices, court-houses, custom-houses, and buildings for the collection of internal revenue are acts justifiable, if not inevitable, in the exercise of powers specifically conferred by the Constitution. One other precedent adduced by Mr. Hill may deserve attention, to wit, the fact that Congress at its last session passed, and Mr. Roosevelt signed, an act inaugurating an extensive system of irrigation within the area of certain States, the irrigation-works required to be constructed and conducted by the Federal government. With regard to this notable extension of the long-controverted claim that the Federal government has the power to undertake internal improvements, we have but to point out that it lacks, as yet, the sanction of the United States Supreme Court.

As to the assertion that the Republican party is estopped from objecting to the extension of the right of eminent domain to the acquirement of the anthracite coal mines by reason of the conference recently held by President Roosevelt with representatives of the operators and miners, we submit that this is preposterous. The Republican party never authorized Mr. Roosevelt to hold that conference, and he himself expressly disavowed any power in the premises, but declared that he acted simply as a private citizen. Mr. Hill, on the other hand, has caused the Democratic party of the great State of New York to commit itself officially to such an extension of the Federal government's right of eminent domain as no Federalist, Whig, or Republican has ever dared to claim for it. We observe, finally, that Mr. Hill has no right to say that his proposal does not commit the party to any other projects of public ownership, whatever their merits may be. On the contrary, he who propounds a principle—the principle, namely, that the Federal government has a right to acquire the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania because hard coal is a necessity to a part of the American community—is bound by all the logical deductions from that principle, and cannot absolve himself from responsibility for all the mischievous consequences of those deductions. A case no less strong, or a stronger case, for the interposition of the Federal government can be made for bituminous than for anthracite coal; for the use of electricity considered as a generator of power or light; for iron-mines; for salt-mines; for the applications of steam to land and water communications; for building materials, and for all articles of food. In a word, the principle upheld by Mr. Hill is that which lies at the base of the socialistic system constructed by Karl Marx; and he now stands forth as the sponsor of that system before the people of this country.

The membership of the Schenectady Trades Assembly is reported to be more than twelve thousand. On October 8 the assembly voted unanimously to recommend the expulsion from its local unions of all members of the unions who are members of the National Guard of the State. This action is estimated to affect fully eighty per cent. of the local militia companies of the Second Regiment. It was prompted by the use of the National Guard to keep order in the Hudson Valley strike, the sentiment of the Schenectady unions obviously being that it is not to their interest to have the public peace protected in case of strikes. The action of these Schenectady unionists affects no one but themselves, for, of course, the Governor of New York will always be able to get troops when he needs them, and if State troops fail him, the national government stands ready to meet deficiencies. But for a union or trades assembly to forbid its members to join the National Guard is, in effect, to declare itself opposed to the upholding of law in times of popular disturbance. That is altogether too much like a declaration in favor of anarchy. No trades assembly can afford to take any such stand as that, and we shall probably hear that the Schenectady unionists have had some sober second thoughts and rescinded their resolutions.

A striking sign of the popular dissatisfaction in Pennsylvania with the proceedings of the State Legislature and of municipal councils in the larger cities is the amendment to the State Constitution which is advocated by former State-Senator William Flinn. The amendment, as drawn by him, proposes to give the people of Pennsylvania those powers of direct interposition in State and municipal legislation which are exercised in Switzerland under the names of the Initiative and the Referendum. In any municipality he would give ten per cent. of the legal voters the right to propose any measure by petition, the petition to include the full text of the measure proposed. The amendment further provides that any ordinance passed by municipal councils shall be referred, for acceptance or rejection, to the legal voters of a city when five per cent. thereof shall demand such a reference. Similar machinery is provided in the case of State legislation. Although the name Referendum is new, the thing itself is familiar to the American people, so far as amendments of the Federal Constitution or of State Constitutions are concerned. The application of the direct interposition of the voters in State and municipal legislation would, however, be an innovation, and it is, therefore, important to observe how the institution works in Switzerland.

That it works well in that country is acknowledged by a great majority of observers, native and foreign. The Referendum was established in Switzerland by the revised constitution of 1874, which provided that all laws passed by the Federal Assembly, the body corresponding to our Congress, should be submitted for the approval of the people, if a demand should be made to that effect by thirty thousand citizens, or by eight out of the twenty-two cantonal governments. Not only is the Referendum applicable to federal law-making, but the same principle is applied to local legislation in most of the cantons,—which correspond to our States. While in some cantons, however, the Referendum is optional, as it is in federal matters, in other cantons it is obligatory. Where the latter system prevails no cantonal law is binding until it has received the specific approval of a majority of the voters.

So much for the Referendum as it exists in Switzerland. The Initiative, which is also operative in that country, recognizes the right of the people not only to sanction but also to propose legislation. The federal constitution allows any person to set on foot a constitutional amendment, provided he can secure the signatures of fifty thousand voters in its favor. Upon the submission of a petition thus signed to the Federal Assembly, the question must be submitted to the people whether the partial revision asked for shall take place.

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If the majority of those voting answer in the affirmative, the Federal Assembly must make the revision indicated; but the amendment, when framed by the Assembly, must be laid before the people, who, by means of the Referendum, will declare their final yea or nay. The Initiative may not only be employed to secure amendments of the federal constitution, but, in the major part of the cantons, for the purpose of amending the cantonal constitutions also. In some of the cantons, indeed, the Initiative is applicable to the whole domain of legislation.

There is no doubt that such institutions may be abused; that the carefully considered measures of statesmen may be wrecked upon the reefs of popular ignorance and partisan prejudice. It has been observed in Switzerland that the enemies of a proposed enactment are more eager to go to the ballot-box than its friends. It is generally admitted, however, as we have said, that the Referendum and the Initiative have, on the whole, worked well. They have revealed no hankering on the part of the majority of Swiss voters for crude and hasty legislation, and, on the other hand, they have attested a willingness to adopt proposed changes when their significance and desirability are thoroughly understood. When the institutions were first adopted the fear was expressed in certain quarters that they would prove dangerous instruments in the hands of a reckless democracy, and might cause mischievous revolutions in social and economic fields. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind has happened. The working of the Referendum and the Initiative has proved that the Swiss democracy is essentially conservative. But the Swiss democracy, though trilingual, or, to be exact, quadrilingual, is of native birth, and socially and economically homogeneous. Whether such weapons as the Referendum and the Initiative could safely be intrusted to the voters where foreign immigrants constitute a large element of the population is a question that will require serious, if not anxious, consideration on the part of the people of Pennsylvania.

Our government is trying to get the friars out of the Philippines, not in response to an American sentiment, but because the Filipinos want them to go. There seems to be no question about the strength of Filipino feeling in this matter, and most of us have reasoned, naturally enough, that if the Filipinos are so universally anxious to be rid of the friars, the friars must be bad people. That is not a safe deduction for us, for the Filipinos have seemed anxious to get rid of the Americans also. Under Spain, the government of the Philippines was for centuries a government by the Church, and very largely by the friars. That kind of government is out of date. It would not do in our time even in the Philippines. For better or worse, the friars' work there seems to be finished. But was it bad work? Most of Europe was helped on its way from barbarism to civilization by monks and members of religious orders, and so, it seems, it has been at a much later day in the Philippines. Mr. Stephen Bonsal, writing in the *North American Review* about "The Work of the Friars," pronounces it to have been, on the whole, good. He feels that such progress as the Filipinos have made from barbarism was almost wholly due to it. He holds that, considering the length of time—three hundred years—that the religious orders had been in the Philippines, the amount of property they had accumulated there was small. Judge Taft estimates its present value at ten million dollars. Half a dozen foreign firms in Manila, Mr. Bonsal says, have made as much as that out of the Philippines within ten years. He thinks the work of the friars is "recorded in the golden book of those who have labored for their fellow-men." He quotes General de Rivera, to whom views very hostile to the friars have been credited, as declaring that while it is true that among them are vicious men who commit abuses, "it is certain that the immense majority of the friars are good men, worthy of every consideration, deserving of much praise." The chief trouble with the friars, from the Filipino stand-point, seems to be that they always opposed Filipino independence, and made themselves very useful in discovering conspiracies and putting down insurrections. Who will take their place remains to be seen, but their successors will need to be devoted men, and much stirred by the missionary spirit, for the places do not seem attractive. The greatest of all questions about the Philippines seems to concern the quality of the Filipino,—what he is, and what can be made of him. Mr. Bonsal quotes some of the friars as saying that their educational efforts had failed because of the "invincible passivity of the Indian." Some of the mestizos, they said, had turned out to be able men, but out of tens of thousands of pure-blooded Tagals and Visayans whom they had nursed through the University of Manila, they had only succeeded in producing a number of fairly good apothecaries and a notary or two. We shall have to wait and see what American organization, American school-teachers, and the American spirit can make of this material of which the friars could make so little.

A very disagreeable book is going to be written sometime about the conquest of the Philippines by the United States. Some idea of how disagreeable it will be may be obtained by reading a pamphlet called "Marked Severities," which emanates from Boston. It constitutes the response of Messrs. Moorfield Storey and Julian Codman to the request of a committee, consisting of Messrs. C. F. Adams, Carl Schurz, E. B. Smith, and Herbert Welsh, for information whether certain impressions and statements of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root about the conduct of the war in the Philippines are well founded. In a speech last August, the President said that the army had been cruelly maligned; that it had done few cruel things in the Philippines, and, for those few, punishments had been meted out with unflinching justice. Secretary Root wrote last February that the war had been conducted with humanity never surpassed. On Decoration day, at Arlington, the President said that "determined and unswerving effort must be made to find out every instance of barbarity," and punish those guilty of it. Thus the questions put to Messrs. Storey and Codman were: Was the army maligned? Was the war conducted with unsurpassed humanity? Was a determined effort made to find out and punish barbarities? Replying, they say that the duty of prosecuting such an investigation as the President promised rested primarily on Secretary Root. They have, therefore, attempted to set forth his record in connection with the Philippine Islands. They try to make clear what sort of things happened, and what Secretary Root did about them. To this end they have submitted matter which makes somewhat more than a hundred pages of print, the upshot of which is that very dreadful things were done in the Philippines, for which few men were punished at all, and those few lightly.

As a convenient record of statements about occurrences incident to the pacification of the Philippines, the pamphlet is valuable, and the fact that it involves painful reading is not an argument against its diffusion. It should not be accepted as history, for it is a partisan statement and has some of the defects of its qualities. But, allowing what seems to be true —that the eminent pamphleteers have demonstrated that there was only too much basis for the charges of cruelty in the Philippines; that the energy with which the war was conducted was sometimes more conspicuous than its humanity; that the President in speeches has sometimes overestimated the gentleness of our troops and the efficiency of courts martial; and that when the army had been charged with ill deeds Secretary Root has been more disposed to appear for the defence than for the prosecution—where do we come out? Is there anything new in these revelations? Not much. We knew all these things before, and they have been charged to the general account. The Philippines have damaged the reputation of American soldiers in some particulars, and possibly his defence of his own has impaired the Secretary's reputation for ingenuousness. The President's hopes have sometimes led him into over-sanguine assertions. But while the blame for soldiers' misdeeds rests largely on the higher authorities who set them their task, so the responsibility of these higher authorities is shared by the people. The subjugation of the Philippines seems to have cost about a million lives. The weight of so much destruction must rest on broad shoulders, and on the same shoulders must rest most of the responsibility for the excesses and severities that were its incidents. Nothing less than the American people is on trial now in the Philippines.

The attitude of Cuba toward the United States at the present time is only natural. If the little republic is loath to enter into a treaty, such as is imposed upon her by the Platt

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amendment, even though by the provisions of her constitution she is required to do so, there is no one who can blame her overmuch. Her Uncle Sam has blinked at her necessities, and has rested wholly upon the usual stepfatherly claim that he has done all that was required of him in nursing her through her period of sickness. Undoubtedly the United States has done much for Cuba, but the United States cannot claim that its forces were sent to Cuba of Cuba's own accord. The trust was accepted not only voluntarily, but aggressively. We took the responsibilities of the situation upon our shoulders of our own volition, whether the Cubans wanted us to do so or not. For a time, in fact, while we had our own Military Governor in the Palace at Havana, and were openly responsible for what went on in the Antilles, we were honest in the performance of our work. But the minute the flag was lowered, and our Military Governor was recalled to the United States, we dropped our responsibility as if it were the hottest of hot cakes. Our Congress refused the simplest measures of relief to a people who had become inured to the idea, and studiedly so, that we had assumed an obligation to help them. Practically, we assumed the office of receiver to a concern that frankly might have had others, and our present position is that of the dishonest assignee in bankruptcy who turns everything to his own account. If it is proper for a receiver of a broken concern so to direct matters that his charge falls wholly into his own hands, and ultimately becomes his own personal property, then we have no reason to say that Cuba has any further claim against us. But if a receiver is obligated to protect the interests of the debtor as well as of the creditor, and is himself merely a means to an end, then Cuba has a distinct grievance against the United States, and if she shows her resentment, she must be commended rather than condemned. If Cuba does not like us, and is unwilling to regard us as an honest creditor, we have only ourselves to blame. By the operations of our government of intervention we have convinced her that we were truly her savior. By the operations of our Congress we seem to have proven to her that, after all, we are merely the envious trustee of her interests. Her dislike merely indicates an awakening of her intelligence, upon which she is honestly to be congratulated. She will prove a better neighbor for it.

The Democrats of Massachusetts are once more pointing out the rational way to their fellow-partisans in the rest of the country. In 1874 they took the eminence by nominating for Governor William A. Gaston, whom they elected. Twenty-eight years later they nominate his son, who bears the same name. There is no expectation of the son's election, but the example is inspiring, for he was nominated on a sound platform, and after flatly refusing to consent to any mention of Bryan or the Bryan platform in the platform on which he was to run. The making of a platform before the nomination was said to be without precedent, but those who are familiar with the inner history of the Democratic National Convention of 1892 know that this assertion will not stand the test of investigation. At any rate, Mr. Gaston said that he would not be a candidate if the platforms of 1896 and 1900 were mentioned, and after a contest in which Mr. George Fred. Williams was defeated, he won. In consequence, the Democrats of Massachusetts are on solid and sane ground. They are where the New York Democrats might have been if Mr. Hill had not permitted the insertion of a state socialistic plank demanding the nationalization of the anthracite coal mines. The other evening there was a dinner in Boston in Mr. Gaston's honor, and the principal speakers, besides the candidate for Governor, were Richard Olney, Josiah Quincy, and Charles S. Hamlin. Their very presence prefigured a better time. The tone of the speaking was that of real Democracy, and the emphasis was especially on the tariff question. There was a strong presentation of the case for reciprocity with Canada, and there was no incitement to mob violence, or to breach of contract, and no advocacy of socialism. The Democrats of Massachusetts express the opinions of the intelligent and conservative citizens of the country.

Senator Lodge thinks that he has discovered a way in which the Massachusetts demand for a reciprocity treaty with Canada can be denied with seeming safety. He is at odds with Mr. Gaston, the Democratic candidate for Governor, who advocates Canadian reciprocity in all his speeches. Mr. Lodge says that we must not enter into freer trade relations with the Dominion until the Alaskan boundary is determined. Now, on the other side of the line, there is another gentleman named Laurier, who is the Canadian premier, and he insists that there shall be no settlement of the boundary-line unless there is reciprocity. It is plain that Mr. Laurier is more eager for liberal trade relations than is Mr. Lodge; again, it appears as though, with the views they have expressed, the two ought not to be very far apart. Mr. Lodge would sacrifice the material interests of Massachusetts for that great "strategic advantage" in Alaska, which his keen and comprehensive military mind has discovered, while Mr. Laurier insists upon the trade advantages for his people before making a boundary trade with us in Alaska. Probably if the reciprocity treaty were made, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Laurier would both discover that the Alaska boundary dispute would become more easily composed. There is nothing like the completion of one agreement to stimulate readiness for another. At any rate, whatever Mr. Lodge may think about the strategic advantage to us of the bit of Alaskan land which is desired by the Dominion, the time is near at hand when he will learn that the people of this country are thinking more of the spreading of commerce than of strategic positions among the ice-floes; that his own people of Massachusetts are much more eager to sell their goods to the Canadians than they are to prepare to overcome Great Britain by whipping a band of her miners in the Northwest; that there is a growing disposition to smile at the warlike conceits of public men who, we all know, are simply out for votes; and, furthermore, that not only is the movement for freer trade genuine, but that New England's civilized interests are those of trade and peace, not those of politics and war.

Governor Cummins of Iowa is evidently a courageous and honest man. In a recent speech at Chicago, he declined to agree with the Republican leaders who insist that there is no need for revision of the tariff. He said that "the Republicans of Iowa are deeply convinced that the time has come, through the progress of our industries and the changing relations to the commerce of the world, when modifications of the tariff are imperatively demanded." If the Republicans of Iowa and of the other forty-four States are, as Governor Cummins said, of this belief, those Republicans are right, and the leaders who, like Mr. Hanna, are insisting that the Dingley bill is a perfect measure, are fighting against the future. No one who has felt the popular pulse doubts as to who is right in judging between Governor Cummins and Mr. Hanna. The former is expressing the convictions of the country and the needs of the country, while the latter is touting for campaign funds from tariff beneficiaries. In the end, Governor Cummins's idea will prevail. If there was a strong opposition party it would prevail this year; if the Republican leaders continue long to keep their party from carrying out the new ideas, the strong opposition party will surely be born.

The arrival of Rear-Admiral Casey and the *Wisconsin* at Panama has opened a new epoch in the isthmian struggle. The key-note of this new epoch is increased control of the unstable Latin-American republics by the United States, in so far as they come into the arena of world politics—an extension of the Monroe idea from the merely negative stage of non-interference by European powers to the positive stage of direction and influence by this country; an influence likely to prove of the greatest benefit to every one concerned, and, most of all, to the Central and South American nations themselves. Admiral Casey's action is a good omen for the whole future of the Western continent. It will be remembered that Commander McLean, in taking over the Panama-Colon Railway, allowed the transport of Colombian government soldiers and munitions of war under certain conditions; the troops were allowed to go unarmed, as ordinary passengers, while their rifles went in separate freight-trains, as ordinary freight. Commander McLean believed that in this way he could prevent the danger of armed collisions along the railroad line, while not unduly interfering with the plans of the Colombian government. Rear-Admiral Casey has gone considerably further; he has taken the view that the presence of government troops on the trains is very likely

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to invite the attention of the revolutionists, with the result that traffic would probably be interfered with. This we are bound by treaty to prevent; and, to do this, Admiral Casey holds that we are compelled to close the railroad to armed forces altogether, whether government troops or revolutionists. The Colombian government, both at Bogota and through its legation at Washington, has hotly protested against this action, as a violation of its sovereign rights over the isthmus, but Admiral Casey is upheld by the administration, and his action is declared wise and prudent; and, in reply to the protests of the Colombian authorities, it is pointed out that, but for the presence of the United States marines, Panama and Colon would probably have fallen into the hands of the revolutionists. Admiral Casey has asserted the "eminent right" of international interests, acting through the United States, to control the turbulence and instability of these junior republics; and we look forward hopefully to a greatly increased application of the principle thus established.

The gallant rear-admiral has done a great deal more than merely guard the railroad. He has opened up a series of conferences looking to the establishment of peace, or at least a more pacific *modus vivendi* between the contestants on the isthmus. Beginning with representatives of the Colombian government, Admiral Casey preached them a little sermon on the necessity for ending the war, urging reasons of patriotism, and pointing out that not only were hostilities ruining the country, but, further, that this dislocation of the state was a most serious impediment to the construction of the isthmian canal, which is a disadvantage not only to this country, but, even more, to Colombia, for which the canal means a new era of prosperity and growth. Admiral Casey followed this up by directing the *Ranger* to proceed to Agua Dulce, to open up negotiations with the revolutionists centred there, and, if possible, to bring General Vargas-Santos to Panama, to meet and confer with General Salazar, the governor of that city. Pending the arrival of the revolutionary general, Admiral Casey again met Governor Salazar, assuring him that no pains would be spared to make the peace negotiations effective. The admiral holds that the religious question, or, to speak more strictly, the question of "the priest in politics," is the only serious matter at issue between the contestants, and that a solution of the difficulty may be found, by some slight mutual concessions. It is not certain how far the revolutionists will concur in this plan. General Herrera was said to be rather hostile to this country, on the ground that our interference blocked his plan of attack, and shielded Colon and Panama, which would otherwise have fallen into his hands. We commend this view to the attention of the Colombian legation. From other parts of Colombia a recrudescence of revolutionary activity is reported.

American influence on the Panama question is being exerted in yet another way. The Colombian government gunboat *Bogota* has started from San Francisco, avowedly to pursue and try conclusions with the revolutionary war-vessel *Padilla*. The chief point of interest about the *Bogota* is that she seems to be wholly manned and officered by American soldiers of fortune. Her commander, Captain H. H. Marmaduke, was a captain in the Confederate navy. Lieutenant Arthur H. Dutton, the second in command, is an Annapolis graduate, and served with the rank of ensign on the converted yacht *Gloucester* through the Spanish war. Lieutenants Mitchell and Mantgis are also Annapolis men. Surgeon W. G. Graham has been through the Cuban, Philippine, and Chinese campaigns. Colonel Gregory of the Colombian army also goes with the *Bogota*. Of her crew of forty, twelve were with Admiral Dewey at Manila, and it is said that several of them are missing without leave from the *Oregon*. Three graduates of the United States School of Gunnery are among the crew, while the ship's writer, B. C. Clark, was on the torpedo-boat *Winslow* in the famous fight in Cardenas Bay. The armament of the *Bogota* consists of a fourteen-pounder mounted in her bows, four rapid-firing six-pounders on her quarter-deck, two Maxim-Nordenfeldts amidships, and two Colt automatic field-guns. Let us hope that the accident to the *Bogota* a few minutes after she started, which compelled her temporary return to San Francisco, and the refusal of her engineers to proceed south with her at the last moment, necessitating the engagement of new men, may not be ominous of misfortune. Let us hope also that the writer of the *Bogota* will realize all the possibilities of his title, and in due time give us a volume of war stories from real life. Some one should have sent him a copy of *The Typhoon*, to bring home to him the possibilities of picturesque word-pictures of the mighty deep.

Secretary Brodrick has made a somewhat lame reply to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's attack on the War Office. Mr. Brodrick practically admitted the justice of much of what Sir Michael said; but told his audience that they must make allowances for shortcomings; that there was no undue influence in high promotions; that every one of the higher officers in the War Office had been the architect of his own fortune; and that every appointment in the new army corps had been made by the joint advice of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. Finally, he declared that the British army was a better profession than people generally thought, and that time must be given for reforms now in progress to develop and bear fruit. Altogether, a tame and halting oration. Strikingly contrasted with this was Secretary Chamberlain's Birmingham panegyric on the much-abused Education bill. It is most edifying to see the former radical and secularist coming forward to champion church influence in education at a time when every Catholic country, beginning with France and Spain, and ending with Venezuela and Colombia, is trying to eliminate the priest from politics; and most edifying is it to see Mr. Chamberlain holding up as a threat the resignation of Mr. Balfour's government, and the consequent handing over of the country to the tender mercies of the Radical party. So complete is the apostasy of Brummagem Joe. He advised the Liberal Unionists to agree to differ on the complicated points, but that they should beware of assisting the intrigues of those who would hand over Ireland to the Home-Rulers, who would transfer South-African problems to the pro-Boers, and who would leave imperial interests in the hands of "little Englanders," and domestic reforms to the framers of the Newcastle programme. Mr. Chamberlain made several suggestions as to amending the Education bill, so as to give safe and ample popular control. He said he could promise, however, that one thing was definitely certain, namely, that the bill would not be withdrawn. The government could not withdraw it without a tremendous loss of prestige, and the only logical alternative to the acceptance of the bill would be the expenditure necessary to replace the existing denominational schools. In conclusion, the Colonial Secretary affirmed that if the government was defeated on this bill it would resign. He warned his hearers to mark this, and to remember the consequences. The feeling in England was that Mr. Chamberlain had played a trump card, and effectually stopped an incipient revolt.

Sir Frederick Borden, the Canadian Minister of Militia, who is paying us a visit, has made some very important statements on the relations of Canada with this country and the mother-country respectively. He declares that Canada is not seeking reciprocity with the United States, which would seem to be wise, as the quest would at present appear to be a fruitless one. He holds that everything points rather to the establishment of closer relations between Canada and England, where Canadians still hope for preferential duties, as against this country. Sir Frederick is evidently one of those who look to see the Anglo-Saxons split up into two mutually exclusive camps—the Pan-Britannic and the American; a scheme which cannot be carried out without curtailing our trade with both England and Canada. Sir Frederick gives us the first trustworthy information about the proposed line of fast steamers between Canada and England, about which so many rumors have been floated. Sir Frederick says the line will connect Liverpool with Nova Scotia, and that it is to receive an annual subsidy of $1,125,000 for not less than ten years. Canada would then, he said, enter the lists for the blue-ribbon supremacy now held by the big boats running from New York, and, with the shorter voyage to Halifax, the new service would undoubtedly break the record. Speaking of the conference of colonial premiers, and its possible effects, Sir Frederick said that such gatherings were most desirable from an imperial stand-point, as they tended to make the wishes of the various parts of the British Empire better

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known to each other. He anticipated no immediate action in the direction of preferential duties. Sir Frederick said that, in case the war tax on grain was continued, some preferential advantages might be given to colonial wheat. Two-thirds of the subsidy for the new fast line of steamers is to be paid by Canada, and one-third by England. A beginning is to be made with twenty-knot boats, but this speed is not by any means the end of what it is intended to reach. A new fleet of ships is to be built, and there are to be frequent sailings. Concluding, Sir Frederick said, on the subject of reciprocity, that Canada was now opening up in other directions, especially in exporting dairy products to Great Britain; and that trade was now in the hands of Canadian merchants which, under former reciprocal arrangements, had been held by Boston and New York merchants. Canada has made advances to this country at various times during the last twenty years, but they had met with such a cold reception at Washington that latterly they had become convinced that the United States government was not disposed to make a fair agreement, and Canada had, therefore, turned her attention elsewhere, with splendid results.

There was given in Chicago, on October 13, a wonderful exhibition of the advantage of knowing how. Some children are so unlucky as to be born with their hip-joint out of its socket. Of course unless the joint can be put in place such children are cruelly crippled for life. This misfortune had happened to the little daughter of Mr. Armour. He learned that the surgeon who succeeded best in these hip-joint cases was Professor Lorenz of Vienna, so he opened negotiations with Professor Lorenz, and was able to induce him to come to Chicago and put little Lolita Armour's hip to rights. He came and did the operation. The next day he went to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and there, in the amphitheatre, with eight hundred doctors and students looking at him, he did for nine afflicted children the same service he had done for Mr. Armour's child. The newspaper account of how he did it describes the unconscious child brought to him, the "large projection at the hip-joint caused by the head of the dislocated femur," and the corresponding depression in the groin, "deep and discolored, with the surrounding flesh shrunken and unnatural in appearance," showing where the head of the bone belonged. Then, the despatch says:

> The surgeon took the leg in his hands, drew it up at right angles to the body, and, holding it, paused to say: "The manipulations I am about to make might with ease break the bones of the leg. It is not necessary to break bones, however. It is only necessary to know how to handle them." A series of rapid, deft turns, twists, and pulls followed. Suddenly the surgeon paused. He held the leg in one hand and pointed with the other to the spot where the dislocation had been so apparent. The spectators then saw the culminating point of the operation. The ugly protrusion was gone; the depression beside it was gone, too, and except for the discoloration of the flesh, the entire hip appeared like the other. The eight hundred onlookers broke out in applause. No knife had been used, nothing had been done, as was formerly believed indispensable to prepare the socket for the presence of the dislocated femur. Knowledge, skill, a certain amount of daring and precision of movement, which showed a knowledge to a hair's-breadth of how far to move and twist, had wrought what medical men say will be a cure. It had taken five minutes.

We all clap our hands with the eight hundred who saw that miracle of skill. How it happened that a surgeon from Vienna could do what no surgeon in Chicago knew how to do is not explained. But it has so happened, and great is the glory of Dr. Lorenz, and enviable his privilege, in discovering to his American brethren a process so merciful, so efficacious, and, apparently, so simple. There seems to be no doubt that the operation is efficacious. Dr. Lorenz says that the cure is permanent in every case when the bandages are taken off. It is beautiful! Good luck to this skilful European who gives such blessed exhibitions of sleight-of-hand!

The tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues are obviously and uncomfortably suggested by the many-storied polyglot American city. It is true that the building of the first sky-scraper marked an opposite movement in the history of the race. For then, the ancient record tells us, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," and the confusion and scattering followed as a chastisement. In the modern instance the confusion is of the first generation, with a mighty tendency toward the adoption of a common tongue. But if fear may be dismissed, the æsthetic conscience remains offended, and it is from this point of view that the following suggestions are made as possible resolutions of the problem; for it is not credible that we will be content to pass our urban out-door life in the caverns which our streets are becoming. First, we might build up in layers of street above, instead of tunnelling them below: A couple of stories, say, for transit and freightage. The speeding automobiles should have a story to themselves, and there would be moving platforms for pedestrians wishing "to get there," and not miss their exercise. Above would be the thoroughfares for pleasure-driving and sauntering alongside of the residential portions of the buildings themselves. Business would be transacted below. The scheme would furnish opportunities for hanging-gardens, public and private, *ad libitum*. Another and perhaps less fantastic possibility is afforded by the fact that the very method of construction of the modern tall building permits it to be pulled down as easily as put up. It is a camp, a temporary barracks: and when, through the progress of events, the whole land shall consist of one great village, where shall be no need of brobdingnagian structures, the tenants of these will have but

> To fold their tents, like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

Out of an estimated population of 1,289,815 men and women in Chicago, only 204,567 were found in the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches of the city on August 24, an actual count being made in 125 of the 666 churches, and an estimate formed of the total attendance by the attendance in those actually investigated. It would be quite unfair to generalize on the matter of Sunday church attendance in the United States on data gathered in Chicago at any time, or on the habit of church-going anywhere by a census taken on an August Sunday. Still, with these limitations in mind, it is suggestive to find only 15.8 per cent. of the population of a great city resorting to a place of worship on Sunday. Very different this from the time of the Puritan forefathers, but not as alarming as it appears to be on the surface, although by no means encouraging. For to the Puritan forefather Sunday was the day and the church the place where he and his family got not only the spiritual food, but the intellectual stimulus and social touch which the modern man gets from other institutions than the church and on other times than Sunday. That attendance on churches is declining is by no means indicative of waning interest in religion, or absolute loss of influence of the church. Relatively there is less influence; absolutely, not.

A leading journal of this city had a word or two to say a few days ago on the subject of "The Trials of Mascagni." It was a topic of timely interest, and if one considers the subject in the large, there is nothing in it that is particularly creditable to ourselves. Mr. Mascagni, there is abundant reason to believe, did not come to this country for personally commercial purposes. An opportunity arose which enabled him to visit a land, in which his work had been received with a certain amount of appreciation, and he availed himself of it. From the moment of his arrival he has received barely scant courtesy at our hands, and in his professional efforts has been confronted at every turn by an attitude on the part of people who might, and who should have, proved his most helpful friends that was little short of insulting. Whatever the quality of the work of his orchestra—and it has been good enough, once it got its land-legs on—whatever the shortcomings of his singers, and much worse have been heralded with acclaim by our critics, particularly if they came from Paris, Mr. Mascagni was entitled to the *succès d'estime*, and he has not been accorded that very slight encouragement.

When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle visited this country on a reading tour, and early divulged the fact that he could not read one-half so well as any dozen elocutionists we could have named, we fortunately remembered that he had achieved something as a writer which was not only creditable to him, but helpful to ourselves. When Lord Kelvin visited America he was accorded the treatment which his achievements in science merited, and when Prince Henry, who had done nothing in particular beyond being highly born, and proving himself a gentleman always, visited the United States, we

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received him with all the pomp and ceremony at our disposal. Why should not Mr. Mascagni have received in a proper degree the same recognition which his genius has entitled him to? Why should we permit the bickerings of a certain musical clique to make his stay here unhappy, and his enterprise, modest enough in all conscience, impossible?

The mass of our people here are not boors. They have some point of view which enables them to see things as they are, and they have no wish, if we understand them rightly, to be placed in a position of seeming hostility, possibly born of envy, to men of achievement from other climes. If Mr. Mascagni were a poseur and a mere seeker after dollars, as, for an instance, we suspect Mr. Hall Caine to be, the case might be different; but Mr. Mascagni is none of these things. He has definitely shown in the course of his stay here already that he is a modest unassuming gentleman, a credit to his country and to himself. If he has had his troubles among us, they are not the troubles which have grown out of any shortcomings of his own, but are due rather to what some of us seem to believe is the due of an abominable Frankenstein of conceit of our own creation. We accept our Thackeray and our Dickens printed on inferior paper; why should we not be reasonable in the present instance, and accept our Mascagni, who is with us personally, for himself and for what he has done, and without regard to the inferior quality of the materials which are employed to place his work before us?

Is dishonesty a matter of geographical location? And are its boundaries so well defined that one may pass from virtue to vice by the simple expedient of crossing the street? A certain well-known "quick-lunch" proprietor conducts two establishments, both situated on the same street, although on different blocks. But in the matter of administration they are as far apart as the poles. At the upper place, confidence in the patrons of the establishment is apparently unlimited. The loaves and fishes are in plain view and within easy reach of the hand. Everybody helps himself, and even the formality of a lunch check is omitted. You merely step to the cashier's desk and lay down a coin whose denomination is the exact measure of your appetite and incidentally your conscience. No questions asked. At the establishment of the same name and only a block away the atmosphere is decidedly different,—almost chilling, indeed. Here a servitor at the door compels you to accept a numbered check before you are allowed to pass the portals. All the viands are out of reach, and with each separate article that you receive your indebtedness is unalterably recorded upon your slip of pasteboard. And no one goes out unless he delivers up his passport and otherwise makes good. In such wise are the sheep separated from the goats, and yet but a single street divides them. Strange as it may seem, one place is always jammed to the doors, while at the others seats may be had in plenty.

The inauguration of a university president is becoming an American function of increasing interest and magnitude. It gives occasion not only for the expression of the aims, sympathies, and ambitions of the institution most concerned, and for the registering and renewal of its alumni fealty, but also for the interchange of academic comity. It gives especially an opportunity for appeal to the great constituency whose higher purpose the universities and colleges seek to embody. Moreover, and this is a phenomenon peculiar to America, it generalizes the specialist whom it formally elevates to a place of semi-omniscience, and gives him a peculiar office in public affairs. It is reported that when the earthquake occurred in California a few months ago the terrified people telephoned to the president of the university at Berkeley to ask whether they should abandon their homes, or remain where they were; and yet, before the election of Dr. Wheeler to the presidency of that institution, he was a professor of Greek in an Eastern university which had had no experience with seismic disturbances. An ichthyologist of note becomes, as a university president, *ex officio* a thesaurus of political wisdom, and a chemist is transformed at once into a publicist. As has frequently been observed, this metamorphosis was in former days open only to the clergy; now the tendency seems to be in the direction not only of utilizing laymen as university and college presidents, but also of selecting men among the laity who have had special training for dealing with social, industrial, political, and ethical problems. The president of Yale was an authority on transportation. Michigan's lay president has interspersed his administration with diplomatic experiences on the Bosporus; and now Princeton this week formally inducts into her presidency a man who has been most conspicuous for his studies and his writings in American politics. Northwestern University, one of the foremost institutions of higher learning of the Middle West, also performs this week the same rites for Dr. Edmund J. James, her new president, who has divided his varied life hitherto between pedagogy and politics.

Dr. James is of Illinois birth, and received his education in part in the institution of which he now becomes head, though he earned his doctorate abroad, and has so far done his most notable work in the East, where he founded and for many years directed the Wharton School of Finance and Economy. He is still a young man, but he has been a pioneer of higher commercial education in this country. His proclivities and faculties for organization are shown in the part he has taken in the establishment of the foremost societies in the field of economics and sociology, notably the American Economic Association and the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He was also the first president of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and it is to the popularizing of subjects of academic study that he has, during the last few years, devoted himself most conspicuously. Since 1896 he has been at the head of the University Extension Department of the University of Chicago. But he has found time for other than this executive work. Only recently he has returned from a study of municipal administration in Germany. He is a member of a score of learned societies of widely different scope, both here and abroad, and he has written a hundred monographs and articles on subjects ranging from the care of forests to the theory of the single tax. All of which, and this is but a partial catalogue of his interests and his studies, suggest with what a rich experience he comes to his office. Northwestern University, in the environs of Chicago, has associated with its academic department professional schools—theology, law, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, oratory, and music; and a symptom of the policy of the new administration is the reported affiliation of a "school of correspondence." Dr. James has been a promoter (in a good sense) in the field of education, and under his administration the university is not likely to hide its light under a bushel. It has now in its academic department and allied schools over three thousand students, and though it is situate not far from the University of Chicago, it seems not likely to be dwarfed by the latter's shadow.

Allusion was made in a recent number of the WEEKLY to the report that some of the Russian Doukhobors who were assisted to emigrate to Manitoba had turned loose their horses and stock, as a consequence of their conclusion that it is a sin to make beasts work. The *Friends' Intelligencer,* of Philadelphia, which is especially interested in the Doukhobors, is informed that only a few of them—about two per cent.—are subject at present to this extraordinary infatuation.

Following is a copy of a communication recently addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury:

RIVERDALE-ON-THE-HUDSON,
October 13, 1902.

The Hon. the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.:—

SIR,—Prices for the customary kinds of winter fuel having reached an altitude which puts them out of the reach of literary persons in straitened circumstances, I desire to place with you the following order:

Forty-five tons best old dry government bonds, suitable for furnace, gold 7 per cents., 1864, preferred.

Twelve tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking.

Eight barrels seasoned 25 and 50 cent postal currency, vintage of 1866, eligible for kindlings.

Please deliver with all convenient dispatch at my house in Riverdale at lowest rates for spot cash, and send bill to

Your obliged servant, MARK TWAIN,

who will be very grateful, and will vote right.

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Mr. Olney's Views on the Political Situation

EX-SECRETARY OLNEY'S views of the situation created by the coal strike in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania challenged careful attention, inasmuch as he has been one of the few men seriously considered for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency two years hence. Let us see how far the ideas which he expressed at a dinner given in Boston on October 11 are based on verifiable facts, and how far, regarded as deductions, they commend themselves to well-informed and reasonable men.

We regret to say that in the published report of Mr. Olney's speech we find not the slightest allusion to the Constitutional amendment proposed by Mr. Roosevelt,—an amendment giving Congress a control of the within-State business of corporations. It cannot be said, by way of excuse for his silence, that the proposal was tentative and academic. It can no longer be thus characterized, inasmuch as it has been repudiated by no Republican State convention, but, on the contrary, since it was made the author of it has been unequivocally endorsed as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in several States. Under the circumstances, a man hitherto looked upon in certain quarters as qualified to become the standard-bearer of the Democracy might have glanced at least at a proposal which aims to efface the fundamental distinction drawn by the Constitution between the functions of the States and those of the Federal government, a distinction which most Democrats regard as the corner-stone of our political liberties, and as the safeguard of that habit of local self-government without which written constitutions must prove worthless. This issue, which the action of the President has thrust into the foreground, seems to have been passed over as insignificant by Mr. Olney, who confined himself to the relation of Mr. Roosevelt on the one hand, and of the operators on the other, to the existing coal strike. Touching, indeed, the expediency of the course pursued by the President in inviting the operators and the representative of the miners to a conference in Washington, Mr. Olney speaks words of truth and soberness. He recognizes the soundness of the position taken by those who assert that, inasmuch as the President disclaimed any official duty, or the possession of any official power in the premises, he should not have interfered at all. Mr. Olney acknowledges that, inasmuch as the functions of our Chief Magistrate are strictly defined and limited by the Federal Constitution, he should hesitate to go outside of them, lest he be unheeded and defied, and lest thereby his great office should lose prestige and influence, not only at home, but also abroad, and he thus be rendered less capable of performing its legitimate duties. Will it, for instance, asks Mr. Olney, strengthen the hands of the President in his dealings with foreign powers to have it known that, in his own country, private citizens have "snapped their fingers in his face"?

Up to this point the position taken by Mr. Olney will, we doubt not, commend itself to a large majority of his fellow-citizens. It will be generally admitted that, although Mr. Roosevelt had no constitutional right, and was under no legal obligation to intervene in the coal strike at the stage which it had reached, nevertheless his interposition, being indisputably well intended, deserved respectful consideration. Where many well-informed and candid citizens will differ with Mr. Olney is as to his assumption, which seems to us entirely unfounded, that such respectful consideration was not forth-coming from the operators. It is true that the spokesman of the operators did not scruple to declare, what is unquestionably the truth, that a government which will not or cannot uphold an American citizen in his constitutional right to work without let or hinderance on the part of strikers is a government deserving of contempt. It is perfectly obvious, however, to all those who have read the speech made by Mr. Baer at Washington, and it must have been equally obvious to Mr. Roosevelt, that the government denounced as contemptible was not the Federal administration, inasmuch as the administration had not yet been called upon to interpose, and, in the absence of interference with the United States mails, or of a call from the Governor or Legislature of Pennsylvania, could not constitutionally offer any interposition. It must have been clear to Mr. Roosevelt, as it should be to every reader of Mr. Baer's speech, that the government held up to contempt was the State government of Pennsylvania, which had allowed many weeks to pass after the declaration of the strike without making the slightest effort to protect non-union miners in their right to work, and which, at the date of the conference in Washington, still refused to put forth the whole military power of the State for the purpose of discharging that paramount duty. It was not against the President of the United States, but against Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, that the operators, speaking for the workers who desire to work, but are held back by terror from doing, expressed indignation and anger; and no man capable of seeing the truth and telling it will deny that they did well to be angry. Not only was there no lack of respect to the President of the United States in the denunciation of the neglect of duty imputed to Governor Stone, but the operators gave emphatic proof of their respect for the office of Chief Magistrate by offering, out of deference to Mr. Roosevelt's excellent intentions, a material concession to the miners which they had hitherto refused to make. They offered to refer all questions, except the recognition of the Miners' Union, that might arise between miners and their employers at any particular colliery, for final determination to the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the county in which the colliery is situated. Under the circumstances it is evident that Mr. Olney travelled outside of his brief, and spoke without warrant in the facts before him, when he described the attitude of the operators at the Washington conference as "audacious," and denounced them for "snapping their fingers" in the President's face. These are epithets and phrases which we, on our part, should hesitate to apply even to the course pursued by Mr. Mitchell, who, when the President, after the failure of the Washington conference, humbled himself a second time, by appealing to the leader of the strikers, left the Chief Magistrate in suspense for some days, and then returned an ostensibly courteous but peremptorily negative reply.

Having begun with imputing to the operators present at the Washington conference a disrespect for the office of Chief Magistrate, whereof they were not guilty, Mr. Olney proceeded to tax them with other offences whereof there is no proof on record, and of which he might find it equally difficult to convict them. Where does Mr. Olney get his authority for alleging that for years the operators have defied the law of Pennsylvania which forbids common carriers to engage in the business of mining; that for years they have discriminated between customers in the freight charges on their railroads, in violation of the inter-State Commerce law; and that for years they have unlawfully monopolized inter-State commerce in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law? Does not Mr. Olney know that every one of these assertions is firmly denied, and that not a single one of them has ever been established in a court of justice? If this he does know, does he think that by putting forward such accusations as if they were established facts he is strengthening his claim to be regarded as a truth-seeking, word-measuring, trustworthy candidate for President of the United States?

The Tariff and the Trusts

THERE need be no confusion of thought touching the effect of the tariff upon trusts. As with all subjects, however, which are tossed into the arena of partisan discussion to be worried by struggling politicians, the truth about this will surely be concealed, or clouded, unless we make an effort to keep it constantly in mind.

The partisan issue is not the economic, or the philosophical, or the ethical issue. On the one side we have the contention of the Democrats that the tariff is the mother of trusts, which has a large element of truth at its base, and, on the other hand, we have the contention of the Republicans, notably of Secretary Shaw, that the tariff has no effect upon the trusts,—a proposition which is not blessed by the smallest grain of truth.

No rational and well-informed anti-protectionist holds that all trusts are created by the tariff law, or that the protective duties alone lead to the formation of any trust. Large corporations, a much better and more accurate title than trusts, are the outgrowth of almost universal industrial conditions. Just as two or more individual barterers once joined their fortunes in a copartnership, just as, subsequently, two or more co-partnerships, or many individuals, united in forming a corporation, so now several corporations combine in one of our great modern aggregations of industrial power. Industrial mankind has thus taken its next step forward, and the world has yet to see any step in industrial progression which is not a benefit to mankind in general. This movement towards combination has been pushed farther, and with greater speed, here than elsewhere, but it is perfectly true, as Mr. Shaw observes, that there are combinations in free-trade England as well as in this country. Our own combinations are larger and more powerful, however, partly because we have a larger assured market, partly because of our superiority in resources and business capacity, partly because combination is a defence against the overproduction stimulated by the tariff, and partly because of the greater profits which are insured to the manufacturers by their protective duties.

The President would be justified in insisting that the punishment of combinations, or their regulation, by tariff revision will be irrational, and he might have added unmanly legislation, and will be an improper use of the taxing power if this were the motive of those who contend for the abolition of duties on trust products. As a matter of fact, however, the assertion that the tariff is the mother of trusts means that the tariff is the mother of certain injustices of protected combinations. To say that protection creates trusts, and, therefore, the withdrawal of protection would destroy them, is to say that which is not true or logical. The sound position is that protection permits combinations to oppress consumers, and, therefore, its withdrawal will tend to compel them to be fair and reasonable. The Dingley law presents to the protected manufacturers for their ex-

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ploitation the greatest single market in the world—that of the United States. They are inspired by, or inaugurate, an almost universal industrial movement all the more quickly because they are tempted to endeavor to realize more of the splendid golden opportunity which the law presents to them. They are assured of undue profits (we have in mind, of course, the successful beneficiaries of the tariff law), and seek to make them the greater by the economies which combination permits. In the end, and logically, they receive all the benefits of these economies, and are not compelled to share them with the consumers. There is only one method by which they can be forced to give the consumer his share, and that is by taking down the wall which excludes foreign competition.

As to the injury which it is predicted that the withdrawal of protection will inflict upon the smaller corporations, there is here also a fallacy. In the first place, when the President resorts to it, he does so at the peril of his contention that one of the "trust evils" is the destruction of the small competitor. He and his fellow-partisans must also agree from their own point of view that the protection which they say is intended only to keep up the price of labor is a blessing to the small producer; that, therefore, if you make his cost of production dearer by higher wages you protect him against the oppression of the combinations, the sum of whose pay-roll you also increase. In other words, that the more expensive you make business, the better it is for the man of small capital, and the less powerful becomes the combination with vast capital. The fact is that the small manufacturer, who cannot apply the economies possible to his great competitors, is doomed to find shelter under the wing of his rival, or to go entirely out of business. As a rule, in view of the great percentage of failures among business men, shelter is better for him than independence. The weak are just as weak and the strong a little stronger by reason of the tariff, for the smaller the market the more difficult will it be for the small man to find a place in it. Again, if it be true that the protective tariff must be spared because to touch it would expose the small to the destruction of the great, then this tariff, which the President says should be revised, is fastened absolutely upon us by the trusts which he also says are evils. The truth is that the changes in the tariff law will not affect the relations between large and small corporations. If the great combination can exist without any protection, or with half that which it now receives, so can the small individual, all other things being equal. So far as the tariff is concerned, what helps one will help the other, and what harms the great will harm the small, proportionately.

To sum up: the tariff is not the sole creator of trusts, but it enables the trusts to make larger profits by overcharges for its products, and to sell abroad at lower prices than it demands at home. It increases the opportunities for evil, and for that corruption which has always marked the tariff partnership between the government and private interests. As for the small corporation, or the individual, his future depends upon conditions that bear a slight relation to the tariff law, a relation which is not controlling.

It is certain that there is a great deal of good in us that does not know itself, and that a habit of union and competition brings people up and keeps them up to their highest point: that life would be twice or ten times life if spent with wise or fruitful companions. —*Emerson.*

Can a Crime be Expiated?

THIS is the bold question which a young writer, destined to be better known through his book, has the courage to ask in a story of singular poignancy and pungency. The case that Mr. R. W. Kauffman takes, in "The Things that are Cæsar's," is the case of John Haig, who, upon the advice and urgence of his uncle, Bishop Osgood, confesses to an embezzlement, and in expiation of his crime against society serves a ten years' sentence in the State's prison. Then he comes out, and under the protection and patronage of his uncle begins life over again. His uncle gets him a place on a newspaper through the influence of a pernicious but not unamiable Boss, but feels obliged to tell the dark secret of Haig's life to the man who befriends him. Haig promptly comes into collision with his superiors on a question of conscience, and is dismissed with the ignominy due a convicted thief. His uncle next gets him a place in a bank, without telling his secret, and when this comes out, as such secrets always must, he is dismissed rather more kindly, and his uncle has to share with him the resentment of the bank people at the advantage taken of them. After that the bishop lets Haig shift for himself, and he is earning his bread as a clerk in a grocery, and consorting with an ex-convict, one of his State's-prison friends, when he comes into possession of a letter which would ruin the Boss if made public. He goes and gives it to the Boss, and not to be outdone the Boss then gives Haig his daughter, who gladly breaks an engagement to become his wife. The love-story in its circumstances and conditions is the weakest part of the novel, as in its handling, frank and real, it is almost the strongest. The Boss is almost absolutely good, and the two contrasted newspaper types among Haig's superiors are excellent. The bishop is by no means bad, artistically, either, and the interest of the story, we can promise the reader, is such as will hold him fast enough throughout. However, we are not reviewing Mr. Kauffman's story, but are concerning ourselves simply with the question which it embodies.

Haig and his uncle acted upon a theory which never holds in practice. They believed that he had expiated his crime against society by accepting voluntarily the punishment which society had appointed for such a crime. The theory is logical, as Zola has said of Tolstoy's theory of life, but it is not reasonable. A crime against society is really inexpiable, as any one may learn by committing the least kind of one. The penalties which society inflicts are monstrously disproportionate to the offence, as any one may learn by going into a court of law, the lowest or the highest, and listening to the sentences imposed. Oddly enough, the only just sentence is the death sentence, most atrocious of all. That exacts a life for a life, and no more; the others exact not an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but eyes, ears, and nose for an eye, and a whole set of teeth, upper and lower, for a tooth. When all is done, and the crime paid for to the uttermost farthing beyond its desert, society can no more release its hold upon the offender than a bull-dog can unclinch its jaws. As long as he lives, and can be singled out by his name or face among other men, society must keep on punishing him, and punishing all his kindred, if they wear his likeness or bear his superscription.

This is quite inevitable, and the good bishop and all other good men are quite right in standing from under when ruin comes to a convict in his efforts to rehabilitate himself. As Mr. Kauffman somewhat grimly and quite faithfully and altogether pitilessly points out, he can save himself only by going the way of the world—in the instance chosen, by attaching himself to the fortunes of a strong scoundrel who has not been found out, and winning his protection by serving him, if not exactly doing as he does. Men are so made that they cannot perfectly trust any man who has been discovered untrustworthy, or has confessed himself so. They may honor him for his devotion to the truth, and for his heroism in standing up and taking the blows of fate, but they do not want him about. As long as his past is unknown he is safe, and may go on to do right, but when his past becomes known, then apparently he has no longer even the choice between right and wrong; the wrong only is open to him.

What, then, is the moral of this awful situation? Were John Haig and his uncle a pair of fools to imagine that when once a man has paid the penalty which society exacts, he is no longer in debt to it; or that when he has served his term in prison he is no longer its captive? Ought Haig to have confessed his crime, and taken his punishment, or ought his uncle and he to have connived with some clever lawyer, with no superstition as to the sacredness of the law, and no conscience about baffling it, and so managed to cover up his crime, or elude its consequences? Is this the conclusion of the whole matter which we must come to after two thousand years of Christianity and five thousand of God's revelation of His will to His chosen people?

Happily, for the moralist, it is not. There is another way out of the difficulty, and it is so simple that it will surprise every one when we point it out: Do not commit crime, and then you will be safe from its inevitable and illimitable retribution. In other words, do not sin, and you will not be sorry—at least sorry that you have sinned. Sorry you must somehow be, for that seems the law of life, but not ashamed; and the world, if you are not down, will not keep hitting you because you are down.

At Parting

ALAS, that thou must die
All bountiful and blooming as thou art!
Meseems I scarce thy bonny green did spy,
Scarce caught the young blue of thy virgin sky,
When lo, thou didst depart.

The flowers have, one by one,
Laid by the garments of their antique grace.
Ere life, too briefly exquisite, was done,
Long gazed they questioning upon the sun,
And mutely in thy face.

The little runnels all
Would lure thee yet with siren roundelay:
"Come back, and bring the shadowy trees," they call.
And wide-eyed fishes lurch from leaves that fall
And die upon the spray.

Gone is the priestly hum
Of insects. In dim twilight haunts unseen
They lie adoze, their chants and chorals dumb.
They wearied waiting, for thou didst not come
With faith-renewing green.

And birds that used to sing
Sleep feather-muffled on a creaking bough.
Or with soft moans comb out a listless wing.
They loved thee, Summer, thou bewitching thing!
But now—ah, where art thou?

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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The Simpler Life

We have always with us not only the poor, but a large number of persons who are growing poor because they are spending more than their incomes. They see their prospective fate looming up before them. They know they are spending too much, and yet it is hard for them to retrench, because they have got used to a certain standard of living, and it takes a desperate amount of resolution to break away from it. If they are used to five servants, it is a hard pull to come down to three; if they are used to three, dropping even one necessitates an unwelcome change in their daily habits. To this class of our contemporaries —a very large class—one thing is always obvious: they recognize that if it was the fashion to live less expensively they could make the necessary reduction in their expenditures with less distress than they can while it continues to be the fashion to live in considerable comfort. They know that if they lived in a community where everybody was reasonably poor, they could practise desirable economies with less wrestling of the spirit than in a community where most of their associates are uncomfortably well-to-do. So their hearts go out to the idea of a simpler life, which means to them a life, adjusted to a new and wise fashion, in which they will have more fun for less money; in which their expenses will be lessened and their peace of mind increased, at no very serious cost of social standing or personal comfort.

In England, where living is about as dear as it is here, and where the people take just about as kindly to luxuries as we do, this ideal of the simpler life is also very much in people's minds, and a discussion about it has been going on for some months in the London *Spectator*. Correspondents have written about it at much length, and sometimes with much sense, and some good stories have come out of poor but cultivated people who do their own housework and still are happy. In closing the controversy, the *Spectator* says that in England people of cultivated minds, but limited means, are apt to spend too much of their worldly substance in hiring people to do work which they could do themselves, and in practising an elaboration in domestic economy which is not necessary to social happiness. "If your means are small," it says, "it is better to simplify existence by all the members of the family doing a share of the daily work, and so leaving a good margin of free pocket-money, than to spend your last penny in an over-elaborate style of living." That is true, and it is about all the simpler-life idea comes to.

It will be noticed that all the yearning for a simpler life comes from people who hire servants. Most apartments in New York are so planned as to discourage the employment of servants, and a New York apartment would be a fairly good place in which to practise the simpler life, if it were not that to give the experiment a fair chance the apartment should be pleasant, and a pleasant apartment in New York usually costs so much as to make life complex and intricate at the very first go. But families which can pay the rent of an apartment, or of a timid house in an unfashionable street, can do with fewer servants if they can mitigate their prejudices about keeping clean. Cleanliness is a great luxury anywhere, and especially so in New York just now, while hard coal is dear and the tunnel is building. To keep a house clean requires incessant dusting and sweeping, and clean clothes have become an attribute of the rich. A moderate toleration of dirt makes housekeeping a good deal cheaper. Too much involves the risk of doctors' bills, and that, of course, means ruin. While the coal-bin is empty most of the family silver can be stored in it to advantage, thereby saving the cost of keeping it clean, and all without prejudice to health. The minimum of curtains and carpets will satisfy most men, if not most women, and as for meals, so long as they are good it is not a vital matter that they should be served with very much formality. Well-bred people eat with seemliness and contentment whether they have servants to watch them or not. The necessities — at least the bare, primitive comforts—of life are pretty dear in this town; but there are lots of families who can afford them, but who are harassed by the cost of superfluities which they could spare, and would spare if they could recognize that they were superfluities.

After all, the things most indispensable to simple living are mental and spiritual qualities—brains, a cheerful spirit, patience, and courtesy. A family that can amuse itself without much cost has a great advantage. Where there are occupation, mental activity, an interest in life, and love, and manners, and luxuries of that sort, physical luxuries can be greatly curtailed without much hurt. It is society that costs, and families that can at a pinch provide their own society and find it good are seldom too much restricted to it. The simpler life for them is not likely to be a lonely life. Families in which there are children have an advantage in this matter of society. Children are an expense, and undoubtedly complicate the simpler life a good deal. But the right kind of children, if they have been properly raised, are good company, and families that simplify their lives so much as to exclude children are liable to find in the long-run that they have overdone the job and have run short of sport.

But the thing that breaks the back of the simpler life in New York is the summer complication. It is that that sends deserving families to live in suburbs, and makes suffering providers feel that, after all, nothing simplifies life so much as a substantial increase of income.

The Language of the Future

It is interesting to note that the agitation for a universal language still continues, and that those who are arguing in favor of its adoption no longer suggest the establishment of a new language, but are considering the respective claims of those already in existence. This is as it should be. There are already too many languages in the world, and so far from adding to the supply in hand, we should rather look to the means that will sensibly diminish their number. The only valid reason for the construction of a new tongue would be to set at rest the jealousies which the various peoples of earth would feel at the preferment of a language other than their own, and jealousy is too much of a weakness to be allowed to impede the progress of a great movement.

We are somewhat surprised, however, to observe a slight drift, on the part of those most interested, toward Italian as the language of the future. The recent discussion of the subject has brought forth a very decided advocacy of this soft southern tongue for the honors to be bestowed, which, with all due respect to its beauties, its ancestral advantages, and the general esteem in which it is held, we consider to be a grave mistake. For an age of romance, of poetry, music, and love, Italian would do very well—has, indeed, done very well—but for the needs of the present, and much more of the future, it is wholly inadequate. The years to come are to be years in which in speech, as well as in action, man must be vigorous and impressive if he is to accomplish the things that are to be done; and the tongue of Dante and of Boccaccio will suffice for this no more than the prattle of the nursery would prove adequate to the emergencies of the stock-exchange. It is too soft, it is too tender to withstand the exactions of the strenuous life. To use it as the speech of the future must be used would be like entering a fierce and bloody battle armed to the teeth with ivory paper-cutters, and backed by an artillery corps of florists having naught but roses in their ammunition-boxes. Were music and song to be the work the coming man has had cut out for him to do, were the troubadour or the poet to be the evolution of the centuries ahead, then indeed would Italian suffice, and not only suffice, but inspire; for it is a tongue that sings itself, it is the very phraseology of melody, it is poetry even when most prosaic, and it falls upon the ear not as a call to action, but rather as a soothing, care-dispersing, soft and dreamy strain that invites to rest, to air castles, and to visions of bliss. At the feast of languages it would be the olive, where English or German would be the roast, and French the game. Fitted for the salon, it would prove too fragile for the mart. An inspiration to the poet, it would fill the captain of industry with wrath at his impotence at emphasis; and as an instrument of compulsion, which speech is at times required to be, it would prove as unequal to the task as a lady's stick-pin as an element of persuasion to a balky elephant.

Yet there are equally valid objections to other languages—French, German, Greek, Chinese, Turkish, Russian, Spanish, or English. It would be impossible to force a soft and sensuous southern tongue down the throats of the men of the north, even if its subtleties were not beyond their grasp. A larynx of Teutonic origin could do as scant justice to Italian as the French horn to the dulcet strains of the flute. *Vice versa*, the glottis of the dreamy sons of the Peninsula would stand paralyzed in the presence of the gutturalities of northern climes. Hence this language of the future must be that one which combines all the qualities of the strongest languages of the ages, and none that we know of, not French, not German, not Spanish, not even English, can compare with American, the language spoken by 70,000,000 of people, some of whom are German, and some of whom are French; some of whom are Spanish, and some of whom are Italian; some of whom are Russian and some of whom are English—but all of whom gladly, happily, and unresentfully accept as their own the free and independent language that we so delight to use. It is a language that is symbolical of our citizenship. Any good word from any source finds ready acceptance in, and a cordial welcome to, its already rich vocabulary. It is a language of assimilation, and just as our citizenship is a composite survival of all that is fittest in the two hemispheres, so is our language a well-constructed organic thing that suffices for all the needs of man, past, present, and future.

Therefore, let us hear no more of Volapük or German, Italian or French or English, as the universal language of the future, for there is but one tongue, and that is American, pure and undefiled, easy to learn, sometimes too easy to speak, but always significant, vigorous, and impressive.

Choose for a wife the woman you would choose for a friend were she a man.
—*Joubert.*

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Pseudo-Purism

In a letter to the New York *Times Saturday Review* Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson speaks of the recrudescent use of *gotten* instead of *got* for the perfect participle of *get*, as a Southern custom which has been making its way in the North since the civil war. Before that he cannot remember to have heard it, and he says that he heard it first in the South. He thinks that in this section it was so obsolescent as almost to be obsolete; and though we should doubt the entire exactness of his observation, we agree with him that it is a form which even the sweet voices of Southern women cannot render pleasing. When it reaches the ear through the noses of their Northern sisters it is of an insufferableness which even its prevalence in lady-journalism cannot atone for. Probably it has always been in use wherever English is spoken, surviving in a merited obscurity under the frown of polite learning, but not leading a life of final outlawry. Your perfect participle, however, is at best an uncertain part of speech and parlously misleading. In Addison's time it was quite proper for Sir Richard Steele to write *had wrote* for *had written;* and people who do not look carefully to their steps still say they *had went*, while some of the over-anxious try to secure themselves against a fall by saying *had have gone*, in certain contingencies. These are the pseudo-purists who note the vulgarity of saying *I done it*, and shun it as widely as possible by saying *I have did it*.

It is probably through some such misgiving as theirs that the ugly and odious neologism of putting the verb, and especially the auxiliary verb, early in the clause of a sentence so as to eschew the right colloquial form of putting it at the end, where it vigorously and vitally belongs. Many devoted literary persons, both of those who can and who cannot afford the time and expense, are now determined to write such a sentence as, "We do in our day as did the Romans in theirs, grabbing everything in sight," with the auxiliary well in the van, instead of writing, "We do in our day as the Romans did in theirs," etc. This is possibly for clearness' sake, but in the endeavor for clearness they wander in darkness, and bemire themselves at every step. They will write, "The lovers seemed of one mind, as did the witnesses of the affair," and they will think that they have achieved the greatest exactness; but put straight and expressed in full, this sentence will read, "The lovers seemed of one mind, as the witnesses of the affair did seemed." Deeper sloughs of nonsense lie in wait for those who write; for instance, "Shakspere had established a hold upon the imagination such as did none of the classicists," which, expressed with direct fulness, would read, "Shakspere had established a hold upon the imagination such as none of the classicists did have established."

No human being, now speaking English, would say in spoken speech, "I would have thought so, as would my friend Jones," but very many human beings would now say it in written speech. Why in the world should they? They do it in conformity to a standard of supposed precision and elegance, just as people say *gotten* instead of *got*, and as they commit a thousand other stupidities; and while we are in this scolding vein, we wish to rap on the knuckles those novelists, and writers of easy colloquial dialogue among the reporters, who say, in giving a conversation, "'Perhaps not,' suggested the anxious parent. 'Why?' demanded the equally anxious lover. 'Because,' slyly put in the girl, 'I may not know my own mind.'" We scarcely burlesque a form of expression which has apparently propagated itself from the vernacular, in which we say, very rightly, *said he*, and *said she*, and *said I*, but which will hardly carry so far as to let us say, *said they*, and not at all so far as to say, *sighed she, laughed he, growled we*. In all the supposed passages given from the imaginary story the verbs should be put at the end of the clauses, if they are to have any naturalness or propriety, as "The anxious parent suggested," "the equally anxious lover demanded," and "the girl slyly put in." Otherwise they are absurd, as a glance will suffice to show; and while the reader is about cleaning up his minor literary morals, in order to become a good writer, let us counsel him not to be afraid to put his preposition at the close of the sentence, in cases where he now prayerfully puts it at the beginning. It is, for instance, better English, because more natural English, to write, as one says, "The way which I came round by," than to say, as one writes, "The way by which I came round."

A Race of Nomads

Is the American race a race of nomads? There is much to make one think so. The nomadic instinct has given at all times the impulse to the settlement of American soil. The Spaniards, who founded the first colonies in Florida and California; the French, who established themselves at the mouth of the Mississippi; the Dutch, whose trading-posts on the Hudson were the beginnings of the State of New York; the Anglo-Saxons, who, from whatever reason, made their homes in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New England—all these were the nomadic representatives of the peoples to which they belonged. They had in themselves the capacity, almost certainly the desire, to rise up and go. Their immediate object in "breaking camp" may have been religious, commercial, or adventurous; it may have been to explore or to settle or to seek a refuge; but in these pioneers there must have been the wandering instinct, enabling them to leave old scenes, and forsake old friends, and begin at the beginning elsewhere.

And when they had done so the nomadic spirit was not laid to rest. From New England, New York, and Virginia the descendants of Pilgrims, traders, and gentlemen adventurers broke forth north and west and south, traversing mountains, crossing rivers, felling forests, founding cities, and tilling farms to mark their passage as they went. Other nomads came to join them—Germans, Italians, Scotch, Scandinavians, Irish, Poles—all drawn from the wandering elements of the Aryan races. They came, they saw, they roved, they settled. They united their forces with those who had been before them in the land. They married and intermarried, and new generations sprang up out of the intermingling of adventurous stocks. There is not an American to-day who does not trace his descent to this or that immigration, or, at the least, to ancestors who had the migrating impulse. Nomadic blood is strong. A distant strain of the Indian or the gypsy in a man will still show itself when any other one racial streak no longer appears. So the great American nomads, having ceased to be distinctly English or Irish or German, as the case may be, have not ceased to be restless. Having reached the Pacific, the human tide that had set westward is doubling on itself and returning eastward. The San-Franciscan builds himself a mansion in New York; the Chicagoan has a cottage at Newport; the Missourian a summer residence in New Hampshire; while from all over the country there is a mighty movement back to the ancestral lands across the sea. It is scarcely a paradox to say that the most conspicuous people in Europe are the Americans. They are to be seen everywhere—in the Prado, the Prater, the Corso, the Newsky Prospekt, the Unter den Linden, the Champs Elysées, and the Strand—in every great court, in every great castle, in every great church, in every great ruin, in every great hotel. They are cheerful, prosperous, prominent, dominant, and they get the best of everything, as though, like the meek, they had inherited the earth. When they pass on they leave money and pleasant memories behind them; and other nomads, waving the same flag, come to take their place. They come, they see, they conquer, and they go, apparently because they cannot help it. It is in the blood. The same impulse that sent the ancestors forth urges the descendants back again.

And of these wealthy, well-dressed, roving bands, it is curious to observe how large a proportion are women. In any European gathering of Americans the number of men is sure to be small. This is not chiefly, as it is often thought, because the men are working while the women are enjoying themselves. It is largely because the men are dead. "My congregation," said, not long ago, the rector of a well-known American church on the continent of Europe, "is mainly composed of the widows and daughters of men who have made money and killed themselves by nervous excitement or over-work." This is true to a greater extent than might be supposed by any one not familiar with the American colonies abroad.

Chickamauga

(1863)

Troops from the Armies of Cumberland,
  Potomac, and Tennessee,
Billows of Blue from the Northern Hills
  And the Great Plains, vast and free;
Waves of Gray from the angered South,
  Leaping to meet the shock,
Surge and break and recede again
  From Chickamauga's Rock!

Battle and siege and onset!
  Over and over again
Wave and billow advancing
  Crash through the leaden rain.
Thunder and blast and tempest
  Cease at the close of day;
Prone on the field are Billows of Blue
  And Waves of the Rebel Gray.

(1898)

Shaft and pillar and monument,
  Tables of bronze and stone,
Speak of the men who battled here
  When mighty deeds were done;
While from Valhalla's glorious field
  Their loyal eyes behold
Union under the Stars and Stripes
  Their arms upheld of old!

Attention! Troops from the North and
    South
  Marching in proud review.
Port arms! In honor of the Flag,
  Ranks of unbroken Blue
From Georgia, Maine and Iowa,
  Vermont and Tennessee,
Texas and old Virginia,
  And the Great Plains, vast and free!

Midnight on Chickamauga's field.
  A patriot army sleeps
Where once the blast of battle
  Swept the valley and the steeps.
Through the dim woods and on the hills
  Each lonely sentinel
Calls to his comrades in the gloom:—
  "Midnight—and all is well!"

Henry Dorr.

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Railway Competition

By Cy Warman

COMBINATION and consolidation will kill competition if carried to extremes. There can be no two opinions on that point; but competition between the various systems of railway — between railway managers and railway employees generally—is going to die hard. And yet—a lot of railway competition ought to perish. Rate-cutting, and such senseless competition as wrought only ruin to the railways without any lasting benefit to the public, will pass, as they should have passed long ago. What the big merchant wants is a stable rate. Rate wars that enable a plunger to run in a lot of stuff at a rate ruinous to the railway, and compete with old, reputable houses that have paid the freight, are demoralizing alike to the shipper and to the carrier.

After all the combining, consolidating, grouping, and "communities of interest," we have still a number of splendid railway systems, among which competition is keener today than it ever has been. Away to the north the Canadian Pacific, the one American road that touches the Atlantic and Pacific with a single unbroken main line, is an important competitor for transcontinental business. The Grand Trunk, beginning at Portland, Maine, with its Chicago connection ends at Portland, Oregon, Seattle, San Francisco, southern California, or the Gulf port of Galveston; for it appears to favor no particular Western line.

The Vanderbilt lines have a traffic arrangement with the Northwestern-Union Pacific system, frequently referred to of late as the Harriman interest.

Other Eastern roads shoot cars out *vid* St. Paul over the twin giants of the Yankee Northwest, and it matters little which leg of the Y they take.

The business taken West by the Pennsylvania is competed for sharply by the Western roads.

We have mentioned only a few of the important systems to show that there is still left a lot of competition for transcontinental traffic. To be sure, the competition of the future will differ from that of the past. It will be in the direction of superb equipment and better roadway. The money formerly wasted on rate wars will go to improve the road and rolling stock, which means more speed and comfort for the traveller without any increase in the cost of travelling. The tendency has, for years, been toward lower rates, and it is not at all probable that the present grouping of railways will work any change in the present cost to the shipper or the traveller. It is a year or two since all the sleeping-cars of the continent (if we except cars operated by railways) passed under the control of the Pullman Company, but there has been no increase in the cost of a sleep in a sleeping-car.

Competition for Colorado business has never been so keen as it is to-day. Trans-Missouri lines are laying out millions on roads and equipment. Only ten years ago it cost the traveller either two whole days, or two nights, on the road from the Lakes to the Rockies. Now a number of lines advertise "only one night out" from Chicago to Denver — Denver, that was an outpost, and the great plains within the memory of men still living. This is the kind of competition that helps. These quick trains with their rolling palaces encourage the well-fixed to go West often instead of going to Europe, while the clean, comfortable tourist-cars enable the comparatively poor to see something of their country. Across the fertile fields of the Middle States, through the Canadian Rockies, where the sun glints from the glacier, down the dusty desert of the far Southwest—over our Alps and through our Egypt—the finest trains on earth are travelling to-day.

We have some powerful systems of railway in America, but each has many equally powerful competitors.

Even the mighty Mr. Hill is not wholly independent. His Burlington cannot afford to refuse a passenger for the Pacific who wants to pass out under the shadow of Pikes Peak. But at Denver he must hand him over to Mr. Gould, who has become gatekeeper of the middle Rockies — that mountain-walled wonderland of the West.

The Santa Fe, whose California Limited has had such an open field for southern California business, is to have a mighty rival in the new Rock Island road which will open on the first day of November.

This latter company is building six trains the cost of which will run into the millions, and these trains are to compete with the famous California Limited of the Santa Fe.

Of course if rates begin to go up, like beefsteak and horseshoe nails, the outlook will be less cheerful, but so long as there is so much competition we may be sure not only of reasonable rates, but of the best and swiftest trains on earth.

A most amusing as well as striking illustration of the extent to which competition is carried on by the officials, even of the same road, came under the writer's observation only a few weeks ago. A train to which the president's private car was attached stopped at a division station. "That's a hard-looking wall," observed the president, glancing out at the crumbling side of an old brick roundhouse.

"Yes," said the superintendent, taking a squint at the wall. "I wrote Mr. E—— that I would spread his trade-mark over that if he would allow me to bill the passenger department for the work."

"What did he say?" asked the president, apparently much interested.

"He said: 'My Dear Mr. C——, I have a first-class scenic artist connected with the passenger department, and shall be most happy to paint your old roundhouse, with the understanding that the work is to be charged to the operating department.'"

There is competition for you. Mr. C—— and Mr. E—— report to the same general manager.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance at his will
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other that hath little asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise,
For Wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are which fortunes do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize. —*Spenser.*

We see faces every day which have a good type, but have been marred in the casting: a proof that we are all entitled to beauty, should have been beautiful, if our ancestors had kept the laws—as every lily and every rose is well. . . . The man is physically, as well as metaphysically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed equally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.—*Emerson.*

We should always have in our heads one free and open corner, where we can give place, or lodging as they pass, to the ideas of our friends. It really becomes unbearable to converse with men whose brains are divided up into well-filled pigeon-holes whereinto nothing can enter from the outside. Let us have hospitable hearts and minds.
—*Joubert.*

The Siamese Prince

UNCLE SAM is again distinguished as the host of a prince of royal blood. We have had several of these estimable persons with us in the past year, and they have all been more or less welcome. It seems only yesterday that Prince Charming of Germany came to us as the special envoy of his brother the Kaiser, and won all our hearts by his fine simplicity and manly bearing. It was only yesterday that a certain Grand-Duke Boris "also ran," making, it must be confessed, a far less favorable impression than his predecessor, possibly because, for reasons of his own, he travelled incognito, and behaved accordingly.

Now we have with us H. R. H. Prince Maha Vajiravudh, who is the heir-apparent to the crown of Siam. This young gentleman has come not to launch a yacht on his royal father's behalf, nor has he come merely to enjoy himself after the fashion of the young man of the period with more wealth than intelligence, as seems to have been the case with the departed Boris. He comes to study American agriculture and manufacture. It is no social or pleasurable function that he has undertaken, but one which is pure business; and we are inclined to think that in the long-run he will be found to have got more real benefit for his own people out of what he sees here than either of his forerunners, although we are far from wishing to be considered as having deviated by the smallest of fractional departures from our loyalty to the memory of Prince Henry. The last-named prince gathered much that was educational, we have no doubt, from his more or less diluted contact with the American people; but, on the whole, we cannot but suspect that he knows more to-day of our hostelries, of our habits as public speakers and diners, and of the comforts of our transportation companies than of our potentialities as workers.

Similarly Duke Boris of Russia has gained but a one-sided view of American civilization. The ins and outs of our spectacular side — the Four Hundred and other comic-opera specialties—he knows all about from intimate personal contact, but of our serious side,—of the things that we do with our heads and make with our hands,—we conjecture Boris knows little or nothing at all. Hence it is that a more than ordinarily warm welcome should be extended to the young Siamese prince. He has come to study the things which have given to the American whatever of supremacy he may enjoy in the world of action, and we may approach him with a confidence that was lacking in our approach toward the others, because in his case we are sure of our ground.

There are Chauncey Depews and Whitelaw Reids and banqueting-halls galore in Germany; there are 400's and chorus girls without number in Russia; but American industries, in steel and iron, in the manufacturing of farming implements, the preparation of food products, in all the things which contribute to the necessities of life, and that go, each in its own way, to give us recognition among the nations of earth —in these things rest the opportunities of which a visiting prince may avail himself to his own best educational advantage.

We therefore congratulate the prince upon the manner of as well as upon the reasons for his coming. He may not be received with such pomp and ceremony as others have been, but when he leaves us he will have acquired that which in intrinsic value far transcends all the pomp and vanity that have been lavished upon his predecessors.

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The Millionaire and the P. D. O.



"SAY—DO you know this Mr. Watterson they are talking about in the papers?" asked the millionaire of the Professional Diner Out.

"Never had the pleasure," answered the latter.

"What in thunder's the matter with him?"

"Lack of 'copy,' most likely."

"Say,—you see a good many of the Four Hundred. Do you think—we, ahem!— I say, do you think *we*" (looking hard at the P. D. O.) "are much like Mr. Watterson's description?" This millionaire was No. 401, and not quite sure his number was in the book.

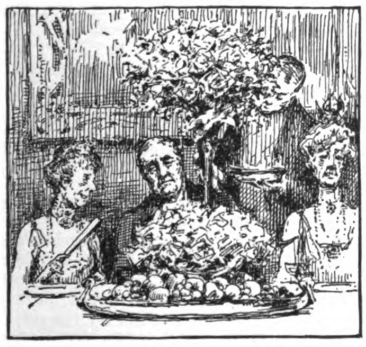
The P. D. O. thought swiftly of 401's *chef* and of a certain tap of champagne always served with that personage's masterpieces. He tossed away the newspaper, tilted his hat a little farther over his eyes, and replied: "My dear man, you know as well as I do that Mr. Watterson's description is just about as much like the 'Smart Set' as their portraits published in the daily papers. When you see the names printed under them, you know for whom the things are meant—sometimes. As a matter of fact, most of this talk about 'wantonness' is nonsense. Take, for example, Mrs. Blank. She *talks* like a—I mean that she tells naughty stories and has been heard to say 'damn.' Too many of them do that, it must be admitted. I, for one, find it tiresome. We men hear all the stories at the clubs long before they get around to the dinner tables, and when they are told to us again by the women they are apt to be a little—'Bodlerized.'"

"What's that?" asked 401, scenting something spicy.

"Expurgated. The ladies prefer to say, 'D—— Ph——,' instead of—"

"Ah! Yes, I see!" interrupted 401.

"The truth is, all these laxities in talk are the direct result of the enormous, monumental dulness of what we like to call 'Society.' It is hard to believe, but I cannot remember a single dinner party followed by any sort of effort to entertain the guests, except with hired banjo-players or 'coons,' when no great sum is expended, to



They are bored. Everybody is bored

the prima donnas and tenors of the Opera, who cost a small fortune. Not one of all the men or women who sit at the tables ever seems to possess any talents, or, having them, the good-will to exert them for the general amusement. As soon as the men leave their cigars and 'join the ladies,' the latter hop up and rush out of the house as if it was plague-stricken or on fire. They are *bored*. *Everybody* is bored. You have eaten a dinner precisely like yesterday's feed at So-and-so's, a little higher up the Avenue—turtle soup, ducks (which are said to be canvas-backs), terrapin (when they are not mud-turtles)."

"Oh, come, I say! You never get *sliders* at *my* house; and the ducks cost—"

The P. D. O. looked steadily out of the window and admitted: "Your house is the exception, and your man *is* a *cordon bleu*, of course. I was talking of the others—in the Smart Set. It is a fact that there is nothing offered in one house which is not practically the same in all the rest. Some of the dinner-givers actually know the difference between canvas-backs and teal, and recognize corked wine for what it is. However, all that has nothing to do with the case. Let us admit that one dines well, even if the dinner is 'always partridge.'"

"Which is ridiculous nonsense—for of course it isn't, you know."

The P. D. O. continued to stare out of the window. "Admitted that the dinners are good—to eat,—the guest sits down with the knowledge that there will be only the prattle of his two neighbors to look forward to. He has known both ladies for as long as they have been dining out, and thinks, with a groan, of the hours before him. It does not matter how polite a man may be, woman's instinct tells her when he is bored, and that attitude of mind on his part stimulates her to fresh efforts. It is not *conversation*—there is precious little of that, I can tell you!—but gossip and story-telling. If the stories are worth telling, the man has already heard them, as I said, and remains bored. Then the women take more daring flights. They try to startle him into some sort of interest, don't you see? They are as good women as any—only fashions have changed. Now, ladies feel that they too have a right to talk of 'spades,' and some of them forget that it is not advisable to call them 'bl—y sh—ls,' as the bishop pointed out to a curate. Tittle-tattle has been universal, I dare say, ever since Eve had a daughter, and, after all, one does not delight in discussing burning public questions between courses. It is also true that in the Smart Set there does not seem to be any interest shown in burning public questions, so far as the ladies are concerned. They find more interest in 'spotting' the exact date at which Mrs. So-and-so put on a little rouge, or had her hair 'restored' to a color it never had been before. Subjects of wider scope are whether or no *all* Mrs. Castorpelt's pearls are real ones, and if $57,000 a year is enough for young Van Ramslayer and Miss Steamerhorn to begin married life upon. . . . How many of the boxes at the opera are occupied by persons who enjoy the music, do you think?"

"Oh, I hate the music myself; but my wife likes it—that is, she likes the opera, you know."

"Precisely. She likes *the* opera—but she has never heard the first act of any one, nor the end of the last act, either, for that matter."

"Well, of course, that is on account of dinner and the rush for carriages, you know."

"Exactly! Now, we have no men of leisure to do nothing but hang around the women, and the other men haven't the leisure to hang around, except when all the rest are there. Besides, the English butlers, the French maids (veritable spies, who scrutinize 'Madam's' most private affairs), Irish and Swedish house-maids, and so on—a regular Congress of Nations—are *all* ready to discuss their employers—and sometimes to blackmail them, too. 'Madam' has no frocks fit for a walk on Sixth Avenue or Third Avenue. If she had, and put one on, her maid would probably follow her when she left the house. Oh no, Mrs. Blank's clothes are all built for Fifth Avenue, on which thoroughfare she is as well known to the cabmen and other persons whose occupations keep them in the street as the Cathedral itself. She *cannot* hide. No women in the world are so strictly policed as ours—for *they watch each other*. Huge incomes without any responsibility attached to the spending of them, lack of daily rational occupations, and a frank indifference to art and literature—not to mention politics and science—have turned our 'Smart Set' ladies into dollies, gorgeously dressed (and too often freshly painted, I fear), some of which can say, 'Mamma, Papa!' when you pull a string. A very few have phonographs in their pretty heads; but these are the exceptions; and one soon wearies, anyway, of hearing the repetition of their well-



No women in the world are so strictly policed as ours

known little cylinders, scratched by the latest anybody who has talked into them."

"Oh, I dare say you are right, but I don't quite see what you are driving at. Come along up to the house with me to lunch and talk it all over with my wife. She understands that sort of thing better than I do . . . . and there is a bottle of claret I want you to taste."

Exeunt ambo! to get cocktails before mounting the automobile.

HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 20 contained a picture of "The Party on the King's Yacht during the Coronation Manœuvres," which we stated was one of the most remarkable gatherings of distinguished soldiers, sailors, and members of royal families ever gotten together.

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Mr. Pinero and the Message of Iris

WHENEVER Mr. Pinero appears upon the scene it becomes necessary for the critic to sharpen up his wits, as well as his pencil, and to make ready for controversy. There is no possibility of agreement between two opposing camps, one of which believes him to be masterful and strong, and the other of which is convinced beyond peradventure that a contemplation of his work is as degrading as it is painful. The truth lies midway between these contentions. Among living English playwrights Mr. Pinero is unquestionably the most accomplished, and he has given us dramas of a stirring nature, but his masterfulness is, after all, merely comparative, and we doubt if his genius is as well rounded and as well proportioned a thing as his admirers would have us believe, and which betrays the real master. One critic likens him to Thackeray, whom he resembles as much as an apple resembles the moon, and another looks to Balzac for his like in letters, which would be more reasonable if Balzac were truly the narrow and restricted thing certain superficial readers of the French master seem to think him. If those who indulge in the latter simile would specify to which one of Balzac's many sides Mr. Pinero measures up, there might be a more general agreement as to the likeness, but failing to do this, it is not surprising that their claim on behalf of their hero is met with a smile of derision. Granting all that is his due as a master of the technique of play-writing, one may properly question whether, as an observer of life, he has a particularly wide range. If he has, he has yet to show it, but in the detached phases of social life to which he has devoted his talents he displays a strength which approximates real power. So we are inclined to believe that Mr. Pinero is masterful without being truly a master, of which he falls short by just so much as a single octave of the keyboard of a piano falls short of the alpha and omega of the scales.

As to whether a contemplation of his work is as degrading as it is painful, again we may say that it is and that it is not. One might readily see plays like "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" once, or even twice, without necessarily being degraded by them, but if one were to make such a habit of them as to find pleasure only in dramas of that nature, we should suspect that a certain deterioration of taste, if not of mind and heart, had set in that suggested a departure from ordinarily normal and decent standards. We cannot reasonably condemn a man or a woman, whose keen interest in all that pertains to existence amounts to a real eagerness to observe all its phases, for visiting a morgue to see what a morgue is like, just what its functions are, and how these are performed, but if that same man or woman, after having once satisfied that curiosity, were to continue the visits for the mere morbid pleasure to be got from them, we should fancy it was time for the alienist to begin his work. Hence it is that we cannot find a place for ourselves in either of the fiercely contending camps. Admitting his power, we do not yet regard Mr. Pinero as the greatest dramatist of all time, or even of the past century. He is big, but he is not big enough for that, and we submit that he should give the world some evidence of the possession of more varied gifts than he has as yet displayed before he can hope to size up to real greatness. And while we can readily see all the instruments necessary for the cultivation of a brutal and morbid taste ready to the hand in his plays, just as whiskey holds all the elements essential to the making of a criminal, the plays indulged in temperately are not inevitably degrading. On the contrary, in a sense they work as correctives, since, to the normal mind, there is so much in them that disgusts that a man or woman headed possibly toward deterioration would, likely as not, turn back again with a greater liking for the seemly, the wholesome, and the fit.

These reflections concerning the genius of Mr. Pinero have been induced by the recent production at a metropolitan theatre of a play from his pen called "Iris." The original Iris was a messenger of Juno. The present lady may be set down as a messenger of Pinero, sent out by this dramatist, possibly in an ambitious moment, to call attention to the parallelism between himself and another playwright named Shakspere, who many years ago observed that,

Wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

It is proper to assume, then, that Mr. Pinero, in choosing this name for his play, has intended us to believe that he has a message to convey to his followers. His *Iris* has found us out three thousand miles from the pen that produced her, and it becomes our pleasant duty to decipher the import of the message that she brings. What is it? We have, of course, known all along that the wages of sin is death, so it is unlikely that that was the point Mr. Pinero had in mind when he chose to communicate with us. We have known all along that going from mock heroics to Pineroics, Mr. Pinero's pineroines were of exquisite workmanship—as chaste in dramatic technique, as equivocal from the point of view of certain social technicalities, as clean cut as a frieze panel by Phidias, but as unfit for the contemplation of polite society as a Bacchante for the Boston Public Library. It was therefore not necessary for Mr. Pinero to send us an *Iris* to show us how cleverly he handles the talents with which he is endowed. We must therefore look further for a reason for this *Iris*. But for certain discrepancies of time we might have thought that Mr. Pinero had read what Colonel Watterson has had to say about the Four Hundred, and had concluded that the psychological moment had arrived to clinch the Colonel's arguments by a vivid portrayal of what these social tendencies were bringing us to. But the discrepancies of time exist. Mr. Pinero's *Iris* was in rehearsal long before the Kentucky moralist had been horrified by the things he discovered while passing through New York and Newport on his way back to the sweet, pastoral, and unsullied life of Louisville, Kentucky, where, it is to be assumed, all good Americans will go hereafter when they die, instead of to Paris, as they used to do. Colonel Watterson's moralizings came to us at the end of the cool summer of 1902, while Mr. Pinero's *Iris* had been rehearsing her message at London in the spring of that same eventful year. Hence we cannot convincingly claim that his message was an elaborate endorsement of the distinguished American's forceful observations on the ways of society.

What, then, is the message?

We think we have found it in a consideration of the character of the play itself, which, to speak as frankly as Mr. Pinero has written, without cant or hypocrisy, plainly and to the point, is as brutal a spectacle as the world has looked upon in literature since the terrifying episode in Dickens which involved a lady named Nancy and a gentleman named Sikes, not to mention the dog. That incident in Dickens was a horror, and if Dickens had indulged only in horrors, we fancy he would have occupied a different niche in the Temple of Fame. The incident of *Iris* in Pinero is equally a horror, but unrelieved. A weak woman is literally gripped by the neck, and shaken and mauled, and turned and twisted, and kicked and beaten, and then cast out into the gutter to lead such a life as we cannot think of without a shudder. She is allowed no single extenuation. She is baited and buffeted, not as if she were a sister of us all, not as if she were a victim of circumstances beyond her power to control, but as a thing preordained to repel us. Where an ordinary dramatist would have allowed her a little leeway, *Iris Bellamy* has none. Where the ordinary commonsense of nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand would have saved her, Mr. Pinero has compelled her to an irrational choice of the greater of the two evils, and in the climax of his piece he has given us Bill Sikes and Nancy over again, taking from Nancy her consistency to womanhood, and putting Sikes into the trousers and waistcoat of modern society. And the young men who write our dramatic criticism for us in these days when it is good to be young, tell us that it is all true and masterful and strong and delightful! Well, we think differently. We think Mr. Pinero has had a wholly different message for us, and that that message is this:

DEAR FRIENDS,—I send my *Iris* to you with a message. She will tell you that you have been given overlong to a liking for the thing that is brutal and unspeakable. You have got to the point where nothing short of the trail of the beast satisfies you, and you are in need of a corrective. I think my *Iris* will correct you, and set your faces again toward that which is wholesome, for if, after a contemplation of that which she brings you, you are not nauseated and disgusted with this sort of thing to such a point that you turn from it in horror, you should not be permitted to go free. For myself, I feel a sense of responsibility for this disease that has fallen upon you, and it is my wish to remedy, in part at least, the blight my genius has served to fasten upon our age. I regard "Iris" as the supreme expression of the unseemly drama. I have intentionally made it brutal; I have designedly made it revolting; I have played the limit in the game of the morbid drama not because I like to do it, but because I think the tendency should be stamped utterly out. Now that you see to what an awful ultimate the woman-baiting play may be pushed, I trust that you will shun it hereafter as you would a pest, and thus open the door of your appreciation to the works of those who see life in its true proportions, and who deal with the things which we deprecate and deplore as mere phases of the larger picture, not as the essence of existence.

Yours for reform,
ARTHUR WING PINERO.

That, we think, is the message of the author of "Iris." He himself has stood aghast at the taste he has inspired, and as a corrective he has administered the bitterest dose his genius is capable of concocting. In no other way can we account for the thread of travesty that runs throughout the play; in no other way can we account for the laughable absurdity of the final curtain; in no other way can we account for the sheer brutality which inheres in every situation into which his much-baited *Mrs. Bellamy* is thrust.

Our conclusion, of course, is mere theory, but we hope it is true, because of our sincere admiration for much that Mr. Pinero has done.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. Storer Clouston

PART V

MONSIEUR MAKES ONE ACQUAINTANCE AND SEVERAL MISTAKES

RECORD of an epistle taken from my journal, and upon the evening following my first meeting with the General.

This afternoon I decide to go to the Temple and see Dick Shafthead. But no; I knock and knock again and get no answer.

"Well," I say to myself, "he cannot be long. I shall wait for him outside."

I descend again to wait in that quiet and soothing court, where the fountain plays



and the gold-fish swim and the autumn leaves tremble overhead. Now and then one of these drops stealthily upon the pavement; the pigeons flit by, settle, fly off again; people pass occasionally; but at first that is all that happens. At last there enters a woman, who does not pass through, but loiters on the farther side of the fountain as though she were meditating—or waiting for somebody. So far as I can judge in the half-light and at a little distance, she is young, and her outline is attractive; therefore I conclude she is not meditating.

She does not see me, but I should like to see more of her. I walk round the fountain and come up behind her. She hears my step, turns sharply, and approaches, evidently prepared to greet me. Words are on the tip of her tongue, when abruptly she starts back. She does not know me, after all. But quickly, before she has time to recover herself, I raise my hat and say:

"I cannot be mistaken. We have met at the Bishop's?"

It is a happy inspiration, I think, to choose so respectable a host, and for a moment she is staggered. Probably she does actually know a bishop, and may have met a not ill-looking gentleman somewhat resembling myself at his house. In this moment I perceive that she is certainly young and very far removed, indeed, from being unattractive.

Her eye meets mine again, then she says:

"I—I don't know you. I thought you were— I mean I don't know why you spoke to me."

Evidently she does not quite know how to meet the situation.

I decide that it is the duty of a gentleman to assist her.

"I spoke because I thought I knew you, and hoped for an instant I was remembered."

"You had no business to," she replies. Her air is haughty, but a little theatrical. I mean that she does not entirely convince me of her displeasure.

"Mademoiselle, I offer you a thousand apologies. I see now that if I had really met you before I could not possibly confuse your face with another's. Doubtless I ought to have been more cautious, but, as you perhaps guess, I am a foreigner, and I do not understand the English custom in these matters."

She receives this speech with so much complaisance that I feel emboldened to continue:

"I am also solitary, and meeting with a face I thought I knew seemed providential. Do you grant me your pardon?"

She gives me a little laugh that is more than half friendly.

"Of course—if it was a mistake."

"Such a pleasant mistake that I should like to continue in error," I reply.

But at this she draws back, and her expression changes a little. It does not become altogether hostile, but it undoubtedly changes.

"May I ask you a favor," I say, quickly, and with a modest air. "I was looking for a friend and have become lost in this Temple. Can you tell me where Number Thirty-four is?"

"Yes," she replies, with a look that penetrates, and, I think, rather enjoys, this simple ruse, "it is next to Number Thirty-three." And with that she turns to go, so abruptly that I cannot help suspecting she also desires to hide a smile.

But, observing that I, too, shall not waste more time here, I also turn, and as she does not actually order me away, I walk by her side, studying her afresh from the corner of my eye. She is of middle height, or perhaps an inch above it; she walks with a peculiar swing that seems to say, "I do not care one damn for anybody"; and the expression of her eyes and mouth bears out this sentiment.

Does she resent my conduct?

Yes, probably she does, though my demeanor is humility itself.

"You came to enjoy the quiet of the Temple, mademoiselle?"

"I was enjoying it—till I was interrupted," she answers, still smiling, though not in my direction.

I notice that she again casts her eye round the court, and I make a reckless shot.

"Perhaps you too expected to see a friend?"

The eyes blaze at me for an instant.

"No, I did not," she says, abruptly, and mends her pace still further.

"I noticed another lady here before you came," I say, mendaciously, and with a careless air, as though I thought it most natural that two ladies should rendezvous at that hour in the Temple. She gives me a quick glance, which I meet unruffled.

We pass through a gate and into a side street, and here by the most evil fortune a cab was standing.

"Cabman," says the lady, abruptly, "are you engaged?"

The next moment she had sprung into the cab, bade me a "good-by" that seemed compounded of annoyance and of laughter, with perhaps a touch of kindness added, thrown me a swift glance of her brilliant eyes, and jingled out of my sight. And I have not even learned her name.

I drove to my rooms with my ardor cooled and my cynicism fast returning, and had almost landed at my door, when a most surprising coincidence occurred; so surprising that I suspect it was the contrivance of either Providence or the devil. A cab left the door just as I drove up, and in it sat Miss Unknown! I was too dumfounded to turn in pursuit, and besides I was too curious to learn the reason of this visit.

By the greatest good luck the door was opened by Halfred, who, in his obliging way, lent his services now and then when the maid was out.

"Did she leave her name?" I cried.

"Beg pardon, sir!" said Halfred in astonishment.

"I mean the lady who just called for me!"

"She hasked for General Sholto, sir."

My face fell. Old General Sholto was my neighbor across the hall.

"The devil she did!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said he; "that's the lady as visits 'im sometimes."

I whistled.

"Was the General at home?"

"No, sir, but she left a message as 'ow she'd call again to-morrow morning."

"Halfred," I said, "do not deliver that message! I shall see to it myself."

And so Miss Unknown is the gay General's mysterious visitor. And I caught her at another rendezvous. But she denied this. Bah! I do not believe her. I trust no woman!

Here ends the entry in my journal. You shall now see with what tact and acumen I pursued this entertaining intrigue.

"Good-morning, General."

The General stood in the door of his room, holding it half-closed behind him. He wore a very old shooting-coat, smeared with many curious stains. Evidently he was engaged upon some unclean work and evidently also he would have preferred me to call at some other hour.

"Morning, mossoo," he said. "Glad to see you, but—er—I'm afraid I'm rather in a mess at the present."

"You are the better company, then, for a conspirator who is never out of one!" I replied, gayly.

The first glance solved the mystery of his labors. An easel stood in one corner, a palette and brushes lay on a table, a canvas rested upon the easel; in a word, my neighbor pursued the arts!

"Fact is I dabble a bit in art," he explained. "I have nothing to do, don't you know, and—er—I always felt drawn to the arts. Amateur work—mere amateur work, as you can see for yourself—but I flatter myself this ain't so bad. Eh?"

"You keep your proficiency a secret, then?" I said.

Suddenly our conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the door. He barely had time to open it when the *dénouement* arrived. In other words, Miss Unknown stepped into the room. Yet at the threshold



she paused, for I could see that at the first glance she recognized me and knew not what to make of this remarkable coincidence.

She paused but for a moment, and then she evidently made up her mind to treat me as a stranger, for she turned her glance in-

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differently to my host and asked, in an offhand tone,

"Didn't you know I was coming this morning?"

"I? No," said he, with an air as embarrassed as I could have wished.

"I left a message yesterday afternoon."

"I never got it."

"You mean you forgot it."

"I mean I never got it," he repeated, irately this time.

She made a grimace, as much as to say, "Don't lose your temper," and glanced again at me.

"My niece, Miss Kerry," said he, hurriedly, introducing me with a jerk of his hand.



His "niece"! I smiled to myself at this euphonism, but bowed as deferentially as if I had really believed her to be his near relation, for I have always believed that the flattery of respect paves the way more readily than any other.

She smiled charmingly, while I by my glance endeavored further to assure her that my discretion was complete.

We exchanged a few polite words, and then she turned contemptuously to the canvas.

"I fear I must leave you, General," I said.

"I must go, too," said Miss Kerry, as I turned to make my adieux to her. "Good-by, uncle."

It seemed to my ear that there was a laugh in that word "uncle," and as I saw the unfortunate warrior watch our exit with a face as purple as his niece's dress, I heartily pitied the foiled Adonis. Yet if fortune chose so to redistribute her gifts, was it for me to complain?

"May I accompany you for a short distance this time?" I asked.

And a couple of minutes later I was gayly walking with her from the house, prepared to hail a cab and hurry away my prize upon the first sign of pursuit. No appearance, however, of a bereaved General officer running hatless and distraught with jealousy behind us. Evidently he had resigned himself to his fate—or did he place such reliance in the fidelity and devotion of his "niece"? Well, we should see about that!

"Then you remembered me?" I said.

"How do you know?"

"By that question. Ah, it has betrayed you! Yes, you do remember the ignorant and importunate foreigner who pursued you with his unpleasing attentions?"

"But it was a mistake, you said," she replied, with a flash of her eyes that seemed to mean much.

"A mistake, of course," I said. "And now let us take a cab and have some lunch."

She seemed a little surprised at this bold suggestion, and recollecting that an appearance of propriety is very rigorously observed in England, often where one would least expect it, I modified my *élan* to a more formal gallantry, and very quickly persuaded her to accompany me to the most fashionable restaurant in Piccadilly.

Even then, though she was generous of her smiles and those flashing glances, that I could well imagine kindling the gallant heart of General Sholto, and though her talk was dashed with slang and marked with a straightforward freedom, yet she always maintained a sufficient dignity to check any too presumptuous advances. But by this time all compunction for my gallant neighbor had vanished in the delights of Miss Kerry's society, and I was not to be balked so easily.

"To-night I wish you to do me a favor," I said, earnestly.

"Yes? What is it?" she smiled.

"I have a box at the Gaiety Theatre, and I should like a friend to dine with me first, and then see the play."

As a matter of fact the box was not yet taken, but how was she to know that?

"And I am to be the friend?" she asked.

"If you will be so kind?"

"My uncle is coming, of course?"

I smiled at her, and she beamed back at me.

"We understand one another," I thought. "But, my faith, how persistently she keeps up this little farce!" Aloud I said, "Of course. Without an uncle by my side I should not venture to turn out the gas. Would you?"

"Of course not!" she replied.

And so it was arranged that at half past seven we were to meet at this same restaurant. In the mean time what dreams of happiness!

Half past seven had just struck upon the church clock close by.

Five minutes passed, ten minutes, and then she appeared, more beautiful than ever—irresistible, in fact.

"But is this a private room?" she asked, as she surveyed the comfortable little apartment with the dinner laid for two, and the discreet waiter opening the wine.

"It could not be more so, I assure you."

She glanced at the two places. "Isn't my uncle coming?" she demanded.

I was prepared for this little formality, which, it seemed, spiced the adventure for her.

"At the last moment he was indisposed," I explained, gravely; "but he will join us for dessert."

The possibility of gainsaying this, and the attractiveness of the present circumstances—such as they were without an uncle—quickly induced her to accept this untoward accident with resignation, and in a few minutes we were as merry a party of two as you could wish to find. Our jests began to have a more and more friendly sound.

"You do not care for this entrée?" I asked.

"It is rather hot for my taste."

"Not so warm as my heart at this moment," I declared.

"What nonsense you talk!" she cried. "It has some meaning in French, though, I suppose."

Yet she laughed delightfully.

"Much meaning," I assured her.

"When was my uncle taken ill?" she asked, once.

Our eyes met and we mutually smiled.

"When you left his room with me," I replied.

And this answer seemed perfectly to satisfy her.

"What do you do with yourself all day?" I asked.

Again she laughed.

"You will only laugh," she said.

"I shall be as solemn as a judge, a jury, and three expert witnesses," I assured her.

"A friend and I are starting a woman's mission."

I certainly became solemn; dumfounded for one instant, in fact. Then a light dawned upon me.

"Your friend is a clergyman, I presume?" I asked.

I had noticed the poster of an evening paper with the words "Clerical Scandal," and I suppose that put this solution into my head.

"My friend is a she," she replied, with a laugh. "Clergyman? No thanks! We are doing it all ourselves."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed. "I see now what you mean! Excellent! Forgive my stupidity."

I did not see at all, but I supposed that there must be some English idiom which I did not understand. Doubtless I had lost an innuendo, but then one must expect leakage somewhere. Surely I was obtaining enough and could afford to lack a little!

At last we arrived at dessert.

"I wonder if my uncle has come?" she said.

"I have just been visited by a presentiment," I replied. "General Sholto has retired to bed. This information has been conveyed to me by a spirit—the spirit of love!"

She looked at me with a new expression. Ought I to have restrained my ardor a little longer?

"Does he know I am here?" she asked, quickly.

"I assure you, on my honor, he has not the least notion!" I declared, emphatically.

"Then—" she began, but words seemed to fail her. "Good-night," she said, dramatically, but with unmistakable emphasis.

She rose and stepped towards the door with the air of a tragedy queen.

A thought, too horrible to be true, rushed into my heated brain.

"Stop, one moment!" I implored her. "Do you mean to say that—that he is *really* your uncle?"

Her look of indignant consternation answered the question.

I sank into my chair, and seeing me in this plight, she paused to complete my downfall.

"What did you imagine?" she asked.

I endeavored to collect my wits.

"Whom did you think I was?" she demanded.

"Mademoiselle," I replied, "behold a crushed, a penitent, a ridiculous figure. I



am even more ignorant of your virtuous country than I imagined. Forgive me, I implore you! I shall endow your mission with fifty pounds; I shall walk home in my shirt alone; you have but to name my penance and I shall undergo it!"

Whether it was that my contrition was so complete, or for some more flattering reason that I may not hint at, I cannot tell you to this day, but certainly Miss Kerry proved more lenient than I had any right to expect. Not that she did not give me as unpleasant a quarter of an hour as I have ever tingled through. I indeed got "what for," as the English say. But before she left she had actually smiled upon me again, and very

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graciously uttered the words, "I forgive you."

As for myself, I became filled with a glow of penitence and admiration; the admiration being a kind of moral atonement which I felt I owed to this virtuous and beautiful girl. At that moment the seven virtues seemed incarnate in her; and the seven deadly sins in



"A pound, Mum—"

myself. I was in the mood to pay her some exaggerated homage; I had also consumed an entire bottle of champagne, and I offered her —my services in her mission to woman! I should be her secretary, I vowed. Touched by my earnestness, she at last accepted my offer, and when we parted and I walked home in the moonlight, I hummed an air from a splendid oratorio:

I cannot call it drudgery or penance to sit in the same room with Kate Kerry, to discuss with her whether Mrs. Smith should receive a mangle or Mrs. Brown a roll of flannel and two overshoes, to admonish her extravagance or elicit her smiles. Scarcely, I fear, and I must base my claims to any credit from this adventure upon the hours when she happened to be absent, and I had to amuse myself by abortive efforts to mesmerize a peculiarly unsusceptible office cat.

But I am now the annalist of a mission, and I must narrate one incident in our work that proved to have a very momentous bearing on that generous inspiration of two women's minds.

Kate and I had been talking together for the greater part of a profitable morning, when a woman entered our austere apartment.

She was one of our few regular applicants; a not ill-looking, plausible, tidily dressed widow who confessed to thirty and probably was five years older.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Martin," said Kate, with a haughty, off-hand graciousness that, I fear, intimidated these poor people more than it flattered them. "What do you want?"

"Please, mum," said Mrs. Martin, glancing from one to the other of us, and beginning an effective little dry cough, "my 'ealth is a-suffering dreadful from this weather. The doctor 'e says nothink but a change of hair wouldn't do any good. I was that bad last night, miss, I scarcely thought I'd see the morning."

And here the good lady stopped to cough again.

"Well," said Kate, "what can we do?"

"If I 'ad the means to get to the seaside for a week, miss, my 'ealth would benefit extraordinary; the doctor 'e says Margate, sir, would set me up wonderful.

"You had better see the doctor, Miss Kerry," I suggested.

"Oh, I can't be bothered. I've seen him before; he's a stupid little fool. Give her a pound."

"A pound, mum—" began Mrs. Martin, in a tone of decorous expostulation.

"Oh, give her three, then," said Kate, impatiently.

On the following morning, Kate and I met as usual in the office of the Mission. "We must have more money," she said, as soon as she arrived. "We want a capitalist to finance us regularly, and Miss Clibborn has found a man who may help if he approves of our work. He is coming down this morning."

"What!" I exclaimed. "We are to be inspected by a philanthropist any moment?"

"Yes," she said, with a laugh. "So you had better get out your papers and look busy."

"Who is this benefactor?" I inquired, as I hastily made the most of our slender correspondence.

"I can't remember his name; but he is something in the city. Very rich, of course."

"And if he refuses to help?"

"Then we must shut up shop, I suppose," she answered, with a smile that was very charming, even if somewhat inappropriate to this sad contingency. "Shall you be sorry?"

"Disconsolate!" I said, with more emotion than my employer had shown.

The door opened, and the head of our grimy caretaker appeared.

"A gentleman to see you, miss," she said.

"Show him in," said Kate.

"The philanthropist!" I exclaimed, dipping my pen in the ink, and taking in my other hand the gas bill.

A heavy step sounded in the passage, mingled with a strangely familiar sound of puffing, and then in walked a stout, gray-whiskered, red-faced gentleman whose apoplectic presence could never be forgotten by me. It was my old friend, Mr. Fisher, of Chickawungaree Villa!

"You are—ah—Miss Kerry?" he said, heavily, but with politeness.

As she held out her hand I could see even upon his stolid features unmistakable evidence of surprise and admiration at meeting this apparition in the dinginess of East London.

"Yes," she said. "And you, I suppose, are—"

"Mr. Fisher—a fisher of—ha, ha!—women, it seems, down here."

The old Gorgon was actually jesting with a pretty girl! As I thought of him in his dining-room I could scarcely believe my senses.

"And this gentleman," he said, turning towards me, "is, I suppose—"

He paused; his eyes had met mine, and I fear I was somewhat unsuccessfully endeavoring to conceal a smile.

"Fisher!" I said, holding out my hand. "How do you do?"

He did not, however, take it; yet he evidently did not know what to do instead.

"Then you know Mr. Fisher?" said Kate.

"We have met," I replied, "and we could give you some entertaining reminiscences of our meeting. Could we not, Mr. Fisher?"

"What are you doing here?" said Fisher, slowly.

"Atoning for the errors of a profligate youth," I replied, "and assisting in the education and advancement of women."

For some reason he did not appear to take this statement quite seriously. In England, when you tell the truth, it must be told with a solemn countenance; no expression in the face, nothing but a simple yet sufficient movement of the jaws, as though you were masticating a real turtle. A smile, a relieving touch of lightness in your words, and you are instantly set down as an irreverent jester.

"Miss Kerry," he said, sententiously, "I warn you against this person."

"But—why?" exclaimed Kate.

"I say no more. I warn you," said Mr. Fisher, with a dull glance at me.

"Come now," I said, pleasantly, for I recollected that the mission depended on this monster's good-humor, "let us bury the pick-axe, as you would say. The truth is, Miss Kerry, that Mr. Fisher and I once had a merry evening together, but, unluckily, towards midnight we fell out about some trifle; it matters not what; some matter of gallantry that sometimes separates friends. She preferred him; but I bear no grudge. That is all, is it not, Fisher?"

And I gave him a surreptitious wink to indicate that he should endorse this innocent version of our encounter.

Unluckily, at this point Kate turned her back and began to titter.

The overfed eye of Fisher moved slowly from one to the other of us.

"I came down here," he said, "at my friend Miss Clibborn's request, to—ah—satisfy myself of the usefulness of her mission. Is this a mission—or what is it?"

"It is a mission," replied Kate, trying hard to sober herself. "We are doing ex—ex—cellent work."

But at that point she had recourse to her handkerchief.

"Our work, sir," I interposed, "is doing an incalculable amount of benefit. It is the most philanthropic, the most judicious—"

I stopped for the good reason that I could no longer make myself heard. There was a noise of altercation and scuffling outside our door that startled even the phlegmatic Fisher.

"What on earth is this?" he demanded.

The door opened violently.

"I can't 'old 'er no longer," wailed the voice of our caretaker, and in a moment more there entered as perfect a specimen of one of the Furies as it has been my lot to meet.

She was a woman we had never seen before, a huge creature with a bloated face adorned by the traces of a recently blacked eye; her bonnet had been knocked over one ear in the scuffle with the caretaker, and her



"I can't 'old 'er no longer,"

raw hands still clutched two curling-pins with the adjacent locks detached from her adversary's head.

"Madam," I said, "what can we do for you?"

I was determined to let Fisher see the

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businesslike style in which we conducted our philanthropic operations.

"Where is he? Where the bloomin' blankness is he?" thundered the virago.

Poor Kate gave a little exclamation.

"Leave her to me," I said, reassuringly. "Where is who, my good woman?"

"My 'usband. You've gone and stole my 'usband away! But I'll have the law on yer! I'll make it bloomin' hot for yer!" (Only "blooming" was not the adjective she employed.)

"Who are you, and what do you want?" said Fisher.

There was something so ponderous in his accents that our visitor was impressed in spite of herself.

"My name is Mrs. Fulcher, and I wants my 'usband. Them there lydies wot's come 'ere to mike mischief in the 'omes of pore, hinnercent wimmen, they've given Mrs. Martin the money to do it."

"To do what?" said Fisher.

"To go for a 'oliday to the sea-side, and she's took my 'usband with her!"

"Taken your husband!" I exclaimed. "Why should she do that?"

"Because she 'ain't got no 'usband of her own, and never 'ad. *Missis* Martin, indeed! Needin' a 'oliday for 'er 'ealth! That's wot yer calls helevatin' wimmen! 'Elpin' himmorality, I calls it!"

"This is a nice business, young man!" said Fisher, turning to me.

Unfortunately for himself, he had the ill-taste to smile at this triumph over his ex-burglar.

"Oh, you'd larf, would you!" shrieked the deserted spouse. "You hold proflergate, I believe you done it on purpose!"

"Me!" gasped Fisher. "You ill-tempered, noisy—"

But before he could finish this impeachment he received Mrs. Fulcher's right fist on his nose, followed by a fierce charge of her whole massive person; and in another moment the office of the woman's mission was the scene of as desperate a conflict as the bastion of the Malakoff. Kate screamed once and then shut her lips, and watched the struggle with a very pale face, while I hurled myself impetuously upon the Amazon and endeavored to seize her arms.

"Police! Call the police!" shouted Fisher.

"Perlice, perlice," echoed his enemy. "I'll perlice yer, yer dirty, himmoral 'old 'ulk!"

And bang, bang, went her fists against the side of her head.

"Idiot, virago, stop!" I cried, compressing her swinging arm to her side at last.

"Send for the police!" boomed the hapless Fisher.

"Police!" came the frenzied voice of the caretaker at the front door.

"I'll smash yer bloomin' 'ead like a bloomin' cocoanut!" shouted Mrs. Fulcher, bringing the other arm into play.

"Compress her windpipe, Fisher," I advised. "Tap her claret! Hold her legs! She kicks! Goddam!"

Such a contest was too fierce to last; her vigor relaxed; Fisher was enabled to thrust her head beneath his arm, and I to lift her by the knees, so that by the time the policemen arrived all they had to do was to raise our foe from the floor and bear her away, still kicking freely and calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon us.

My first thought was for the unfortunate witness of this engagement.

"You are upset, Miss Kerry; you are disturbed, I fear. Let me bring you water."

"I'm all right, thanks," she replied, with wonderful composure, though she was pale as a sheet by now.

"But what is this?" I cried, pointing to a mark on her face. "Were you struck?"

"It's nothing," she replied, feeling for her handkerchief. "She hit me by mistake."

"Compress her windpipe, Fisher"



So engrossed was I that I had quite forgotten Fisher; but now I was reminded by the sound of a stentorian grunt.

"Ugh!" he groaned. "Get me a cab; fetch me a cab, some one."

Blood was dripping from his nose; his collar was torn, his cheeks scarred by the nails of his foe; everything, even his whiskers, seemed to have suffered. It would not be easy to persuade this victim of the wars to patronize our mission now, but for Kate's sake I thought I must try.

"Well, Fisher," I said, heartily, "you are a sportsman! Your spirit and your vigor, my dear sir, were quite admirable."

For reply he only snorted again and repeated his demand for a cab. Well, I sent one of a large crowd of boys who had collected outside the mission to fetch one, and suavely returned to the attack. It was not, certainly, encouraging to find that he and Kate had evidently exchanged no amenities while I was out of the room, but, ignoring this air of constraint, I said to him:

"We shall see you soon again, I trust? We depend upon your aid, you know. You have shown us your martial ardor! Let us benefit equally by your pacific virtues!"

"I shall see myself—" began Fisher. Then he glanced at Kate and altered his original design into "a very long way before I return to this office. It is disgraceful, sir. Madam, I say it is disgraceful."

"But what is?" I asked.

"Everything about this place, sir. Mission? I call it a beer-garden; that's what I call it."

"I am sorry, Mr. Fisher," began Kate, but our patron was already on his way out without another word to either of us. And I had been his rescuer! He slammed the door behind him, and that was the last of my friend Fisher.

For a moment or two we remained silent.

"Well," said Kate, with a little laugh, "that's the end of our mission."

"The end, I fear," I replied.

An hour has passed since the departure of Fisher; the crowd outside, after cheering each of the combatants down the street, has at last dispersed; the notice at the door informing all females of our patronage and assistance has been removed; the mission has become only a matter for the local historian, yet we two still linger over the office fire. Kate says little, but in her mind, it seems to me, there must be happy thoughts. She has recovered her composure, and reflections have had time to come. I, with surprising acumen and confidence, speculate on the nature of these. Disillusionment, the collapse of hopes, and the chilly thaw that leaves only the dripping and fast-vanishing remnants of ideals,—these are surely what she feels. As I watch her, also saying little, her singular beauty grows upon me, and my heart goes out in sympathy for her troubles, till it is beating ominously fast. "Yes," I say to myself, "this is more than Plato. I worship at the shrine of woman. No longer am I a sceptic!"

My sympathy can find no words; yet it must somehow take shape and reach this sorrowing divinity. I lay my hand upon hers, and she—she lets me press her fingers silently, while a little smile begins to awake about the corners of her wilful mouth.

"Poor friend!" I exclaim, with gentle exclamation. "Yes, disillusionment is bitter!"

She gives her shoulders a shrug, and her eye flashes into the fire.

"It is not that," she replies. "It's being made a beastly fool of."

For an instant I get a shock; but the spell of the moment and her beauty is too strong to be broken. It seems to me that I do but hear an evidence of her unconquerable spirit.

"You have a friend," I whisper, "who can never think you a fool. To me you are the ideal, the queen of women. You may have lost your own ardent faith in woman through this luckless experiment, but you have converted me!"

At this she gives me such a smile that all timidity vanishes. "Kate!" I exclaim, and the next moment she is in my arms.

For a silent five minutes I enjoyed all the raptures that a beautiful woman and a rioting imagination can bestow. I stopped abruptly.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked.

She raised her head and opened her eyes, and I saw that there was certainly no trace of sentiment in them.

"You do not love me, then?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"Love?" she smiled. "Don't be absurd!"

"Pardon!" I cried. "I see I have neglected my duties hitherto. I ought to have been kissing you all this time. That would have amused you better!"

Ah, I had roused her now, but to anger, not to love. She sprang back from me, her eyes flashing.

"You insult me!" she cried.

"Is it possible?" I asked, with a smile.

She replied with a distant farewell, and that was the end of a pretty charade.

To be Continued.

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Books and Bookmen

It is a noticeable fact that the advertising pace set by certain reckless publishers a few years ago has appreciably slackened, and things have now resumed their normal businesslike course. It did not take long to show that one of two things must happen,—either the author would have to be content with a smaller royalty, very much smaller, or the publisher would have to discontinue advertising his books on the grand scale of a quack medicine or a cereal food product. He simply could not afford to do it. We know of several instances in which it was found necessary to make this very proposition to authors whose names would be readily recognized. As a matter of fact, with the resumption of calculable laws in promoting and directing the sales of books, the publishing business, as well as the business relations between author and publisher, has returned to a healthier and sounder basis to-day than has existed during the past five years. They have learned that you cannot outrage natural methods of literary productiveness without suffering for it. Why is it that so many writers have burst into meteoric fame with one or two books, three at most, who are now neglected and forgotten? Simply because the public found them out. Common-sense and honesty must be taken for granted to begin with; for the rest, merit has a way of making itself felt with or without advertising. Indeed, there never was a time when merit was surer of a hearing nor a nation of readers more on the alert to discover and reward it.

The heresy frequently insinuated that publishers grow inordinately rich at the expense of the author was once amusingly illustrated by the late Bill Nye at an authors' dinner in London. "Just a year ago," said he, "I was walking on the principal street of Indianapolis, when I met a man whose appearance showed that he was reduced to the very depths of poverty. His clothes were ragged, his face unshaven, his hair long and matted, and his feet unshod. As I passed him, a look of recognition came into his eye.

"'Nye, old fellow, don't you know me? Don't you know Abel P. Jones, who was your classmate at college?'

"'What, Jones! Is it really you? Well, well, what can I do for you?'

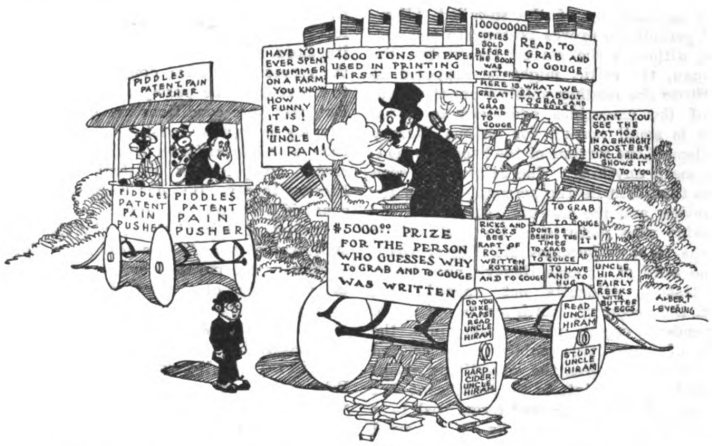
"'For Heaven's sake help me. I am starving. Lend me half a dollar.'

"I felt in my pockets. They were empty. I had no money myself. But a bright thought flashed through my mind.

"'Abel, I can't lend you the half-dollar: I haven't got it. But look here—I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll let you publish my next book.'

"Gentlemen, that was just a year ago; and this month Abel P. Jones sent me an invitation to go to Europe with him in his steam-yacht."

The ways of dramatic criticism are past finding out. A recent London critic begins by denying dramatic value to the plays of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hall Caine, and then proceeds to define the reasons for their success. Mr. Barrie "gets enthusiastic audiences for his plays" because, though "deficient in the art of the true dramatist, his humor loses but little of its delightful flavor when translated to the stage." Mr. Hall Caine, on the other hand, "succeeds" because, "in the first place, he is splendidly deficient in humor. Like Miss Marie Corelli, he takes himself seriously. It is difficult to succeed if you have a sense of humor. Take yourself seriously, and the public will take you at your own valuation." What about Mr. Barrie's public? "Contrariwise," says Tweedledee. "Nohow," says Tweedledum.



Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street," which is now repeating its Broadway success on the Strand, derives its title, as we know, from the street on which the "quality" reside. There is, however, some interest for those topographically inclined in the fact that a Quality Court exists in Chancery Lane, and it is just possible that Mr. Barrie, in his peregrinations from Fleet Street to Holborn, may have caught sight of the quaint nomenclature; he may even have turned into the court, as the writer has done, and paused to admire the fine early Georgian or Queen Anne houses now rented as offices. Quality Court is at least two centuries old.



Now we know why some people call *The Eternal City* a literary nightmare. Mr. Hall Caine, who is now in this country, tells us that it all began in a bad dream he dreamed ten years ago. He had gone to Russia "with some idea (afterwards abandoned) of writing a book that should deal with the racial struggle which culminated in the eviction of the Jews from the holy cities of that country, and the scenes of tyrannical administration which I witnessed there made a painful and lasting impression on my mind. The sights of the day often followed me through the night, and, after a more than usually terrible revelation of official cruelty, I had a dream of a Jewish woman who was induced to denounce her husband to the Russian police under a promise that they would spare his life, which, they said, he had forfeited as the leader of a revolutionary movement. The husband came to know who his betrayer had been, and he cursed his wife as his worst enemy. She pleaded on her knees that fear for his safety had been the only motive of her conduct, and he cursed her again. His cause was lost, his hopes were dead, his people were in despair because the one being whom Heaven had given him for his support had delivered him up to his enemies out of the weakness of her womanly love. I awoke in the morning with a vivid memory of this new version of the old story of Samson and Delilah, and on my return to England I wrote the draft of a play with the incident of husband and wife as the central situation." Out of that dream grew the novel, and the central incident of the drama to be seen shortly in New York.

One cannot fail to perceive in reading Mrs. Ward's *Lady Rose's Daughter*, appearing serially in Harper's Magazine, the worthier part assigned to woman and the loftier ideals imputed to her as compared with the majority of modern novels written by women about women. To "emphasize emotion and minimize reason," to gush with ample generosity and run riot after the manner of Marie Corelli and "Lucas Malet," is to describe mildly the bulk of our hysterical feminine fiction. One feels that Mrs. Ward has not been likened to George Eliot in vain, if the influence of the latter has quickened the sense of parental duty and the dignity of our daughters in Mrs. Ward's imaginative conception of womanhood. We cannot deplore the disappearance of the Madonna-mothers of Thackeray and Trollope, and the child-wives of Dickens. True, the emancipation of woman, while enlarging her opportunities and increasing her energies in a wider field of activity, has slackened her powers of reserve and reticence. "These aspects," says a recent writer, "are very evident both in *Marcella* and in *Eleanor;* both of them are noble works, and have elevated the standard of modern literature. The 'nerves' here are subordinated to will and aspiration, as they are not in romances dwelling on maternity merely from the side of a sweet or a bitter protection of offspring." More emphatically may the same be said of *Lady Rose's Daughter*, which will come to be recognized as Mrs. Ward's greatest triumph in fiction.

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Correspondence

A PLEA FOR LITERARY JOURNALISM

BOSTON, *October 10, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—One who is well acquainted with the literary market both here and abroad was regretting, the other day, the meagreness of what he called "literary" journalism in America. In "newspaper" journalism he was sure we were ahead of England, but in "literary" journalism far behind both England and the Continent. I remember that the energetic English journalist, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, recorded a like opinion when he asked why we had no "critics" in the States, and Mr. Howells replied, because criticism did not "pay."

The multiplying of the so-called "literary" periodicals proves nothing to the contrary, although the reader, the writer, the bookman, the critic, might be supposed to constitute the reading public from the number of the magazines addressed to them. There is small market for serious literary criticism, if the fortune of the literary magazines mean anything. The editor very soon learns to substitute the personal column for the review and the editorial, and to fill his magazine with pictures of the spots where Thomas Hardy's heroines did this or that; but no word of Thomas Hardy's philosophy. The last is evidently not wanted. Or, again, the magazine, which starts out as an independent organ, passes over into the hands of some large publishing-house and becomes more or less the advertising agent. A recent writer points to the significant fact that out of fifty-three books reviewed in a certain literary number, only one received an unfavorable notice. The literary periodical which remains independent, such as the *Dial*, must content itself with a small circulation, and so offer small inducements to contributors. As for the large, well-paying magazines of miscellaneous contents, how little space they give to the "literary" article! The *Atlantic*, under its present editorship, is the only one which is attempting to develop the field of literary criticism. The other magazines, if they wish for an occasional article on the literary subject, go to Henry James or Edmund Gosse — foreign writers who have received the expert training which the present conditions of our journalism do not offer.

Is the fault with the editor or with the public? Mr. Walter Page, in a recent paper on "An Intimate View of Publishing," says that we do not have "literary" criticism, because nobody reads it. Over here we have never "taken to that sort of thing." And why? Just the other day, Sir Gilbert Parker was remarking upon the type of mind that America's very practical civilization had produced. He did it full justice; but it is not the type of mind that finds any reality in a discussion of art, which to a Frenchman would be absorbing. Such questions do not touch life as the man of affairs touches life. Except on social and political matters, as Professor Woodberry points out, the American writer does no serious thinking. Mr. Page, who is himself the best type of the man of affairs in journalism, said once upon a time that there was no writing so useless as criticism of contemporary literature. "Two or three removes from reality," was his description of it.

It may be that; but in making the statement one would wish to define the criticism. Mr. Page is perhaps right in his statement that the people who write literary criticisms do not, as a rule, write it interestingly. Perhaps for the very reason that over here the expert journalist finds other fields more profitable, and such criticism is left to amateurs or is in academic hands. Certainly we have hardly a writer with the address, the wit, the facility, the touch, of both the journalist and the man of letters, that we find in Andrew Lang. What American would be capable of Mr. Archer's "Literary Conversations," the one really notable contribution, I should say, to a recent literary periodical, thoroughly readable, picturesque, contemporary, and yet suggestive at every point to the reader of intellectual interests? This is excellent journalism, but also excellent literature—such as we can hardly hope to get until our men of letters make a profession of journalism. The man within the college cannot expect to write for the average reader with the success of the man who is constantly addressing him. No matter how living a man he may be, the tendency of his profession is to make him take literature on its technical side, or to see its less obvious traits, rather than to deal with its more purely human values. In France the general public has doubtless the training to appreciate the purely artistic discussion. But over here conditions are different. The literary journalist must be something more than a subtle critic or a professional book-taster, competent in matters of style and literary theory. He must be human and personal if he wants to succeed.

In fact, it is hard to see why the literary subject does not offer as real issues for discussion as the political or the social. There is no register of the real life of a nation, or a generation—its spiritual life—so sensitive as contemporary literature. What are the material conditions from which spring, we will say, Mr. Norris's theory of the novel? Why is Mr. Howells's democracy less convincing to the imagination than Tolstoi's? What makes the difference between Miss Wilkins's *Portion of Labor* and, say, Hauptmann's *Weavers*? Is it impossible to awake the average reader's interest in such questions? Pertinent questions, which touch not merely books, but the life that goes into the making of books.

I know of no literary journalist among us who seems to have succeeded at all in making his work popular and educative, unless it be, perhaps, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. He never forgets his duty to the average reader, and yet his criticism always draws deeply on spiritual and so on imaginative principles. He has a body of literary doctrine—so essential to the educator—but he never uses it pedantically; he almost always translates his literary judgments into the actual language of life. He is essentially a literary man, who has been trained by journalism to write for a popular need. Yet he has always something for the educative reader.

Such an example as Mr. Mabie's surely proves that there is a field for the right man in serious literary journalism. And if other fields offer more prizes, surely few could be entered with a better conscience. After all, men are content to teach in colleges on limited incomes; why not also devote one's self to a profession which, if it offers but a modest competence, is yet honorable and educative. It would be strange if a constant comment on contemporary thought and life through an intelligent comment on our literature should not have its effect in developing that much-needed idealism in the American mind of which we hear; of waking it up, at any rate, to issues which may not be so immediate as the trusts and the tariff, but are no less permanently living.

I am, sir, etc.,

EDITH BAKER BROWN.

THE NEW JERSEY MOSQUITO

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, *October, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We are glad to know from your editorial Comment that the people of New Jersey are at last roused up to the extermination of the mosquito, notwithstanding the traditional gratitude which has heretofore stayed the exasperated hand of retribution.

Strict justice would suggest that, being a pioneer State, New Jersey should not confine her operative measures to the limits of her own boundary.

Charity begins at home, but it is not recorded that it should end there.

It is a well-known fact that in the days "befo' de wah," as "Uncle Bob" says, there were two distinct breeds of mosquitoes in the South—"one foh de white folks an' one foh de black," both knowing their own places, and neither trespassing in any degree on the prerogatives of the other.

With the influx of the carpet-bagger and other foreign importations came along the New Jersey mosquito, keen, inquisitive, with the New England spirit of investigation, and knowing a good thing when they saw it, concluding to make this Southern State an all-year-round resort.

To go on in Uncle Bob's vernacular:

"Dey des mult'ply, an' mahy, an' intehmahy, an' mix up wid dese heah few peaceable leetle native skeeturs dat we hab. An' dey sistahs an' dey cousins an' dey aunts des come er-flockin' down heah, enduin' de tou'ish season, t'well de country des got teh swarmin' wid dem ventehsome animules, an' hit pooty soon gwine be ernudder *race quecsshon*. Dey soon be nom'natin' dey Pres'dent an' flockin' teh de polls teh vote. Hit orter be legs'late agains', an' de Pres'dent orter, offah em'grashun teh some yother p'int" (we don't know whether Uncle Bob has ever heard of the Monroe doctrine, but we believe him to be an imperial expansionist) "—some dem new countris we bin cohnq'u'in' ob late, an' dese heah skeeturs would des pintally be de same es mishnahys. We orter be des es genyous es de Norf bin, when hit gib us, fus de niggahs, den de skeeturs."

He then goes on, furthermore, to add that so far as he himself is concerned, he would "er heap druvver heah er paccel ob skeeturs sing dey pol'tics all ober de country den teh see er mess ob niggahs roun' de polls on 'lection day," but then Uncle Bob is a radical, and opposed vehemently to the suffrage as exercised by his own color.

In view of these facts it has occurred to this writer to suggest that New Jersey, having thus been proven indirectly responsible for the steady increase in the various mosquito breeds which have sprung up here and there in Florida—the tourists' own State, the Riviera of the South—should look seriously into the question involved, and not restrict her measures for the successful operation of the proposed campaign to the borders of her own State, but send forth laborers for the work of extermination to the extent of her liabilities. Then will be brought to pass, and in part at least, an elysian state of existence, like unto that indicated in the advertisement recently discovered in a Northern paper, wherein, among the list of attractions offered of a certain pleasure resort, the three great evils to be excluded from the promised land were feelingly alluded to as "Whiskey, Mosquitoes, and Negroes."

Yours truly,

LAURA FITZHUGH PRESTON.

Every manner of living, each of our actions, has a particular end in view, and all these ends have a general aim—happiness. It is not in the end, but in the choice of means that we deceive ourselves.

—*Aristotle.*

It is never other people's opinions that displease us, but only the desire they sometimes show to impose them upon us, against our will.—*Joubert.*

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President of Princeton University

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Finance

SOME improvement is noted in the securities-markets at the moment. It would seem as though, at least temporarily, the worst had been seen. That the situation still calls for conservatism need scarcely be pointed out. But the elimination of the great menace which confronted the world of finance in the shape of the indefinite prolongation of the anthracite miners' strike, joined to the widespread recognition of the fact that money-market conditions are not yet all that could be desired by the advocates of higher security prices, leads to the hope that no unwise attempt will be made to manufacture a bull market until basic conditions justify a campaign for the rise. It was high time that a turn for the better should take place. Wall Street has witnessed on previous occasions what may be called paradoxical panics; that is, violent declines in stock prices in the face of prosperous commercial and industrial conditions. Such a "panic" would affect primarily the holders of securities, speculative or otherwise. Great losses would have been incurred by such holders, though the earning power of the corporations would have remained unimpaired. In the case of the market during the past week, there was witnessed the growth of a pessimistic mood on the part of the speculative community. It had been believed by the acutest observers of financial affairs that the liquidation of the previous fortnight had been thorough. The continued high rates of money certainly must have forced out, weeks ago, the weaker holders, and there is every reason to believe that some of the larger individual operators very materially reduced their loads, possibly as a result of the expostulations, to put it euphemistically, of the banks which had been furnishing the sinews of war to them. For many days, too, there had been noted unmistakable evidences of a similar lightening of burdens on the part of sundry pools and speculative cliques, which had presumably been brought to realize the wisdom of so doing by the very institutions whose complaisance, a few weeks before, had encouraged the ill-advised attempts to "bull" certain stocks out of season. Owing to this liquidation, there remained, in the opinion of professional Wall Street, only the powerful financial syndicates. These, of course, were and are carrying, by means of borrowed money, huge amounts of securities, which, equally as a matter of course, could not be sold in such a market as we have had for a month past or indeed for a longer period. These syndicates naturally have resources at their command not possessed by the smaller pools. Disaster to them might conceivably bring disaster to some of the institutions with whose help the burden was carried. Since the country at large was highly prosperous, the syndicates should be able to weather ordinary financial flurries.

The syndicates were not compelled to liquidate. But on Monday there occurred the most violent break of any day during the present downward movement. Stocks came into the market from scattered holders and cliques in far greater volume than had been deemed possible. The absence of "selling pressure," which made the Street so hopeful during the preceding week, was replaced by renewed urgent liquidation. To some extent this selling was prompted by the unfavorable bank statement of Saturday, with its decrease in the surplus reserves of the Clearing House banks. But no less uneasiness was felt over the growing seriousness of the labor troubles in the anthracite regions. Wall Street persistently ignored the coal strike all summer. When the entire community was brought face to face with an inadequate supply of fuel, with all the suffering it might entail, it was realized what grave danger confronted the stock-market. The arousing of bitter public sentiment, to say nothing of political possibilities, was a serious matter. But the apprehension over this phase of the situation was in a great measure allayed, and the downward movement of security-prices checked, by the news on Tuesday, that the operators had done what they should have done earlier—offered to submit to arbitration all questions at issue between the mining companies and the striking miners. The arbitrators are to be chosen by the President of the United States, and the miners' union is not to be "recognized."

While the mere announcement that the operators had decided upon this action caused a revulsion of speculative feeling, there remained enough serious features to the situation. It was tersely put by a bank president who is a firm advocate of conservatism in the stock-market for some time to come: "Even if the men should return to work to-morrow, they cannot mine time money." Moreover, not a few were doubtful of the unconditional acceptance of the operators' offer by the miners. And then, some good souls saw in the statement of the coal presidents the entering wedge of an era of socialism which would culminate in anarchy, etc. They looked for a widespread epidemic of strikes. Labor, grown arrogant with this victory, might go to extremes which would threaten dividends, to say nothing of the loss of America's industrial supremacy. The earnestness with which such views are held merits careful consideration at the hands of students of political, sociological, and industrial conditions. At present, the points brought out can be treated only in the abstract, and on their bearing upon the future. Wall Street was satisfied to look at to-morrow and take its chances with next year. In point of fact, the proposition of the operators was in no sense the abject "surrender" some would have us believe. It is fair, as any offer to submit a labor problem to the arbitration of men selected by the President of the United States must be. But what organized labor strove for chiefly—the recognition of the union—was not granted. The tyranny of an irresponsible body will not be countenanced, nor shall that body be permitted to interfere with the rights of other men to work if they are so minded. The interests of the owners of the coal properties have been safeguarded at the same time that the interests of the public have been borne in mind. The refusal of the miners to accept the arbitration of the commissioners to be named by President Roosevelt can prompt but bitter hostility on the part of the suffering public, which more than anything else desires an abundant supply of one of the necessaries of life.

There have been some signs of relaxation in the money-market, slight, to be sure, but all that can be expected at this time. There are still in prospect the demand from the West, and the needs of some of the underwriting syndicates for the more recent projects. Time money commands high rates of interest, but, with every likelihood of inactive stock speculation for some time to come, the banks should be able to strengthen their position, if they continue to act as they have done lately. Foreign exchange declined but slightly, and not all what was to be expected, in view of the continued high money rates at this centre. The statistics of our foreign trade for September are illuminating on this point. The exports during the last month increased $8,532,000, of which $7,865,000 were of agricultural products.

The Endurance Run of the Automobile Association

AT exactly nine o'clock on the morning of October 9, Harlan W. Whipple tooled his big 24-horse-power automobile rapidly around the corner of Fifty-eighth Street and sped away up Fifth Avenue. Seventy-nine snorting, puffing, chugging other autos followed him at intervals of thirty seconds each. Ten thousand people cheered and shouted as the procession went by. The weather was perfect, with a touch of autumn coolness in the air.

The occasion was the second 500-mile endurance contest of the Automobile Club of America, and included the run from New York to Boston and return.

The official programme prescribed a speed limit of fourteen miles an hour. That was for form's sake, and didn't count when the roads were good. Most of the way they were excellent. Likewise the speed. The autos were not allowed to report at the noon and night stopping-places before a certain hour. If they did they were penalized. As a result of this rule it was a common and comical sight to see a bunch of a dozen or more, each perhaps with a speed capacity of sixty miles an hour, crawling into town at a snail's pace after a merry run outside the city's limits. Sometimes the chauffeurs miscalculated the distance to the next control, and, to save themselves the penalty of arriving too soon, took a few extra turns around the block before reporting.

The first day we took it easy. But on the morning of the second it was plain to be seen that there was "something doing." The big racer came out like a well-groomed and perfectly trained thoroughbred. Nearly all the contestants had left New Haven when we started. Some of them were five or six miles away. Once clear of the city's pavements, Mr. Woodworth "cut her loose." The first machine we overtook was a little steam-car, whose occupants readily yielded the road for us to pass. Later on we overhauled and passed the fast division. So rapidly had we travelled that we were within four miles of Connecticut's capital city with more than an hour of time on our hands. So we drew up alongside the road and waited. Whenever a machine stopped, the natural assumption seemed to be that it was for repairs, and as the others overtook us the invariable question was, "What's the trouble?" When we told them we had paused to watch them go by they laughed sarcastically. Before night they knew better.

A few miles before reaching Worcester we encountered a bad hill. We were climbing it comfortably, when another machine attempted to pass. The way was narrow, and the going loose sand and gravel. We yielded all the road we could, and the man behind us turned on the full power. But he steered badly and miscalculated the room he had to pass in. As a result he "ditched" his car and nearly upset. We were so engrossed in watching him that we got into the sand ourselves and stuck. And then machines we had passed so merrily a few miles back began to file by, and their occupants gave us the "Ha, ha." Nine automobiles were stuck on this hill at one time, so we had company in our misfortune.

At Marlboro we encountered a curious obstruction. A runaway trolley-car, after plunging down a hill and colliding with another, had turned at right angles across the main street, completely blocking the passage. This happened only a short time before our arrival, and a big crowd was awaiting the ambulances, several people having been injured.

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Correspondence

STATE RIGHTS AND TRUST LEGISLATION.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., *Oct. 9, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue for the week ending September 20 you appear to hold up as a holy horror the idea of President Roosevelt, that we should amend the Constitution of the United States in order the better to deal with the "trusts." You even go so far as to appeal to Thomas Jefferson as likely to turn over in his grave, from such an invasion of State rights. I fail to see any danger, likely to follow such an amendment, which would equal in gravity the dangers which threaten our republican form of government by the trusts.

If the trusts are all right and the best thing to have, then no change is necessary; but if they oppress the people and will eventually threaten the government itself, had we not better give up a little more State rights than be ruined by an idea? Trusts are not a negative quantity; they are doing either great good or great harm. Littleness is the only sure thing they do not strive for. Had Thomas Jefferson seen the threat to the liberties of the people which is involved in their magnitude and rapid growth, do you imagine he would be content to sit quietly and let the trusts throttle the great masses of the people, for fear of a little loss to State rights? If State rights protect trusts, then these rights ought to be given up.

We are certainly in the presence of a great danger, and a wise people should prepare to meet it before they become powerless to do so—under the law. The Constitution guaranteed slavery, but Mr. Lincoln by a stroke of his pen freed the slaves. It was a bad precedent to break a law he had sworn to uphold. The times called for heroic measures and prompt ones, and subsequent events have proved the justification of his act.

We are in no war now, but if the States help trusts, and trusts are a danger to the Union, we had better yield a point or two more rather than invite destruction. *Quos Deus*, etc. I am, sir,

ROBERT CHISOLM.

FROM THE FAR WEST

SAN DIEGO, CAL., *Oct. 6, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Yours of the 22d ult., announcing the expiration of my subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY, came duly to hand. To say that we are delighted, edified, and profited by HARPER'S WEEKLY is faint praise. When I tell you that my husband is a stanch outspoken Republican, and has been since 1856, and that he declares that he has never before read a paper that so fully voices his sentiments, that is so vigorous, up to date, and fearless on all subjects of national interest, and such a delight to read, especially the Comment, you may be sure we *appreciate* it.

Yours truly,

MRS. S. F. WATSON.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC SUBSCRIBER.

ST. LOUIS, MO., *Oct. 12, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

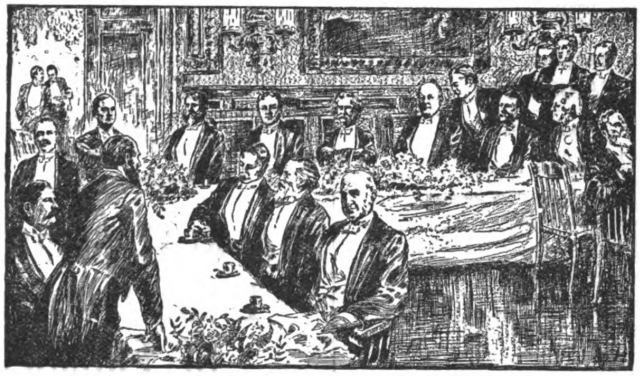
SIR,—HARPER'S WEEKLY compels my admiration by its splendid rejuvenation July 5. It was on the point of becoming antiquated. But the antiquity is now all alive at once, and we are better for having it.

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APRIL 30th, 1902

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Banking House - - -	545,796.92
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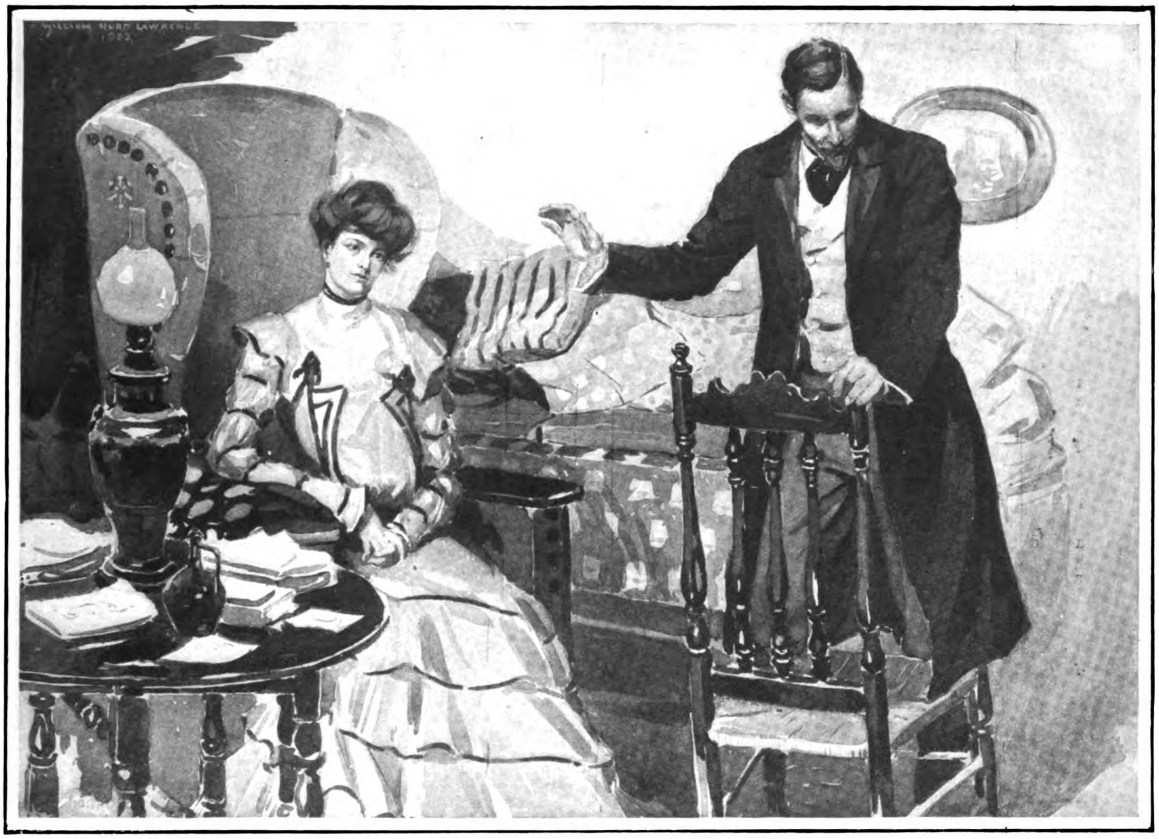
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Airey held up his hand for silence

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXIV

TO THE SOUL-SHOP

WITH the departure of the other two, Trix's tempestuousness finally left her; it had worn itself out—and her. She sat very quiet, watching Airey Newton with a look that was saved from forlorn despair only by a sort of appeal; it witnessed to a hope which smouldered still, and might burn again if he would fan it. A sense of great physical fatigue was on her; she lay back in a collapse of energy, her head resting against the chair, her hands lying relaxed and idle on the arms of it.

"What a pity we can't leave it just where it is!" said Airey with a compassionate smile. "Because we can't really put it all straight to-night; that 'll take ever so much longer." He sighed, and smiled at her. He came and laid his hand on one of hers. "If I've got a life worth living, it's through you," he told her. "You were very angry with Tommy Trent, who had nothing to do with it. You were very, very angry with poor Peggy. Well, she was partly responsible; I don't forget that. But in the end it's a thing between you and me. We haven't seen so very much of each other—not if you count by time, at least; but ever since that night at Paris there seems to have been something uniting us. Things that happened to you affected me, and—well, anyhow, you used to feel you had to come and tell me about them."

He caressed her hand gently, and then walked away to the window.

"Yes, I used to feel that," said Trix, softly. "I came and told you even—even bad things."

"You chose your man well," he went on. "Better than you knew. If you had known, it wouldn't have been fair to choose a confessor so much worse than yourself. But you didn't know. I believe you thought quite highly of me!" There was no bitterness about him, rather a tone of exultation, almost of amusement. He took hold of a chair, brought it nearer to her, and rested his knee on it. "There was a man who loved a woman and knew that she was ruined. There was no doubt about it. A friend told him; the woman herself told him. The friend said, 'You can help.' The woman he loved said, 'Nobody can help.' He could help, but even still he wouldn't. The friend said, 'You can give her back life and her care about living.' She said, 'I have no joy now in living'—her eyes said that to him. Come, guess what his answer was! Can you guess? No, by Heaven, nobody in the world could guess! He answered, 'Yes, perhaps, but it would cost too much.'"

For an instant she glanced at his face; she found him smiling still.

"That's what he said," Airey pursued, in a tone of cheerful sarcasm. "The fellow said it would cost too much. Prudent man, wasn't he? Careful and circumspect, setting a capital example to the thriftless folk we see all about us. It was suggested to him—oh, very delicately!—that it was hardly the occasion to count pennies. Then he got as far as asking that the thing should be reduced to figures. The figures appalled him!" A dry chuckle made her look again; she smiled faintly—in sympathy, not in understanding.

"Remarkable fellow, wasn't he? And the best of it was that the woman he loved was so cut up about being ruined and not having made a success of it altogether that she thought it very condescending and noble of him to show any concern about her or to trouble to give her advice. Now this man was always most ready to give advice; all his friends relied on him for that. As far as advice went, he was one of the most generous men in England. Well, there she lay—in the dust, as somebody put it to him. But, as I say, when it came to figures, the cost of raising her was enormous. Are you feeling an admiration for this hero? Don't you think that the worst, the foolishest, woman on earth would have been a bit too good for him? This little trouble of his about figures he had once described as a propensity."

She leaned forward suddenly and looked hard at him. He saw her breath come more quickly.

Airey pulled his beard and continued, smiling still: "That was the position. Then a girl came to him, a very dangerous girl in my opinion, one who goes about sowing love all over the place in an indiscriminate and hazardous fashion—she carries it about her everywhere, from her shoes to the waves of her hair. She came to him and said: 'Well, you're a pretty fellow, aren't you? I've got twopence that I'm going to give. We want tenpence. Out with eightpence, please,' said she. 'Why so?'

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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he asked, with his hand tight on the eightpence. 'She's got ruined just on purpose to give you the chance,' said she. That was rather a new point of view to him, but she said it no less."

"Tell it me plainly," Trix implored.

"I'm telling it quite plainly," Airey insisted. "At last he forked out the tenpence—and sat down and groaned and cried. Lord, how he cried over that tenpence! Till one day the girl came back again and—"

"I thought she only asked for eightpence?" put in Trix, with a swift glance.

"Did I say that? Oh, well, that's not material. She came back, and laid twopence on the table, and said eightpence had been enough. He was just going to grab the twopence and put it back in his pocket again, when she said, 'Wouldn't it be nice to spend it?' 'Spend it? What on?' he cried. 'A new soul,' said she, in that wholesale, reckless way of hers. 'If you get a new soul, she may like you. You can't suppose she'd like you with the one you've got?' She could be candid at times, that girl—oh, all in a very delicate way! So they went out together in a hansom-cab, and drove to the soul-shop and bought one. There's a ready-made soul-shop, if you know where to find it. It's dearer than the others, but they don't keep you waiting, and you can leave the worn-out article behind you."

"Well?"

"He liked the feel of the new soul, and began to thank the girl for it. And she said: 'Don't thank me. I didn't do it.' So he thanked her just a little, but the rest of his thanks he kept."

There was a long silence. Trix gazed before her with wide-open eyes. Airey tilted his chair gently to and fro.

"You paid the money for me?" she asked at last, in a dull voice.

"I gave it and Peggy took it. We did it between us."

"Was it all yours, or any of hers?"

"It was all mine. In the end I had that decency about me." He went on with a touch of eagerness: "But it wasn't giving the money: any churl must have done that. It's that now—to-day—I rejoice in it. I thank God the money's gone. And when some came back I wouldn't have it. Ah, there was the last tug—it was so easy to take it back! But no, we went out and wasted it!" He gave a low, delighted laugh. "By Jove! how we wasted it!" he repeated, with a relish.

"Of all the people in the world, I never thought of you."

"What I called my life was half spent in making it impossible that you should."

"Where did you get the money from?"

The last touch of his old shame, the last remnant of his old secret triumph, showed in his face.

"I had five or six times as much—there in the safe at Danes Inn. It lay there accumulating, accumulating, accumulating. That was my delight."

"You were rich?"

"I had made a good income for five or six years. You know what I spent. Will you give a name to what was my propensity?" For an instant he was bitter. The mood passed; he laughed again.

"You must have been very miserable?" she concluded.

"Worse than that. I was rather happy. Happy, but afraid. A week ago I should have fled to the ends of the earth sooner than tell you. I couldn't have borne to be found out."

"I know, I know," she cried, in quick understanding. "I felt that at—" She stopped in embarrassment. Airey's nod saved her the rest.

"But now I can talk of it. I don't mind now. I'm free." He broke into open laughter. "I've spent a thousand pounds to-day. It sounds too deliciously impossible."

She gave a passing smile: she had not seen the thing done, and hardly appreciated it. Her mind flew back to herself again:

"And you bought Mr. Fricker off? You ransomed me?"

"You were angry with Tommy, you were angry with Peggy"—he turned his chair round suddenly and rested his hands on the back of it—"are you angry with me?"

She made a gesture of petulant protest. "It leaves me a helpless fool again," she murmured.

"It was the price of my liberty more than of yours. I had a right—a right—to pay it. Won't you come to the soul-shop too? I've been there now: I can show you the way. There was my life—and yours. What was I to do?"

"You meant to deceive me?"

"Yes." He paused an instant. "Unless there ever came a time when you would like to be undeceived—when it might seem better to have been helped than not to have needed help. Well, Beaufort Chance upset that scheme. Here we are, face to face with the truth. We've not been that before. How we made pretence with each other!" He shook his head in half-humorous reprobation. She saw with wonder how little unhappy he was about it all: how it all seemed to him a bygone thing, a strange dream that might retain its meaning and its interest, but ceased to have living importance the moment dawning day put it to flight.

"You told me you weren't cured," he went on. "That you still wanted the old life, the old ambition—that my advice still appealed to you. That fatal advice of mine! It did half the mischief. Don't you see my right to pay the money in that again? Still, I tell you, I didn't pay it for you; I paid it for myself."

"I can give you no return for it."

"I ask none. The return I have got I've told you. I am free." He loved the thought: again it brought a smile to his lips. "There's no question of a return from you to me."

"Yes, but I shall owe you everything," she cried. "The very means of living decently!" Her pride was in arms again as the truth came back to her.

"Then sell all you have and repay me the money," he suggested. "Say I'm Fricker. There'll be nobody to buy me off, as Peggy and I bought Fricker off."

"What?" she exclaimed, startled into betraying her surprise.

"Pay it back," he cried, gayly. "Pay it all back. I'll take it. I'm not afraid of money now. It might come rolling into Danes Inn—in barrels! Like beer-casks! And a couple of draymen hard on the rope! I shouldn't so much as turn round. I shouldn't count the barrels—I should go on counting the sparrows on the roof. I've not the least objection to be repaid."

She fell into silence. Airey began strolling about the room again: he smoked a cigarette while she sat without speaking, with her brows knit and her hands now clinching the arms of her chair. Suddenly she broke out in a new protest:

"Oh, that's not it, that's not it! Paying the money back wouldn't cure it. As far as that goes, I could have paid Fricker myself. It's the failure. It's the failure and the shame. Nothing can cure that."

"Think of my failure; think of my shame! Worse than yours! You only set about living a little bit in the wrong way. I never set about living at all! I shut out at least a half of life. I refused it. Isn't that the great refusal?"

"You had your work. You worked well."

"Yes, I did do that. Well, shall we give that half? I had half a life then."

"And what had I?"

"At least that. More, I think, in spite of everything."

"And you can forget the failure and the shame?"

"I can almost laugh at them."

She held out her hands to him, crying again for help: "How? How?"

A low sound of singing came through the door. Peggy beguiled the vigil with a song. Airey held up his hand for silence. Trix listened: the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Does that say nothing to you?" he asked, as the song died away. "Does that give you no hint of our mistake? No clew to where the rest of life lies? Life isn't taking in only, it's giving out too. And it's not giving out only work, or deeds, or things we've made. It's giving ourselves out too—freely, freely!"

"Giving ourselves out?"

"Yes, to other people. Giving ourselves in comradeship, in understanding, in joy, in love. Oh, good Lord, fancy not having found that out before! What a roundabout road to find it! Hedges and briers and bleeding shins!" He laughed gently. "But she knows it," he said, pointing to the door. "She goes on the royal road to it—straight on the King's highway. She goes blindfold, too, which is a funny thing. She couldn't even tell you where she was going."

Another snatch of song came. It was sentimental in character, but it ended abruptly in uncontrolled gurgles of a mirth free from all such weakness.

"Yes, she gets there, dainty, trim, serene!"

He shook his head, smiling with an infinite affection. Trix Trevalla leaned her head on her hand and regarded him with searching eyes.

"Yes, that's true of her," she said—"that's true. You've found out the meaning of it."

"Everything's so plain to find out to-day."

"Then surely you must be in love with her?" Her eyes were grave and curious still. "How can you help it? She mayn't love you, but that makes no difference. How can you help loving her?"

"Does it make no difference? I don't know." He came across to Trix. "We've travelled the bad road together, you and I," he said, softly. "I may have seen her far off—against the sky—and steered a course by hers. The course isn't everything. But for your arm I should have fallen by the way. And—should you never have fallen if you'd been quite alone? Or did you fall and need to be picked up again?"

He took both her hands, and she let them lie in his; but she still looked at him in fear and doubt, unable to rise to his serenity, unable to put the past behind her as he did. The spectres rose and seemed to bar the path, crying to her that she had no right to tread it.

"I've grown so hard, I've been so hard. Can I forget what I've been and what I've done? Sha'n't I always hear them accusing me? Can I trust myself not to want to go back again? It seems to me that I've lost the power of doing what you say."

"Never," said Airey, confidently. "Never!" His smile broke out again. "Well, certainly not your side of thirty," he amended, trying to make her laugh.

"Oh, ask Mrs. Bonfill or Lord Mervyn or Beaufort Chance of me!"

"They'd all tell me the truth of what they know; I don't doubt it."

"And you know it too!" she cried, in a sort of shrinking wonder.

"To be sure I know it," he agreed, cheerfully. "Wasn't I walking beside you all the way?"

"Tell me," she said: "if you'd really been a very poor man, as we all believed you were, would you ever have thought it wise or possible to marry a woman like me?"

She had an eye for a searching question. Airey perceived that.

"Most pertinent, if I were poor! But now, you see, I'm not. I'm well off—and I'm a prodigal."

"Ah, you know the truth,—you never would!"

"I can't know the truth. I shall find it out only if you marry me now."

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"Suppose I said yes? I said yes to Mortimer Mervyn!"

"And you ran away because—"

"Because I told him—"

"Let me put it in my way, please," interrupted Airey, suavely, but decisively. "Because you weren't a perfect individual, and he was a difficult person to explain that to. Isn't that about it?"

Trix made a woful gesture; that was rather less than it, she thought.

"And what did he do? Did he come after you? Did he say, 'The woman I love is in trouble; she's ruined; she's so ashamed that she couldn't tell the truth even to me. Even from me she has fled, because she has become unbearable to herself and is terrified of me.' Did he say that? And did he put his traps in a bag, and take a special train, and come after you?"

Trix's lips curved in an irrepressible smile at this picture of a line of conduct imputed, even hypothetically, to the Under-Secretary for War. "He didn't do exactly that," she murmured.

"Not he! He said, 'She's come a cropper—that's her lookout. But people who come croppers won't do for me. No croppers in the Barmouth family! We don't like them; we aren't accustomed to them in the Barmouth family. I've my career,' he said. 'That's more to me than she is.'" Airey paused a moment and held up an emphatic

(Continued on page 1567.)

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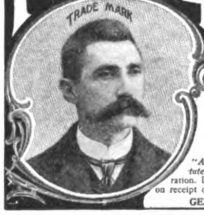
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Some of the Theatrical Successes of the Hour



"A Country Girl" at Daly's
Act II.—The scene in the Hall of the Ministry of Fine Arts

NEW YORK, the Mecca of theatre-goers, is full of good plays this autumn, and seems likely to have even more with the large number of new theatres about to be opened.

Among the successful shows must be mentioned "A Country Girl," which, like all the work of the clever English composer and librettist, is pretty, amusing, and to a remarkable degree filled with charming original music. The accompanying picture shows the scene of the second of the two acts wherein Mr. Morris carries the stage to the best advantage all through. Miss Ashley, however, is also decidedly clever in a small but amusing part, and retains all of those charms which won for her instantaneous favor in "San Toy."

In direct contrast, but quite as interesting, is "A Country Mouse," in which Miss Ethel Barrymore takes her place as one of the actresses of the day. She carries off the apparently simple but really deep young country girl extremely well, and eventually marries the Duke, to the astonishment of every one on and off the stage, and in the doing she acts her part with a cleverness that did not appear so evident in "Captain Jinks." The little curtain-raiser which precedes the play is an apt contrast for her as a star, but aside from this one point it is not so well suited to her as some brighter part in which she could show her ability to play the young conventional woman. The company which supports Miss Barrymore is an exceptionally strong one, especially Mr. McRae, whose work in the one-act play "Carrots" is one of the best performances that have been given on Broadway this season.



"The Country Mouse" at the Savoy
"Angela" (Miss Barrymore) and the "Duke of St. Kitts" (Mr. Davenport)

Miss Conquest is another star who can do the society woman skilfully, but it seems unfortunate that she should play in a piece so distasteful in its situations as the distinctly French representation of society life to-day given in "The Two Schools." Mr. Finney, as usual, is capital in his part.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Weedon Grossmith's amusing farce, "The Night of the Party," and it is also gratifying to see the enthusiasm with which New York audiences are receiving him back to America after so many years' absence. Mr. Grossmith, it will be remembered, appeared years ago in the support of Miss Rosina Vokes, and seems to have lost none of his drollness.



"The Two Schools" at Madison Square
"Mrs. Mauburn" (Miss Conquest) and her husband (Mr. Finney)



"Carrots" at the Savoy
"Carrots" (Miss Barrymore) and his father (Mr. McRae)



"The Night of the Party" at the Princess
"Gypsy Vandelier" (Miss Hobson) and "Mr. Crosbie" (Mr. Grossmith)

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(Continued from page 1565.)

finger. "In point of fact, that miserable man, Mervyn, behaved exactly as I should have done a fortnight ago. Substitute his prejudices and his career for my safe and my money, and he and I would be exactly the same—I mean, a fortnight ago. If ever a man lost a woman by his own act, Mervyn is the man!"

"So if I say yes to you, and run away—"

"The earth isn't big enough to hide you, nor the railway fares big enough to stop me."

"And Beaufort Chance?" she murmured, trying him again.

"Men who buy love get the sort of love that's for sale," he answered, in brief contempt.

She smiled as, leaning forward, she put her last question.

"And Mr. Fricker?" said she.

Airey gave a tug at his beard and a puzzled, whimsical glance at her.

"Do you press me as to that?"

"Yes, of course I do. What about Mr. Fricker?"

"Well, from all I can learn, it does appear to me that you behaved in a damned shabby way to Fricker. I've not a word to say for you there, not one."

The answer was so unexpected, so true, so honest, that Trix's laughter rang out in genuine merriment for the first time for many days.

"And when old Fricker saw his chance, I don't wonder that he gave you a nasty dig. It was pure business with Fricker—and you went back on him all along the line!"

She looked at him with eyes still newly mirthful. He had dismissed Mervyn and Beaufort Chance contemptuously enough: one had sought to barter where no barter should be; the other had lost his prize because he did not know how to value it. But when Airey spoke of Fricker's wrongs, there was real and convinced indignation in his voice; in Fricker's interest he did not spare the woman he loved.

"How funny!" she said. "I've never felt very guilty about Mr. Fricker."

"You ought to. That was worst of all, in my opinion," he insisted.

"Well, I was afraid you'd quite acquitted me! Should you be always throwing Mr. Fricker in my face?"

"On occasions, probably. I can resist a good argumentative point. You've got the safe and the red book, you know."

"I'd sooner die than remind you of them."

"Nonsense! I sha'n't care in the least," said Airey.

"Then what will be the good of them to me?" He laughed. But she grew serious, saying, "I shall care about Mr. Fricker, though."

"Then don't ask me what I think again."

He laughed, took a turn the length of the room, and came quickly and suddenly back to her.

"Well, is the unforgivable forgiven?" he asked, standing opposite to her.

"The unforgivable? What do you mean?" she asked, with a little start of surprise. He had struck sharply across her current of thought.

"What you couldn't have forgiven Tommy or Peggy or anybody! What you couldn't possibly forgive me! You know." His smile mocked her. "My having sent the money to Fricker."

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about it!"

"Things forgotten are things forgiven—and the other way round, too. Forgiving, but not forgetting—don't you recognize the twang of hard-hearted righteousness?" He came up to her. "It was very unforgivable—and you forgot it. Haven't you stumbled on the right principle, Trix?"

She did not rise to any philosophic or general principle. She followed her feeling and gave it expression—or a hint of expression, her eyes being left to fill in the context.

"Somehow it's not so bad, coming from you," she said.

In an instant he was sitting by her. "Now I'll tell you what we did this afternoon."

"You and Peggy Ryle? I'm jealous of Peggy Ryle!"

(Continued on page 1569.)

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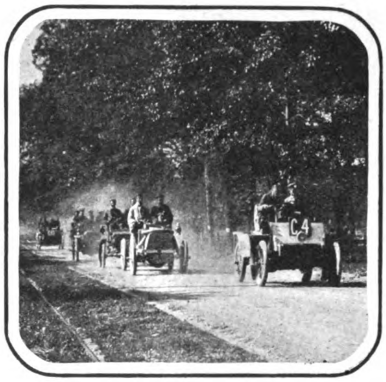
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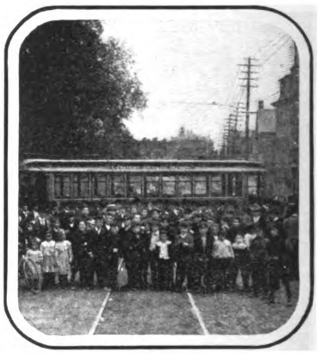
Tire Trouble—a Sad but Familiar Episode



Hill-climbing Contest—One Fallen by the Way



Pres. Shattuck and the Directors



An Unexpected Delay at Marlboro', Massachusetts



The Noon "Controle" at Norwalk



The Start at Fifty-eighth Street, New York City

NEW YORK-BOSTON ENDURANCE-RUN OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

See page 1560

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(Continued from page 1567.)

"A sound instinct, in this case misapplied," commented Airey. "Now just you listen."

The sound of song had ceased. Were all sounds equally able to penetrate doors and cross passages, quite another would have struck on Trix's ears. Peggy was yawning vigorously, while Tommy was trying to find patience in a cigar.

"Where had you been going to dine?" asked Peggy, referring to the meal as a bright but bygone possibility.

"I had been going to have a chop at the club," murmured Tommy, sadly.

"That doesn't help me much," observed Peggy. "And I suppose you're going to begin about that wretched promise again? I'm tired to death, but I'll sing again if you do."

"I've expressed my sentiments. I don't want to rub it in."

"If Airey hadn't come, you'd have done just the same yourself."

"No, I shouldn't, Peggy."

"What would you have done, then?"

"I should have bolted and dined. And I rather wish I had. I tell you what: if I were you, I'd have one comfortable chair in this room." He was perched on a straight-backed affair with spindly legs—a base imitation of what (from the sitter's point of view) was always an unfortunate ideal.

"I'd bolt with you—for the sake of dinner," moaned Peggy. "What are they doing all this time, Tommy?"

Tommy shrugged his shoulders in undisguised contempt. "Couldn't we go and dine?" he suggested, with a gleam of hope.

"I want to dine very, very much," avowed Peggy; "but I'm too excited." She looked straight at him, pointed towards the door, and declared, "I'm going in."

"You'd better knock something over first."

"No, I'm going straight in. If it's all right, it won't matter, and we can all go to dinner together. If they're being silly, I shall stop them. I'm going in, Tommy!"

Tommy rose from the spindle-shanked counterfeit with a determined air.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. It isn't fair play," he said.

"It's not you that's going in, is it?" asked Peggy, as though that disposed of his claim to interfere. "And you needn't tell me I'm dishonorable any more. It's dull. I'm going."

In fact, she had got to the handle of the door. She had grasped it when Tommy came and took hold of her arm.

"No, you don't!" he said.

For an instant Peggy thought she would take offence. Tommy's rigidity of moral principle, within the limits of his vision, proved, however, too much for her. She still held the handle, but she leaned against the door, laughing as she looked up in his face.

"Let go, Tommy! In short, unhand me!"

"Will you go, if I do?"

"That's what I want you to do it for," Peggy explained, with a rapid and pronounced gravity.

Her eyes sparkled at him, her lips were mischievous, the waves of her hair seemed dowered with new grace. Perhaps there was something, too, in the general atmosphere of the flat that night. Anyhow, the thought of vindicating moral principles and the code of honor lost the first place in Tommy's thoughts. Yet he did not let go of his prisoner.

With a change in his thoughts—did it betray itself on his face?—came a change in Peggy also. She was still gayly defiant, but she looked rather on the defensive, too. A touch of timidity mingled with the challenge that her eyes still directed at him.

"It's not the least good lecturing you," he declared.

"I don't know how you ever came to think you knew how to do it."

"Peggy, am I never to get any forwarder?"

"Not much, I hope," answered Peggy, with a stifled laugh.

He looked at her steadily for a minute.

"You like me," he said. "If you hadn't liked me, I should have been kicked out by now."

"I call that taking a very unfair advantage," murmured Peggy.

"Because you're not the sort of girl to let a man—"

"Then why don't you let go of my arm?"

This was glaringly illogical. It seized

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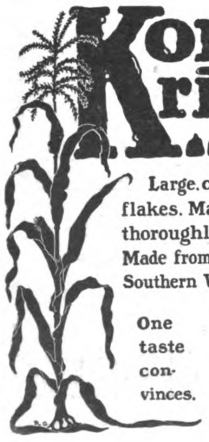
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Tommy's premise and twisted it to an absolutely opposite conclusion. But Tommy was bewildered by the mental gymnastics—or by something else that dazzled him. He released her arm and stepped back almost ceremoniously. Peggy lifted her arm and seemed to study it for a second.

"That's nice of you," she said. "But"—her laugh rang out—"I'm going all the same!"

In an instant she had darted through the door. Tommy made as though he would follow, but paused on the threshold and pulled the door close again. Perhaps she could carry it off; he could not. He walked slowly back to the spindle-shanked chair and sat down again. Tommy's head was rather in a whirl, but his heart beat gayly. "By Jove—yes!" he thought to himself. "Give her time, and it's yes!"

Peggy, unrepentant, strode across the passage and stopped outside the sitting-room. Human nature would not stand it. She must listen or go in. She did not hesitate; in she went.

Airey was standing by the window; she saw but hardly noticed him. In the middle of the room was Trix Trevalla. But what a Trix! Peggy stood motionless a minute at the sight of her. Her quick eye took in the ring on Trix's finger, the sparkle of the diamonds on her wrist, the soft lustre of the pearls about her neck. The plain gown she wore showed them off bravely, and she seemed as though she were hung with jewels. Peggy recognized the jewels; the small boxes she knew also, and marked where they lay on the table. All that was the work of an instant. Her eyes returned to Trix and rose above the pearls to Trix's face. The hardness and the haggardness, the weariness and shame, all suspicion and all reserve, were gone from it. The face was younger, softer; it seemed rounder and more girlish. The eyes glowed with a veiled brightness.

Peggy stood there on the threshold, looking.

At last Airey spoke to her; for Trix, though she met her eyes, said nothing and did not move from her place.

"Peggy," he said, "she's been with me. She's been where we went this afternoon. You know the way; you showed it to me."

Now Trix Trevalla came towards her, a little blindly and unsteadily, as it seemed. She held out both hands, and Peggy went forward a step to meet them.

"Yes, I've been. I think I've been to—to the soul-shop, Peggy." She threw herself into the girl's arms.

"Is it—is it all right?" gasped Peggy.

"It's going to be," said Airey Newton.

She put Trix at arm's-length and gazed at her. "They look beautiful, and you look beautiful. I wonder if you've ever looked like that before!"

"It's all gone," said Trix, passing her hand across her eyes. "All gone, I think, Peggy."

"Oh, I can't stay here!" cried Peggy, in dismay. For her eyes, too, grew dim; and now she could no more have sung than yawned. She caught Trix to her, kissed her, and ran from the room.

"I beg your pardon; you were quite right, sir," she said to Tommy. "I never ought to have gone in."

"But, I say, what's happened, Peggy?" Of another's sin it seems no such great crime to take advantage.

"Everything," said Peggy, with a comprehensive wave of her arms. "Everything, Tommy!"

"They've fixed it up?" he asked, eagerly.

"If you don't feel disgraced by putting it like that—they have," said Peggy, breaking into glad laughter again.

He rose and came near to her.

"And what are we going to do?" he inquired.

Peggy regarded him with eyes professedly judicial, though mischief and mockery lurked in them.

"As I don't think it's the least use waiting for them, I suggest that we go and have some dinner," she said.

"That's not a bad idea," agreed Tommy.

He turned quietly, took up his hat and stick, and went out into the passage; Peggy stayed a minute to put on a hat and jacket. She came out to join him then, treading softly and with her finger on her lips. Tommy nodded understanding, took hold of the



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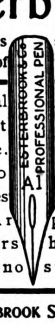
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handle of the baize door, and made way for her to pass. His air was decorous and friendly. Peggy looked at him, immeasurable amusement nestling in her eyes. As she passed, she flung one arm lightly about his neck and kissed him.

"Just to celebrate the event!" she whispered.

Tommy followed her down stairs with heart aglow.

To be Continued.

Manhattan Elevated's Great Power-House

See page 1533

THE great electrical power-house of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad system at Seventy-sixth Street and the East River in New York is the largest of the kind in the production of electrical units in the world. It has the capacity to supply thirty-seven miles of Elevated railroad, and will soon be in full operation. It was used first on December 31 of last year.

This great power-house contains eight massive electric generators, which are intended, finally, to supplant 310 steam-locomotives, pulling 1200 cars, and carrying 200,000,000 passengers a year. Each of the generators produces as much energy as 500,000 men would produce working continuously. Each generator weighs 370,000 pounds, and rests in frames forty-two feet high. The rotary part of each machine is thirty-two feet in diameter, and revolves at the rate of 7540 feet, or nearly a mile and a half, a minute. These machines are driven by stationary engines of 8500 horse-power capacity.

The normal capacity of each of these enormous generators is 5000 kilowatts, or 6700 horse-power. When driven at their greatest speed they will each produce 7500 kilowatts, or 10,000 horse-power. There is also in the large power-house an extensive auxiliary plant for the use of the power-house alone, employing multipolar generators, converters, and transformers.

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The Congress of Americanists

IT will be news to many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY that there are all over the civilized world eminent scientific men who make a specialty of investigating the pre-Columbian history of North and South America. The post-Columbian history of the continent is of far greater interest to most of us, and the personality of the pre-Columbian scientists, who are meeting this week in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, is unquestionably post-Columbian, and interesting accordingly. Among them these represent not only learned societies, but governments as well: Professor Dr. Stolpe, Sweden; Dr. Schmeltz, Holland; Professor Dr. Seler and Professor Dr. von Steinen, Prussia; Professor Lejal, France; Señors Chavero and Batres and Dr. Léon, Mexico; and Señor Don Martin Merou, Argentina. The University of Glasgow, of which an American we have all heard of, Andrew Carnegie, is rector, is represented in this congress of Americanists by Professor John H. Biles, while the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland sends as its delegate Mr. A. P. Maudsley. The invitation to hold their thirtieth congress in New York was extended by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and after regular business has been transacted visits will be made to Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and Chicago, in each of which cities there are museums of note, which the delegates wish to examine. From Columbus, Ohio, a visit will be made to Fort Ancient, those remarkable Indian mounds were described in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last year.

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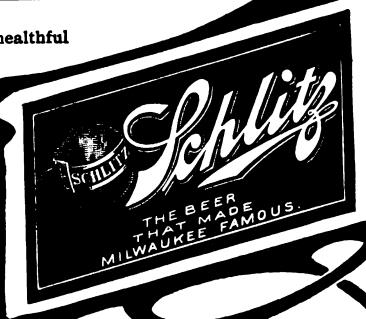
Not a beverage known to man is more healthful than beer, if it's pure.

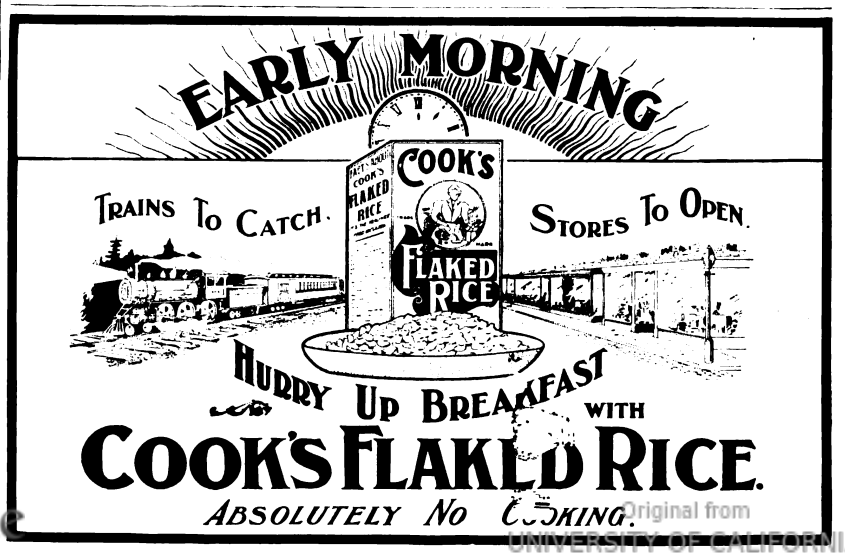
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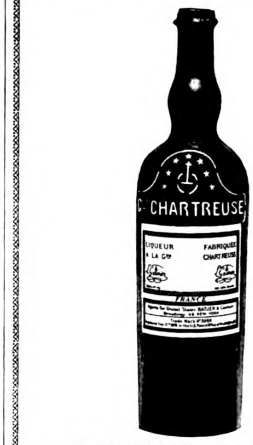




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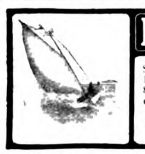


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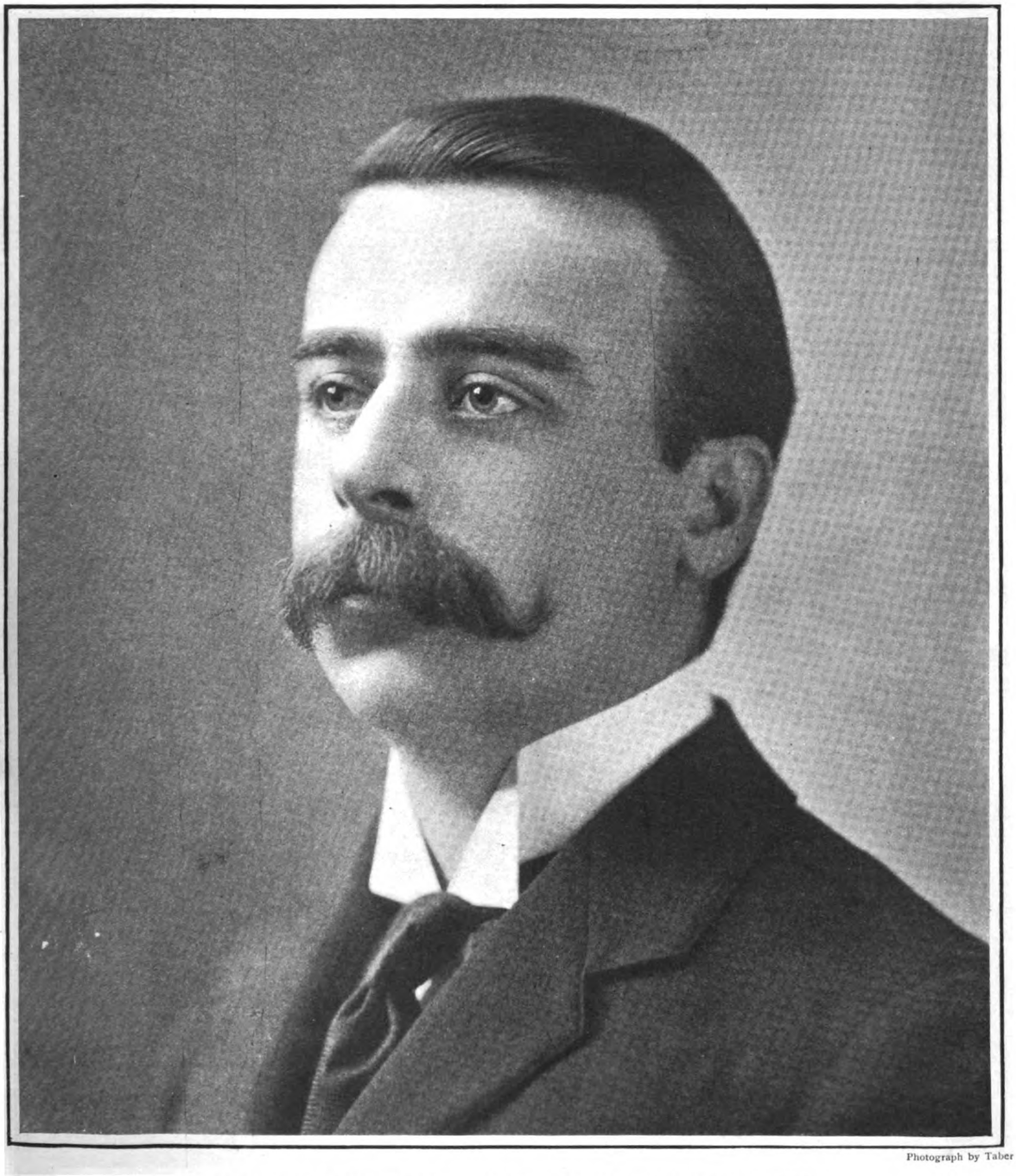
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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XIV.—CLARENCE H. MACKAY, *AET. 27*

See page 1596—Editorial Section

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The President M. le General de Negrier M. le Capitaine Bertrand

In the Field

The Presidential Hunt

YOU have come down to Rambouillet for the Presidential hunt. It is a clear winter morning, and though St. Hubert's day has come and gone, there is only a hint of frost in the air. From the window of your bed-room in the White Cross Inn you look down into the narrow stone-flagged street. Girls in wooden shoes are scrubbing the sidewalks; the mercer over the way is lolling in his doorway; the butcher in a white blouse splashed with blood goes across to the Café National for a morning drink with his friend the old soldier; then with a rattle of hoofs the Presidential barouche comes by on its way to the station — four horses, coachman, footman, and on the leader a little postilion in tall hat and short jacket, chiefly buttons and braid. It is nine o'clock. For the tenth time you inspect your new gun—an Anson hammerless, weighing a trifle less than six pounds—and go down stairs. As you sip your coffee the innkeeper and his wife, the white-capped cook, Jules the porter, and Blanche the maid stand about and admire you. You are an old friend, of course, but the fact that this day you are to breakfast at the castle and shoot President Loubet's pheasants — or possibly his game-keepers—lends you an air of new importance.

"Bonne chance, monsieur."

"Merci bien."

It is market-day; scores of peasants are chaffering over geese and ducks and calves in the square in front of the town-hall; you pick a path through the confusion, and come to the iron gates that shut off the castle from the town. A couple of sharp-eyed men in bicycle dress lounge there — detectives. To your right the barracks, red-breeched soldiers coming and going; to your left bulks the huge old castle, its five towers clean cut against the blue sky. It is a bit too early yet to show yourself there. You follow the road that leads through the forest skirting the artificial lake. The trees meet overhead. They, too, have an artificial look, cut into rhomboids and ovals and squares, all trimmed neatly as a banker's whiskers. At the end of a vista is Marie Antoinette's "Dairy," where she played at milkmaid in the long ago. And here in a roofed pavilion, where naked cupids play with sprawling marbly nymphs, is the pool in which she and her maids of honor bathed when they came dusty from the hunt.



The Rendezvous of the Hunt—Early Morning

At the tick of ten you turn up at the gates of the castle; sentinels present arms—yonder in the court-yard is your friend the secretary. He waves you good-morning.

"Has the President arrived?"

"Not yet. Ah, there they come!"

The carriage swings into the court-yard, the little postilion bouncing on the gray leader. Monsieur Loubet is on the back seat; at his right a *personage de distinction*, a Russian Grand-Duke, a towering old man, hugely bearded; a military secretary sits bodkin in front. Other carriages, other guests. You go up the grand staircase. Your friend and sponsor talks: "The death of Francis the First—yonder in the old tower—that was Marie Antoinette's boudoir—the King of Rome, yes, the Aiglon slept there afterwards—and here is the library — that is Napoleon's clock, still keeping time, you see: it has never run down—on that table and with that pen Charles the Tenth signed his abdication—"

A simple breakfast, almost frugal: twelve guests; at the head of the table Monsieur Loubet, amiable, quizzical, smiling, talking to the distinguished personage, who answers in his beard. The talk is of guns and game and wind and dew. Monsieur Paul Loubet, young and slim in his brown tweeds, tells a story of a brack-hound he once had. Commandant Lamy caps it; he knew a Gordon setter that—

It used to be the fashion to sneer at the battue: men who had killed big game in the Far West laughed at the picture of good King Edward, sitting in an arm-chair, potting half-tame pheasants: but there is no kind of shooting, I think, that requires surer marksmanship than the battue as it is practised in the national preserves of Rambouillet. It is not a wild sport, but it is a sport in which skill is everything. Its sporting equation would be: "The battue is to stalking grizzlies as billiards is to football." I have shot prairie-chickens over a good red setter in the stubble of Wisconsin fields, and have had my day in a boat on the reeds for wild-ducks; now believe me, in neither instance does the game have so fair a chance for his life as he does in a battue, where he is flagged out of the brush or copses and driven down upon your gun. Far less destructive than shooting over dogs, it is therefore

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far more sportsmanly. This is especially the case where pheasants are in play. Two weeks before this Presidential hunt I was down at Patay, near Orléans. The prairies there are broken only by small groves and clumps of undergrowth. Three of us went out with two dogs. We got out too early, but as soon as the dew was off the ground it was not shooting, but slaughter—in every instance the old birds escaped us. Now at Rambouillet the proportion of hens and young birds killed was magnificently small. The pheasants were driven toward our guns, and the old birds, which always take the lead, fell first. One cock that fell to Monsieur Loubet's gun was probably ten years old. He had had his day. In the battue, then, you miss the fine excitement which you get (at second hand) from the quivering pointer, and you lose the glorious satisfaction of the four hours' tramp; on the other hand, the game has a better chance to win away, surer marksmanship is demanded. Think, then, here flies a pheasant (and no matter how he flies you have to hit him in the nose, for that long autumn-red plumage of his is a mere snare for the killer), and a second later a hare crosses your line, running low.

Through the forest of Rambouillet and the Green Forest you may go for twenty miles. A segment of this forms the National Park; it is well stocked, for the pheasantry of Rambouillet looses thousands of birds a year. The organization of the battue is simple enough. The brigadier of the forest guard has charge of it. He is a lean old man, wood-wise, animal-wise, weather-wise, dressed in Lincoln green, a huge gray mustache hiding his silent mouth. At midnight he had his men out. Already he had studied wood and field and the "lay" of the game. Having chosen the first firing-line, he mapped out the field. His beaters, of course, were to come up with the wind at their backs. Then to right and left, a mile apart, he stretched the banderoles. These are little flags—the size of a handkerchief — stretched on ropes, as clothes are hung out to dry. Alternate white and red, they flutter some five or six feet above the ground. At the far end these two lines of banderoles were nearly a mile apart; as they approached the firing-line they drew together gradually, so that the birds, as the beaters-up advanced, were driven toward the guns—unless they dared to cross that terrifying flutter of red and white.

All night the brigadier and his guards had lain out; at dawn the beaters-up came and crouched, a stone's-throw apart, in the wet grass—likely fellows in white blouses, these rabatteurs, every one a fit poacher. They lay on their backs, smoking. In the mean time the woods began to waken. Birds cried to one another; hares and rabbits came out and sniffed the air; quails piped; partridges whirred lazily from tree to tree; and while the cock-pheasant preened his plumage and posed like a bandmaster, his plump hen flitted brownly about her business. To right and left of them stretched the red and white flutter of flags; behind them the men in blouses lay, quiet now, but with a dangerous potentiality of noise; in front the brigadier and his green-clad foresters waited for the men with the guns.



What are the Chances?

Breakfast was over; smoking a cigarette, you came down the old steps of the castle that has housed so many chiefs of state, and is now the summer home of the most amiable of them all—this gray-bearded, smiling little man, Emile Loubet. (Short, broad, gray, he looks like a merrier Andrew Carnegie.) Your friend said: "Monsieur Loubet is a mighty hunter before the Lord."

"A good shot?"

"You shall see."

Four wagons are at the door—neat things in natural wood; the horses, eight blacks, are harnessed with yellow leather; the coachmen are in drab. At a fast trot the blacks swing away down the forest road, past the grotto with its battered Apollo, past the pavilion where the marbly nymphs sprawl, past the hunting-lodge that was built out of sea-shells for a queen long dead.

You say to your friend: "I suppose Napoleon was here a great deal of his time. Did he shoot much?"

"I don't think so."

"Pheasants?" says the commandant, who has the left-hand seat. "He preferred other game."

"Perhaps he was right," you say, and wonder whether, after all, war is not the best sport for a healthy and unphilanthropic man.

A forest road now, rustling with dead leaves; then a stone bridge over a little stream, and an open space, where the horses are pulled up and you dismount. The woods are thinner here, and the trees are young; beyond is the lift of a grassy hill, or, rather, incline.

"Your man is number nine," says your friend.

There are nine staffs thrust into the ground some ten yards apart; behind each staff is a man. You go to the ninth staff and eye your man. He is a capable-looking young fellow in leather leggings and a leather-trimmed hunting suit; there is, however, braid—that badge of the lackey—on his cap.

"Chargeur," you say to him, and you show him your new Anson, "what do you think of this gun?"

"It's a twenty?" he asks, dubiously. "Choke-bore? You'll do nothing with that. We use twelve—you can be sure of it up to thirty-five yards."

"That's pretty high for a pheasant."

"Twenty-five yards for the birds, but for hare or rabbit you can be sure of thirty-five or forty," says the chargeur.

You trust yourself to his acquired wisdom, lay the new gun away in its new case—five hundred francs, and nothing doing—and try to get used to the equilibrium of the two he has ready for you. There had been twelve at breakfast; nine came out to the shoot. Four deployed to right and three to left, leaving the middle, which is of course the place of honor and advantage, to Monsieur Loubet and the distinguished person. You went forward slowly, keeping your distance. Three feet behind you went your chargeur, carrying the second gun.

At first nothing. The ground lifted, sloping up into a quadrangular clearing, a thicket to the right, hedges beyond.

"Voilà!" your game-keeper said, quietly.

A pheasant had risen and was flying low, but fast. A gun cracked out, but the bird rocketed off. The distinguished personage had missed. Then the world of brown earth and naked trees, silent a moment before, was alive with flickering wings. First a flight of pheasants; they came from the right, slanting down on the guns; they flew swiftly in a sort of zigzag line, brief and direct as bees; families of red-legged partridges, in precipitate, difficult flight, laboring in the air like untrained swimmers in the water; then the rabbits; and lastly the hares—long, dark fellows, leaping high, tremendous in speed, magnificent cowards. But the guns cracked—cracked; it was a ripple of fire up and down the line. You brought down two pheasants — at least you think you did.

"Pardon, m'sieur," says your chargeur, as you change guns, "prenez garde." A tangle of roots under the dead leaves had almost brought you down; you shoulder and fire—a hare. Silence again; not a wing in the air; not a paw moving in the dry herbage. You go on slowly. You can see the stout little man in the brown tweeds working his way forward, his workmanlike gun lying ready in the palms of his hands. The brigadier and a game-keeper follow Monsieur Loubet afar off; his chargeur is at his heels. The hares have fled to safety, but the birds, turned by the red and white terror of the banderoles, have come back; you can see them, mere specks going up the wind. Then you perceive that something has happened down there; doubtless the white-bloused beaters-up have risen, terrible as an army with banners, for the wings whirl back on the guns; this time they fly high, but the shot carries; flight after flight, sometimes aslant, sometimes across, sometimes head on, and always a few fall.

Now the result was that the game was massed in the middle—midway from the guns, the beaters, and the banderoles. Of a sudden a splendid pheasant—a royal fellow, all copper and gold in the sunlight—went mad with terror, and flung himself up into the blue of the sky.

The President shouldered and fired—he is left-handed and shoots with both eyes open, your chargeur informs you—and brought him down. Then for a minute it was a battue, as the eighteen guns sang and the fifty white-bloused fellows hugged the earth, and probably prayed they might escape.

Sandwiches and a glass or two of champagne in the hunting-lodge; cap-tipping and hand-shaking; then the black horses whirl you back through the dim forest to the château, to Rambouillet, the station, and so to Paris.

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United States Rubber Industry in South America



An Expedition crossing the Parcatomba River en route for the Acre Tract

A CABLEGRAM from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, states that the revolutionists under Galvez have proclaimed at Xapury the fifth independence of Acre as a republic, and have declared war against Bolivia. Prior cablegrams had led the public to believe that Bolivia had brushed her troubles over the Acre tract aside, and that the United States Rubber Company would be able to proceed with its contract to operate the Belmont-Rothschild Acre concession of 80,000 square miles of rubber-trees and gold-mines. The cablegrams stated that Bolivia had entered into agreements with both Brazil and Peru by which the boundary questions were settled amicably. Bolivia had not, however, it seems, pacified the inhabitants of the Acre tract, in which are only 500 of her citizens, as against 25,000 Brazilians, who are determined to be free and independent.

A picador with a hatchet notches 150 trees daily per month, each tree producing one pound of rubber per month. The trees average ninety feet in height, are corpulent, and are usually found in low, flooded thickets.

Transportation is effected in two ways — from the eastern sections of the rubber tract through the Amazon and its innumerable confluents, of which the Beni River is known as the India Rubber Route, to the Atlantic. The products of the western sections are transported over the Cordilleras on the backs of llamas and mules to various railway stations, of which Sicuani and Juliaca are the nearest termini, thence to Mollendo, the nearest Pacific seaport.

The profits average 80 soles to each 100 pounds. The monthly expenses per quintal of gum delivered at American or European ports, including the work of 200 men on a basis of 300 quintals, is 100 soles—that is, 300 quintals of gum delivered at our markets costs 30,000 Peruvian soles to the producer. The right to work gum-trees is obtained of the government, involved in lots of 10,000 hectares, on payment of $1000 per lot. Two Peruvian soles equal an American dollar, and ten soles an English pound. The Acre tract is only a part of the rubber zone, but possibly the most important in point of extent. Only the outskirts of the vast rubber areas are being tapped, and at a cost of many lives and terrifying massacres. These regions are inhabited by many tribes of cannibal Chunchos, who raid the rubber camps, snare the picadors, and are not particular whether their roast meat is a white man or Inca laborer. Given nothing else to do, the Chunchos tribes raid each other to secure wives, and, incidentally, feast on the slain. It is well understood among the rubber-producing companies that a war of extermination must be commenced with Maxim guns against the Chunchos. The South-American governments involved will welcome such a war of extermination, as no persuasion or threats can induce their own troops in small numbers to enter the territory of the terrible Chunchos, or engage in combat with them. The Chunchos kill unseen from ambush, seldom allowing their foes to get a glimpse of them. They are armed with bows and arrows, which they use with deadly accuracy, driving their arrows, sometimes poisoned, entirely through man or beast. Their tribes generally average about 2000 to 4000 people. They leave their sick, dead, or wounded where they fall, never rendering each other the slightest assistance.



A Rubber Camp in Acre



A Street in Capatara, Seat of the Acre Separationists



Natives of Acre fishing with Bows and Arrows

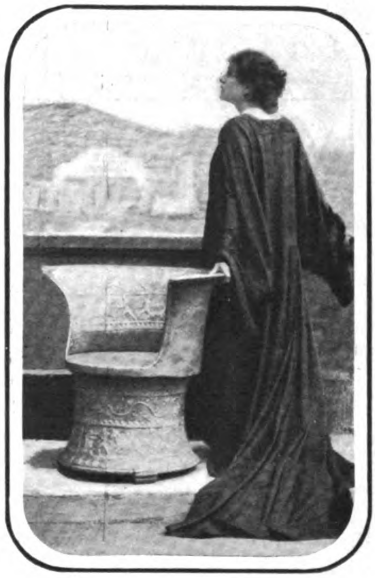
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Mme. Duse's Return

SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE is appearing for the third time in the United States, in three tragedies by her fellow-countryman Gabriele d'Annunzio. The illustrations show her in scenes from "La Citta Morta" and "Francesca da Rimini," which D'Annunzio completed in 1900 and 1901 respectively. In these rôles Duse has developed the ripe flower of her dramatic genius, inherited from two generations of tragedians on her father's side of the house. At the age of forty-one, Signora Duse easily holds the centre of the world's tragic stage. She has no superior and few equals as an exponent of the sublime and elemental emotions of love, despair, and death.

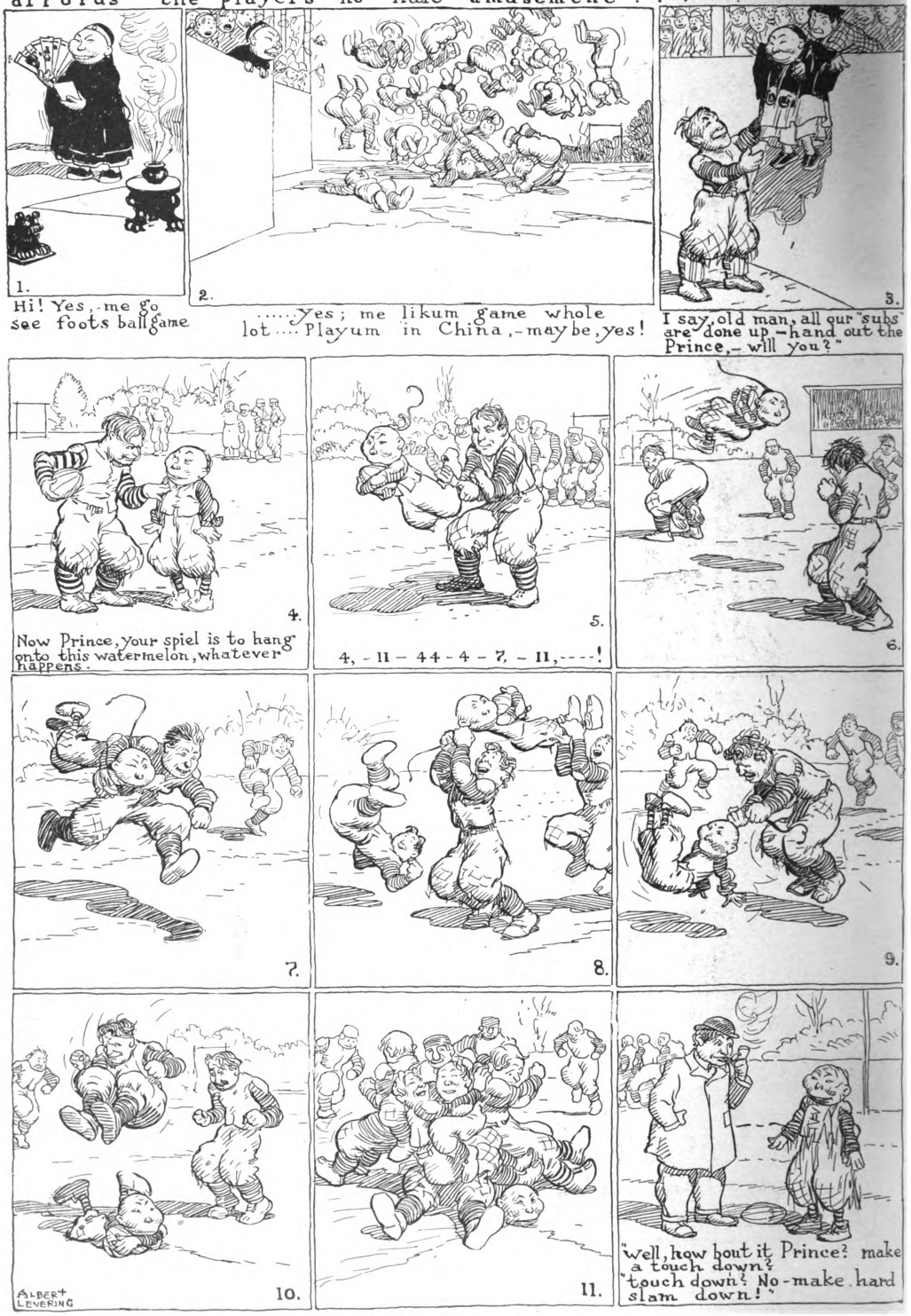


"Francesca da Rimini"
The dance in Act III. as produced in Rome under the direction of D'Annunzio

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The Experiences Of Prince POO TIN PAN

(visitor most extraoddinary to the United States :) He is asked to be a spectator at our great educational pastime and affords the players no little amusement . . .



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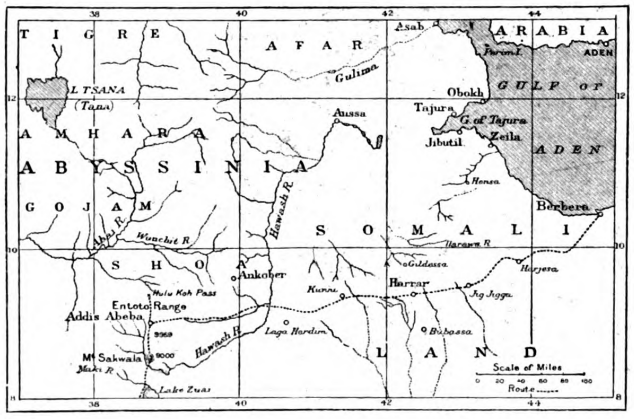
Natives of Somaliland carrying Supplies



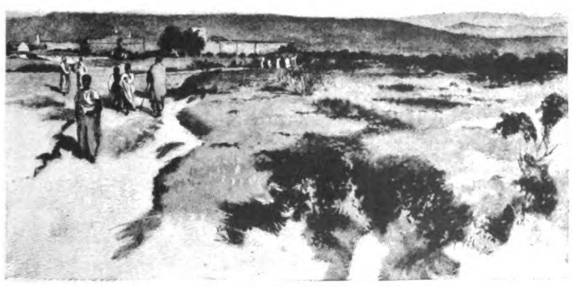
The Palace at Harrar, Somali

"Mad Mullah" and the English in Somaliland

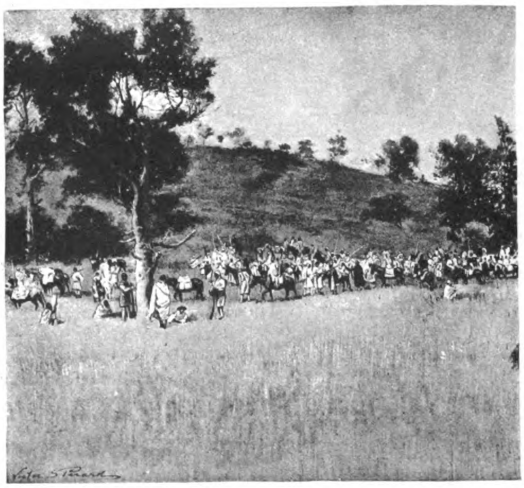
THE news from Somaliland reads like an echo of the Adowa disaster. The Somali country is comparatively unknown, a wild, unbroken jungle, for the most part, though every traveller to India has passed within 200 miles of it when leaving Aden for Bombay. Berbera, the seaport, is directly opposite Aden, and behind Berbera lies a huge British protectorate, very definitely outlined on the map, but in reality altogether vague, especially in the minds of the tribesmen, from the Dolbohanti region on the east, to the Ogaden district on the southwest. To assert and define the limits of British control Colonel Swayne set forth some time ago, with one of those composite forces which so remarkably demonstrate the British genius for organization, unequalled since the Romans. He had built up an army of about four thousand natives, with only a score of British officers; and with this somewhat doubtful force he had penetrated south into the wild region between Mudug and Mount Eldur. Whoever has seen the Somalis at Aden will remember the wonderful physique of these coal-black giants, in fighting qualities excelled by none of the militant races of east Africa. Colonel Swayne represented the advance of civilization; he found himself confronted by a native of genius, to whom the English have given the nickname of "the Mad Mullah," one of those martial enthusiasts that Islam has produced so abundantly. This native general had some three thousand men armed with modern rifles, and trained to shoot by an Austrian adventurer, and, in addition, a much larger contingent of native horsemen and spearsmen. This formidable host caught the British force in a thick forest, with the disastrous result recorded by the cables; and we may look for news of hard fighting from the same region for many months to come. Re-enforcements are already pouring into Berbera from Aden and Bombay. We should like to see Rudyard Kipling accompany them. And yet our cable news now implies that the disaster reports may be overstated.



Map of Somaliland and Vicinity, where Fighting is now going on



Harrar, the principal City of Somali



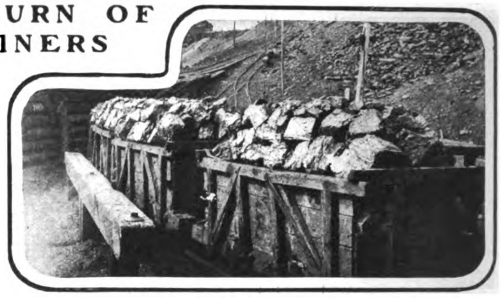
Native Somali Soldiers in the Field

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THE RETURN OF THE MINERS



The Miners' Joy—Pay-day at the Colliery

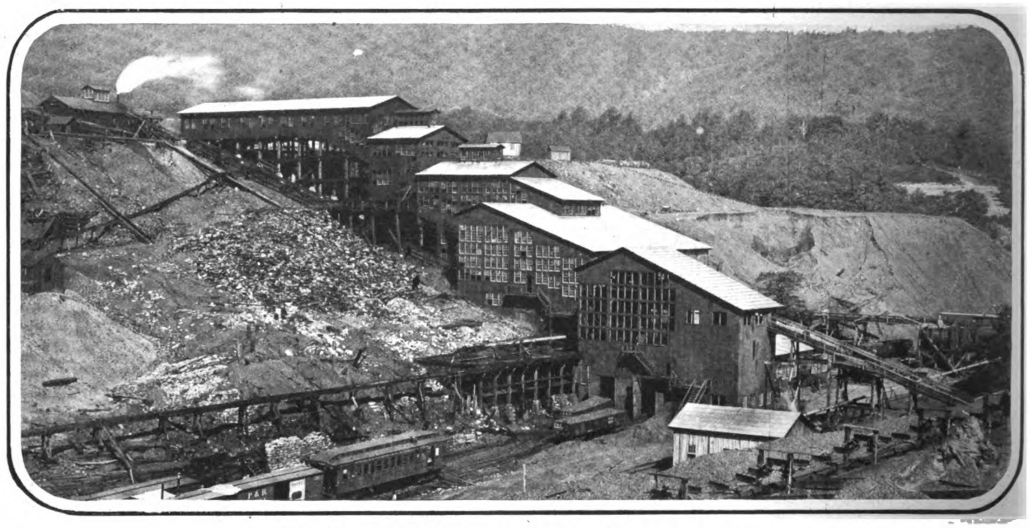


The Black Diamonds begin to Move
The 3360-lb. cars at the White Oak mines

LAST Tuesday noon, when the United Mine Workers' convention, at Wilkesbarre, accepted arbitration unanimously, the nation threw off the nightmare of a five months' coal strike with a composite sigh of relief. The miners have gone back to work; and to the consumer, facing empty bins, coal-famine prices, and a small income, the result has meant unmitigated joy. But to some of the participants in this greatest and costliest strike on record the end has brought only tempered gladness. The struggle has been too deep and too bitter not to leave its scars.

The better class of miners put on their regimentals, caught up their dinner-pails, and hurried away for the first day's work in the mines with thankfulness. A breaker-boy, who stood disconsolately kicking a culm-pile one afternoon during the strike, echoed the sentiments of the many when he burst out: "I wish this strike would end. 'Tain't that I want to go to work so much, but I'm dead sick of layin' round." Industrious, sober men, with present desires and future hopes, are finding the routine of daily work, with pay-day at the end, more to be enjoyed than any holiday not for pleasure, but for principle, that ever happened.

The collieries have been opened up as fast as possible during the last week. A very large per cent. are already in operation, and coal has been cut, hoisted, loaded into cars, and sent on its mission with a swiftness that has made the American people grateful for the arbitration idea that ended the strike. Most of the men who want work have already been taken into the mines, or will be during the next few weeks. But some of them have not been given their old places, which have been filled during the strike; and a few, particularly of the engineers and pumpmen, who have grown gray in the service, have not been taken back at all. This is not because of any special discrimination against them, but because without firemen and pumpmen the mines could not have been kept free of water, and the operators are not willing to send out the men who have been keeping the mines from being flooded during the strike. Men such as these the union expects to assist, and without such care their position would be very difficult, since most of them are at middle age or beyond—too old to change the work habits of a lifetime for some new occupation.



The Branchdale Colliery near Minersville, Pennsylvania
One of the oldest and largest collieries in Pennsylvania, starting up this week

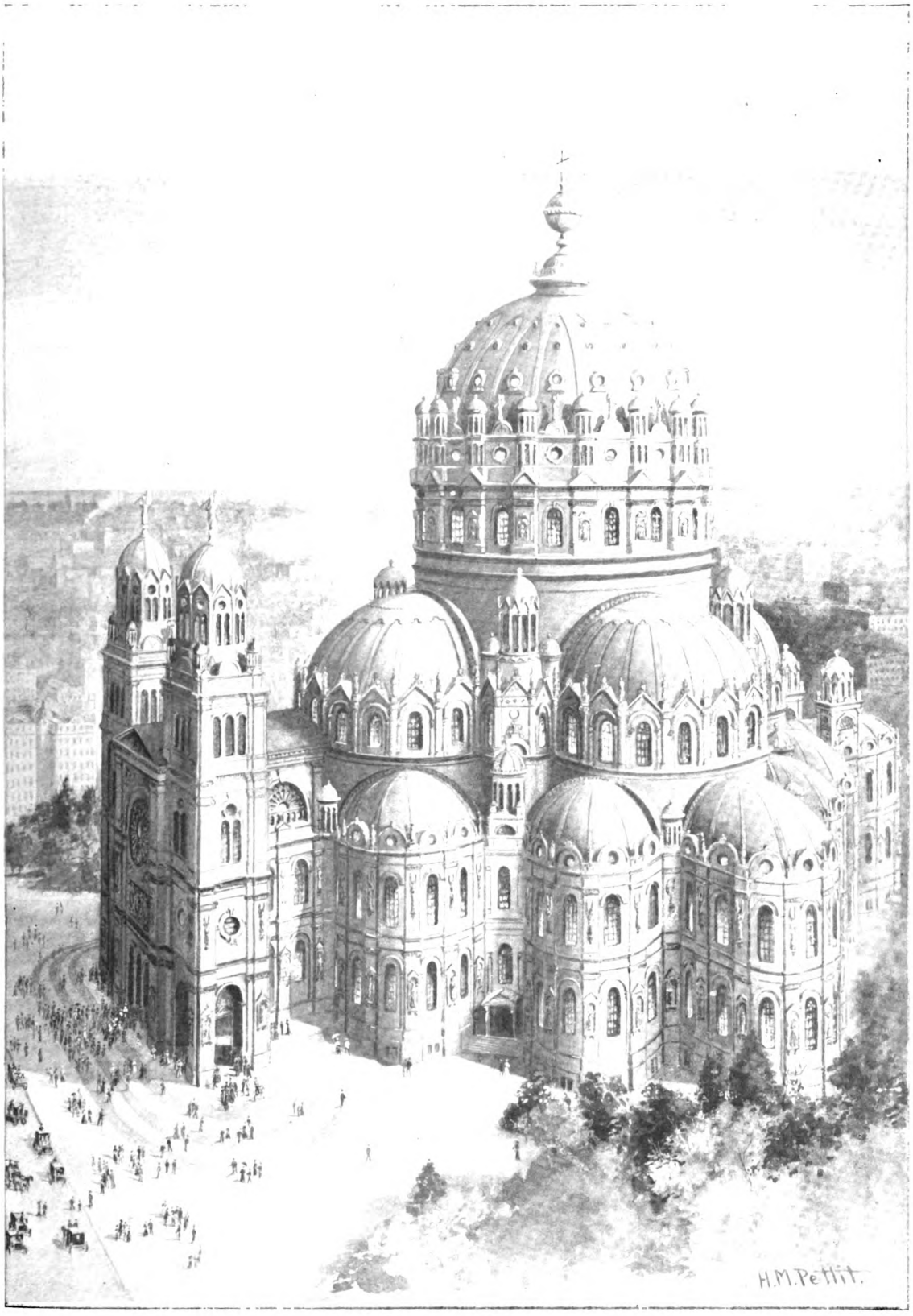


Miners with their Naked and Safety Lamps ready for Work

The resumption of work has not been pleasurable to the small fringe of chronic idlers, always to be found in any mass of men, who have found the unsettled conditions of strike-time much to their perverted taste.

Relief that the end has come is the dominant note among the great majority of the strikers. The method of settlement means inevitable compromise. But the strikers know it — the wise among them, at least. In spite of the knowledge, approbation of President Roosevelt and confidence in President Mitchell's decision are to be found generally up and down the anthracite region. If arbitration is successful in settling the differences between capital and labor in this strike, a new precedent may be established, which will compensate the nation for the heaviest price in dollars and suffering it has ever paid for any strike.

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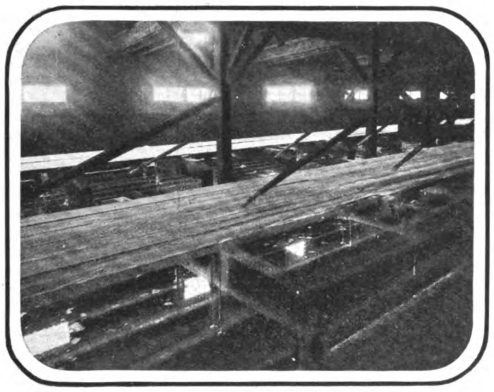


THE CATHEDRAL OF NOVA SANCTA SOPHIA

The enormous Roman Catholic Cathedral, which it is proposed to erect in New York city, will rise to a height of 450 feet above the pavement, and will seat seventy thousand people,—twenty thousand more than St. Peter's at Rome

See page 1617

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Vat for Evaporating Brine



The Storage of Crude Salt

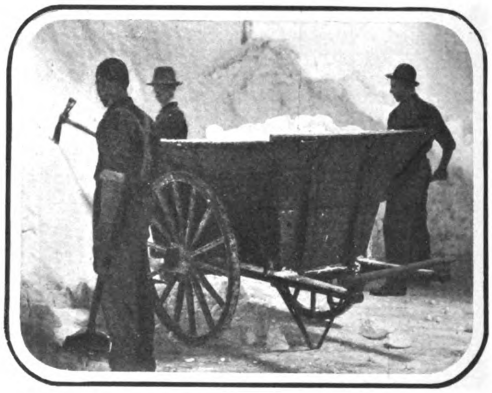
The Modern Methods of Salt-Making

UNDERLYING the city of Manistee, and probably a considerable portion of the State of Michigan, there is a stratum of rock-salt, geologically supposed to be the dried-up bed of an ancient ocean.

At Manistee this stratum of rock-salt is found 2000 feet below the surface, and is from thirty to thirty-six feet in thickness. This bed of rock-salt was first reached in the early eighties, and when once determined that strata of rock-salt existed, many other wells were put down, exceeding thirty up to the present time. It is approximately 600 feet to the first stratified rock; after that there are varying strata of rock, reaching the salt-bed at the above-mentioned depth of 2000 feet.

When a salt-bed is first opened, but very little brine can be obtained, but by the admission of fresh water and periodical pumping, cisterns are formed, which usually require, approximately, a year to obtain a cavity in the salt of sufficient size to furnish a continuous supply of brine. Fresh water will hold about twenty-eight per cent. of salt in solution, and when fully saturated is known as one-hundred per cent. brine.

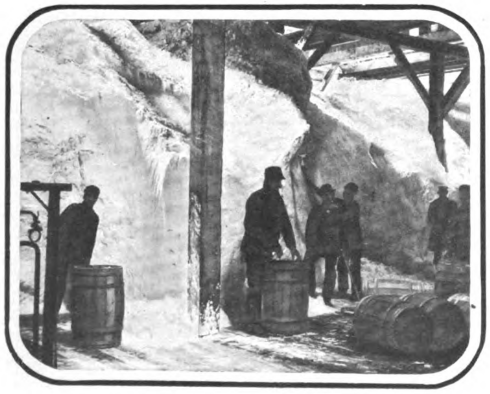
The brine is brought to the surface by two methods: First, the well having been piped, a pumping-cylinder is inserted in the piping from 600 to 800 feet below the surface, and worked by means of a walking-beam and sucker-rods from the surface. By this method sufficient brine to manufacture 500 barrels of salt can be secured in a day of twenty-four hours.



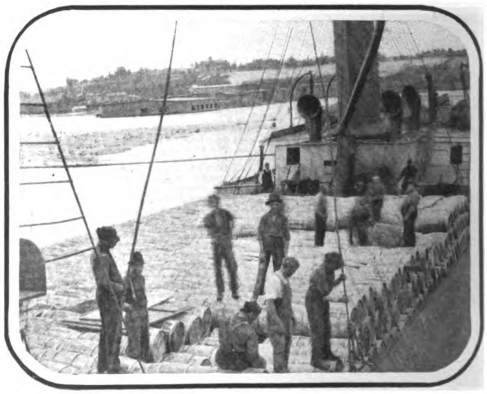
Carting Salt from the great Store-houses

Latterly, many of the wells are pumped by what is known as the Phole Air-Lift, the pipe carrying compressed air being inserted in the well to the depth of approximately 1000 feet. To force the air down to this depth requires a pressure of about 400 pounds to the square inch. The air liberated at that depth in the well returns to the surface, bringing with it large volumes of brine.

Salt is manufactured at Manistee by two processes, known as the grainer process and the vacuum-pan process. In the grainer process, long open vats, provided with steam-pipes in the bottom, are filled with settled brine. By the admission of live steam into the pipes, evaporation takes place, which causes the crystals of salt to be formed, and these settle on the bottom of the grainer vat and are removed once every twenty-four hours with perforated shovels, when the salt is deposited upon runways of plank laid over the grainer vats. A grainer will produce about 100 barrels of salt in twenty-four hours. The advantage of manufacturing salt at Manistee is on account of the use of the refuse from large saw-mills as fuel to produce the steam which vaporizes the brine.



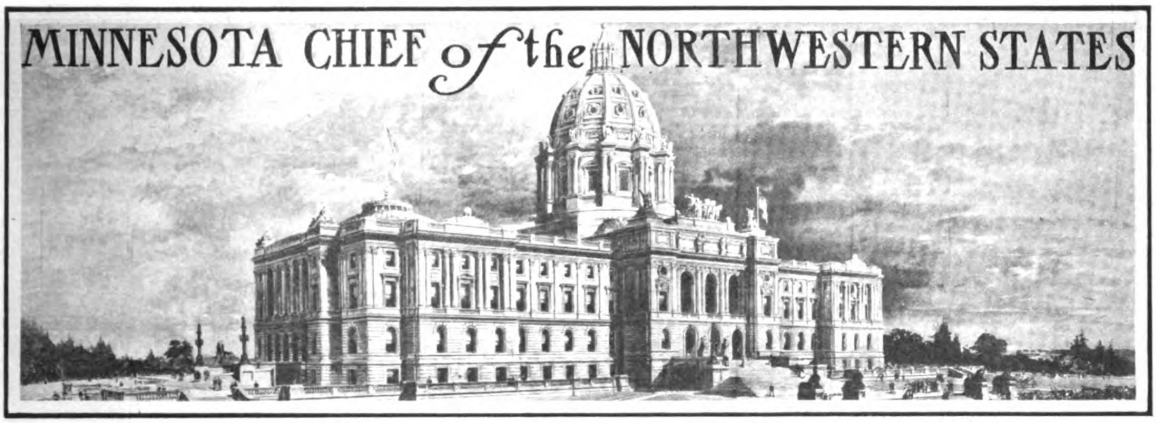
Weighing Salt—210,000 Pounds in Sight



The Salt ready for Shipping to Market

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MINNESOTA CHIEF of the NORTHWESTERN STATES



State Capitol of Minnesota, located at St. Paul

THE State of Minnesota may be termed the open door of the great Northwest. But it is more than that. Continuing the architectural analogy, it is the grand hallway of that part of our national structure that lies to the northwest. The open door swings in and out of this hallway. There are nearly 80,000 square miles of territory in this part of the national domain, richly endowed with nature's gifts and peopled by an energetic, pushing—one might say hustling, with full propriety—population, thrifty, happy, and exceedingly prosperous. This population has in it the largest amount of Scandinavian strength that immigration has brought to this country. It is doubtful if there is a more intelligent, healthful, and hopeful commonwealth in our great commonwealth of States.

The population of this great State is about 2,000,000. It was 1,750,000 in 1900. It grew at the rate of thirty-five per cent. in the ten years from 1890 to 1900. It has nearly 450 incorporated cities, villages, and boroughs, and the most imposing buildings in the entire State, as is the case usually in Western cities, are the school-houses. The business buildings in the three large cities compare, in size, strength, and beauty, favorably with the massive buildings in the cities of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, and the dwellings of the people are as comfortable, as well appointed, as ornate and attractive as any in the United States. The average New-Yorker knows little of the West and really little of the United States. A visit to the State of Minnesota would soon convince him that if one would see the



Thresher Building

real people of the country, would comprehend the reason for the full vitality of this great land, he must see with his own eyes the giant strength that is being developed in the great commonwealths of the West.

The reason for the wonderful growth and commanding influence of Minnesota lies in the fact that nature has endowed that State with two great strategical points for the development of commerce. Three large cities occupy these two points. On the east is Duluth, the greatest inland port of the world, situated at the far western extremity of Lake Superior. In the more central part of the State is the head water of navigation of the Mississippi. St. Paul lies there, and ten miles west, with the massive water-power of the Falls of St. Anthony as its nucleus is Minneapolis, the greatest flour-producing city of the world, and probably the chief lumber-market of the United States. The Falls of St. Anthony have made Minneapolis, and the head of navigation has had the most to do with the development of St. Paul—Twin Cities they are called, for their suburbs run into each other, and they are really one community—just as the harbor at the western end of Lake Superior has made Duluth.

The discovery of the wheat-growing capabilities of Minnesota's soil made it one of the greatest of our agricultural States, and led to the wonderful development of that branch of industry in all the Northwest. Then, too, nature endowed that region with the richest of iron-mines, and sprinkled it with massive forests, so that with wheat-growing and flour-making, with lumbering and iron and copper mining, Minnesota stands pre-eminent in the list of States. These interests have brought vast wealth to the people, and the result is seen in the superior school system of the State, and the physical comforts and luxuries which abound there. The State is not only typical of the great Northwest, but is typical of what that vast territory is to be as it is developed further.

DULUTH'S WONDERFUL COMMERCE

The importance of Duluth as a commercial trading-port is not realized generally. This town of 60,000, grown to that size from nothing in less than fifty years, has the greatest shipping tonnage of any port in the world. Government figures show that, including what is known as Two Harbors, really part of Duluth, the shipping entering and leaving Duluth, whose port is open only eight months in the year, was 18,587,000 tons in 1900. London had a record for that year of 16,529,000 tons. The record for New York was 16,020,000 tons. Duluth, not including Two Harbors, had a record of 14,387,000 tons. The great shipments of the port are wheat, flour, iron ore, and lumber.

Few cities of the United States are situated as picturesquely as Duluth. It lies along the shore of Lake Superior for several miles, and stretches back up a mountain slope to the height of 800 feet. The hill-sides are sprinkled with electric lights at night, giving the place a fairylike appearance. It has beautiful parks, with rushing waterfalls in them, and its great drive of seven miles, known as the Rogers Boulevard, curving about the hill-tops and overlooking Lake Superior, presents a superb



Chamber of Commerce

view, and places Duluth on a plane with Quebec and San Francisco as possessing urban views of surpassing beauty.

The citizens of Duluth say that the joker who described Duluth as twenty-five miles long, a mile wide, and a mile high was not far from wrong. The city really is twenty-four miles long, three miles wide, and more than an eighth of a mile high, and a third of a mile above the level of the ocean. The two most imposing buildings in the city are a monster elevator and the great high-school. They tell the real story of the place's prosperity. The high-school is said to be the finest school-building in the United States. Directly opposite to the business centre of the town there runs a strip of land one-fifth of a mile wide and nearly seven miles long, stretching across the end of the lake to Wisconsin. This strip is known as Minnesota Point, and it forms the harbor, which is about one mile wide and nearly eight miles long. Where the harbor has been dredged it has a depth of more than twenty feet. The depth before dredging was eight feet.

The harbor is really a sort of lagoon. Were it not for this strip of land, shielding ships at anchor from the severe storms that sometimes sweep the Great Lakes, making a surf as high on the shores as along the ocean front, it is doubtful if Duluth would exist. An artificial breakwater might afford a small harbor, but no breakwater built by man could compare with this one made by nature. A canal is cut through it close to Duluth at one end of the strip, and another is cut close to the Wisconsin end. One is

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Farming in Minnesota

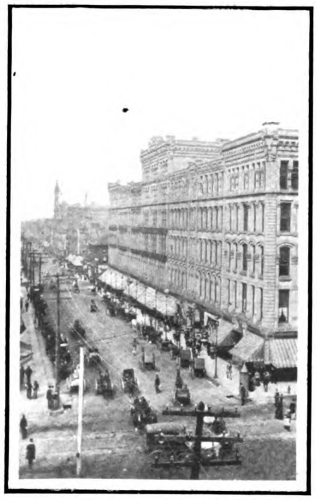
Duluth Canal, and the other is Superior Canal. They afford easy means of ingress and egress from what is one of the safest harbors in the world. And all along this strip of land Duluth and its neighbors send hundreds of camping parties in the summer-time. Hundreds of summer homes are also to be found in this picturesquely wooded reach. It is not only the key to Duluth's prosperity, but to much of its enjoyment.

Proctor Knott's famous speech in Congress on Duluth, which convulsed the country with its humor, and in which he described Duluth as the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," was not so much of a joke, after all. In the parlance of the day, Duluth has made good. In 1880 only 550 vessels entered and cleared from the harbor. In 1890 this number had increased to 2500, and by 1900 it had grown to 11,300 vessels. It is declared to be strictly true that three times as many vessels entered and cleared from Duluth as passed through the Suez Canal in 1900, and that more than 2,000,000 tons of freight were carried in and out of Duluth than were sent through the Suez Canal.

There is more than $20,000,000 of shipping owned in the city, and one company alone has a fleet of 120 steel ships with a freight-carrying capacity of not less than 11,000,000 tons in a season. The government is spending $3,000,000 in improving the harbor. It is one of the most attractive commercial pictures in the world to look upon this harbor. The great grain-elevators, the vast iron-ore docks of massive strength, the enormous coal-docks, ten in number, costing millions of dollars, and receiving not less than 3,000,000 tons of coal a year; the extensive saw-mills, all grouped within view about this harbor, make it unlike any other in the world. It gives one visible proof that this is the day of big things in the United States.

Duluth was named after Greycelon DuLuth of France, who, in 1679, penetrated the river St. Louis at Duluth, and went as far as Fond Du Lac to trade with the Indians. The first frame house was built in 1856, and it is still standing, and the first saw-mill was erected in the following winter. It was not until 1870, thirty-two years ago, that a railroad reached the town. It was not until 1866 that the State geologist mentioned that there was iron in the great Mesaba range, north of Duluth, the range that has increased the wealth of the country by millions upon millions, and has influenced the development of steel probably more than any other deposit of ore in the world. There are fifty iron-mines in this range, producing 8,000,000 tons of ore a year. The population of the entire St. Louis County, including Duluth, has grown from 400 in 1860 to about 70,000 in 1900.

Some of the trade statistics of Duluth illustrate the strength of the growth of the Northwest as nothing else can. In 1880 Duluth cut 35,000,000 feet of timber. In 1890 the figures were 191,000,000 feet. In 1900 the output had grown to 700,000,000 feet. The jobbing business of the city grew from $12,000,000 in 1880 to $33,000,000 in 1900. The wheat received in grain and flour grew from 1,347,000 bushels in 1880 to nearly 90,000,000 bushels in 1900. The capacity of the grain-elevators increased from 560,000 bushels in 1880 to 34,000,000 bushels in 1900. The population increased eighteenfold in those twenty years. The increase in the last decade was nearly sixty per cent.



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Nicoliet Avenue, Minneapolis

The city debt is $5,000,000, and the valuation of the real estate is not less than $50,000,000.

It is a most healthful place, and is always cool in summer, the average temperature being eleven degrees lower than that of New York. The influence of Lake Superior causes that largely. The death rate is only 9.03 per cent. in 1000 as compared with from 15 to 22 per cent. in the large cities of the country. There is a perfect water system in use, the water being taken at a depth of sixty feet from Lake Superior, and 1500 feet from shore. There is a vast water-power from streams pouring down to Lake Superior from the mountains back of the town, and only part of this power has been developed.

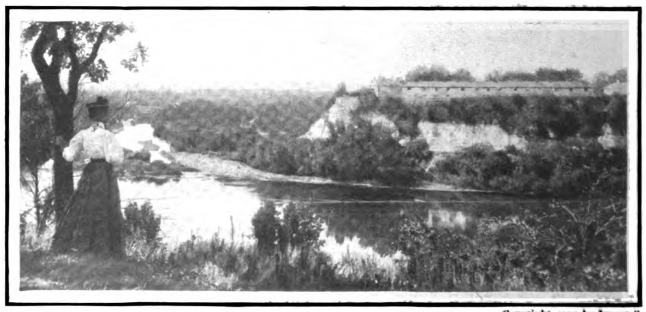
The impression that Duluth makes upon the visitor is that it is still in its infancy. If ever there comes a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, such as is the dream of all the Northwest, there would seem to be no limit to the future of the city. The country no longer asks with Proctor Knott, "Where is Duluth?" It knows the answer well. If deep water should come to Duluth, the question would probably be where are some of the cities that used to laugh at Duluth and now surpass her in population. None of them surpass her in shipping trade.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

One of the most impressive sights in this country is to ride on the street cars from St. Paul to Minneapolis. The great gorge of the Mississippi River is seen at its best in those two cities. St. Paul is a rugged place with part of its business front 200 feet above the curving, sweeping river, and Minneapolis is flat, but part of it high above the rushing cataract of St. Anthony, the most valuable waterfall at present, with the exception of Niagara, in the country. Long before Minneapolis is reached the outposts of the city's greatness are seen. They are the great grain-elevators—nearly forty of them—in which the wealth of the soil of the fertile Northwest is stored. They dot the landscape for miles around. They are the sentinels of trade.

Coming closer to the city, the great State University appears. Then there is the gorge of the Mississippi below the falls and the great bridges that cross it. Close to the river's bank are the enormous flour-mills, and far above them, stretching for four miles along the river, are the great log booms of the lumber industry. Then there is the city itself with its imposing buildings, its busy streets, its magnificent residences, its population of more than 200,000—a community superbly housed in its dwellings and business structures, and as intelligent and prosperous as any in the world. I do not know of any place in the United States that is more attractive than the collection of 400,000 people in and around St. Paul and Minneapolis. The climate is dry and salubrious. An enormous collection of small lakes beautify the surrounding country. Minnehaha Falls, with their famous legend, are almost between the two cities, and Fort Snelling, one of the earliest of the army posts in the Northwest, is one of the most picturesque of the military stations of the country, almost rivalling in its beauty West Point. Lake Minnetonka, a little more than an hour's ride away, is one of the most delightful sheets of water for summer sojourn in the country. It is a rarely beautiful region, this that surrounds Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The name Minneapolis is a euphonious



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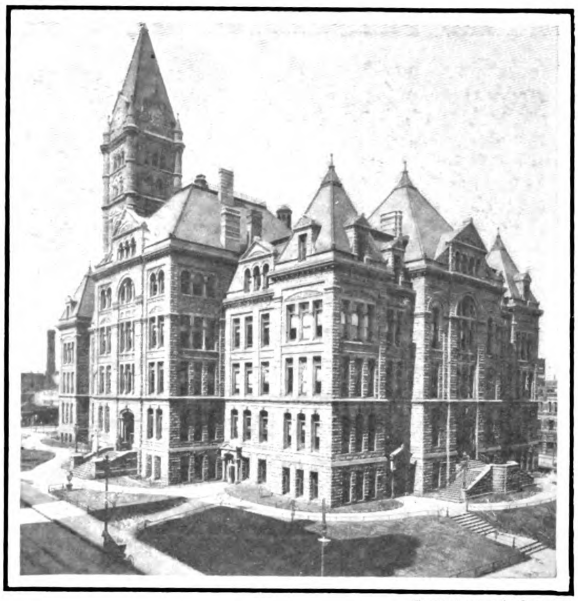
Fort Snelling

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Minneapolis Court House



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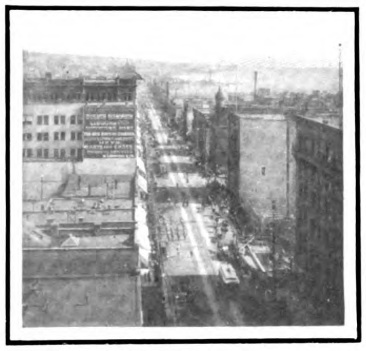
St. Paul Court House

hybrid word derived from the Indian word *minne*, meaning water, and the Greek word *polis*, a city. The "Minne" part of the city's name is the more significant. The water-power of St. Anthony Falls is 40,000. There is a fall of sixty-eight feet. It was first used to operate a saw-mill by the government as long ago as 1822. About the same time there was an attempt to use the power for flour-making, but it was not until early in the '70's that this branch of industry had reached what might be called an extensive scale. The great increase in railroad facilities, the invention of machinery that made wheat-farming possible on a colossal scale, the new processes involved in the making of flour, all combined to make Minneapolis the greatest of our flour-making centres. Since then the industry has grown to wonderful proportions, and the combined capacity of the mills is now 75,000 barrels a day.

This flour-making is a clean kind of manufacturing. It doesn't disfigure a city. And, besides, it employs most interesting methods. Like the making of steel, it is largely a matter of chemistry. Every company engaged in this work has its chemical laboratory for making tests, and a small bake-shop of its own to verify these tests with the actual product. The mills are enormous affairs, and it is a most interesting journey to follow the wheat through half a dozen processes until it is transferred into flour and rolled in barrels into cars beside the mills. Most of the mills of Minneapolis are on the west side of the river, practically in the heart of the business part of the city. They stand on First Street, through which runs the canal furnishing the water-power. The canal is covered with planking, and the street traffic continues as if there were no running water underneath.

The scientific management of the flour-mills prevents any more explosions from flour dust like that which occurred in Minneapolis in 1872, when six mills were destroyed, and five damaged seriously, the loss being more than $1,000,000. Eighteen lives were lost in the accident, and scores of persons were hurt. There are three great flour-making companies in the city. One has a capacity of 28,000 barrels a day, another has a capacity of 27,000, and the third a capacity of 18,000 barrels. Four smaller concerns bring up the total to a daily output of 75,000. The product of all the mills in 1900 was 15,000,000 barrels, and there are facilities for making 27,000,000 barrels a year, if the mills should be driven at their highest capacity. The exports of flour from the city reach more than 4,700,000 barrels a year. The result of all this has been to make Minneapolis the greatest wheat and flour market in the world. These figures show the importance of the city as a wheat-market, according to the receipts and shipments recorded in 1900: Minneapolis, 83,000,000 bushels; Chicago, 48,000,000 bushels; Buffalo, 47,800,000 bushels; Kansas City, 35,000,000 bushels; Duluth, 31,900,000 bushels; New York, 31,800,000 bushels.

Next in point of rank in industry to the flour-mills is the lumber industry of Minneapolis. The census of 1900 shows the city to be far ahead of any other place in this industry. The value of the output of Minneapolis in lumber in that year was $6,500,000, this being fifty per cent. in excess of any other city of the country. The government saw-mill that was established in 1822 kept at work producing insignificant quantities of lumber for thirty years. It was in 1848 that the first private saw-mill was established. Gradually, owing to the danger from fire, the industry has been pushed up the river, and at present only one mill is operated by water-power.



Superior Street, Duluth

It is one of the great sights of the West to examine this lumber industry of Minneapolis. The great pine region of the State lies largely in the Mississippi Valley, and begins only a short distance from Minneapolis. The logs are cut and branded in winter, and with the spring freshets are floated down to the city. They finally arrive at the main sorting gap at Shingle Creek, three miles up the stream from the falls, where nimble men turn and twist them into the respective "ponds" where they belong. "Endless" machinery seizes them, drags them up to the sawing-rooms, and, one by one, they become lumber. The waste product is sold for fuel, and one of the commonest sights in the city is a wood fire. No less than 500,000,000 feet of lumber were sawed in these mills in 1900.

Some statistics of the city are worth quoting: population, 205,000; number of railways, 18; manufacturing establishments, 900; value of manufactured product, $154,000,000; elevator capacity, 30,000,000 bushels; jobbing trade, $245,000,000; death rate, 10 in 1000; assessed valuation of real estate, $100,000,000; number of school-houses, 61; acres in park system, 1550.

There is a great public library in the city, one of the finest in the country, and of the park system it is said that it represents a larger area per capita than in any city of its size. Like Duluth, its school-buildings are most imposing. I remember I was driving one day, several years ago, with Mr. Samuel Hill, the son-in-law of J. J. Hill, the famous railroad magnate, about the streets of Minneapolis. Suddenly we came upon a beautiful building, a good distance from the centre of town.

"Why did you put your City Hall 'way out here?" I asked.

"That's not the City Hall," said Mr. Hill. "It's a high-school building."

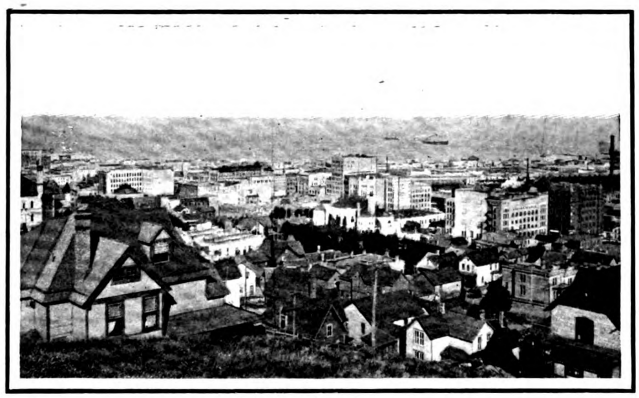
That tells the story of the devotion of the people of the West to popular education.

ST. PAUL'S ATTRACTIONS

The ordinary visitor regards, and rightly, too, Minneapolis and St. Paul as one place, although the inhabitants of neither approve of it. St. Paul is the older city, but has only 163,000 inhabitants as compared with 200,000 for Minneapolis. St. Paul is the State capital, and is more of a railroad terminal than Minneapolis, although, as a rule, the railroads that enter one go to the other. If the cities were one municipality it might be said that St. Paul was in a general sense the wholesale district of the place, and Minneapolis the retail district. Both are delightful places of residence. St. Paul is hilly, and Minneapolis is flat. One of the great show streets of the country is Summit Avenue of St. Paul. It is on that street that James J. Hill, the great railroad man, lives. From a business standpoint he is the most distinguished citizen of the place. His art gallery is one of the finest west of the Alleghenies, and his library has a most comprehensive collection of books.

Mr. Hill was the first man to discover the

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Duluth, Minnesota

great wheat-growing possibilities of the Northwest. He banked his entire railroad ventures upon this fact, and he won. He takes an enormous interest in the West. It is said he knows every gravel-heap and coal-mine out there. I recall travelling with him in his private car one evening from Duluth to Minneapolis. Dark as it was, he seemed to be bounding in and out of the door continually, watching culverts, the condition of the track, and the rolling-stock. He could tell exactly how many freight cars there were on each train we passed and their capacity. I was on my way to the Pacific coast, and he said:

"Be sure to watch the streams. The water is the most beautiful of all the sights in the Rockies. It is simply glorious."

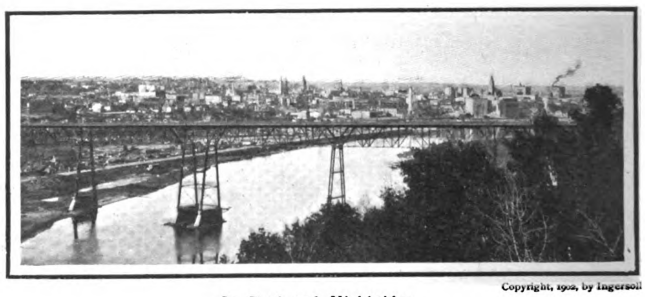
The next day, when I called at his home, he was talking about the Vigilante days in the West. He went to his library, although it was early in the day, when he was busiest, and so great was his interest in the subject that he took down a book and read aloud to me for an hour on that subject. It was a new light upon this man of millions. His time was worth scores of dollars a minute, and yet so keen was his "human element interest" that he gave up an hour to entertain an ordinary newspaper man on a vacation.

St. Paul was not really settled until 1838. It was in 1849 that the first steamboat arrived from St. Louis, an event of much meaning for the city's future. It became very early the northwestern depot of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. It leads in the State in the making of boots and shoes, men's clothing, and in the printing and publishing of newspapers, as well as in railroad repair work. It is so like Minneapolis that only a few figures as to its business are necessary. In 1890 its wholesale houses did a trade of more than $250,000,000. It had 650 manufacturing plants, employing more than 25,000 persons, the gross value of whose output was $100,000,000. The halting-place of hunting parties of Dakota and Sioux Indians of 200 years ago is now one of the most attractive cities of modern civilization.

There are many other cities and towns in the State well worthy of attention, but they all have the characteristics of the three leading cities. The great agricultural growth of the State in the last ten years is the most striking feature of its development. The farm property of the State increased in value from 1890 to 1900, $374,000,000, or more than ninety per cent. It is doubtful if any State can make a showing like that. The northwestern part of the State is the wheat-growing region. The northeastern part is the region of vast mineral wealth. The north central division comprises the great lumber area, and the southern division, almost half of the State, is a rolling country, which, as the census of 1900 says, "is unsurpassed in fertility and productiveness." There are 155,000 farms in the State, and the total value of the farm products for 1899 was $161,000,000. Of these farms, 6,500,000 acres were devoted to wheat-raising. They produced 95,000,000 bushels of wheat, and the value of that product alone was more than $50,000,000. There were 2,200,000 acres devoted to oats, producing 74,000,000 bushels, valued at $16,000,000. There were 1,500,000 acres given up to corn, of which 25,000,000 bushels were produced, worth $11,000,000.

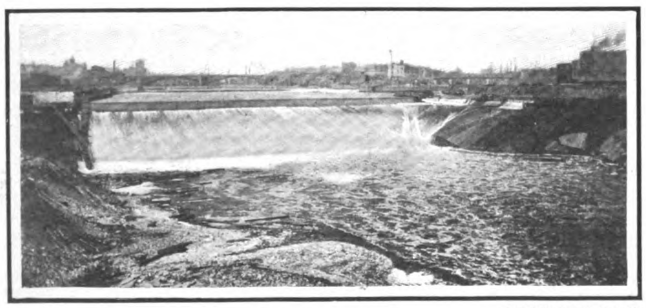
In manufacturing, the State, according to the recent census returns, had 11,000 establishments, in which a capital of $165,000,000 was invested. The net value of the products of these establishments was $190,000,000. The product of the State's flouring mills was 15 per cent. of the total of such mills in the United States. Ten years before it was only 11.7 per cent. New York State ranks second in this industry. In lumber the census bulletin says there is "in all probability a greater quantity of merchantable forest pine than in any other State." The value of the product of the entire lumber industry of the State in 1900 was $43,500,000. The value of the product of the flouring mills was $83,800,000.

The State of Minnesota in its people, its cities and towns, its natural resources—great water-power, mineral wealth, timber, agricultural fertility—variety of manufactures, has many of the characteristics of New York and Pennsylvania, and although it has no mountains, it resembles both of them in a marked degree. What greater compliment could be paid to it than that?



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St. Paul and Highbridge



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St. Anthony Falls

The Largest Law-book House in the World

THAT a Western house should be at the head of the law-publishing business, not only of this country, but of the world, seems surprising at first statement; but that such is the fact is easily credible after going through the nine-story building of the West Publishing Company, which picturesquely overlooks the Mississippi River at St. Paul. It is built on the side of a hill, which gives opportunity for a curious and interesting feature,—the underground vaults. These vaults are tunnelled into the sandstone under the street, and give storage-room for over a hundred car-loads of stereotype metal in the valuable form of book "plates." Here they are safe from fire, flood, and everything else short of an earthquake. The distinctive work with which the West Publishing Company is identified is the immediate and systematic publication of the decisions rendered by the higher courts of the several States and by the United States courts. It thus comes about that lawyers in Maine, Florida, and Oregon await the mail from St. Paul for the first complete and authentic reports of their own Supreme Court decisions. The work of the company is so far from being local in character that it has been facetiously suggested it should be renamed "The North-East-South-West Publishing Company." Geographically, St. Paul is a well-chosen point for a distributing centre for a business which sends out, to all States of the Union, an average of a ton a day in subscription periodicals and from two to

(Continued on page 1607.)

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

THIS journal, which from the outset of the agitation for civil service reform has supported the movement, naturally regards with satisfaction the executive order issued by the President for the purpose of rebuking the violations of the civil-service act by Senator Quay of Pennsylvania and Representative Dick of Ohio. The readers of this newspaper scarcely need to be reminded by the opinion of Attorney-General Knox that the law forbids Federal officers or employees to solicit funds for political purposes from Federal employees, either directly or indirectly. It was a flagrant and an inexcusable violation of this law that was committed when a circular letter was sent to various Federal officials in Pennsylvania requesting pecuniary assistance in the coming Congressional and State elections, which letter was signed by M. S. Quay, and bore in its printed caption the names of Senator Quay and of W. R. Andrews, clerk to the Senate Committee on Immigration. When attention was directed to the illegality of such a letter by the Civil Service Commission, the letter was withdrawn, but another was substituted which did not bear the signature of a Federal officer, but did retain in its caption the names of Senator Quay and Mr. Andrews. For obvious reasons this letter also was denounced by the commission as contrary to law, but Mr. Andrews appealed from the ruling, which is now sustained by President Roosevelt. In the Ohio case, a circular requesting pecuniary assistance was addressed to Federal officials in that State, which circular bore the name of Charles Dick, a member of the House of Representatives, and of various Federal officials acting, or purporting to act, on the part of the Republican State Executive Committee. The Civil Service Commission promptly called upon the committee to withdraw this circular, but the demand was not complied with. The excuse given by Senator Quay for his violation of an act of Congress is that the existence of the law had not been brought to his notice. We submit that such an excuse cannot for a moment be accepted, unless the civil-service act is to be brought into contempt. If a Senator of the United States can exculpate himself by professing ignorance of a Federal statute, it is obvious that the penalties imposed by that statute for its violation cannot, with any show of fairness, be imposed on a minor Federal official. What is true of Senator Quay is true of Representative Dick.

These men have treated a Federal statute with an indifference that amounts to derision, and, unless our Federal government desires to be regarded as conniving at their offence, it should hold them to a stern account. The penalty to which these men have subjected themselves by their defiance of the civil-service law is a fine of five thousand dollars, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years. The case of Senator Quay is particularly flagrant, because, after the withdrawal of the first letter, which he signed, as he alleged, through inadvertence, he allowed his name to remain in the printed caption of the letter which was substituted. It is well known that, during a phase of his career in office, Mr. Roosevelt was at much pains conspicuously to identify himself with the cause of civil service reform. He now has an opportunity of showing Federal office-holders and the country at large whether the penalties imposed by law for violations of the civil-service act were meant to be enforced.

The composition of the Commission of Arbitration appointed by President Roosevelt seems to be generally satisfactory. Not only has approval of it been expressed by the operators and by representatives of the union mine-workers, but it is regarded with confidence by those who hope to witness not only a temporary settlement of the pending dispute in the anthracite region, but also a formulation of principles that will be recognized as applicable to similar controversies there and elsewhere hereafter. It needs but a moment's reflection to perceive that even the solution of the particular problems connected with anthracite coal mining can only be expected from men possessed of technical qualifications and instructed by prolonged experience; and it will be observed that such qualifications may be predicated of a majority of the commissioners selected by the President. They will be able to acquaint the minority with the data from which deductions must be drawn. A speedy solution cannot be looked for, because, as an expert in coal-mining has pointed out, men have grown gray in trying to solve some of the problems with which the commission will be confronted. One thing is obvious, namely, that the commission having been appointed with the consent of both parties to the dispute, outside advice or pressure of any kind becomes as impertinent and insufferable as it would be if offered to a court of justice. It is the manifest duty, even of the parties to the cause immediately in question, to stop talking in the newspapers, and strictly to confine themselves to the exhibition of evidence and the arguments based thereon which in due time they will be invited to make before the commission. From this point of view fair-minded persons will regard with disapproval Mr. Mitchell's letter to the President, in which the strike-leader, while accepting the commission, developed at length a special plea on behalf of his side of the controversy. Equally open to the objection of being ill-timed, if not obtrusive, is the published statement in which one of the operators undertakes to argue his side of the case.

During the considerable interval which elapsed between the adjournment of the Democratic State Convention of New York and the formal announcement of his nomination for Governor to Mr. Bird S. Coler, it became manifest that the insertion of the coal plank in the Democratic platform had been a blunder from every point of view. It had dismayed and repelled very many men of weight and influence who had been

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anxious to rejoin the Democratic party—men who cherish the traditional principles of the Democracy and who believe in maintaining firm and intact the constitutional boundaries between the powers of the Federal government and those of the constituent States. Mr. Coler, in his speech of acceptance, made an ineffectual endeavor to conciliate these men by repudiating the coal plank in a half-hearted way. His repudiation was based, not upon the impregnable ground of constitutional law, but upon the plea of personal preference for a different remedy. He asserted his belief that a State's regulation and control of corporations of its own creation should, whenever possible, be preferred to the concentration of such power in the hands of the Federal government. He does not say—what, however, is the truth, known to Mr. Cleveland, to Mr. John G. Carlisle, and to every constitutional lawyer, whether Democrat or Republican—that the question of State *versus* Federal ownership of the Pennsylvania coal-mines is not a question of expediency, desirability, or preference, but a question of *law*. Mr. Coler did not tell ex-Governor Hill, the author and defender of the coal plank, what he should have told him, namely, that Federal ownership of the mines just mentioned was impossible in the absence of a constitutional amendment giving the right to assume such ownership. He ought to have shown that, as the nominee of a great party for the high office of Governor of the Empire commonwealth, he was qualified to defend the rights of the State against invasion on the part of the Federal government, by a thorough knowledge of the Federal Constitution and of the debates in the Federal convention by which that instrument was framed. Had Mr. Coler possessed that knowledge, indispensable to a candidate for the Governorship of a State, he would have exploded Mr. Hill's assumption that the Federal government possesses the power to assume ownership of the anthracite coal mines by the exercise of an alleged right of eminent domain.

We shall not now enter upon a discussion of the question whether or nō the Federal government possesses the right of eminent domain in territories acquired by cession or conquest from foreign powers. That question is immaterial in the case of Pennsylvania, one of the States which were represented in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, and which made the Constitution operative by adopting it. Not only does the Constitution *not* confer the right of eminent domain upon the Federal government as regards any portion of the soil belonging to any of the original States, but when a proposal to confer that right, or something like it, was made in the convention, it was unanimously rejected. The Constitution gives Congress power to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over such districts as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased *by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be* for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings. When this provision was originally reported by a committee to the convention, the words which we have italicized were not included, but it was pointed out that if an unqualified power to purchase and control land within the boundaries of States were conferred upon the Federal government, that power might be made use of to enslave a State; whereupon an insertion of the words *by the consent of the Legislature of the State* was unanimously voted. It obviously follows that the Federal government possesses no right of eminent domain which would permit it to take possession of the coal-mines of Pennsylvania without the consent of Pennsylvania's Legislature, which, of course, is not likely to be given. That is the lesson in constitutional law which Mr. Bird S. Coler should have administered to ex-Governor Hill. Had he done so, he might have commended himself to those Democrats who hold that a knowledge of the Federal Constitution cannot be dispensed with in a nominee for the Governorship of New York.

With the opening of Parliament English politics become once more interesting. Speaking at a meeting of the formidably-named National Union Conservative Constitutional Association, Mr. Balfour has added his voice to the defenders of the much-berated Education Bill. The Premier declares that the opposition to the bill is due to misunderstandings caused by false statements of its provisions and intentions. The voice of the calumniator, like that of the turtle, has been heard in the land. The government decided to disturb educational peace because the existing system of education was chaotic, ineffectual, and behind the age, making Great Britain the laughing-stock of the nations; and this laid on Mr. Balfour and his colleagues the obligation to provide secondary public education, and to co-ordinate all the branches of public education under the control of the boroughs and county councils. Mr. Balfour went on to say that the majority of the English people believe that religion should be taught in the schools, though they could not agree as to what form of religion this should be; and the only alternative was a system permitting denominational teaching in schools wholly supported by rates, as well as promoting it in schools not wholly so supported. The claim that representation did not follow taxation was erroneous, since the real control of the schools was vested, not in the church authorities, but in the municipal councils and their constituencies. Mr. Balfour concluded by saying that the threats of Nonconformists to refuse to pay the rates were unworthy of the citizens of a free country. Civilized government was impossible if dissatisfied citizens refused to obey the laws. Then, with fine hyperbole, the Premier concluded: "If this reform is not unhesitatingly carried through, the government will earn and deserve the contempt of parents, and of children yet unborn."

Mr. Balfour did not have things quite so much his own way at the opening days of the session—which, by-the-way, is likely to last until the Christmas holidays. He began by moving, in that mild, sweet way of his which used so greatly to exasperate the Irish Nationalists, that the whole session should be given up to government business, including the Education Bill, the London Water Bill, the Indian budget, the Uganda railroad, sugar bounties, and the vote on supply. Mr. James Bryce, as temporary leader of the Liberals, protested with even greater mildness and sweetness, and then sat down with a sense of duty well done. Then uprose the representatives of the Sister Isle, and asked, in voices of thunder, whether no time was to be allotted to them, to secure a discussion and relief of grievances. Mr. Balfour rather unkindly replied that as the Irish members were merely an appendix to the Liberal party, the question of time for Ireland must be settled with the Liberal leaders direct. Then the Irishmen proceeded to demonstrate that, in some cases, the appendix weighs more than the book; and for several clamorous hours the British Parliament was turned into a bear-garden. The hit of the evening was made by Mr. Tim Healy, with his now famous satire, delivered as a "native of Uganda." He closed by complimenting Mr. Balfour on his philosophic power of detachment, whereby he was able to become oblivious to the vital disturbances prevailing in that distant and distressful country Ireland, which filled so small a part of the horizon, viewed from the more important region of Uganda. Mr. William Redmond expressed a pious wish that Ireland could remind the predominant partner of her existence by invading England; and Mr. John O'Donnell strode across the floor of the House and shook his fist in the Premier's face. British personages and institutions were held up to open derision. All of which must have been exceedingly galling to the grave and decorous persons who lead the English Liberals. It was amply demonstrated that, as a fighting force, the Irish party far outstrips the lumbering and indeterminate body of mild English Radicals, whom it is almost sarcasm to call the Opposition. Taking into consideration the United Irish League crusade at present being carried on by Messrs. Davitt, Dillon, and Redmond in this country, and the disturbed condition of things in Ireland itself, it would seem that Mr. Balfour somewhat flatters himself in his belief that the Sister Isle may be mildly ignored.

Premier Combes had rather a better time of it when the French Parliament opened, a few days earlier. It is true that he had to face a series of attacks, chiefly directed against his strenuous methods in closing the unregistered religious schools by armed force, with the consequent riotous outbreaks in Brittany, which we recorded during the summer. His use of troops in the coal strike was also bitterly criticised, but the government was nevertheless able to secure the endorsement of the Chamber by a handsome majority. There was much interest in the budget, which has been called Socialistic, chiefly because

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it embodies the principle of income tax, which is hardly socialism in the view of staid and conservative Englishmen. The expenditure was estimated at $715,000,000, while the revenue was just $100,000 more, but to raise this revenue it will be necessary to have recourse to new taxation to the amount of over forty million dollars. It is quite certain that M. Rouvier will not get the Chamber to agree to all these new taxes without a hard and long-drawn fight, but it looks as if the troubles of the French government arising from the religious-education question were happily at an end; a consummation which must fill the English government with boundless envy.

Germany is determined to be in the fashion in the matter of parliamentary disturbances. Indeed, the scenes of the last week in the popular assemblies of London, Paris, and Berlin might well furnish gloomy old Procurator Pobyedonostseff with one of his homilies on the evils of free institutions. The uproar in the Reichstag was caused by a particularly strenuous speech from Chancellor von Bülow, who has determined to nail the tariff bill to the mast, just as Mr. Balfour has done with his education bill. Baron von Wangenheim, on behalf of the Junkers, who want more protection for agricultural produce in order that they may the more easily collect their rents, declared, amidst a scene of wild excitement, that the government of the Kaiser, in continuing to pursue the policy of the Caprivi era, was sawing off the branch on which the monarchy rested; a sufficiently daring reminder that the landed gentry of Prussia are only loyal for a consideration. Feudalism seems tottering in its German stronghold, and the defeat of the government is tolerably certain. Meanwhile the Kaiser continues to make picturesquely feudal orations, alluding to the mediæval glories of his land, and the doings of his own royal house. He works hard to cherish and strengthen the idea that the glory of Germany is the glory of the Hohenzollerns, and in perfect good faith speaks of the empire as "the heritage of my ancestors." The Fehrbellin oration, when the statue of the Great Elector was unveiled, shows that the Kaiser has decided wholly to ignore the progress of modern democratic ideas, even while the Social Democrats in the Reichstag are denouncing the Prussian nobles as "thieves and robbers."

The star of General Firmin is decidedly in eclipse, and that worthy aspirant to the position of Haitian Dictator-President has chosen the better part of valor, wisely holding that they who fight and run away may live to fight another day. This sudden collapse and flight illustrate the happening of the unexpected, for only a few days ago it was reported that the Firminists had won a brilliant victory. Their army, which claimed to represent the lawful government of Artibonite Province, met the government troops at Montrouis, and inflicted on them a stinging defeat, in which the vanquished side lost over one hundred men killed, besides a field-gun, a rapid-fire gun, and numerous rifles. As an offset to the tragical end of the *Crête-à-Pierrot,* the Firminists further sank the government gunboat *Nouvelle Voldrogue,* which attempted to face the fire of the Saint Marc forts. In answer to this move, the United States cruiser *Cincinnati* was ordered from Cape Haitien to Saint Marc, and apparently arrived just in time for the next transformation scene in the melodrama. For the troops of the provisional government, undaunted by their recent defeat, set forth for Gonaïves, the Firminist centre, and the worthy leader of the revolution decided to secure berths on the *Cincinnati,* and bade farewell to the dark, distressful island, turning his face towards Jamaica, or, as some reports say, Saint Thomas. A troop of those who cast in their lot with General Firmin will follow him into exile with alacrity, but without much sentimental loyalty. It is now declared that the election of M. Seneque Pierre to the Presidency of Haiti is assured. Let us hope that he inherits the prudence and worldly wisdom, as well as the cognomen, of Seneca.

An interesting question has been raised by the divulgation of a secret treaty concluded on the 17th of January in the present year between Chile and the United States of Colombia. By this treaty the Bogota government agrees to allow the free passage at any time across the Panama isthmus of any war material belonging to Chile, which power, in its turn, binds itself to prevent as far as possible any difficulties that might arise for Colombia from the use of the facilities granted. That is to say, Chile, if engaged in war with Argentina, and unable to obtain munitions of war by the circuitous route around Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan, has secured from Colombia the right to transport such material across the Panama isthmus. It is certain that Argentina would endeavor to prevent such a use of the isthmus by its antagonist, and would appeal to the United States to forbid it. By the treaty which we concluded in 1846 with New Granada, a treaty which is still operative, the United States was invested with the rights and responsibilities of a guarantor of freedom of transit across the isthmus. To permit the isthmus to be made a bone of contention between belligerents would, obviously, be incompatible with the fulfilment of such a guarantee. Moreover, if we suffered the isthmus to be used for the purpose named in the secret treaty, we should practically make ourselves, in the contingency just mentioned, an ally of Chile against Argentina. It seems to us that, if we accept the construction hitherto put upon the treaty of 1846 by our State Department, the Bogota government exceeded its powers when it undertook to give Chile the privilege to which we have referred. We must further say that the good faith of the Bogota government is open to question if it has made the concession named to Chile without previously consulting our State Department and procuring its approval of the projected act. The fact that the treaty itself stipulates that it shall be regarded by both parties as secret and confidential indicates that no such consultation took place.

Outside of the parties to the instrument the powers most deeply concerned in it are the United States and Argentina. That our State Department should have given its sanction to the treaty and should have kept the transaction secret must be deemed incredible, for such a proceeding would justly be regarded by Argentina as an unfriendly act. We have declined to permit the Colombian government to transport across the isthmus munitions of war intended for use against the Colombian rebels. On what ground could we permit a foreign belligerent to enjoy a privilege of transportation which we have withheld from the Colombian government itself? If it be true that the treaty with Chile has been negotiated without the knowledge of our State Department, the fact will not tend to inspire confidence in the conclusion of satisfactory arrangements for the construction of an interoceanic canal across the Panama isthmus. It would be a pity if the present anarchic condition of Colombia and the duplicity or perfidy of the usurping *de facto* government headed by Dr. Marroquin were to prevent, or even postpone, the adoption of a canal route, as to the superiority of which the verdict of competent engineers is nearly unanimous.

President Eliot says that the results of popular education in this country are profoundly disappointing. That sounds startling and somewhat heretical, but Dr. Eliot expects a great deal of education, and is disappointed if he does not get it. He expects it to make people wise, but he does not find that the Americans as a people have yet attained to wisdom. We have been struggling for two generations with drunkenness, but have not yet found a successful way to deal with it; we still like to gamble, which is very unintelligent in us; universal suffrage has not insured good government to us; crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the country, both by mobs and by individuals; we don't show good taste in our choice of reading matter, nor in the plays we go to see; we are enormous consumers of patent medicines, and credulous patrons of all sorts of novel cures; labor strikes abound among us, and we still tolerate the spoils system in politics. Finally, the development of our minds is arrested too early. Dr. Eliot thinks that if our system of popular education was what it should be, these disconcerting phenomena would not be observed. He does not argue that education does not make men good and wise. He thinks the trouble with us Americans is that we don't get education enough. He points out that the average expenditure in the common schools of the country last year was $21 14 per pupil, or 14.7 cents a day of the average school year. The highest expenditure is $41 68 per pupil in New York; the lowest $4 56 in North Carolina. With this he contrasts the expenditure for teaching and school maintenance in the private schools where well-to-do people send their chil-

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dren, and shows it to be four or five times as great. This increased expenditure is for better teachers and more of them. The public schools too, says Dr. Eliot, would have a teacher for every ten or fifteen pupils, instead of one for every forty or fifty pupils, if they could afford it, and there would be a play-ground around every school-house, and the school-house would be kept in as perfect sanitary condition as a hospital. His deduction is that "we ought to spend more public money on schools, because the present expenditures do not produce all the good results which were expected and may be reasonably aimed at."

If better schools meant the eventual overthrow of drunkenness, gambling, strikes, murders, lynchings, bad literature, cure swindles, and the spoils system, we could certainly afford to treble or quadruple the national expenditure for education. It is disputable whether any amount of secular education could accomplish so much, for some of these reforms seem to need religion as well as knowledge. It is noticeable that the new education bill for which Mr. Balfour is making so hard a fight in England appropriates public moneys to the maintenance of church schools. That course, whether it is good or bad, is impossible for us. The State, here, cannot teach religion, but it can train children in righteousness as well as in knowledge, and though perfect public schools might not bring on a millennium immediately, can any one think of any other agency that would be likely to go so far towards doing so? If we are concerned about ourselves as a people, the spot to which we turn first, with the most anxiety and at the same time with the most hope, is the public school. For all that he has declared the results of our public-school education to be disappointing, Dr. Eliot bears witness that our schools are improving. Within thirty years the kindergarten has come, and he counts that a gain, both in direct results and in its influence on teaching. He finds better school-buildings, better arrangement of courses, better teachers, more employment of educational experts in supervision, more secondary schools, and an increase in the proportion of children who attend them. All these gains he finds to be the result of increased expenditure. But the chief gains are in the education of pupils above fourteen years old, whereas the great majority of American children do not get beyond the eighth grade and stop at fourteen. He is not satisfied with that. "Is that," he asks, "the fit educational outcome of a century of democracy in an undeveloped country of immense natural resources?" Last year the country's expenditure for common schools (including elementary and secondary schools, but excluding all institutions for higher education) was $226,043,000. In 1870 we spent $33,396,000, so that our expenditures have increased nearly sevenfold in thirty-two years. Our population in that time has just about doubled.

"Where do *I* come in?" is a question which the American college seems, nowadays, more and more constrained to ask. The first-rate colleges have gradually raised their requirements so that the age of admission is nearly nineteen. The best professional schools have extended their courses so that they now cover three or four years. The result is pressure on the old college course from both above and below. Of this pressure the college authorities show the effect. Dr. Butler of Columbia showed it the other day when he admitted the need of a two years' course in Columbia College for young men who intended to enter the professional schools. Harvard has shown it by permitting her students to gain in three years, if they can, the A.B. degree which qualifies them to enter her higher schools. Yale still stands for the four-year course, but Dr. Hadley feels the pinch too. He does not propose to abbreviate Yale's college course for any one, but he says that students who are in a hurry may continue to enter the Yale professional schools without their A.B. degrees. His sentiment is that it will not do, either to cut down the college course to fit the needs of young men who are in a hurry, or to exclude from professional schools young men who haven't time to go to college. It is just as well that all the doctors of education should not agree at once upon any expedient for saving time. Let them try various methods and see the results. The relation of college to life is changing somewhat. As Dr. Hadley said the other day at the Kansas State University, there are two groups of university men now, one of which regards the university as the coping-stone of a system of secondary education, the other as a place for laying the foundation of professional study. Let the two groups thresh out the problem between them. Meanwhile, one interesting by-product of the existing conditions is the rise in number and importance of the preparatory schools. Where you send a boy at twelve or thirteen, and leave him five or six years, is of more consequence than where you send him at eighteen and leave him three or four years. One of the important offices of colleges nowadays is to stimulate the great business of training boys in preparatory schools. They are fulfilling that office in remarkable measure.

In prohibiting the use of "ponies" by the students of Hamilton College, the faculty of that institution may be said to be going in for what we might call "horseless education," which is at least in keeping with the spirit of the hour. It is good that the interdiction has this virtue, for it has no other. The "pony" has had a long and honorable career in the annals of academic institutions both here and abroad, and has indeed become so much of an institution itself that the act of the Hamilton faculty savors strongly of iconoclasm, and a useless bit of iconoclasm at that, since the order is pretty certain to prove ineffective. We have not the slightest idea that the undergraduates of Hamilton College, who have hitherto been accustomed to using these aids to a successful translation of the classics, are in the secrecy of their studies going to abandon them simply because a number of reverend professors say that they shall no longer be used. Without desiring to incite the young to rebellion in any way, we are prepared to say that were we in their place we should pay just as much heed to the prohibition as pleased us, just as offenders against unnecessary laws always do. We should assert an inherent right to make use of all scholarly aids to the betterment of our own work within our reach, and should as soon give over the well-thumbed lexicon that had carried us through our Homer in response to a demand from our Greek professor, as abandon the pony upon which we had ridden into an intelligent comprehension of the classics upon the dictum of the whole faculty. In our judgment the faculty of Hamilton would be in far better case to-day if they had encouraged the use of the pony intelligently and instructively, relying upon their own keenness of perception, as guardians of the educational interests of the young men, to see to it that the use did not degenerate into an abuse. Rightly used the pony is most assuredly a most valuable tool in the hands of students of the classics, and a professor who is equal to the responsibilities that devolve upon him should have little difficulty in ascertaining whether or not it is plied to the greatest real advantage of the individual most concerned. Sweepingly to condemn as vicious a practice so full of real virtue is a serious mistake, and we hope the Hamilton faculty will be wise enough to perceive the fact and promptly rescind their indefensible regulation.

What sort of a chap is Colonel Edwin A. Hartshorn, described as an assistant appraiser of merchandise at the port of New York? He took a curious part in a queer discussion, on October 21, at the weekly meeting of the Methodist preachers of New York. The discussion was brought on by Dr. John Wesley Johnston, who, to his honor, censured his brethren for declaring that the statement made by Professor Atwater of Wesleyan (Methodist) University, that alcohol has a food value, was false, and unworthy of a Methodist. Dr. Johnston's censure stirred the brethren, and they proceeded to discuss Professor Atwater. They denied the truth of his report. That was well enough. If they think he is a bad chemist they are entitled to that opinion. But beyond that they attacked him because, being a professor in a Methodist college, he had reported, as the result of his experiments, that alcohol was of some use as a food. They seemed to feel that it was an outrage that a Methodist—"an instructor . . . drawing Methodist money for support"—should presume to say that alcohol was a food. The Rev. Dr. Odell said that "we are witnessing a rising tide of social drinking in the land under the encouragement derived from the assumed scientific deliverance that alcohol has nutritive properties. Certainly as Methodists we are concerned for this latest ally of the saloon. We are in a measure responsible for him." He went on to quote a report that the barkeeps had named a cocktail after Mr. Atwater, "in honor of the services rendered their trade by this distinguished professor of a Methodist and Christian

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college." As for Colonel Hartshorn, he was sorry he had lived to see the day when a Methodist, employed and paid by Christian contributions, should give as much encouragement to liquor-dealers as Professor Atwater had given. "He is not only a professor in a Christian college," cried the Colonel, "but a government food-expert, and his certifications to the excellence of alcohol as food are printed at the government expense. Alas for this carnival of destruction!—that a Methodist and Christian college should furnish the apparatus and the professor, the government should furnish the expert and the printing-office, leaving the distillers and brewers to supply the profitable part of the outfit." Is it not pernicious activity for one public servant to trample upon another in this fashion?

What ails these brethren—what confusion of mind are they suffering from—that they do not see the absurdity of attacking Mr. Atwater as a Methodist for his work as a chemist? A man can be a Methodist, and he can be a chemist, and both at once, but he can't be a Methodist chemist. There is no Methodism in chemistry. The chemist makes his analysis and reports what is there; not what the Methodist Church feels ought to be there. How is it with Colonel Hartshorn when he works as a government appraiser of merchandise? Does he appraise as an expert or as a Methodist? Does he appraise laces and silks at a high valuation to discourage importers because the Methodist discipline enjoins simplicity of dress? If he is carrying Methodism into his appraisals he ought to be dismissed, just as Professor Atwater would deserve to be dismissed if he carried Methodism into his work as a chemist. Yet these curious people pitch into him because, being a professor in a Methodist college, he makes a truthful report of the result of certain scientific experiments. The spirit of Odell and Hartshorn is the same spirit that put the screws on Galileo when he declared that the earth revolved around the sun. That theory was held to be hostile to revealed religion, just as Professor Atwater's report is held to be hostile to total abstinence. As a matter of fact, the report has hardly any bearing on the use of alcohol as a beverage, and certainly does not encourage it. The "rising tide of social drinking" which Dr. Odell thinks he witnesses is not due—if it exists at all—to increased confidence in the nutritive properties of alcohol. Nothing that Professor Atwater has said or done has changed alcohol at all. It is just as dangerous a beverage as ever, and folks drink it for the same old reasons, with the same results. People who drink too much of it suffer; sound people who drink it with due caution seldom suffer; and people who let it alone are usually better off without it. Its nutritive properties which Mr. Atwater thinks he has discovered are of very slight importance compared with its destructive qualities, which we all recognize and know all about.

"She lived to do good" is the heading of a short communication in a contemporary newspaper about a lady who died in Rhode Island early this month. She was a writer of verse, and her eulogist says that she might be classed among those who have become famous as "the poets of one poem." Her one poem, which, we are told, has been translated into many languages, after being copied from one publication to another up and down the country, begins:

> Build a little fence of trust
> Around to-day;
> Fill the space with loving work,
> And therein stay.

It seems singularly appropriate to the times, especially the last two lines. The little fence of trust has been pretty extensively built, but the injunction to "fill the space with loving work" and stick to it must certainly appeal to every observer of current industrial conditions.

The French Academy of Medicine lately advised the French government to prohibit the manufacture of various liqueurs which were consumed very largely in France, and which they found to contain ingredients which they held to be poisonous. Chartreuse was one of the potable fluids thus put under the ban, the Academy reporting that it contained thirteen ingredients that were dangerous to health. The report was very widely published in the newspapers, with suitable comments. Since then, it seems, the agents for the sale of Chartreuse have demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Academy that six of the thirteen ingredients attributed to the liqueur were not in it, and the Academy, concluding that its strictures were too sweeping, has withdrawn its report, and modified it to the extent that it now condemns nothing but absinthe and one other liqueur. Absinthe has few friends in this country, and neither that nor any of the French liqueurs is drunk here in quantities large enough to prejudice the public health.

According to Professor Vierkandt, a German sociologist, the question whether American-race superiority can make itself felt in the world at large depends on the size of American families. He notes, a Berlin despatch says, "a tendency which discourages large families because of the standard of comfort required." No observing person will deny that there is such a tendency in this country. The Americans like children, but they hesitate to become responsible for the welfare and comfort of large families. Four children in a family are an unusual number; six make a big family nowadays, and eight invite the imputation of reckless prodigality. If Europe is safe from an American invasion until American families grow bigger, it can rest easy in its mind. At present the tendency seems to be the other way. They say that the French are growing more peaceable, more thrifty, and richer. They are not invaders nowadays in commerce, and they are less and less disposed to aggressive war. They have no spare population. So it may be with us. American families can ill spare their sons for foreign service, either military or commercial. There are too few of them born.

We get frequent and very disquieting reports of the condition of the public buildings in Venice. Since the great Campanile fell down all Venice has been in a tremble, and the rest of Christendom has been much concerned for fear worse losses would follow. We read that the great arch of the Apocalypse in St. Mark's is cracked and sags down nearly a foot; that diagonal lesions have appeared behind the bookcases in the library in the Doge's Palace; that two famous churches are in very shaky condition, and that various other buildings show signs of impending dissolution. The Venetians have been stirred to the core by the loss of their bell-tower, and the Italian government has put a new architect in charge of their treasures. Signor Boni is the new man. He has planned the reconstruction of the Campanile, and is examining the condition of the other buildings and doing what he can to make them safe. What destroyed the bell-tower and has weakened the other buildings is much discussed, but is not yet quite clear. It may have been the subsidence of the soil; it may have been the deepening of the canals, too much cannon-firing, and too many steamboats. These may all have been contributory causes, but the main immediate trouble seems to have been that the tower was in charge of incompetent men; that it was weakened by having its walls cut into for various purposes, and that the signs of feebleness that it showed were overlooked or misread by its responsible guardians. Signor Boni is said to be the best man in Italy to have charge of the work in Venice, and he will do what can be done to keep the place in commission. He estimates that the Campanile can be rebuilt in five years.

In his speech to the mine-workers in convention, John Mitchell spoke of the strike as a struggle made "in order that the miners and their families might secure a sufficient wage to enable them to enjoy a little happiness and sunshine, instead of the gloom and sadness that have been their lot for many years." Is that truth or is it rhetoric? One of the satisfactions in having the coal strike settled by arbitration is the prospect that the whole anthracite situation will be investigated by competent men, and that we shall get at some of the truth about the miners, their work, their wages and general condition. If, as a class, their lot has been one of gloom and sadness, they are much misrepresented by many correspondents who have pictured them as prosperous people who liked their trade. Undoubtedly, there are the same differences between individuals in the mining regions as elsewhere, and families live in comfort or in squalor there, according to their tastes and abilities. But after five months of reading about the hard-coal miners and their grievances, the public in general still feels that it has a very inadequate grasp of the truth about them. The advantage of arbitration over a fight to a finish is

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that it involves an intelligent attempt by constituted authority to do justice to both sides. If the miners have really been living in gloom and sadness, the prospect is good for an alleviation of their lot.

It is to be hoped that the American people will not immediately abandon the study of economy in fuel. The economy which involves the use of soft coal instead of hard in cities is not to be encouraged. It makes towns dirty; it has made New York very dirty; we don't like it at all. But it is different with the economy that makes one ton of hard coal last as long as two used to last. They tell us that there is only about fifty years' supply of hard coal in the whole country. If that is so, extravagance in fuel is almost as sinful as the extravagance in lumber which has thinned out our forests. Nothing is saved in this country until it gets so dear that it is worth saving. Time is always scarce and dear here. As long as the time it takes to save anything is worth more than the thing saved, we are going to save the time. As long as old railroad ties are not worth cutting up for firewood and hauling to a market, they will burn beside the track; as long as the cook's time is worth more than the coal she would save by letting the fire in the range go out at night, the fire will burn all night. All economies take time, and, when wages are high and time is dear, there are many economies that don't pay, but when coal is twenty dollars a ton a whole new set of economies at once become highly remunerative. Next to soft coal the most prevalent substitutes for hard coal of late have been gas and mineral oil. Gas, of course, is only another form of coal, but it is an economical form of it. The use of oil has had a great spurt in the last month. It answers well for cooking, and also for steam-engines, but no one knows what the earth's supply of oil is, and our supply of it may be nearer exhaustion than our stock of hard coal, so it may not be a real economy of our national resources to use oil in place of coal. No doubt we shall waste as much coal as ever when it is cheap again, but we have learned that we can save it if we choose, and that lesson was worth something.

From Mississippi comes the news that the subject of education will be one of the most important of the issues in the next gubernatorial campaign. Whether an exciting contest can be carried on concerning the addition of agricultural instruction to the school curriculum seems a little doubtful, though the question easily has two sides, in view of a disposition to exalt the subject to extreme heights. Far-seeing men in Mississippi are arguing that as the State must depend on agriculture for prosperity, it is in need of more scientific farmers, and that the day is here when it is essential that slipshod ways should give place to businesslike methods. This is true enough, as it is true of agriculture in every State in the Union. Yet it does not follow that children should be taught more about raising cotton and corn, and less about grammar and arithmetic, as one of the champions of the new movement is reported as advising. Intelligent, scientific farmers are not made by stunting the mental growth of the children. Mr. Washington has the reputation of teaching practical agriculture in his school at Tuskeegee to pretty good purpose. But he makes his pupils intelligent farmers about in proportion as he makes them intelligent men. If slipshod ways of raising corn and cotton have got to go, they must go by a route which takes slipshod ways in grammar and arithmetic along with them, or they will be likely not to go at all. A political campaign in Mississippi leading up to such a result would be a campaign worth having, and not in Mississippi alone, either. The theory that children can be prepared for their adult life by teaching them industries and by neglecting their brains has persistent advocates everywhere.

Mr. Nixon Waterman, who writes verses himself, has been talking to the New England Woman's Press Association about poets and poetry. The reports make him out as having a poor opinion of poets and a poorer opinion of their poetry, both of which, according to his judgment, are apt to be too visionary. He deplores the fact, as he calls it—though that it is a fact we do not feel quite certain—that poets lack in ability to view life in a practical way, and seems to think that what he calls practical poetry would please the people better than most of that which is now written. Mr. Waterman is apparently not acquainted with the great street-car school of practical poetry which illuminates every city in this land, and which can be read with a minimum of brain-tax in connection with the practical task of hanging to the strap. It may not get very close to nature's heart, but it rarely misses the point; and yet, there is no record of wild eagerness to read it, and to cherish it in the memory. Despite this poet-critic of poets, we suspect that the real lovers of poetry no more demand practicality in poems than they do in moonlight sonatas or in the spray on an ocean wave. He may find pleasure in pointing out, as he does, the "absurdity" in Emerson's and Longfellow's verses. No doubt they are in spots as absurd as he deems them to be; but he and all like him have very much still to learn of human nature, if they have not discovered that there is a quality underneath the visionary absurdity of some poetry that makes folks love it. Mr. Waterman says that "one of the reasons why people dislike poetry is that they are not permitted to read or hear the right kind of poetry." Who it is that withholds such permission we do not know. But, at any rate, the time has not yet come for the poet who sees his library as a factory, his pens and ink and paper and brains as a plant, his verses as an output, and his fame as a dividend. There are practical things enough in the world already; a good supply of impractical—not impracticable—poetry will keep a healthy balance. And if it is good poetry, its impracticality will not scare away readers worth having.

In a certain New England city the going rate of domestic wages is four dollars a week. One matron, having had many heart-rending experiences with the unexpectednesses of her help, was moved thereby voluntarily to raise the wage of a peculiarly competent girl to four dollars and a half, with the hope of firmly cementing Biddy to the family. She reckoned ill in leaving out of her calculation one of the strongest traits of human nature—of human nature, at least, as it disports itself in this land where all are free and equal. But a few short weeks had passed when this model domestic, so recognized by the abnormal attitude of her stipend, informed her mistress that the extra half-dollar a week made it impossible for her to associate with the girls who were getting no more than four dollars, and seeing that there was no society for her in that neighborhood, she should be forced to move to a more congenial locality. And move she did, leaving in the breast of the matron an emotion not classified in any of the sociological studies of mistress and maid that have come to our attention, but which brings forth practical fruit in a determination never again to meddle with those forces which tend to fix the social status as between servant-girl and servant-girl. Our readers will easily see the abstruse character of the problem as it is exemplified in this one incident—an abstruseness far exceeding in important gravity that which mars the harmonies of life in other circles where the social standing depends upon recondite factors of relative wealth and birth and breeding, but where the immense practicalities of making the beds and doing the family washing are not involved. We cannot pretend to grasp the full significance of this aristocracy of the kitchen, though the untoward practical effect is clear enough. The topic is, however, commended to those analytical minds which illuminate the world with treatises on the Industrial and Ethical Interrelations of the Domestic Servitor and Her Dependents. It is a theme for those rare intellects only.

It may be said without hesitation of Clarence H. Mackay, whose portrait appears in our series of Americans of To-morrow this week, that he promises well. As the prospective heir of an enormous fortune, he did none of those foolish things that make fond but level-headed fathers sigh and wonder. He spent and still spends money freely, but that is because he inherited a somewhat lavish trait born of a generous disposition, not because he is ostentatious or silly. He is an athlete physically, straightforward mentally, and seems to appreciate his responsibility to the community and to the memory of a father who builded broad and deep and proved, by his will, his faith in the serious intent and capacity of application of his son. Twenty-seven is not very old, but with a start of seventy or eighty millions, it is old enough at least for a beginning.

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The President as an Asset

NEARLY every political campaign enjoys its idiosyncrasies, but the present struggle for Governors and Congressmen is, in one respect at least, unique. Partly by follies and partly by a failure to bring about a complete reorganization of their party, the Democrats have entered the contest, in New York State at least, without the stimulating support of public confidence. They appear here to have lost their opportunity. They have distinctly disappointed the hopes of a majority of their fellow-citizens. The whole country was ripe for a political revolution. It was weary of the Republican party, and especially was it hostile to the organization leaders and their opinions and conduct. It wanted a change, but its desire was for a rational change, which, in some States, notably in Massachusetts, the Democrats promise, while in others, notably in New York, they do not comprehend the requirements of the hour.

Notwithstanding the shortcoming of the Democrats, the prospects of the Republicans would be far from hopeful were it not for the strength of the President. Mr. Roosevelt, as has been well said, is the chief valuable asset of his party. He is strong, and whatever strength it has is due to the fact that, in the imagination of the voters, the party is clothed with the Roosevelt virtues. Whatever victories it may gain this fall will be due to him and to his deeds, his principles, and his courage. It is a feature, too, of this curious condition of affairs that the virtues which endear the President to the people are Democratic virtues, or at least are characteristics of the Democratic party.

The popular tendency at present is to demand the further regulation of trusts by law, and it favors a reduction of tariff duties, and the granting of commercial concessions to Cuba, either by way of a reciprocity treaty or by direct legislation. On all these issues the President finds himself in direct opposition to the leaders of his party. He believes that combinations of capital breed evils which may be prevented or restrained by further legislation. The leaders of his party are of precisely the opposite opinion. They are opposed to the enforcement of existing law and to any attempt to add new laws to the statute-book. The President believes that the time has come for the revision of the tariff law, with the view of reducing duties, and while he combats, as unscientific, the general theory that protection should be withdrawn from all trust products, it is pretty well understood that he entertains the opinion that some of the trusts can get along famously without the protection which they now enjoy under the Dingley law. His attitude as to our relations with Cuba is well known; he is for dealing fairly with the new republic and for keeping the promise which the Cubans assume that Mr. McKinley made to them. On this question, Mr. Hanna was with the President, mainly because he was faithful to the memory of Mr. McKinley. With hardly an exception, all the other Republican leaders in both Houses of Congress, either openly or secretly, opposed the President, and, in the end, were victorious.

If, therefore, we are to judge the Republican party by the men who lead it now, as they led it when Mr. McKinley was candidate for the Presidency, both in 1896 and in 1900, by the men who, as the party's leaders, did their utmost to prevent the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Vice-President, we must realize that the party is on one side of these vital questions and the President is on the other. If the leaders, like Senators Hanna, Aldrich, Allison, the two Platts, Speaker Henderson, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Grosvenor, and others of that kind, speak for the party, it is opposed to any legislation in restraint of trusts; it "views with alarm," to descend to platform English, all efforts to enforce the Sherman act; it regards the Dingley act as a perfect work, and would not, especially for the purpose of reducing duties, touch a single item in a single one of its schedules; and it would not reduce the tariff duty on Cuban sugar and tobacco. Holding these views, the party leaders invited defeat, and if it were not for the President defeat would be assured.

This situation is especially emphasized by the effects of the President's interference in the coal strike. The belief that the Republican party is always on the side of the capitalist is so common that in every war between capital and labor, if any damage happens to a political party, it is the Republican party which is inevitably the sufferer. It was with full consciousness of this fact that the Republican leaders of Pennsylvania and New York roared their threats at the operators, but here again the President came to the relief of his party, and apparently has taken the issue out of the campaign.

The power of one man thus to cover his party with the mantle of his own strength is unprecedented in the history of American politics. Other leaders have been stronger than their party, but by emphasizing the party's code. Roosevelt is strong because he differs from the leaders. And it is especially wonderful, and at the same time it makes the situation explicable, that his own strength is due to his approach to the principles of his party's adversaries. The Republican party is making this campaign sheltered behind opinions and principles which its own leaders discard and even denounce, most of which are the principles of its opponents. It is because the President does not agree with his party's leaders that he is as strong as he is; it is because he, and not one of the leaders, is the prospective Republican candidate of 1904, that his party has so excellent a chance of success at the coming election.

The Constitution and the Trusts

THE speech delivered at Pittsburg on October 14 by Mr. P. C. Knox, Attorney-General of the United States, deserves the careful attention which it has received all over the country, because there is a widespread impression that it represents the opinions, not only of the speaker, but also of President Roosevelt. If this impression be well founded, the speech indicates a decided change of front on the part of the Chief Magistrate. During his tour in New England, Mr. Roosevelt expressed repeatedly a doubt whether, under the Federal Constitution, as it stands, the Federal government had power effectually to control the so-called trusts, because it could not interfere with their within-State business. Accordingly, he suggested the expediency of adopting a constitutional amendment giving the Federal government the power of direct interference with the within-State business of corporations. The principal objections to the proposed remedy were two: first, that it was impracticable, since the consent of the requisite number of States to a measure depriving them of one of the most important powers reserved to them by the Constitution could never be obtained; and, secondly, that, if practicable, the remedy would prove worse than the disease, because it would constitute a long step toward the reduction of our Federal system into an intensely unified and centralized commonwealth like France, wherein the power and the habit of local self-government have been almost totally extinguished.

The weight of these objections seems to have been appreciated by the President, and, if it be true that his present views were expressed by Mr. Knox at Pittsburg, he has materially shifted his position. The gist of the Attorney-General's speech will be found in the surprising assertion that no constitutional amendment is required, but that, by virtue of the commerce clause of the Constitution, our Federal government already possesses the power, materially, if indirectly, to regulate and control the within-State business of corporations. We call the assertion startling, because it has been generally assumed that the Anti-Trust law passed by Congress on July 2, 1890, represented the extreme limit of Federal power over corporations. Now the United States Supreme Court, interpreting that law in the case of the Sugar Trust, decided that, as the monopoly imputed to the trust was in the production or manufacture of sugar, whereas its sale or distribution of that commodity among the States or among foreign countries was but incidental thereto, the said monopoly did not fall within the prohibition of the law. Production or manufacturing, the court pointed out, precedes commerce, but is not a part of it, and the Anti-Trust law is applicable only to restraints of commerce. Having this decision in mind, most men who have thought at all upon the subject have taken for granted, as we have said, that the Anti-Trust law, authoritatively declared to be impotent directly to control within-State production or manufacture, exhausted the power of the Federal government to regulate or control the within-State business of corporations.

Now comes Attorney-General Knox and asserts that the Anti-Trust law did not exhaust the power of the Federal government to control corporations. He admits that the United States Supreme Court has decided that the Anti-Trust law does not invalidate monopolies of production, or regulate commerce in such a way as to free commerce from the restraints such monopolies of production indirectly impose. He points out, however, that the court did not say in so many words that these indirect effects upon inter-State commerce could not be prevented by Congress. Mr. Knox insists that they can be so prevented. If it be true, he argues, that a State can authorize or permit a monopoly of production within its borders because it has power over production as such, although that exercise of power indirectly affects inter-State commerce, may not the United States so regulate inter-State commerce over which it has exclusive control as that it shall indirectly affect production over which, as such, it has no control? Mr. Knox holds that the question must be answered in the affirmative. Proceeding to expound his meaning, he declares that, if Congress, under its power to regulate inter-State commerce, may utterly destroy a combination and forfeit its property in inter-State transit, as the Sherman act provides, because the combination restrains such commerce, it seems reasonable to say that it can, in the exercise of the same power, deny to a combination engaged in within-State production, whose life it cannot directly reach, the privilege of engaging in inter-State commerce, except upon such terms as Congress may prescribe. Such a regulation would operate directly upon commerce, and only indirectly upon the instrumentalities and operations of production.

Mr. Knox himself recognizes that a Federal law, denying the facilities of inter-State trade to the products of trusts which Con-

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gress desired indirectly to control, might have to be drawn in terms so broad as to exclude thousands of small concerns conducting industries in one State from marketing their products in other States. To avert such pernicious consequences and to render it certain or probable that the strong arm of the Federal government would fall only on hurtful combinations and conspiracies, the Attorney-General would have the Federal statute so framed as to cover only contracts and combinations in restraint of trade, as defined by the common law of England. Now the common law of England, although it is recognized as the basis of the law of every one of the separate States, with the exception of Louisiana, is not, according to the United States Supreme Court, a constituent part of the civil law of the United States. If the common law of England is to be made a part of the civil law of the United States, Congress must say so, and the United States Supreme Court must affirm the validity of the declaration. If this were done, it would undoubtedly be competent for a Federal court to decide in each particular case whether a given manufacturing combination, indirectly affected by a Federal law regulating the facilities for inter-State trade, was a combination hurtful to the public welfare, and whether the particular contract involved in the case was or was not reasonable.

Only experiment can show whether the United States Supreme Court would concur with Mr. Knox in holding that too broad deductions have been drawn from its decision in the Sugar Trust case; in holding that the power of the Federal government under the commerce clause of the Constitution was not exhausted by the Anti-Trust act; and that Congress has the power, by withholding from them the facilities for inter-State trade, to strike indirectly at the life of combinations engaged in within-State manufacturing. We can never know what would be the decision of that tribunal on this momentous question until Congress shall have enacted a law conferring upon the Federal government such startling powers of indirect interference with the within-State business of corporations as we have mentioned, and until a case has been made for testing the validity of the law before the United States Supreme Court.

Before we enter on a course of experiments which must necessarily involve heated discussion and prolonged delay, and which are fraught with obvious danger to the reserve rights of the States, as hitherto conceived, it might be well to pause and consider whether the evils imputed to the so-called trusts are not likely to cure themselves.

Mr. Knox himself acknowledges that of the evils, real or supposed, attributed to the trusts, over-capitalization is the chief and the parent of all the others. A more pregnant admission could scarcely be made, for it is notorious that, in proportion as a corporation is over-capitalized, is it likely to pass into the hands of a receiver, and to have all or most of its securities that represent "water" annihilated. In the rare cases where an over-capitalized corporation engaged in production or manufacture contrives to pay dividends on its watered stock at the expense of consumers, it is only a question of time when unwatered capital will flow into the same field of enterprise and undersell its inflated competitor. Before subjecting our Federal Constitution to the strain of revolutionary interpretation, it might be prudent to wait a little while and see whether the unwritten but irresistible laws of political economy are not quite qualified to deal with any mischiefs arising from the occasional over-capitalization of corporations.

Who Settled the Strike?

It has been asserted by ex-Judge Pennypacker, the Republican nominee for the Governorship of Pennsylvania, that the credit for the settlement of the strike in the anthracite coal region should be awarded, first, to Messrs. Quay and Penrose, the Republican United States Senators from his State; secondly, to Mr. Odell, the Republican Governor of New York; and thirdly and lastly to the Republican President of the United States. Let us see to what extent, if any, the assertion is well founded.

If we may believe the operators, there is no doubt as to who *might* have settled the strike quickly and effectually, had he chosen to do so. They say, if in the first place, that the persons interested in the coal strike ought to be distributed in four classes, instead of three; those persons including not only the operators, the union mine-workers, and the consumers of the combustible, but also the non-union workers who desired to exercise their constitutional right to labor in the mines, but were prevented from doing so by intimidation and violence on the part of the union miners. The operators say, in the second place, that the persons constituting the fourth class were sufficiently numerous, either by themselves or by acting in conjunction with such union miners as, if assured of protection, would have refused to obey the strike leaders, to mine all the anthracite coal needed by the American community. They say, further, that the non-union workers never had an opportunity of proving the truth of this assertion, but that such an opportunity would have been given them had Governor Stone of Pennsylvania done his duty from the outset of the strike. They point out that, immediately after the outbreak of the strike, in the early part of May, the non-union workers were subjected to intimidation and violence, and that Governor Stone ought forthwith to have given them military protection against such outrages, instead of waiting until the end of July before making even a tentative demonstration to that end. If the first detachments of soldiery sent to the scenes of disorder proved unable to uphold the public peace, the whole National Guard of Pennsylvania should have been called out, and, if even this force proved inadequate to the maintenance of tranquillity in an area comprising thirteen hundred square miles, it would have been the duty of Governor Stone to appeal at once to President Roosevelt for the assistance of Federal troops. It is alleged by the operators that, if such a course had been pursued, the strike might have been settled in thirty, and certainly would have ceased in sixty, days. There is no way of disproving the assertion, for the course actually taken by Governor Stone was very different. Not only did he send no soldiers at all to the scenes of disorder until months had elapsed from the beginning of the strike, but, although the first detachments sent were notoriously inadequate, he waited very many weeks before calling out the rest of the State National Guard, and at no time up to the middle of October, though the strike had lasted twenty-three weeks, and had subjected the consumers of hard coal to great pecuniary loss and to much physical suffering, did he evince any intention of requesting the assistance of Federal troops. So far as any act or word of his was concerned, the non-union miners had no reason to expect that he would ever invoke Federal aid for the purpose of safeguarding their constitutional right to labor.

There is, we repeat, no possibility of refuting the averment made by the owners and operators of the coal-mines that the responsibility for the long continuance of the strike rests primarily and mainly on the shoulders of Governor Stone of Pennsylvania. He might have settled the strike, but did not. Who, then, ought to be credited with the settlement?

By those who have closely followed the events of the last few weeks, the pretence that the strike was settled through the mediation of Senators Quay and Penrose, or of Governor Odell, will be dismissed as ridiculous. It is true that the two Senators from Pennsylvania, Senator Platt of New York, and Governor Odell, of the last-mentioned State, held, at their own suggestion, interviews with the coal-operators, and tried to persuade them to recede from the ground on which they had planted themselves in May, and to which they had unswervingly adhered, except as regards the concession offered by them in their interview with the President of the United States, and rejected by the strike leader. It is also beyond doubt that the intervention of the four politicians named had the effect of encouraging the strikers, of filling them with false hopes, and of deluding them with reference to the attitude of public opinion. It is equally certain that the operators declined to acknowledge that the four politicians named had any legal or moral right to interpose in the business; that the operators made scarcely any effort to disguise their belief that the politicians named were prompted by considerations of party advantage rather than of the public weal; and refused to be swayed an iota by their interested appeals. Clearly, then, we must look elsewhere to find the men who really deserve to be credited with the settlement of the strike. The credit primarily belongs to two men, who represented neither the operators nor the union mine-workers, nor the non-union workers, but exclusively the consumers of coal, already exposed to extortion, and threatened with a ruinous dearth of the needed combustible. Those men were President Roosevelt, and, it is but simple justice to add, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Up to the date of the interview between those two men in Washington all attempts to settle the strike had failed. Immediately after that interview a settlement was effected. Every effort to mislead public opinion on that point will prove fruitless. As to questions wherein the American people are vitally concerned, their insight is unerring. The credit for the settlement of the strike will be awarded with the same intuitive correctness with which the responsibility for its continuance has been apportioned.

Mascagni and His Operas

After delays and tribulations innumerable, Pietro Mascagni has at last had an opportunity of proving to us that that reproach is unjust which accuses him of being a one-work composer merely. We have heard, besides, of course, the inevitable "Cavalleria," his "Zanetto" and "Iris," both of them new to America. His "Ratcliff," repeatedly promised and as repeatedly withheld, we have yet to hear; it is now tentatively announced for production at a farewell appearance of the company in the late winter.

Let us say at the outset that if Mascagni has achieved nothing else, he has at least done an honorable and needed service for his amazing talent in relieving the imagination, to a certain degree, from the necessity of a constant association of his musical personality with that deplorable production, the inescapable "Intermezzo." It would, indeed, require much to atone for the commission of those saddening pages—music which it is difficult to conceive of as at all tolerable to its composer's artistic conscience; but the fresh revelation of his essential

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individuality which we have had in "Zanetto" and "Iris" has at least served to force it into the background of the mind—if only one might escape the organ-grinders and the instrumentalists of the restaurants!

Of "Zanetto," a duologue in one act, founded upon François Coppée's "Le Passant," one cannot say less than that it is grievously disappointing. The libretto with which Signori Targioni-Tozzetti and Menasci have furnished Mascagni is not justly to be held accountable, actionless as it is; indeed, this intimate drama of the spirit is capable, one feels, of an impassioned and subtle musical expression. There is a noble and penetrating aspiration in the central motive, a high and authentic poetry in its symbolism of that quest of an "inappeasable ideal" which Miss Fiona Macleod has lately found in Mr. Yeats's "The Shadowy Waters." Here, too, as in that miraculously lovely fantasy, the drama has "the external aspect of a woven dream"—a dream, it is true, of an immeasurably coarser fibre, and yet, in its possibilities, potent and rich in beauty. *Silvia* is a feminine and sentimentalized *Forgael*, become suddenly aware that

> The love of all under the light of the sun
> Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,
> And bodily tenderness,

and denying *Zanetto* and his humanly eager passion as *Forgael* denies *Dectora*. Here, obviously, is a conception which it is perhaps unreasonable to suppose that such a musician as Mascagni could ever have realized, or even comprehended. Quintessentially Italian, he is anything but a mystic; his temperament is, in fact, at a further remove from the temperament of the typical mystic, the clairvoyant visionary, than that of almost any composer in the history of music. He is the sheer musician of the theatre, the sheer materialist, untroubled by any too-urgent intuitions of the dæmonic, and with no message of any sort—save that of his own account of the gospel of musical beauty—to deliver. Such a temperament, one would have said in advance of the event, could not but be permanently disqualified for the musical expression of such a subject: and so it has proved. The score of "Zanetto" is a miracle of dulness; there is no single passage, scarcely a phrase, which is not compact of unrelieved platitude. One waits for a passion and a poignancy, a moment of vivifying emotion, that never comes. There is no heightening, no grasp of mood, no distinction of utterance. There is, in short, a complete and lamentable absence of inspiration: "Zanetto" must be — we most sincerely hope that it is—a monument of the lowest ebb to which it is possible for Mascagni's creative powers to decline.

"Iris" is in a wholly different case: The libretto, to be entirely frank, is preposterous; while the music seems, after four hearings, to be the most brilliant, the most pregnant, the most beautiful and distinguished, that we have yet heard from Mascagni. With one's ears haunted by the memory of so nobly beautiful and moving a phrase as *Cieco's* extremely pathetic "Dammi il braccio! Una carezza al vecchio Cieco!" it is difficult to believe that one has been listening to music by the composer of "Zanetto" and the "Intermezzo." Dramatically, as we have said, "Iris" is impossible. A tragic action devoid of essential humanity, with no logical organic growth, and crassly melodramatic in its structure, is framed in a setting of Oriental symbolism superficially felt and unintelligently utilized, and bearing merely a decorative relation to the drama. *Iris*, a young and guileless Japanese, is abducted by an adventurous roué and detained against her will in a resort in the Yoshiwara. Her blind and decrepit father, believing that she has deserted him voluntarily, seeks her out and curses her, flinging mud in her face. *Iris*, crazed by his imprecations, throws herself from a window into an adjacent sewer, where she is discovered, half-alive, by some wandering rag-pickers. As the sun rises she expires, and "flowers" (in the exalted phrase of the libretto) ". . . . knot themselves about her, as human arms, and lift her up toward the Azure, the Infinite, and to the Sun." Upon this basis of sheer melodrama and ineffectual allegory Mascagni has erected a musical structure which is, when one considers the material with which he had to work, surprisingly eloquent. There are moments, there are even prolonged periods, of banality, of labored and abortive ugliness; the psychology is often lacking in acuteness, and the invention not infrequently flags. But when all has been said that may justly be affirmed in depreciation, this impassioned and colorful score still remains a remarkable achievement. There are superb passages—the immensely effective introduction, with its climax of vivid orchestral light; *Iris's* opening solo (if one is not annoyed by a reminder of Wagner's "Tristan"); *Cieco's* agonized lament, and the conclusion of the first act; *Iris's* narrative in act second; *Osaka's* passionate supplications; *Iris's* dying soliloquy. Above all—and it is the redeeming trait of Mascagni's artistic character, the palliation for his many faults of over-emphasis, and crudity, and empty platitude—there is the constant presence, in this as in his other works, of that "splendid and imperishable excellence" which Mr. Swinburne found to atone for all of Byron's offences and outweigh all his defects: "the excellence of sincerity and strength." That quality, along with his other excellences of vividness and truth and power, is Mascagni's, beyond denial; and and its possession does, indeed, cover many offences and outweigh many defects.

Every Man to his Line

By Cy Warman

Most men who think at all have a hobby. Mine is government railroads. I believe, after looking about a bit at home and abroad, that a good railroad is a good thing for any government of any country to have—nothing to do with.

Here is a recent vindication.

A year or so ago the provincial government of Manitoba got control of the Northern Pacific in Canada, and the Canadian Northern Railway. Roughly speaking, the government leased all the lines of the Northern Pacific in Manitoba, and these were connected with the line of the Canadian Northern Railway Company from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, the management of the whole system being handed over to the Canadian Northern. The province assumed the indebtedness of the system, thereby incurring a liability estimated at $442,000 a year, but retained control of the railway rates. This control of rates was the government's trump card in appealing to the Legislature and public for support.

"The rates you pay," screamed the politician, "are robber's rates. They are maintained, not to enable the Canadian Pacific to pay a dividend, but to enable it to set up a few more dukes, a few more lords, and a few more knights on the banks of the Thames."

That was the sort of stuff the spellbinder ladled out to the prairie-breakers, and he made it go.

The leader of the Opposition and the Winnipeg Board of Trade pronounced against it, but the bill went through, the province went "braking," and will go broke if it keeps going.

Wholesale houses sent out drummers, and they drummed and sold sugar and salt, syrup and soap, to be delivered at the rate fixed by the government. The farmer smiled. He owned the railroad now, and a few more meetings of the Legislature would make it cheaper to travel than to sleep in the City Hospital. The great wave of prosperity that swept over the whole Northwest, the thousands of immigrants swarming up across the border, the immense crops—everything went to the honor and glory of the Great Head who had foreseen it all and fought it out on the stump and in the provincial Parliament. The earnings of the lines, declared the farmer's friends, would relieve the province and remove the necessity of meeting any liabilities in the premises. The net earnings for the first year were estimated at $181,675.

It was beautiful. But it never happened.

The other day the people of the province of Manitoba woke to find that a new schedule had been posted by the government-controlled railroads. The rate had been raised.

Of course the wholesale house was bound to deliver the stock, and the retail man had to make good. He did this by simply marking up the price of sugar and salt, syrup and soap, and the farmer paid the freight.

Verily it would seem to a sober person that the business of railroading is for the railroad man and politics for the politician.

Every man to his line.

Danny Coal-heaver

"What are the people howling for?" the gentle reader cried.
"For anthracite! for anthracite!" the papers all replied.
"What ails them all? What ails them all?" the gentle reader cried.
"Their fuel's out, their fuel's out," the papers all replied,
"Hard coal is thirty plunks a ton, and soft is seventeen,
And cooking's done with kindling wood, and gas and kerosene;
And when the frost comes, then you're going to see what it will mean
To have a coal strike last until November!"

"What's that that's black agin the sky?" the gentle reader cried.
"It's soft-coal smoke! it's soft-coal smoke!" the papers all replied.
"It makes me cough! it soils my shirt!" the gentle reader cried.
"It comes sky high, for all its dirt," the papers all replied.
"They're fetching it from Canada, they're fetching it from Wales,
It's scarce and dear and dirty, but God help us if it fails!
The empty coal-hod's just as bad as empty dinner-pails,
This nasty coal strike's something to remember!"

"What's this in type so big and black?" the gentle reader cried.
"The strike is off! the strike is off!" the papers all replied.
"How came it so? How came it so?" the gentle reader cried.
"'Twas mended in the White House, sir," the papers all replied.
"For a skilful operation brought the operators to,
And judicious mediation changed the strikers' point of view,
And a Board of Arbitration is to see the squabble through,
And we'll have cheap coal again before November!"

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. Storer Clouston

PART VI

MONSIEUR HEARS GREAT NEWS AND HAS A GREAT EVENING

"AND now for a 'burst!'" I said to myself. "Adieu, fond fancies; welcome, gay reality!"

I dressed for the evening; I filled my purse; I started out to seek the real friends I had been neglecting for the sake of that imaginary one. But I had only got the length of opening my door when I smiled a cynical smile. There was Halfred in the passage playing the same farce with Aramatilda. They stood very close together, remarkably close together, talking in low tones.

"Miss Titch has been a-telling me, sir—" he began.

"I know; I saw her," I replied, eyeing him in a way that disconcerted him considerably.

"She says there's been a furriner pumpin' 'er about you, sir, this very hafternoon."

"Pumping?"

"Hasking questions like wat a bobby does; as if 'e wanted hall the correct facts."

"Ha!" I said. "And he asked them of a woman!"

"Yes, sir."

"Halfred, if I were you and I felt interested in Miss Titch, I should look out for that foreigner, and practise my boxing upon him!"

"Then you don't think, sir—"

"I don't think it was me he was interested in."

As for the inquisitive foreigner, I smiled at the idea that he had really addressed the fair Aramatilda for the purpose of hearing news of me.

"If I am wanted, I shall be sent for," I said to myself. "Till then, revelry and distraction!"

First, I sought out Teddy Lumme. We met for the first time since I left Seneschal Court, but at the first greeting it was evident that all resentment had passed from his mind as completely as it had from mine.

"Where the deuce have you been hiding?" he asked me, with his old geniality. "But, anyway, the question now is," he added, "where shall we dine, and what shall we do afterwards?"

Ah, it may be elevating and absorbing to experiment in Plato and guide the operations of philanthropy, but when the head is not yet bald and the blood still flows



fast, commend me to an evening spent with cheerful friends in search of some less austere ideal! This may not be the sentiment of an Aurelius—but then that is not my name.

We dined amid the glitter of lights and



mirrors and fair faces and bright colors; a band thundering a waltz accompaniment to the soup, a mazurka to the fish; a babel of noise all round us—laughing voices, clattering silver, popping corks, stirring music; and ourselves getting rapidly into tune with all of this.

"A short life and a merry one!" I exclaimed.

"Kiss 'em all, and no heel taps!" cried Teddy. "Waiter, another bottle, and move about a little quicker, will you! Getting that gentleman's soup, were you? Well, don't do it again; d'ye hear?"

At this moment a piercing cry reached us from the other side of the room. It sounded like an elementary attempt to pronounce two words, "Hey, Teddy! hey, Teddy!" and to be composed of several voices. We looked across and saw four or five young men, most of them on their feet, and all waving either napkins or empty bottles. On catching my friend's eye their enthusiasm redoubled, and on his part he became instantly excited.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me one minute."

He rushed across the room and I could see that he was the recipient of a most hilarious greeting. Presently he came back in great spirits.

"I say, we're in luck's way," he said. "I'd quite forgotten this was the night of the match."

It then appeared that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge had been playing a football match that afternoon, and that on the evening of the encounter it was an ancient custom for these seats of learning to join in an amicable celebration of the event.

"The very thing we want," said Teddy. "Come on and join these men—old pals of mine; dashed good chaps and regular sportsmen. Come on!"

"But," I protested, as I let him lead me to these "regular sportsmen," "I am neither of Oxford nor Cambridge."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Hi!" (this was to call the attention of his friends to my presence). "Let me introduce Mr. Black, of Brasenose; Mr. Brown, of Balliol; Mr. Scarlett, of Magdalen; Mr. White, of Christchurch. This is my honorable and accomplished friend, Mr. Juggins, of Jesus!"

At this there was a roar of welcome and a universal shout of "Good old Juggins!"

"But indeed my friend flatters me!" I exclaimed. "I have not the honor to be the Jesus Juggins."

No use in disclaiming my new name, however. Juggins of Jesus I remained for the rest of that evening, and there was nothing for it but to live up to the character. And I soon found that it was not difficult. All I had to do was to shout whenever Mr. Scarlett or Mr. Black shouted, and wave my napkin in imitation of Mr. White or Mr. Brown. No questions were asked regarding my degree or the lectures I attended, and my perfect familiarity with Jesus College seemed to be taken for granted. I do not wish to seem vainglorious, but I cannot help thinking that I produced a favorable impression on my new friends.

"Juggins won the match for us," shouted Mr. White. "Good old Juggins!"

"I did, indeed. Vive la football! I won



it by an innings and a goal!" I cried, adopting what I knew of their athletic terms.

"Juggins will make us a speech! Good old Juggins!" shouted Mr. Black.

"Fellow-students!" I replied, rising promptly at this invitation, "my exploits already seem known to you, better even than to myself. How I hit the wicket, kick the goal, bowl the hurdle, and swing the oar, what need to relate? Good old Juggins, indeed! I give you this health—to my venerable college of Jesus, to the beloved colleges of you all, to my respectable and promising friend, Lumme, to the goal-post of Oxford, to love, to wine, to the Prince of Wales!"

Never was a speech delivered with more fervor or received with greater applause. After that I do not think they would have parted with me to save themselves from prison. And indeed it very nearly came to that alternative more than once in the course of the evening.

We hailed two hansoms, and drove, three in each, and all of us addressing appropriate sentiments to the passers-by, to a music-hall which, as I am now making my début as a distinguished sportsman, I shall call the "Umpire." I shall not give its real name, as my share in the occurrences that ensued is probably still remembered by the management. It was, however, not unlike the title I have given it.

My head, I confess, was buzzing in the

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most unwonted fashion, but I remember quite distinctly that as we alighted from our cabs there was quite a crowd about the doors, all apparently making as much noise as they could, and that as we pushed our way through, my eyes were fascinated by a bill bearing the legend: "Neptune—the Amphibious Marvel! First appearance to-night! All records broken!" And I wondered, in the seriously simple way one does wonder under such conditions, what in the world the meaning of this cryptogram might be.

We got inside, and, my faith! the scene that met our eyes! Apparently the football match was being replayed in the promenade and on the staircases of the Umpire. Three gigantic figures in livery—"the bowlers-out," as they are termed—were dragging a small tattered man by the head and shoulders while his friends clung desperately to his lower limbs. Round this tableau seethed a wild throng, shouting, "Oxford!" "Cambridge!" and similar warcries—destroying their own and each others' hats, and moved apparently by as incalculable forces as the billows in a storm. On the stage a luckless figure in a grotesque costume was vainly endeavoring to make a comic song audible; and what the rest of the audience were doing or thinking I have no means of guessing.

"Oxford! To the rescue!" shouted Mr. Black.

"Vive Juggins! Kick the football!" I cried, leading the onslaught and hurling myself upon one of the bowlers-out.

"Good old Juggins!" yelled my admirers, as they followed my spirited example, and in a moment the house rang with my new name. "Juggins!" could, I am sure, have been heard for half a mile outside.

The uproar increased; more bowlers-out hurried to the rescue; and I, thanks to my efficient use of my fists and feet, found myself the principal object of their attention. Had it not been for the loyal support of my companions I know not what my fate would have been, but their attachment seemed to increase with each fresh enemy who assailed me.

At last, panting and dishevelled, my opera hat flattened and crushed over my eyes, the lining of my overcoat hanging out in a long streamer, like a flag of distress, I was dragged free by the united efforts of Mr. White and Mr. Scarlett, and for an instant had a breathing-space.

I could see that the curtain was down and the performance stopped; that many people had risen in their places and apparently were calling for the assistance of the police, and that from the number of liveries in the *mêlée* the management were taking the rioters seriously in hand. In another moment two or three of these officials broke loose and bore down upon me with a shout of, "That's 'im!"

"Bolt, Juggins!" cried Mr. Scarlett. "We'll give you a start."

The two intrepid gentlemen placed themselves between me and my pursuers. I stood my ground for a minute, but seeing that nothing could withstand the onset of my foes, and that Mr. White was already on the floor, I turned and fled. The chase was hot. I dashed down a flight of stairs, and then, by a happy chance, saw a door marked "private." Through it I ran, and was making my way I knew not whither, but certainly in forbidden territory, when I was confronted by an agitated stranger. I stopped, and would have raised my hat had it not been so tightly jammed upon my head.

The man looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to think he recognized my face.

"You are Mr. Neptune?" said he.

"You have named me!" I cried, opening my arms and embracing him effusively.

"I am afraid you got into the crowd," said he, withdrawing, in some embarrassment, I thought. "I suppose that is why you are late."

"That is the reason," I replied, feeling mystified, indeed, but devoutly thankful that he did not recognize me as the hunted Juggins.

"Well," he said, "you had better go on at once, if you don't mind. There is rather a disturbance, I am afraid, and we have lowered the curtain; but perhaps your appearance may quiet them."

"My appearance?" I asked, glancing down at my torn overcoat, and wondering what sedative effect such a scarecrow was likely to have. Besides, I had appeared and it had not quieted them; though this, of course, he did not know.

"I mean," he answered, "that the nature of your performance is so absorbing that we hope it may rivet attention somewhat."

A light dawned upon me. I now remembered the bill outside the theatre. I was the "Amphibious Marvel!" Well, it would not do for the intrepid Juggins to refuse the adventure. For the honor of Jesus College I must endeavor to break all records." My one hope was that, as it was to be my first appearance, anything strange in the nature of my performance might be received merely as a diverting novelty.



dragging a small and tattered man

"The stage is set for you," said my unknown friend. "How long will it take you to change?"

"Change?" I replied. "This is the costume in which I always perform."

He looked surprised, but also relieved that there would be no further delay, and presently I found myself upon a huge stage, the curtain down in front, and no one there but myself and my conductor. What was I expected to do? I was sufficiently expert at gymnastics to make some sort of show upon the trapeze without more than a reasonable chance of breaking my neck. But there was no sign of any such apparatus. Was I, then, a strong man? I had always had a grave suspicion that those huge cannon-balls and dumbbells were really hollow, and, in any case, I could at least roll them about. But there was neither cannon-balls nor dumbbells. No, there was nothing but a high and narrow box of glass.

"It is all right, you will find," said my conductor, coming up to this.

The box was filled with water—water about six feet deep!

"I shouldn't care to dive into it myself!" he said, jocularly. "But I suppose it is all a matter of practice."

"Do I dive in—from the roof?" I asked, a little weakly, I fear.

"Did you mean to?" he replied, evidently perturbed lest their arrangements had been insufficient.

"Not to-night," I said, with a sigh of relief. "But to-morrow night—ah, yes; you will see me then!"

He regarded me with undisguised admiration.

"You are all ready?" he asked.

"Quite," I replied.

We went into the wings and the curtain rose.

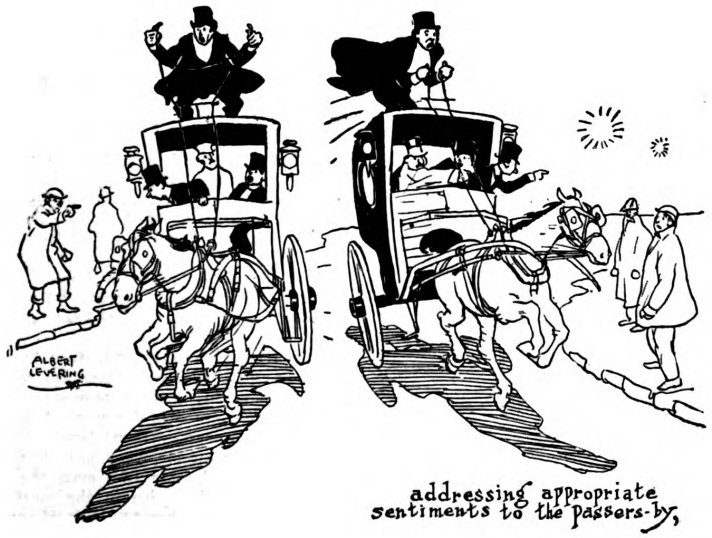
"I time you, of course," said my friend, taking out his watch. "You have stayed under five minutes in Paris, haven't you?"

I had discovered my vocation at last. The Amphibious Neptune was a record-breaking diver.

"Ten," I answered, carelessly, and with such an air as I thought appropriate to my reputation I walked on to the stage.

"Gentlemen and ladies!" shouted my friend, coming up to the foot-lights. "This is the world-famed Neptune, who has repeatedly stayed underwater for periods of from eight to ten minutes! He is rightly styled—"

But at this point his voice was lost in such an uproar as, I flatter myself, greets the appearance of few Umpire artistes.



addressing appropriate sentiments to the passers-by,

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"Good old Juggins!" they shouted. "Good old Juggins!" I was recognized now, and I must live up to my reputation as the high-spirited representative of Jesus College, Oxford. Kissing my hand to my cheering audience, I mounted the steps placed against the end of the tank, and with a magnificent splash leaped into the water—I cannot say strictly I dived, for, on surveying the constricted area of my aquatic operations, it seemed folly to risk cracking a valuable head.

Unluckily, I had omitted, in my enthusiasm, to remove even my top-coat, and either in the air or in the water (I cannot say which) I drove my foot through the torn lining. Conceive now the situation into which my recklessness had plunged me—entangled in my overcoat at the bottom of six feet of water, struggling madly to free myself, with only a sheet of transparent glass between me and as dry a stage as any in England; drowning ridiculously in clear view of a full and enthusiastic house! My struggles can only have lasted for a few seconds, though to me they seemed longer than the ten minutes I had boasted of, and then—the good God be thanked!—I felt the side of my prison yield to my kicking, and in another moment I was seated in three inches of water, dizzily watching a miniature Niagara sweep the stage and foam over the foot-lights into the panic-stricken orchestra.

"Down with the curtain!" I heard some one cry from behind, but before it had quite descended the Amphibious Marvel had smashed his way out of his tank and leaped into the unwilling arms of the double-bass.

Ah! that was a night to be remembered—though not, I must frankly admit, to be repeated. Another *mêlée* with the exasperated musicians; a gallant rescue by Teddy and his friends; a triumphant exit from the Umpire borne on the shoulders of my cheering admirers; all the other events of that stirring night still live in the memory of "Good old Juggins." To my fellow-undergraduates of an evening I dedicate this happy, disreputable reminiscence.

But the after-effects depressed me. Even Halfred noticed next day and feared something was wrong.

"It ain't nothing I can lend a 'and in, sir?" he inquired one day.

"I am afraid not," I replied.

He hesitated, uncertain how best to express his doubts politely and indicate a general warning.

"You'll excuse me, sir, for saying so," he remarked at last, "but Mr. Titch 'e says that furriners sometimes gets themselves into trouble without knowing as 'ow they are doing anything wrong."



"Tell Mr. Titch, with my compliments, to go to the devil and mind his own business," I replied, with, I think, pardonable wrath.

"Yes, sir; very good, sir," said Halfred, hastily.

At this point there came a knock upon the door and in walked my dear Dick Shafthead.

"Found you at last," he said. "Well, monsieur, give an account of yourself. What have you been doing—burgling, or duelling, or what?"

His manner was as cool and unpretentiously friendly as ever; he was the same, yet with a subtle difference I was instantly conscious of. There was I know not what of kindness in his eye, of greater courtesy in his voice. Somehow there seemed a more sympathetic air about him. Slight though it was, this something insensibly drew forth my confidence. Naturally, I should have hesitated to confess my little experiment in Kate, and my improbable vocation to such a satirical critic. I could picture the grim smile with which he would listen, the dry comments he would make. But this morning I was emboldened to make a clean breast of it, and though his smile was certainly sometimes a little more humorous than sympathetic, yet he heard me with a surprising appearance of interest.

"It is evident *you* don't know what falling in love means," said Dick.

I looked at him hard.

"Do you?" I asked.

Dick actually blushed.

"Well," he replied, with a smile that had a little tenderness as well as humor, "since you are a man of feeling, monsieur, and by way of being—don't you know?—yourself, I might as well tell you. I've rather played the fool, I expect."

He said this with an air of sincerity, but it was clear he did not think himself so very stupid in the matter.

"My dear friend," I cried, "I am all ears and sympathy—also intelligent advice."

It seems that Dick had fallen in love with a distant relative and dependent of the family, a Miss Agnes Grey.

"It is an honorable passion?" I asked.

"What the devil—" began Dick.

"Pardon," I interposed. "I believe you. But the world is complex, and I merely asked. You are, then, engaged?"

Dick frowned.

"We haven't used that word," he replied.

"But you intend to be?"

He was silent for a little, and then, with some bitterness, said: "My earnings for the last three years average £37 11*s* 4*d*. I have had two briefs precisely this term, and I am thirty years old. It would be an excellent thing to get engaged."

"But your father; he will surely help you?"

"He will see me damned first."

"Then he will not approve of Miss Grey?"

"He will not."

"Have you asked him?"

"No."

Again Dick was silent for a minute, and then he went on: "Look here, d'Haricot, old man, this is how it is. I know my



father; he's one of the best, but if I've got any prejudices I inherit them honestly. What he likes he likes, and what he doesn't like he doesn't like. He doesn't like Agnes, he doesn't like her family—or didn't like 'em. He doesn't like younger sons marrying poor girls. On the other hand, he does like the 'right kind of people,' as he calls 'em, and the right sort of marriage, and he does like me too well, I think, to see me doing what he doesn't like. I have only a hundred a year of my own, and expectations from an aunt of fifty-two who has never had a day's illness in her life. You see?"

"What will you do?" I asked.

"What can I do?" he replied, and added, "It is pleasant folly."

His brows were knitted, his mouth shut tight, his eyes hard. He had come down to stern realities and the mood of tenderness had passed.

"But you really love her?" I said.

His face lit up for a moment. "I do," he answered, and then quickly the face clouded again.

"My friend," I said, "I, too, have a friend—a girl, whom I place before the rest of the world; I share your sentiments and I judge your case for you. What is life without woman, without love? Would you place your income, your prospects, the sordid aspects of your life, even the displeasure of relations, before the most sacred passion of your heart? Dick, if you do not say to this dear girl, 'I love you; let



"You have named me!"

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the devil himself try to part us!' I shall not think of you as the same friend."

He gave a quick glance, and in his eye I saw that my audience was with me in spirit.

"And my father? Tell him that too?" he said, dryly in tone, but not unmoved, I was sure.

"Tell him that your veneration, your homage, belong to him, but that your soul is your own! Tell him that you are not afraid to take some risk for one you love! Are you afraid, Dick?"

He gave a short laugh.

"I'd risk something," he replied.

"Only something? And for Agnes Grey, Dick? Think of the future without her, the life you have been leading repeated from day to day, now that you have known her. Is that pleasant? Is she not worth some risk—a good deal of risk?"

He rose and then he smiled; and he had a very pleasant smile.

"Thanks," he said; "you're a good chap, monsieur. I wish you had to tackle the governor, though."

"Let me!" I exclaimed.

"Well," he said, "if I want an eloquent counsel I know where to look for one. Good-night."

And indeed it was only a week or so later that as I sat in my rooms, saying to myself, "Woman gives and woman takes away, but she takes no more than she gives," there came a tap at the door, followed by the comely face of Aramatilda.

"A lady to see you, sir," she said.

I started. Could it be—? Impossible!

"Who is she?" I asked, indifferently.

"She didn't give her name, sir."

"Show her in," I replied.

Again the door opened. I rose from my seat.

Did Kate hope to befool me again? No, it was not Kate who entered and said, in a tone of perfect self-possession,

"Are you Mr. d'Haricot?"

She was rather small, she was young—not more than two-and-twenty. She had a very fresh complexion and a pretty, round little face, saved from any dolliness by the steadiness of her blue eyes, the firmness of her mouth, and the expression of quiet self-possession. She reminded me of some one, though for the moment I could not think whom.

"I am Mr. d'Haricot," I replied. "you?"

"I am Miss Shafthead."

"Dick's sister!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant glimpse of smile that accentuated the resemblance. "Have you seen him lately?"

"Unfortunately, no. Is anything the matter?" I asked, quickly.

"Yes," she said. "He has left home and we don't know where he is."

"What has happened?" I exclaimed.

"He has told you of Agnes Grey, I think?" she answered.

"He has given me his confidence."

"Dick came home a few days ago, and became engaged to her. My father was angry about it and now they have gone."

"And doubtless you have learned what ridiculous advice I gave him?"

"Yes," she replied; "Dick told me."

"And now you abhor me."

"I should be much obliged if you would help me to find them," she answered, still keeping her steady eyes upon my distracted countenance.

"I ask your pardon," I said. "It is help you want, not my regrets—though, I assure you, I feel them. Have you been to his chambers?"

"Yes. I went and knocked, but I could get no answer."

"Perhaps they—I should say he—has returned by now. I shall go at once."

"Thank you," she replied, still quietly, but with a kinder look in her eyes.

"And you—will you wait here?"

"Oh, I shall come, too, of course," she said, and somehow I found this announcement pleasing.

As we drew near to the Temple, she fell silent, and I felt sure that, despite her air of *sang-froid*, her sisterly heart was beating faster.

"Do you think they—I mean he—will have returned?" she said to me, suddenly, as we walked across the quiet court.

"Sooner or later he is sure to be in—if he is in London. May I ask you to say nothing as we ascend the stairs, and to permit me to make the inquiries?"

She gave her consent in a glance, and we tramped up the old wooden staircase till we stopped in silence before Dick's door.

For a moment I listened, and I was sure I could hear a movement inside. Then I knocked loudly. No answer.

"Stay where you are and make no sound," I whispered to my companion. "Like the badger, he must be drawn."

I fumbled at the letter-slit in the door as though I was the postman endeavoring to introduce a packet, and dropped my pocket-book on the floor outside. This I knew to be the habit of these officials when a newspaper proved too bulky. Then, quietly picking up the pocket-book, I descended the stairs with as much noise as possible, till I thought I was out of hearing, when I turned and ran lightly up again. Just as I was quietly approaching the top of the flight I saw the door open and the astonished Dick confront his sister. I stopped.

"Daisy!" he exclaimed, in a tone which seemed to be made up of several emotions.

"Dick!" she replied, her self-control just failing to keep her voice quite steady.

"Was it you who knocked?" he asked, more suspiciously than kindly.

"No, Dick; it was I who took that liberty," I answered, continuing my ascent.

He turned with a start, for he had not seen me.

"You?" he said, sharply. "It was a dodge, then, to—"



"To induce you to break from cover. Yes, my friend, to such extremities have you driven us."

We entered, and there, standing in the lamp-light, we saw the cause of all this mischief.

"Daisy," said Miss Grey, "what must you think?"

"I haven't heard what has happened yet," said Daisy.

I gave a sign to Dick to be discreet in answering this inquiry, which he, however, read as merely calling attention to me.

"Oh, let me introduce Mr. d'Haricot—Miss Grey," he said.

So she was still Miss Grey—and they had fled together nearly four-and-twenty hours ago. I repeated my signal to be careful in making admissions.

"Where have you been?" said Daisy.

"I have some cousins—some cousins of my father's in London," Agnes answered. "I am staying with them."

"And you are living here?" I said.

"Where else?" he replied, with a surprise that was undoubtedly genuine.

"The arrangement is prudence itself," I pronounced. "You see, Miss Shafthead, that these young people have tempered their ardor with a discretion we had scarcely looked for. I do not know what you intend to do, but, for myself, I kiss Miss Grey's hand and place my poor services at her disposal!"

And I proceeded to carry out the more immediately possible part of this resolution without further delay.

The little mademoiselle was evidently affected by my act of salutation, while Dick exclaimed, with great cordiality:

"Good old monsieur! By Jove! you're a sportsman!"

Still his sister hung back; in fact, my impetuosity seemed to have rather a damping effect upon her.

"What are you going to do, Dick?"

"We are going to get married."

"Without father's consent?"

"After what he said to us both—to Agnes in particular—do you think I am going to trouble about his opinion?"

"But, Dick, supposing we can get him to change his mind?"

"Who is going to change it for him?"

"If I try to, will you wait for a little?"

"It's no use," said Dick.

"Wait till we see, Dick!"

"Yes, we shall wait," said Agnes. "Dick, you will wait, won't you?"

"If you insist," replied Dick, though not very cordially.

"Then you will try?" said Agnes.

Daisy came to her side, took her hand, and kissed her at last.

"Oh, yes, I'll do my very best."

"What will you say?" asked Dick.

"I don't quite know," replied Daisy, candidly. "I suppose I had better say that—"

"Say that this is one of the matches made in heaven!" I cried. "Say that not even a father has the right to stand between two people who love each other.

"By Gad! Daisy," said Dick, "you ought to take the monsieur with you. I don't believe there'd be any resisting him."

"Let me come!" I exclaimed; "I claim the privilege. My rash counsels helped to cause this situation; permit me to try and make the atonement!"

"If you think Mr. d'Haricot would really do any good—" said Daisy.

"He can but try," I broke in.

"Please let him try," said Agnes, softly.

Ah, I had not shown my devotion in vain!

"All right," said Daisy.

And so it was arranged that we were to start upon our embassy next morning.

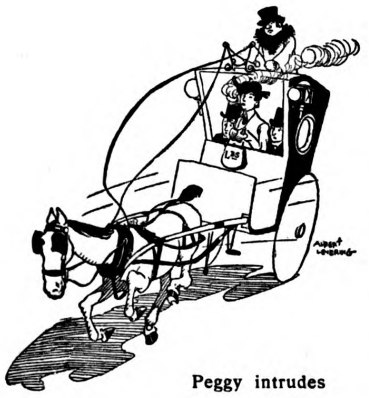
To be Continued.

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Books and Bookmen

SPEAKING of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's West-African novel, *With Edged Tools*, some one remarked the other day that he retained only a vague impression of its interest and power, but that a scrap of conversation in it had always remained in his mind. A certain character in the book says, "They float companies, whatever that may mean." And another retorts, "It means that they sink other people's funds." One of Mr. Merriman's most persistent characteristics is his *penchant* for "asides" or parenthetical observations, barbed oftentimes with a cynical wit which gives them an air of deep penetration and wisdom. Take his latest novel, *The Vultures*—his best, many regard it—you could stock a Birthday Book with quotations from it, and have enough left over for a Merriman Year Book. Mr. Merriman is, in this respect, strangely archaic, if all the more interesting, because he stands as a conspicuous perversion of a literary type in fiction. He clings to one of the last lingering relics of a method which once prevailed among novelists, when reflections were reserved for the author's lips alone. Fielding set the type, and Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, followed him; George Eliot was the first to break away from it. The stage-coach went out with Dickens, and the railway carriage came in with George Eliot. To-day the pace is even faster, and electricity is superseding steam. Life, as some one has said, is no longer a series of adventures. We are far too scientific and pessimistic for that. Novelists are not concerned in relating histories—to-day they would suggest length, and that would never do—they give us snap-shots and biographs of life. Short and strong is now our motto.

One of our most charming writers presents the most exemplary illustration of this new method, Mr. Anthony Hope. A



Peggy intrudes

true humorist, a fine artist, and the least self-conscious of authors, he succeeds in suggesting his scene without description, in delineating his characters by the words and impressions of a few spectators, better than any living novelist. Mr. Hope's place among the novelists of his time, indeed, will be found to stand much higher, and to be more representative of contemporary thought and feeling than is generally accepted or understood. His method is the antithesis of Thackeray's, yet he is more nearly the successor in his day of the author of *Vanity Fair* than any other novelist since then. He has not the width of vision, the plangent genius, nor the broad humanity of Thackeray, but as a stylist his literary method places him next to Dickens's only rival. If Mr. Hope had lived in Thackeray's day, he would perhaps have been more expansive, more rambling and discursive. If Thackeray had written to-day—but one dares not think of it, for what



would Thackeray be without his excursive digressions into the highways and byways of life?

It is a daring thing to use the name of a literary giant like Thackeray to qualify the work of a living novelist, but we think we are not far afield in linking Mr. Anthony Hope's name to that of the author of *Vanity Fair* as we have done. It is not only in his temper and style, with the due qualifications we have made, but in such a character as Peggy Ryle in Mr. Hope's latest story, *The Intrusions of Peggy*, that we are reminded of Thackeray more than of any other English novelist of the past or present. Indeed, we notice that this likeness has already impressed several critics favorably, who speak of *The Intrusions of Peggy* as a Dolly Dialogue version of *Vanity Fair*, and of Peggy as an innocent Becky Sharp. Outside of Thackeray's pages we know of no more delightful heroine in fiction. It was Peggy who remarked that the one thing to be said of the world is that there is no dulness in it, and certainly life could never be dull with Peggy. Becky Sharp is a matchless piece of portraiture, but she wins the reader, so to speak, in spite of her creator, who pursued her to the end with an ill-disguised malevolence; Peggy Ryle, on the other hand, gains her conquest readily because of her author's sympathy and admiration, which make of her a perpetual joy. Peggy alone should make the fortune of the book; but its pages are full of a bright and entertaining company who say and do the inimitable things we have learned to expect from Mr. Hope at his best. And in *The Intrusions of Peggy* he has given us of his best.

We should imagine that it is known to very few that Thackeray came very near writing a novel on the immortal D'Artagnan. While in Paris, in 1849—five years after *Les Trois Mousquetaires* appeared—Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield: "All the forenoon I read with intense delight a novel called *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne:* a continuation of the famous *Mousquetaires*, and just as interesting, keeping one panting from volume to volume, longing for more." A few years later, when he visited America, he said to Mrs. Cooke: "Dumas is charming. He is better than Walter Scott. . . . I came near writing a book on the same subject, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, and taking Monsieur D'Artagnan for my hero. D'Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV., and wrote his own *Mémoires*. I remember picking up a dingy copy of them on an old bookstall in London, price sixpence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me—he snaps up everything. He is wonderful." The D'Artagnan *Mémoires* mentioned by Thackeray were subsequently translated into English by Ralph Nevill, and published by H. S. Nichols, Limited, in three handsome volumes.

An interesting article in the *Bookman* on W. S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, reveals the fact that he began his professional career as a barrister. From Sir Walter Scott to Sir Lewis Morris more men of letters have issued from the chrysalis of the law than from any other profession. The poet Gray had given up a lawyer's career when he wrote the "Elegy." It was a lawyer who inspired the greatest of Tennyson's poems. Lord Macaulay combined law and literature. Of the more recent moderns, Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Max Pemberton, and Anthony Hope began life at the bar. Next to the law comes the clergy in letters. Swift and Sterne were churchmen; Ian Maclaren and S. R. Crockett nonconformist clergymen; and Sir Gilbert Parker was educated for the ministry. Sir Gilbert Parker, in common with many celebrated authors, has also found a seat in the British Parliament. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle studied medicine, and hung out the red lamp before he began to practice literature. Doyle, like Anthony Hope, has stood as a candidate for Parliament, but failed to poll.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is the latest man of letters to court public life. He is standing as a candidate for South Oxfordshire, and is trying to accomplish the difficult feat of overcoming his lifelong habit and reputation as a humorist. It is necessary, he thinks, for a politician to be serious. Even Mark Twain has confessed his failure to make the public take him seriously, and Mr. Jerome's futile efforts are the butt of a frivolous rhymster:

Oh Jerome, will you be M.P.
Tho' Oxford blues may sniggle?
Don't speak—for think how sad 'twould be
If Gully gauge a giggle.

For should you catch the Speaker's eye
And see a twinkle in it,
You'll bid for laughter and you'll try
Whate'er you think'll win it.

And then, your sober mood outrun,
Perhaps you'd raise a flutter
By sitting on a hat—as one
You wrote of sat on butter!



From *Punch*

"Casting Pearls—"

Marylebone Bumble (to Mr. C-rn-gie). "Go away, my good fellow! We don't want no books 'ere!"

[Marylebone is not going to allow itself to be bribed, even by Mr. Carnegie, to encourage reading within its borders, and so it has declined that gentleman's offer of £30,000 for the provision of free libraries."—*Westminster Gazette*, Oct. 1.]

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Finance

PROFESSIONAL Wall Street has heard very frequently of late that the only blue spot in the country is Wall Street. As a matter of fact, Wall Street is not really blue. That security prices do not advance violently and uninterruptedly is no sign of despondency. Indeed, the quoted values of numerous stocks amply attest to a firm conviction that the prosperous swing has not culminated. There is at least one fat year ahead of the country, and good crops next year would insure still another. But Wall Street is facing a situation of its own making, and the hesitancy, the "backing and filling" of the stock-market, is easily explicable on the ground of certain technical conditions. In point of fact, it is not so much a question of whether higher prices are or are not justified by conditions affecting the earning power of the corporations as it is whether or not active speculation is wise or even feasible at the moment. To the belief that the stock-market must presently assume and for some time to come maintain a "professional" character is due the alternation of weak and strong periods.

Such troubles as those which are influencing Wall Street just now are therefore not likely to affect detrimentally the prosperity of the country. The fact that there has been too much promotion, over-extended "syndicate operations" in certain directions, ill-advised attempts on the part of reckless stock-gamblers to ignore delicate money-market conditions, and to manufacture bull markets out of season, will not decrease the earnings of any railroad nor curtail the volume of business of industrial concerns. In the last great boom, twenty years ago, the over-building of railroads and of manufacturing plants, achieved by means of borrowed money, was bound to result disastrously. Our sins in the present boom have been exclusively in the direction of what to-day appears to us, and doubtless will be for many years, over-capitalization. We shall have to grow up to this just as the country has grown up to what, in 1884, was too much railway mileage and too much productive capacity. That there must be a readjustment in quoted values is not to be doubted. That there will be a protracted period of corporate insolvency is not so certain. The suspension of dividends on stocks which show big earnings, by reason of the present business prosperity, will not mean receiverships and reorganizations, though the holders of the same stocks purchased at prevailing quotations must sustain losses. But that is in the distant future.

The proposal of the anthracite presidents to submit the matters at issue to the arbitration of a commission to be appointed by President Roosevelt was the first stimulating influence in the stock-market, as pointed out in this column last week. A further and even more powerful stimulus came a few days later in the government bond redemption by the Secretary of the Treasury. Easier rates for money followed; whereupon Wall Street was treated to a repetition of the plunging purchases of stocks by the coterie of Western speculators whose operations were mainly responsible for the artificial, unseasonable, and injudicious bull movement of two months ago. It looked very much as if a few stock-gamblers would defeat the ends Secretary Shaw had in mind when he decided to relieve the money-market. Stocks were advanced in the usual dashing manner. The short interest had become over-large, and its reduction helped the manipulators. But just as the conservative element had begun to grow apprehensive, a check to the operations for the rise was forth-coming in the shape of a steadily rising foreign-exchange market, with its possibilities. A reaction in stock prices followed, and the market became what Wall Street terms a "trading market,"—that is, alternate rallies and reactions which permit of quick "turns" and lively "trading" by the professionals.

It was to be expected that Secretary Shaw should come in for condemnation for his recent relief measures. According to some of his critics, the Secretary of the Treasury has been not only helping Wall Street, but doing so in violation of the law. Especially bitter has been the criticism of his redemption of about twenty million dollars' worth of government bonds, bonds, incidentally, which through the workings of our fiscal system the government sold cheap and repurchased dear. There is absolutely no question of the Secretary's authority to redeem the bonds. The statute providing for the sinking-fund operation is explicit. As to the wisdom of bond purchases at the moment, especially after his previous steps for the relief of the money-market, it is plain that Mr. Shaw was prompted by the best intentions. If reckless stock-speculators are to be allowed to use the money released by the Treasury for stock-market operations, it will not be the fault of the Secretary so much as of the banks, which can continue to keep speculation in check by the same expedients they adopted a few weeks ago. It is not conceivable that the very officials of financial institutions who are deprecating Mr. Shaw's action, on the ground that it may be availed of by Western plungers and others in another speculative orgy, will not carefully control the disposition of the money placed in circulation by the government's bond purchases.

The rise in sterling exchange, however, simplifies the matter while increasing the difficulties of would-be bull manipulators. Indeed, it is not unlikely that there will be a repetition of the experience of a year ago and of 1900, when the amount of Secretary Gage's bond redemptions was shipped in gold to Europe. When the foreign-exchange market during the past few weeks continued to hold astonishingly strong in the face of a 20-per-cent. money-market, it was a foregone conclusion that easier money would stimulate the return of European capital lately loaned in New York. This became more evident when the rising stock prices here, referred to previously, induced selling of American securities by London in this market, variously estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000 shares in ten days. With advancing sterling rates in New York and declining sterling rates in Paris, we have been rapidly approaching the gold-exporting point. Our obligations to Europe are maturing, and foreign capital is losing the inducement to renew them which existed when the New York cash rate was soaring.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

For NOVEMBER

John Fiske on "Evolution"

By far the most important of the posthumous essays of the late John Fiske is the article on "Evolution and the Present Day," which appears in Harper's for November. It is a masterly handling of an intensely interesting subject. The great philosopher's last work—it sets right many hitherto misunderstood ideas as to Darwin and the theory of evolution.

Short Stories

There are eight short stories in the November Magazine. Among them are strong stories by Alice Brown and Anne O'Hagan, also one of Herman Whitaker's delightfully amusing Scotch stories; a New England story by Sarah Orne Jewett, a story of a dog by Esther Tiffany, and a tender little story of a child by Annie Hamilton Donnell. The new instalment of "Lady Rose's Daughter" is one of great dramatic interest.

Illustrations in Color

There are sixteen pages of pictures in color in the November Magazine. The frontispiece is by André Castaigne. E. M. Ashe has made paintings in color to illustrate an amusing New England story, and Elizabeth Shippen Green has done a charming series of color pictures for a story of a small boy. Walter Appleton Clark contributes a number of strong pictures in tint.

Serious Articles

De Windt, the explorer, tells in the November Magazine of his adventures and hardships in making his trip through Siberia to Bering Strait. Carl Snyder writes of the "Newest Conceptions of Life." John R. Spears shows that "Mad Anthony" Wayne was really the sanest soldier in Washington's army. Arthur Colton tells of a literary ramble over "Surrey Downs."

26 Separate Contributions

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Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
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(Continued from page 1590.)

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Two Colloquies on Time's Threshold

I

See: brood: remember: this thy function only.
Neither to have nor do is meet for thee.—
Ah, earth's a palace where I must go lonely!—
Nay: earth's a dungeon which thou pass-est, free.

II

If the gods ruin send?—
Make that thy bride and friend.
If the gods cheat?—They say
The one true word alway.
If for some loss I pine?—
The past is theirs, yet thine.
If I sue not?—Vain cares!
The morrow's thine, not theirs.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly and the most wisely: that state of society in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily and unrestricted intellectual exertion; where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws.—*Landor.*

A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart . . . is the sun and moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.—*Shakspere.*

Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for as the diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a *duty*. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality.—*Herbert Spencer.*

Above all, I must find a man in each work, or the work leaves me unmoved. My definition of a work of art, were I to formulate it would be: A work of art is a corner of creation, seen through a temperament.

—*Zola.*

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"Yes," she whispered, "I shall come back with both"

The Intrusions of Peggy

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXV

RECONCILIATION

"BARSLETT, *September 13th.*

"MY DEAREST SARAH,—I know how much you value my letters. I know more—how valuable my letters are to you. Only by letter (as I've mentioned before) can I come near telling you the truth. In your presence, no! For aren't you, your dear old stately self, in the end, a—(so glad there are hundreds of miles between us!) a splendid semi-mendacity?

"I have just answered Trix's brief note. Here I wrote just as I should have spoken: 'I'm sure you'll be so happy, dear,' above my breath; 'Why, in Heaven's name, does she do it?' under the same. Trix was curt. She marries 'Airey Newton, the well-known inventor!' Little Peggy was rather more communicative; but Peggy is an enthusiast, and (politics apart) I see no use for the quality. 'The well-known inventor!' I never heard of the man. *Ca n'empêche pas*, by all means. Shall we say 'Like to like'? Trix was rather a well-known inventor in her day and season—which is the one from which we are all precariously recovering. How's the marital liver?) I wonder if we've got to say 'Like to like' in any other way, Sarah? You are no philosopher. You abound in general rules, but haven't a shred of principle. I will instruct you in my old way. But first I must tell you that Audrey is positively improving. She coquetted the other night! The floor creaked, as it seemed to me, but it bore well; and she did it. The Trans-Euphratic is, as you are aware, active even in the dead season. I fancy the Trans-Euphratic helps Audrey. There are similarities, most especially in a certain slowness in getting under way. The Trans-Euphratic is going to get there. An American engineer who came down to Barslett the other day, and said he had always dreamed of such a place (he was sallow and thin), told me so. Audrey's going to get there, too. Now isn't she? Don't say it's labor wasted!

"I digress. Listen then:

"*Lord B.* Do you—er—know a Mr. Airey Newton—Newton, Viola?

"*Myself.* Very slightly. Oh, you're thinking of—?

"*Lord B.* I saw it in the daily paper. (He means the *Times*—he doesn't know of any others.)

"*Myself (hedging).* Curious, isn't it?

"*Lord B.* It will possibly prove very suitable—possibly. As we grow old we learn to accept things, Viola.

"*Myself (looking young).* I suppose we do, Lord B.

"*Lord B.* For my own part, I hope she will be happy.

"*Myself (murmuring).* You're always so generous!

"*Lord B. (clearing his throat).* I am happy to think that Mortimer has recovered his balance—balance, Viola.

"*Myself.* He'd be nothing without it, would he, Lord B.? (This needed careful delivery, but it went all right.)

"*Lord B. (appreciative).* You're perfectly correct, Viola. *(Pause.)* Should you be writing to Mrs. Trevalla, express my sincere wishes for her happiness.

"Now, considering that Trix knocked him down, isn't he an old dear of a gentleman?

"But Mortimer? A gentleman, too, my dear—except that a man shouldn't be too thankful at being rid of a woman! He showed signs once of having been shaken up. They have vanished! This is partly the prospect of the Cabinet, partly the family, a little bit Audrey, and mainly—*Me!* I have deliberately fostered his worst respectabilities and ministered to his profoundest conceits. As a woman? I scorn the imputation. As a friend? I wouldn't take the trouble. As an aunt? I plead guilty. I had my purposes to serve. Incidentally, I have obliterated Trix Trevalla. If he talks of her at all it is as a converted statesman does of the time when he belonged to the opposite party (as most of them have). He vindicates himself, but is bound to admit that he needs vindication. He says he couldn't have done otherwise, but tells you with a shrug that you're not to take that too seriously.

"*Mortimer.* We were fundamentally unsuited.

"*Myself (tactfully).* She was. (What did it mean? Sheer, base flattery, Sarah!)

"*Mortimer.* She had not our *(waving arm)*—our instincts.

"*Myself.* I think I always told you so. (!!!)

"*Mortimer.* I dare say. I would listen to nothing. I was very impetuous. (Bless him, Sarah!)

"*Myself.* Well, it's hardly the time— (Do wise people ever finish sentences, Sarah?)

"*Mortimer.* It is a curious chapter. Closed, closed! By-the-way, do you know anything of this Airey Newton?

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *No. 2376.* *Copyright, 1901, by* ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

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"*Myself.* A distinguished inventor, I believe, Mortimer.

"*Mortimer.* So the papers say. (He 'glances at' them all.) What sort of man is he?

"*Myself.* Oh, I suppose she likes him. Bohemian, you know.

"*Mortimer.* Ah, yes, bohemian! *(A reverie.)* Bo-he-mi-an! Exactly!

"*Myself.* Is that Audrey in her habit?

"*Mortimer.* Yes, yes, of course. Bohemian, is he? Yes! Well, I mustn't keep her waiting.

"That is how I behave. O limèd soul that, struggling to be free—gets other people more and more engaged! Tennyson, Sarah. And when they're quite engaged, whether it's in or out of the season, I'm going to Monte Carlo—for the same reason that the gentleman in the story travelled third, you know.

"Oh, I must tell you one more thing. Running up to town the other day to get my hair— I beg your pardon, Sarah! Running up to town the other day on business connected with the family estates (a mortgage on my life-interest in the settled funds—no matter), who should shake me by the hand but Miss Connie Fricker! Where had I met Miss Connie Fricker? Once—once only. And where, Sarah? Everywhere, unless I had withstood you to the face! And I don't know why I did, because she's rather amusing. In fact, at your house, dearest. Long ago, I admit. She has come on much in appearance, and she's going to marry Beaufort Chance. I know she is, because she says it—a weak reason in the case of most girls, but not in hers. *Quod vult, valde vult.* (A motto in one branch of our family, meaning, 'She won't be happy till she gets it.') I am vaguely sorry for our Beaufort of days gone by. These occurrences, Sarah, prejudice one in favor of morality. She has gleaming teeth and dazzling eyes (reverse the adjectives, if you like), and she has also—may I say it?—she has also—a bust! She says darling Beaufort is positively silly about her. My impression is that darling Beaufort is handling a large contract. (Metaphor, Sarah, not slang. Same thing, though, generally.) That man wanted a slave; he has got—well, I shall call on them after marriage. I spoke to her of Trix Trevalla. 'I thought she'd quite gone under,' says Connie. 'Under *where?*' would have been my retort; but I'm weakly, and I thought perhaps she'd slap me. It's as pure a case of buying and selling as was ever done, I suppose; and if the Frickers gave hard cash, I think they've got the worst of the bargain.

"What's the moral, Sarah? Not that it's any good asking you. One might as well philosophize to an Established Church (of which, somehow, you always remind me very much). 'Open your mouth and shut your eyes'—that's out of date. Our eyes are open, but we open our mouths all the wider. That's superficial! In the end, each to his own, Sarah. I don't mean that as you'd mean it, O Priestess of Precedence. But through perilous ways—and through the Barslett shrubberies by night, knocking down his lordship and half a dozen things besides—perhaps she has reached a fine, a fine— Perhaps! I hope so, for she had a wit and a soul, Sarah; and—and I'll call on them after marriage. And if that little compound of love and mischief named Peggy Ryle doesn't find twenty men to worship her and one who won't mind it, men are not what they were and women have lost their prerogative. Which God forbid! But as my lord here would say, 'The change appears to me—humbly appears to me—to be looming—looming, Viola.'

"Fol-de-rol, Sarah! Scotland as misty and slaughterous as ever? You might be a little bit nice to Mrs. Airey Newton. You liked her, and she liked you. Yes, I know you! Pretences are vain! Sarah, you have a heart! *J'accuse!*

"Yours,
"V. B."

As on a previous occasion, Mrs. Bonfill ejaculated "Tut!" But she added, "I'm sure I wish no harm to poor Trix Trevalla."

It is satisfactory to be able to add that society at large shared this point of view. It is exceedingly charitable towards people who are definitely and finally out of the running. Those in the race run all; they become much more popular when it is understood that they do not compete for a prize. There was a revulsion of feeling in Trix's favor when the word went round that she was irredeemably ruined and was going to throw herself away on a certain Airey Newton.

"Who is he?" asked Lady Glentorly, bewildered but ready to be benevolent.

"Excuse me, my dear, I'm really busy with the paper."

If Trix's object had been to rehabilitate herself socially, she could have taken no more politic step than that of contracting an utterly insignificant marriage. "Well, we needn't see anything of *him*," said quite a number of people. It is always a comfort to be able to write of the obligations that other folks' marriages may seem to entail.

Mr. Fricker had one word to say.

"Avoid her virtues and imitate her faults, and you'll get on very well with your husband, Connie."

"Oh, I don't want to hear anything more about her," cried Connie, defiantly.

His pensive smile came to Fricker's lips.

"These little fits of restiveness—I don't mean in you—are nothing, Connie. You said you could manage him."

"So I can—if you won't say things when he's there."

"I'm to blame," said Fricker, gravely. "But I'm fond of you, Connie."

She broke out violently, "Yes, but you wish I'd been rather different!"

"Live and let live, Connie. When's the wedding-day?"

She came to him and kissed him. Her vexation did not endure. Her next confidence amused him.

"After all, I've only got to say 'Trix,' and he's as quiet as a lamb," she whispered, with her glittering laugh.

It is hopelessly symptomatic of social obscurity to be dining in London in September—and that as a matter of course, and not by way of a snatch of food between two railway stations. Yet at the date borne at the top of Lady Blixworth's note-paper something more than a dinner, almost a banquet, celebrated in town an event which had taken place some hundreds of miles away. Lady Blixworth had blessed the interval between herself and her dearest Sarah, opining that it made for candor, not to say for philosophy. Something of the same notion seemed to move in Miles Childwick's brain.

"In electing to be married in the wilds of Wales," he remarked, as he lit a cigarette, "our friends, the Newtons, have shown a consideration not only for our wardrobes—a point with which I admit I was preoccupied—but also for our feelings. Yet we, by subscribing a shilling each towards a wire, deliberately threw away the main advantage of the telegraphic system. We could have expressed our aspirations for sixpence; as it is, we were led into something perilously like discussion. Finally, at Mrs. John's urgent request, and in order not to have sixpence left on our hands, we committed ourselves to the audacious statement that we had foreseen it from the first."

"So I did—since Airey's dinner," declared Mrs. John, stoutly.

"A delusion of your trade, Mrs. John. For my part, I hope I have something better to do than go about foreseeing people's marriages."

"Something different, old fellow," Arty suggested, with an air of being anxious to guard the niceties of the language.

"I wonder if I could write a story about her," mused Mrs. John, unusually talkative.

"I have so often told Mrs. John in print—anonymously, of course, because of our friendship—that she can't write a story about anything, that I sha'n't discuss the particular case. As a general principle, I object to books about failures. Manson, do you take an interest in humble tragedies?"

"Only in a brief marked two-and-one," said Manson Smith.

"Exactly! Or in a par at seven-and-six."

"Or perhaps in a little set of verses—thrown off," murmured Arty Kane.

"Who's talking about tragedies?" called Peggy from the other end. "Elfreda and Horace are splendidly happy. So will Trix and Airey be."

"And—I am sorry to mention it," smiled Tommy Trent, "but the latter couple will also be uncommonly well off."

"The only touch of poetry the thing ever had gone out of it!" grumbled Arty, resentfully.

"Listen to the voice of the Philistine!" advised Miles, pointing at Tommy. "For the humiliating reason that he's generally right."

"No!" ejaculated Mrs. John, firmly.

"That is, we shall all come to think him right. Time will corrupt us. We shall sink into marriage, merit, middle age, and, conceivably, money. In a few years we sha'n't be able to make out for the lives of us what the dickens the young fools do want."

"Is this a séance?" demanded Arty Kane, indignantly. "If the veil of the future is going to be lifted, I'm off home."

"Fancy bothering about what we shall be in ten years!" cried Peggy, scornfully, "when such a lot of fine things are sure to happen in between! Besides, I don't believe that anything of the sort need happen at all."

The idea rather scandalized Mrs. John. It seemed to cut at the root of a scientific view of life—a thing that she flattered herself might with due diligence be discovered in her published, and was certainly to be developed in her projected, works.

"Experience, dear Peggy—" she began, with a gently authoritative air.

Miles laid a firm hand on her wrist and poured her out some more champagne; this action might be construed as an apology for his interruption. At any rate, he offered no other; after all, Mrs. John was accustomed to that.

"Experience, dear Peggy—to adopt the form of expression used by my honorable friend, which commends itself to all sections of the House (you mustn't laugh when you're complimented, Peggy!)—experience, dear Peggy, enjoys two significations—first, the things that happen; secondly, what you or I may be pleased to think they mean. I have no remedy ready on the spot for the first; the cure for the second is very simple, as many great men have pointed out."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. John, rebelliously.

"Don't think so, Mrs. John."

"What, reconstruct all your theories—?"

"Now did I say anything of the kind?" he demanded, despairingly.

Peggy leaned forward with eager eyes.

"Stop!" interposed Arty Kane, imperiously. "I will not be told any more that the world is full of happiness. It's nothing to me one way or the other if it is, and there's an end of it."

Peggy leaned back again, smiling at Tommy Trent.

"Any other point of view would be ungracious to our friends to-night," said Tommy, with a laugh. It appeared rather as though it would be unsuited to his own mood also.

"One thing at least we may be sure of," said Miles, summing up the discussion with a friendly smile. "We shall none of us do or be or feel at all approximately what we think we shall. You may say what you like, but there's plenty of excitement in it. Unless you're dull yourself, there's no dulness in it."

"No, there's no dulness in it," said Peggy Ryle. "That is the one thing to be said."

Would Lady Blixwerth have echoed that from Barslett? She

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would have denied it vigorously in words; but could anything be dull so long as one had brains to see the dulness—and a Sarah Bonfill to describe it to?

Peggy walked off home with Tommy. Nobody questioned, or seemed inclined to question, that arrangement now. Even Miles Childwick looked on with a smile, faintly regretful, perhaps, but yet considerably amused. He linked his arm in Arty Kane's, and the two walked along the Strand, discussing the permutations of human feeling. There seems no need to follow their disquisition on such a well-worn subject. It is enough to catch a fragment from Miles. "The essence being reciprocity—" was all a news-vender got for his offer of the late edition.

"It's far too fine to drive," Peggy declared. "Have you plenty of time?"

"Time enough to walk with you."

(Continued on page 1615.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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"Twirly-Whirly" at Weber & Fields'
The entrance of Messrs. Weber and Fields

Some Shows of the Week

IT is one of the amusing developments of the New York theatrical season that of all the plays and shows to which one may take the *jeune fille*, the variety show at Weber & Fields' is perhaps the safest. Why the drama today should consist so largely of the married woman in the bachelor's apartment, and the consequent situations, is one of the unanswerable queries of the modern drama, but the fact remains that the collection of stars and their harmless and amusing caperings during an evening at Weber & Fields' in "Twirly-Whirly," constitute an almost innocent amusement in a theatre which not so many seasons ago was the place to go alone or with somebody else's daughter.

Of the plays of the hour, perhaps the production of "Everyman," the old fifteenth-century morality play, at Mendelssohn Hall, is the most interesting, because of its divergence from the usual theatrical attraction. Like all the fine old mysteries and moralities, the play is allegorical. *Jehovah* looking upon the earth, and seeing that *Everyman* "lyveth after his own pleasure," sends *Death* to bring him to heaven. But *Everyman* tries to argue *Death* out of his commission, and ends by endeavoring to get some one to go with him. *Good Deeds* and a number of others decline on the ground that *Everyman* has never done anything for them. However, after much consultation with *Knowledge*, *Confession* takes a hand, and then *Everyman*, with the latter's assistance, scourges himself, and *Beauty*, *Strength*, *Discretion*, and *Five Wits* accompany him to the brink of the grave.

Death, however, has its terrors for all these good people, and they all go back on *Everyman* at the last moment, so that only *Good Deeds* is left, and he finally consents to go to heaven, with the forlorn human represented by this much-harassed person *Everyman*. Whether the play succeeds or not, the attempt is a praiseworthy one, and at the present moment such good sound morality fills a void that ought to ache, if it does not. An interesting feature of the production is the omission of the names of the different actors.



Mr. Gillette, in "Sherlock Holmes," at the Knickerbocker

The return of "Sherlock Holmes" is, however, sure to be successful. No one can hold an audience with so much action and so few words as can Mr. Gillette, and his return as *Sherlock* is welcome in the midst of the aforesaid married-woman bachelor-apartment drama. It is optimistic and healthy, and the villain is punished satisfactorily, while still remaining a good wholesome scoundrel. That famous cigar that runs about the stage, and deceives villains and good people alike on both sides of the foot-lights, shall burn brightly again, and everybody will be glad to see it burn!

"The American Invasion," at the Bijou, mixes up Americans, Calcutta, and Kipling in happy-go-lucky play, full of amusing dialogue and jokes.

The play is by Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, and marks the début of J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish as joint stars. These two artists are both clever, and it is to be hoped that this, their first starring venture, will be a successful one.

Here is a strange medley for one town and one week,—scenes ranging from balloon ascensions to heaven, and from the fifteenth to the twentieth century.



"An American Invasion" at the Bijou
"John Brainerd" (Mr. Dodson) and "Lucie Penruddock" (Miss Irish)



"Everyman" at Mendelssohn Hall
The fifteenth century morality play which is attracting so much attention in New York city

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(Continued from page 1613.)

She put her arm in his. "So that's all over!" she said, regretfully. "At least I don't see how Trix is going to do anything else that's at all sensational."

"I should think she doesn't want to," said Tommy, soberly.

"No, but—" She turned her laughing face to him. "When is something else going to begin, Tommy? I'm all ready for adventures. I've spent all my money—"

"You've spent—?"

"Now don't pretend to be surprised—it's all gone in frocks and presents and things. But— Why, you never asked me where I got my necklace!"

"If you wore the Koh-i-noor, should I ask you where you got it?"

"Airey sent it to me to-day. I refused it from him before, but to-day I'm going to keep it. Because of what it means to him, you know." She pushed her cloak a little aside and fingered the pearls. "Yes, the money's all gone," she went on, rather pleased, apparently, "and there's no more from poor, dear uncle, and—and Airey Newton won't live in Danes Inn any longer!"

Tommy was silent; he was not silent altogether without an effort, but silent he was.

"Will you be promoted to Airey Newton's place?" she asked.

"But why only tea?" said Tommy.

She waited a little before she answered.

"What should you say," she asked at last, "if I ever changed?" She did not tell him from what; in words she had never told him, and in words he had never asked.

"I should wait for you to change back again," said he. Was he the man that, in Lady Blixworth's opinion, the situation needed?

Peggy was eager in her explanation, but she seemed a little puzzled, too.

"I know how much it is to ask," she said, "and there's no bond, no promise from you. But somehow it seems to me that I must see some more. Oh, there it all is, Tommy—waiting, waiting! Trix has made me feel that more and more. Was she all wrong? I don't know. Airey was there in the end, you see. And now there are all sorts of things behind her, making—making a background to it. I don't want all she's had, but, Tommy, I want some more." They had come to her door, and she stopped on the threshold.

"I sha'n't starve. You'll be there at teatime," said she, with an appealing smile.

His man's feeling was against her. It was, perhaps, too much to ask of him that he should sympathize fully with her idea; he saw its meaning, but its meaning could not be his ideal. He would have taken her at once, when the bloom was fresh and she had rubbed so little against the world.

She knew it; the timidity of her beseeching eyes told that she asked a great thing—a thing that must be taken on faith, and must try his faith. Yet she could not but ask. The life of to-day was not yet done. Coming now, the life of to-morrow would come too soon. Very anxiously she watched his struggle, perhaps with an undefined yet not uncertain apprehension that its issue would answer the question whether he were in truth the man to whom she must come back, whether they two would in the end make terms and live as one. What her heart asked was, Could freedom and love be reconciled? Else, which must go to the wall? She feared that she might be forced to answer that question. Or would he spare it her?

Another moment wore away. His brows were knit into a frown; he did not look at her. Her eyes were on his, full of contending feelings—of trust and love for him, of hope for herself. At last he turned to her and met her gaze with a cheerful smile.

"Go out into the world and have your fling, Peggy. Take your heart and mine with you; but try to bring them both back to me."

She caught his hand in hers, delighted that she could go, enraptured that his face told her that he trusted her to go.

"Yes," she whispered, "I shall come back with both, because, Tommy, you have such great, great faith in me. I shall come back. But"—her voice rose again in untrammelled gayety—"but go I must for a little while. There's so much to see!"

THE END

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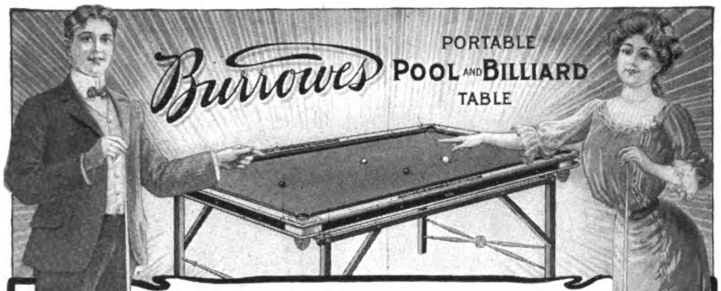
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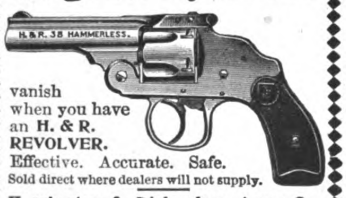
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Automatic Guns

THE first automatic gun was made at Hatton Garden, London, England, in the summer of 1883 by Sir Hiram Maxim. An automatic gun is a gun in which all the functions of loading and firing are performed by energy derived from the burning powder. When a heavily loaded gun is fired the recoil is very great, and has always been a disturbing agent. In ordinary military muskets, such as the Martini-Henry, and in the Peabody, which was used in the Russo-Turkish war, the recoil energy was so great as to be extremely painful to the soldiers, especially to those of light build.

In many cases it was found that the soldiers would throw their cartridges away rather than stand the shock of firing. Sir Hiram Maxim turned this waste energy to useful effect, and made it perform all the functions of loading and firing. In the Maxim gun the cartridges are placed in a belt or bandolier formed of two pieces of tape secured together by brass eyelets and strips. The belts generally contain 333 cartridges. The end of the belt is introduced into a hole at the side of the arm, and the crank is turned over by hand, after which it works automatically. This extracts a cartridge from the belt and places it in the barrel. The gun is then loaded and ready for firing. The gunner takes his position at the rear of the gun and touches the button, which liberates the firing-pin and explodes the cartridge. The recoil of the barrel and mechanism feeds the belt forward one cartridge at each discharge, extracts a loaded cartridge from the belt and at the same time the empty case from the barrel, cocks the hammer, introduces a loaded cartridge into the barrel, closes the breech, and pulls the trigger. All these operations repeat themselves automatically with very great rapidity, from ten to twelve cartridges being fired per second. The British were the first to order an automatic gun.

The specifications called for a gun which should not weigh over 100 pounds, should fire 400 rounds in one minute, 600 rounds in two minutes, and 1000 rounds in four minutes. At all other points the inventor was given *carte blanche*. He produced a gun which weighed 40 pounds and fired 2000 rounds in three minutes, and the gun was adopted by the British service. The automatic gun is now made in very large numbers, and has supplanted all other forms of machine-guns throughout the whole world.

The "pom-pom" which is said to have been the artillery surprise of the South-African war, is a fully automatic Maxim gun, having a bore of 1½ inches and a projectile which weighs a little more than a pound. The projectiles are generally made of cast iron, and contain a bursting-charge of black powder and a percussion-fuse. The rate of fire is about 300 rounds a minute.

These guns are now extensively used not only as field-guns, but also as naval guns, in the United States and in Europe.

But all automatic guns are not worked by the recoil energy. There are various ways in which the energy of the burning powder may be harnessed and applied to work the mechanism of the arm. In the early days of the art, Sir Hiram Maxim took out a large number of patents, which covered every possible way of working the arm by the energy derived from the burning powder, such, for example, as the explosive energy of the gases escaping from the muzzle of the gun, the expansion of the gases in a cylinder attached to the rear end of the gun, the elongation of the cartridge at the instant of firing, the movement of the cartridge to the rearward in the chamber at the instant of firing, and so on.

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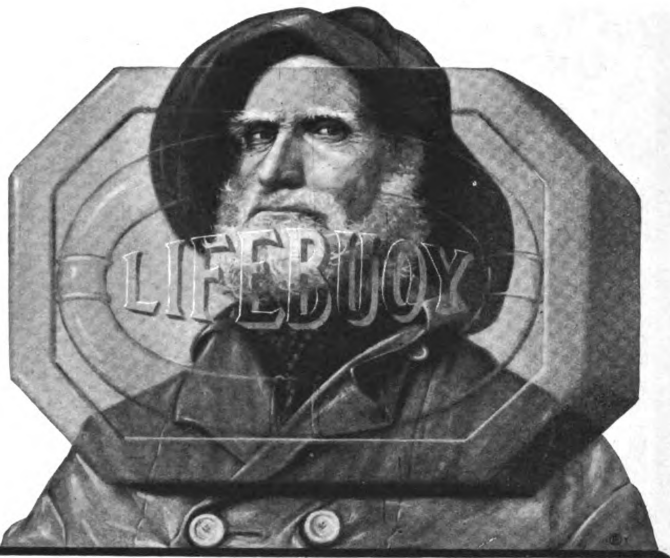
Nova Sancta Sophia

See page 1585

PLANS are under consideration by a religious community in New York for a sacred building of an unusual character. The approved drawings contemplate an edifice more magnificent than the world-famous St. Sophia of Constantinople; more capacious than St. Peter's of Rome. The latter holds 50,000 people; the drawings for the New York structure are on a scale calculated for between sixty and seventy thousand. Rev. Father J. Bouillon, Canon of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Ottawa, the capital of Canada, is the designer. He calls the new church Nova Sancta Sophia. At the first step inside Nova Sancta Sophia it is intended the full glory of the dome shall burst at once upon the view. In St. Peter's of Rome, St. Paul's of London, and other famous cathedrals the dome is veiled by intervening obstacles until the worshipper stands almost beneath it. The approaches through the naves must first be traversed; immense arches everywhere impede the gaze. It will be possible to hold services in the basement of the proposed edifice by the time $1,500,000 has been expended.

The dome, in mosaics, will sit like a resplendent crown upon a vista of delicate columns of the rarest marbles and brilliant reproductions of the greatest works of the old masters in Rome. The costly character of the mosaics may be realized when it is remembered that a single reproduction, only fifteen by thirty feet in size, will average an outlay of one hundred thousand dollars; and the whole of the church is to be covered with them. All the splendor of this dazzling interior will be brought out by the uninterrupted light of tier upon tier of windows rising four hundred and fifty feet to the dome. The last tiers of windows are to be reared half a hundred feet nearer heaven than the cross on the dome of St. Peter's.

Father Bouillon visited Constantinople in 1883, and there saw St. Sophia. He was deeply impressed by the features of the church. For years he had been a devoted student of ecclesiastical architecture. The famous temple of the city founded by Constantine and dedicated to Christian worship was to him a revelation of almost perfect beauty, and he resolved, if ever the opportunity came to him, to design a sacred edifice the leading characteristics of which should be planned on similar lines. The opportunity has come, and these drawings are the result. Father Bouillon found the monument originally reared by Justinian to the Christian religion lovely still, with the rarest marbles, with gold, silver, and precious stones. Rome and the cities of Europe and Asia had been despoiled of their richest statuary to adorn the Christian temple. Fire twice swept over it, but a second time and a third time it arose, more wondrously beautiful than before. Justinian resolved it should become the most magnificent monument ever raised by the hand of man since the creation of the world. Orders were sent the governors of all the Roman provinces to collect and forward all that was richest and rarest in the countries over which they ruled that could be counted worthy of a place in the temple. The palaces of Egypt, Greece, Italy, and Asia were laid under tribute to furnish the sanctuary to be raised to the glory of the Most High God. Ephesus gave eight columns of green marble variegated with black from the Temple of Diana. The Lady Marcia of Rome sent eight columns of porphyry of the most delicate proportions and beauty from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. Marbles of the purest white veined with rose tints, from Phrygia, blue marbles from Libya, and the porphyry of Saës supported the arches. No description can do justice to the sumptuous ornamentation of that period. The wood-work of the sanctuary was covered with plates of solid gold and



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silver. The curtains were of the richest tissues the world could produce. The pillars of the altar were of massive gold; the table, of gold, silver, precious stones, and pearls. The mosaic of the dome and most of the pictures were on a foundation of gold. When the lamps were lighted, their brilliance, everywhere reflected by gold, produced an effect never to be forgotten. The pillage and destruction wrought by the followers of Mohammed when Constantinople fell before the Turk deprived St. Sophia of many of its treasures, but the features of the architecture which made the Temple of the Cross the wonder of the Old World remained, though now admixed with minarets and symbols of the Crescent. A glance at any good illustration of the exterior of the St. Sophia of the thirteenth century will show, by comparison with the photograph published of the Nova Sancta Sophia of the twentieth, the points of difference in favor of the latter.

With the features of St. Sophia, Father Bouillon has introduced in his drawings for the Nova Sancta Sophia all the modern Roman ornamentation for both the exterior and the interior. The extreme length of the New York building will be 500 feet, and the breadth 400 feet. The dome rises from the centre, starting with a breadth of 150 feet, to a height of 450 feet from the pavement to the summit. The cupola above the dome will be larger than that of St. Peter's, which is roomy enough to accommodate fourteen persons, whilst that of Nova Sancta Sophia will hold thirty, having a diameter of 25 feet.

Nova Sancta Sophia will rise in tiers of seven stories, with seven rows of windows the entire circumference of the building, expressive of the seven gifts that enlighten those who believe. On the outside, on the buttresses of the first row, there are niches containing the saints who have written on the Blessed Sacrament. On the second row, on the buttresses, are angels who have inspired the saints to write about the Blessed Sacrament. Above the third row are seen rising in succession the domes of eleven chapels, of which the attics are visible from the outside, with round windows, between each of which is the symbolic pelican.

There are four naves, semicircular in form, around the dome, and an imposing row of windows encircling the whole. On the gable of each window there is a chalice, with the rose and rays, and between the gables are the saints who adore the Blessed Sacrament.

The apex of the tower of the dome, which is 300 feet high, is a circular cornice, with buttresses and two rows of windows, adorned with columns and niches with saints, and over the buttresses are small domes to the number of sixteen, between which domes stand angels with trumpets and censors.

The top of the dome somewhat resembles that of St. Peter's, but over it there is a gallery like that of the dome of the Invalides at Paris. But it is adorned, in the case of Nova Sancta Sophia, with the four apocalyptical animals. The top of the dome is finished with a globe having the shape of a ciborium resting on a ground of cherubims, the whole being surmounted by the cross.

The beauty of the interior is revealed at a glance. The entrance commands a view of the whole church, from the floor to the top of the dome, something nowhere else seen except at St. Sophia in Constantinople and the Rotunda in Rome. The four pillars which support the dome are each fifty feet in diameter. They have columns and niches filled with reliefs of the doctors of the church. The pillars supporting the chapels and the naves have mosaics expressing scenes connected with the Blessed Sacrament. At the end of the church, in the main chapel, there is a representation in relief of the Last Supper of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ

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and his disciples surmounted with an immense glory and angels. Under the east window, on the first floor, is a row of mosaics expressing miracles caused by the Blessed Sacrament. There are, in all, eleven chapels, commemorative of the apostles who received worthily the Blessed Sacrament. Over the chapels there runs the grand cornice around the entire edifice, and this is the base of semicircular naves. Instead of columns there is a caryatid which carries the ribs of the arches. On the ceilings of the naves appear representations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus adored by angels, the Miracle of Bosena, and other miracles of Jesus. Above them is a bas-relief around the main dome sixteen feet high, on marble, expressive of the possession of the Blessed Sacrament. This bas-relief will extend a total length of 450 feet. Over this are two rows of windows with columns and angels between them, the figures of the angels being each sixteen feet in height. The dome is divided into four panels. In the centre, facing the porch, will be the figure of the Lamb of God, over His throne, blessed by God the Father, surrounded by angels and saints. On the other panels is a reproduction of the Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament by Raphael. Over the whole is a lunette for lighting the top of the dome.

All the pictures are to be reproductions in mosaic of the masterpieces in Rome. The columns throughout the church, of rare marbles, stand around the chapels so as to leave a clear view from each chapel of the entire building. The ceiling of each of the chapels is 130 feet from the pavement. Words convey but a faint impression of the perfect beauty of the building, as it will be seen when completed in all the splendor of its ornamentation and in its magnificent symmetry. The brightness of its coloring, the blending and harmonizing of the tints and hues of the mosaics and pillars, and the atmospheric effects, can scarcely be depicted on paper. If St. Sophia of Constantinople remains one of the wonders of the Old World, Nova Sancta Sophia will be the greatest wonder of the New, and the most fit, imposing, and beautiful temple ever reared to the majesty of the Divine Master by His devout servants among men.

To govern one's house is to be truly a citizen: it is to take a real part in the general government of the state, to exercise her finest rights, and to make her progress easier. Every head of a family should be both pontiff and king in his own house.

Happiness is to feel one's soul good; there is really no other: and one may have this happiness even in sorrow: hence there are some griefs that are preferable to any joy, and that would be preferred by all who have felt them.—*Joubert.*

Man might live at first
The animal life: but is there nothing more?
In due time, let him critically learn
How he lives; and, the more he gets to know
Of his own life's adaptabilities,
The more joy-giving will his life become.
Thus man, who hath this quality, is best.
—*Browning.*

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law:
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.
—*Chapman.*

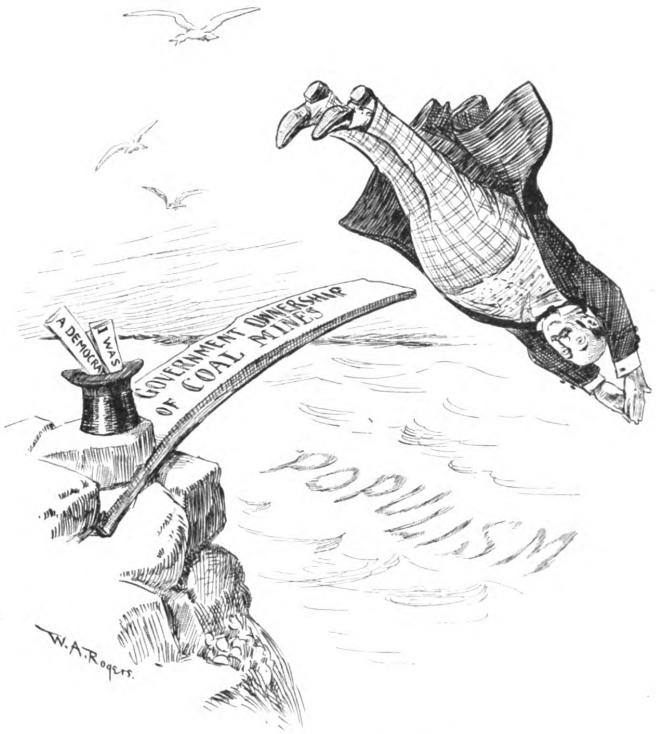
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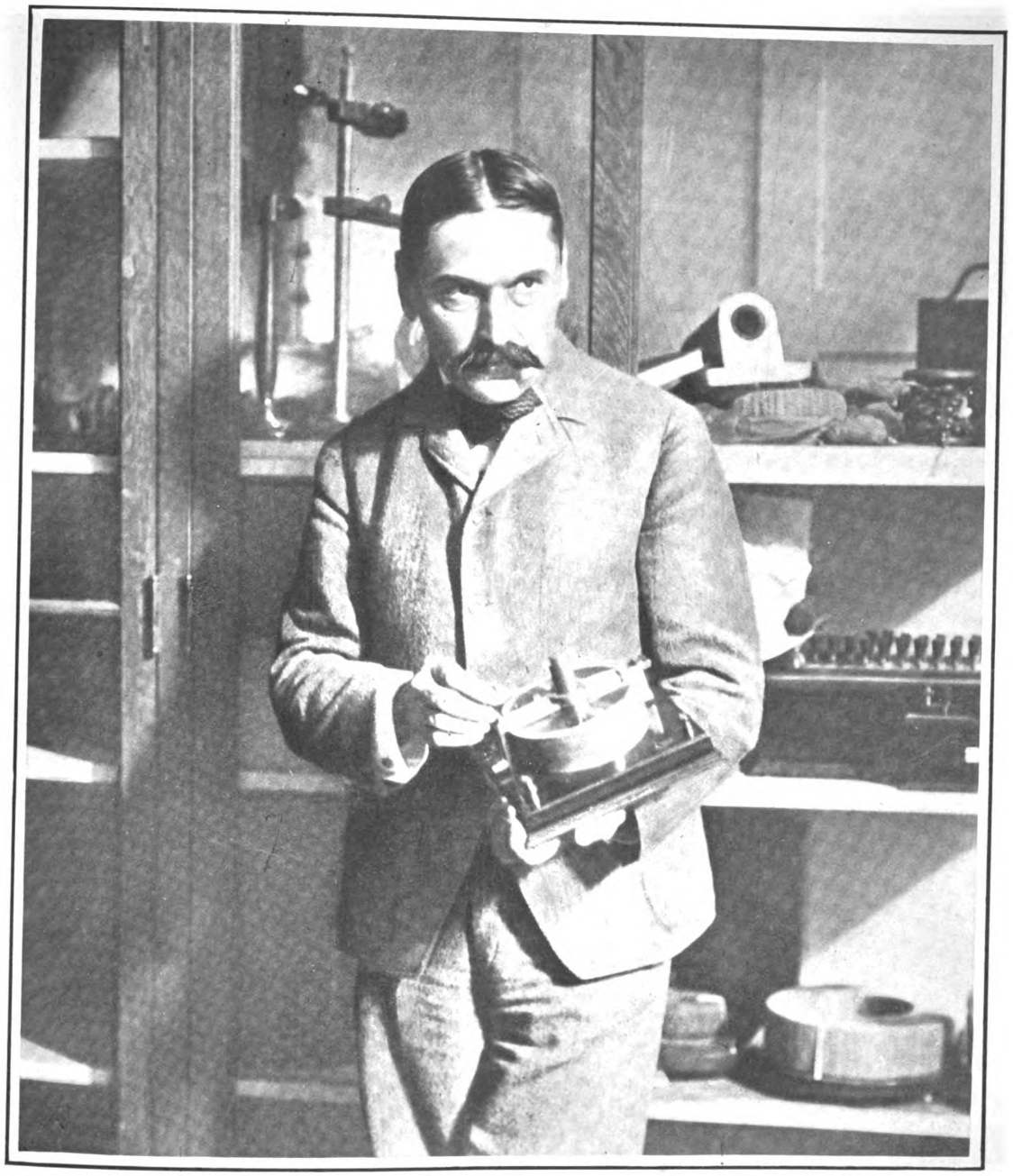
NIAGARA FALLS 9 HOURS FROM NEW YORK VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, November 8, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2394

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XV.—MICHAEL I. PUPIN, *AET. 44*

See page 1640—Editorial Section

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The Head of the Procession

The Chief Marshal leading, followed by ex-President Cleveland and Governor Murphy

President Wilson's Inauguration



President Wilson

PRINCETON has never had a more auspicious day than that which witnessed the inauguration of President Wilson. He had at his incoming, first of all, the hearty assurances of good-will from the retiring president, Dr. Patton, whose rare intellect and eloquent tongue are still in the university's service. He had, moreover, renewed pledges of confidence and support from graduate and undergraduate, faculty and trustee. Beyond this, he confirmed all earlier impressions of the wisdom of his selection in the noteworthy address which gave prospect of his policy. The ceremonies were dignified, and not over-elaborate.

The addresses were all in keeping with the importance of the event; and the setting which the perfect day, the environment of the old buildings and the present enthusiasm furnished, was all that could be desired.

What is most deserving of mention is the conservative tone both of the new president's pronouncements, and of the remarks by Mr. Cleveland, who spoke for the trustees. Both advocated strenuously the maintenance of severe standards, urged the value of protracted liberal studies before specialization, and insisted upon the greater competence of the teacher and the man of experience to determine the best courses of study for the undergraduates. The new president gave conspicuous place in his inaugural to the characterization of the graduate schools which Princeton is seeking to develop.

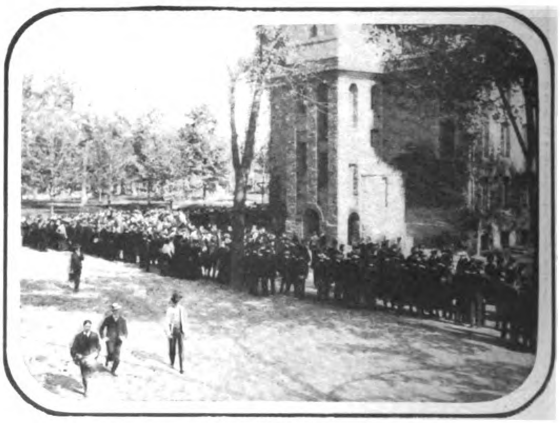
An especially hopeful incident of the day was the breaking of ground for the new dormitory which President Wilson's class is to erect.



Grover Cleveland



Breaking the Sod for the new Dormitory given by President Wilson's Class



The Procession turning the Corner of "Old North," Nassau Hall, the historic Building of Princeton

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Helen



Dorothy and her Sister

William M. Chase's Recent Work

IN 1891 Mr. William M. Chase began instruction in the Summer School of Art at Shinnecock Hills. There, in the eleven successive seasons, hundreds of students from all points of the compass have flocked to the sad sand-dunes. Both young men and young women have come from the most remote States to carry back propaganda of truth and beauty. The artist has there an admirable country house overtopping Peconic Bay, three or four miles away from the quaint student settlement known as the "Art Village." That has become a Monday-morning Mecca to the literary and fashionable folk who abound at that end of the island. There Mr. Chase, passing in review from 300 to 400 sketches made during the previous week, was liberally educating the student and layman as well. Mr. Chase has had it on his mind for two years to withdraw from the Shinnecock school, that he might devote the summer solstice to an out-of-door class abroad. Accordingly, June next, he, with a happy party of young persons, will go to Holland. All the details are arranged for a three months' pilgrimage.



Mr. Chase at Work

At Shinnecock Mr. Chase has painted many children, and the product of his brush in this line is remarkable. Witness the portrait of "Roland," who is depicted with splendid brush-work as a rollicking brown rogue, holding in his admirable baby hand the only note of color—a red ball. This canvas, although barely dry, belongs to Judge Gerry. Another work showing great richness of color and tenderness of feeling is "Dorothy and her Sister." This is altogether practical, and after the Spanish manner. Again, "Helen," white-frocked with glimpses of pink, holding in a wistful embrace her doll. This is a painting of great simplicity and strength which speaks for itself. One of his last canvases is a portrait of Beatrice, the little daughter of Mr. John Claflin. The subject is entirely in white of ivory tones against a background of pale, indefinite green. This portraiture has great naturalness, vivacity, and charm of composition.



Robert—Artist's elder Son

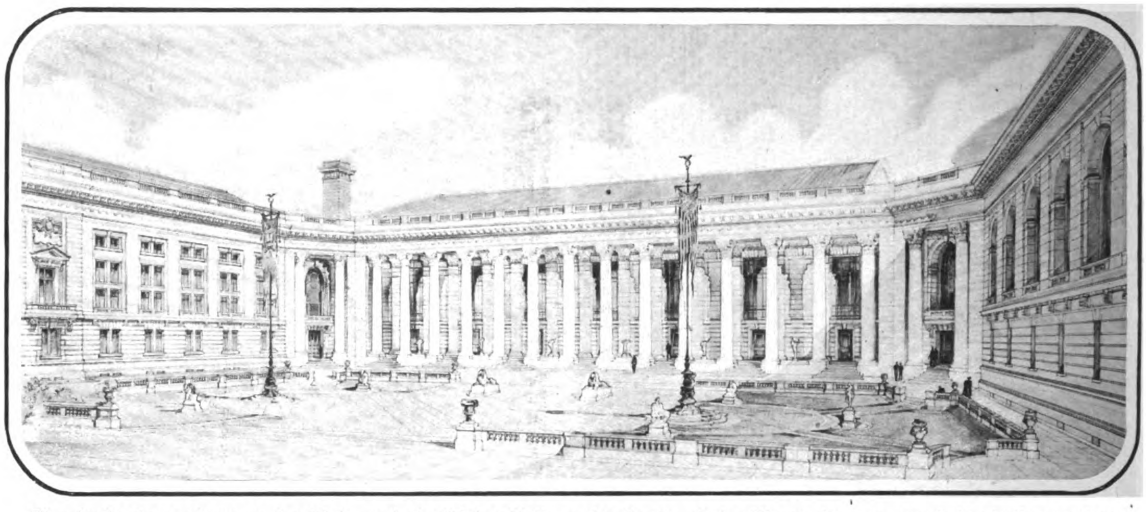


Roland



Beatrice Claflin

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The Auditorium, shown at the Right, and the Dining-Hall, at the Centre of the Illustration, are now being built, together with the Memorial Rotunda connecting Them

Messrs. Carriere & Hastings, Architects

The New Yale Square

WORK is well advanced on the quadrangle of imposing buildings which is one of the notable results of Yale's bicentennial birthday, celebrated last year. The boundaries of "The New Yale Square," as Yale men are calling the quadrangle, in preference to the larger-sounding name, are College, Grove, High, and Wall streets in New Haven. The university does not yet own all the land, but it has title to a large share of it, and will doubtless obtain the rest. The buildings shown at the right and centre of the illustration in this number are now being constructed. That on the right is the great auditorium known as Woolsey Hall. It will have seats for 3000 persons, and contain the great Newberry memorial organ, believed to be the finest in the country. At right angles to the auditorium and facing outward on Grove Street is the great dining-hall, two hundred feet long and sixty high. It will be decorated with a classic simplicity, and under the high windows will be spaces for tablets in memory of distinguished sons of Yale. At the angle of Grove and College streets, and connecting the auditorium with the dining-hall, is the beautiful memorial rotunda which will serve as an entrance to both buildings, and to the large interior court to be laid out as a formal campus for class-day and other large assemblies. The walls of the rotunda will also provide spaces for memorial tablets. The architects, Messrs. Carriere & Hastings, have adapted the style of Louis XVI. to the purposes of these fine buildings, and have given to their work an impression of great dignity. The material of the buildings is light Indiana limestone, and the estimated cost of the three now under construction is seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.



Thomas H. Watkins Gen. John M. Wilson Judge George Gray E. W. Parker E. E. Clark Bishop Spalding Carroll D. Wright

The Coal Strike Arbitration Board in Session

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Flowers, Shrubbery, and Sculpture

IT is not possible to improvise an Italian garden overnight, but the New York Florists' Club and the National Sculpture Society have worked together to good purpose in the exhibition now being held at the Madison Square Garden. The space is so ample that the sculptors have been able to give to their work a better setting than previous exhibitions have supplied, and florists' shows have rarely had so distinguished accessories. The WEEKLY prints on this page pictures of some of the more notable pieces of sculpture. Mr. Lopez's "Mahomet" and Mr. Lukeman's "Manu" were designed for the new building of the Appellate Court in this city. Mr. Adams's "Channing" will stand in the Public Gardens at Boston, and the original bronze of Mr. French's "Washington" is a gift to the city of Paris by Americans. "Thanatopsis," by Karl Bitter, will be placed in the Hubbard memorial at Montpelier.

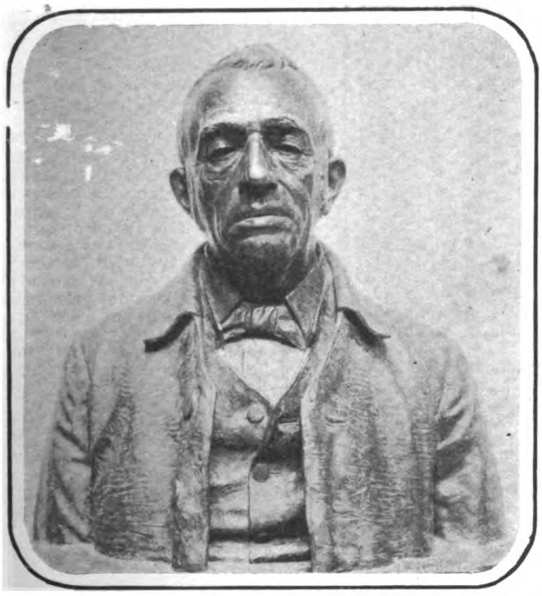


"Thanatopsis."—By Karl Bitter

One of the most important works on exhibition is the portrait of Rabbi Gottheil, by Charles H. Niehaus, which is a wonderful piece of portraiture, as well as a work of art.

In the Madison Square Garden the work of the New York Florists' Club has added a great deal to the beauty of the exhibition, for the beautiful pieces of statuary, the fountains, memorials, and figures have been judiciously placed in the midst of shrubbery and plants in such manner as to bring out the works of art, and also to make the Garden attractive.

This is an admirable scheme for art exhibits, and might well offer a suggestion to some of the other regular art expositions which are held in New York, especially where sculpture makes a part of the display.



"Rabbi Gottheil."—By Charles H. Niehaus



"William Ellery Channing."—By Herbert Adams



"Manu."—By Augustus Lukeman



"Washington."—By Daniel C. French



"Mahomet."—By Charles A. Lopez

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The German Emperor's Gift

THE adjoining picture shows the original statue of Frederick the Great, by G. Schadow, erected in 1793, a bronze copy of which is to be presented to the United States by Emperor William. The gift has been a good deal discussed. Some of the newspapers have declared that we have no more use for an effigy of a Prussian monarch than a cat for the traditional two tails. But really we have more tails than one, and it is precisely to emphasize the truth that one of our main tails is German, that the Kaiser has offered to set up this statue of his eminent ancestor on our soil. The President, in designating the grounds of the Arsenal at Washington as a proper site for the Kaiser's gift, has implied that our interest in the great Frederick attaches chiefly to his career as a soldier. In that he has dealt skilfully with a situation for the handling of which he had no precedent; accepting the gift without discussion, and finding a place for it on land subject to the control of the executive branch of the government.

But what the statue is really meant to recall is, not that Frederick was a great soldier, nor even that his nephew's great-great-grandson visited this country in 1902. The point is that Frederick, soldier and statesman, is one of the great German figures in modern history; that he was a factor of signal importance in the complicated European wrangle which helped our fathers to win in the Revolution, and that he is a personage with whom a nation which by descent is only less German than British, may with propriety become better acquainted. With an immense and very valuable German element in our population, we still as a nation think of Germany as a foreign land, and while the great figures in English history for centuries past are familiar to our children, what they know about the German leaders in war, politics, or thought is vague and defective. It is this situation which has inspired the Kaiser's action. "Here," he says, "is the figure of a great German, who belongs in part to you, and who was intimately concerned with a crisis of history out of which your people emerged as a nation. Put his statue where your legislators may see it, and remember that there are ties of history and ties of blood between Germany and the United States." We are used to think of the Kaiser as an impulsive man, but there is a deal of method in his impulses, and sound and timely thinking behind some of them. He has bestirred himself repeatedly, making occasion when it did not offer, to bid us think of Germans as our kinsmen. It is a good message he sends us, and his evident desire that it shall not be forgotten is something to be gravely and courteously observed.



The German Emperor's Present to the United States

A bronze cast of the statue of Frederick the Great, by the sculptor G. Schadow, is about to be presented to the United States of America by the German Emperor. It will be erected at Washington. The original statue, here shown, was erected in 1793

Mr. Carnegie at Skibo

IN his speech at the Democratic mass-meeting in New York on October 27, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor spoke of Andrew Carnegie as "giving thousands and millions for libraries for the education of the people, forgetting that the corner-stone of every such library donated by him may well be cemented in human blood and human tears." It was observed that the papers most solicitous for Mr. Bulger's election omitted to report that passage in his speech. It was an extreme expression of an extreme view of Mr. Carnegie, and would find very scant corroboration among the voters of either party in any State of the Union.

The other extreme of opinion about Mr. Carnegie is held by admirers who regard him as the greatest philanthropist in the world. That opinion is much more widely held than the other. If giving money for public uses constitutes philanthropy, Mr. Carnegie is a sure enough philanthropist, and if the greatest philanthropist is the one who gives the most money, Mr. Carnegie is the greatest. He has given away a vast deal of money, and has given it as wisely as he knew how; nor is it considered that any one living knows better how to give large sums, or does it more shrewdly, than he. He is the shrewdest man going, and one of the ablest.

The pictures of him given on this page were taken lately at Skibo Castle in Scotland. He has an estate there of thirty-five thousand acres, which he enjoys, notwithstanding he says he cannot realize that it is really his. He looks sturdy, compact, and cheerful. It is a credit to any man to be as sound in body and as cheerful in spirit as Mr. Carnegie is at sixty-five.



The Greatest Philanthropist in the World

Mr. Andrew Carnegie at his Scotch home, Skibo Castle

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending November 8, 1902

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COMMENT

WHEN this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY meets the reader's glance, the outcome of the general election will be known. We shall not, therefore, indulge in any predictions. One assertion may be made, however, without fear of contradiction. The fortunes of ex-Governor and ex-Senator David B. Hill are inseparably bound up with the result of the State election in New York. He framed the Democratic platform in that State, and he selected the Democratic nominee. We now know, on the highest authority, namely, Chief-Judge Parker himself, that the nomination for Governor was never offered to him by Mr. Hill, and that had the nomination been tendered to him by the Democratic Convention with an approach to unanimity, he would have accepted it. It was Mr. Hill who prevented the almost unanimous desire of the Democratic Convention to put forward Chief-Judge Parker as its candidate. It was also he who inserted in the Democratic platform the preposterous demand that the Federal government, by virtue of a pretended right of eminent domain, should invade Pennsylvania and seize and operate the anthracite coal mines situated in that State. The demand has been viewed with disgust and alarm by those Jeffersonian Democrats who regard as sacred the rights reserved to the States by our Federal Constitution, and it has repelled from the Democratic party not a few honored and influential men who found themselves unable to adhere to it in 1896 and 1900, but who were disposed this year to return to it and to give it vigorous assistance. It is true that at a meeting held in Tammany Hall a perfunctory and lukewarm letter was read from ex-President Cleveland, in which the writer expressed the hope that the Democratic nominee for Governor might be elected. Mr. Cleveland was careful, however, not to say a word that might imply approbation of the coal plank in the Democratic platform,—a plank which, to an upholder of State rights, must seem quite as obnoxious as the anti-trust constitutional amendment advocated by Mr. Roosevelt. That plank has been condemned—or, we ought rather to say, deprecated—in a half-hearted way by Mr. Coler himself. If, however, Mr. Coler should chance to be elected, Mr. Hill will claim all the credit of the victory, and will assert that his coal plank has received the stamp of popular approval. Thenceforward he will be in a position to contend that he himself, and not Mr. Bryan or Mr. Tom Johnson, is the true representative of the radical, populistic, socialistic element of the Democracy. Should Mr. Coler, on the other hand, be defeated, Mr. Hill will be, as he deserves to be, permanently and irremediably discredited as a leader. The regeneration of the Democratic party in the State of New York and in the Union will then be undertaken by men of very different aims and principles. We do not hesitate to say that, from the view-point of true and wise friends of the Democracy, one of the worst things that could befall it would be the success of Mr. Coler on the coal plank at the election on November 4.

We have no intention, we repeat, of prophesying about the outcome of the general election, which will have been decided when these words fall under the reader's eye. It may assist the reader, however, to determine the significance of the result if we recall the expectations expressed shortly before election-day by a cautious and conservative man—Representative Babcock of Wisconsin, the chairman of the Republican Congress Campaign Committee. After canvassing in detail the situation in every State where Republican Representatives can be looked for, he confined himself to the averment that his party would carry the next House of Representatives by a larger majority than it had in 1898. Now, in 1898, the mid-year of Mr. McKinley's first term, the Republicans elected a majority in the House of just thirteen. On the other hand, Postmaster-General Payne, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, estimates that his party will have a larger majority in the next House than it has in the present one. Even Democrats must hope that, if their own party cannot win, the latter estimate of the proportions of the Republican success will come nearer the truth than the former. It is not well that either party should secure a majority so small that the absence of thirteen votes, or the transfer of seven votes from one side to the other, would suffice to turn the scale. In order that responsibility for the discharge of public duties may be firmly placed upon one party or the other, it is expedient that the majority should be large and trustworthy. Otherwise the prompt, efficient, and conscientious performance of the nation's business might be prevented by a small clique of unscrupulous politicians. Not only do few Democrats expect to secure a majority in the next House of Representatives, but one of their most experienced and sagacious leaders—Senator Morgan of Alabama—has expressed the opinion that such success would be detrimental to the party's prospect of electing its candidate for the Presidency in 1904. All that a Democratic majority in the next House could do would be to demonstrate its impotence in legislation—an impotence due to the fact that both the Senate and the Federal Executive would be in the hands of their opponents. If, on the other hand, all three branches of the law-making power are controlled by the Republicans, the whole burden of responsibility will rest upon their shoulders, and that burden might be a grave one, if, as some pessimists think, we should witness an industrial crisis before the next Presidential election is decided.

A goodly number of our contemporaries are troubled in their minds over what they regard as the WEEKLY'S inconsistency. This is mainly due to their failure to understand the meaning of true independence. The WEEKLY advocates principles and policies, and consequently is compelled on occasion to criticise public men whom at other times it supports, and whose conduct generally pleases it; or it may commend a good action by a public man whose political or economic principles are not its own; or it may congratulate the

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President on the successful termination of the coal strike, although it did not like his interference, or the method of it, and although it continues to think that he "meddled with a matter outside his official duty." Mr. Roosevelt gained his object, however, in taking the first step toward the happy ending, and having always regarded him and his attempt as honest and sincere, we offered him our "hearty congratulations." These congratulations of ours have seriously disturbed the mind of a good daily friend of ours in Massachusetts, and it so far forgets its friendliness as to charge us with "trimming," saying, "If the WEEKLY doesn't like Mr. Roosevelt's position [on the coal strike and on trusts], it would secure a greater admiration if it would come out openly and say so." This outbreak is rendered the more curious by a sentence in a preceding paragraph of the same article, in which the WEEKLY is charged with showing "a distinct antagonism to the methods pursued by Mr. Roosevelt, both in relation to the coal situation and his attitude toward the trusts in general." This is the truth. The WEEKLY does disagree with Mr. Roosevelt on these subjects, and has openly said so. It does not follow, however, that because it disagrees with him on these matters it must oppose him or criticise him on all other questions. On the contrary, it has a large respect for him, and has confidence in his honesty, in the purity of his intentions, and in his courage; but independence requires that we shall express our differences of opinion when they exist, for it is not Mr. Roosevelt we profess, but certain political, economic, social, and ethical principles. When, judged by these beliefs, Mr. Roosevelt acts or speaks unwisely, we shall express our dissent; when he does what we regard to be right or wise, we shall praise him and offer our congratulations. We shall continue to treat Mr. Roosevelt precisely as we treat all other men, giving him credit when credit is due, and criticising him when he invites criticism. To agree with him always, would be servility, or, at least, personal partisanship; certainly not independence.

Attorney-General Knox has found that the title of the Panama Canal Company is perfect; that, with the consent of Colombia, it may sell its property and rights at the isthmus to this government; that the French courts had the power to authorize the liquidation of the old company to assent to the sale; and that the purchase by this government would not be in the slightest respect a violation of any of the rights of the shareholders of the old company. Mr. Knox's report is a complete answer to every objection which Senator Morgan has made. The canal is very probably assured, although it seems as if a cruel fate were always to oppose our efforts in this direction. No sooner was it known that there were no legal difficulties in the way of our purchase of the French company's property and rights than the government of Colombia betrays a desire to procure from us more than it had agreed to accept. In the first place, it complains of us for carrying out our contract, which has been in existence since 1846, and under which we have several times in the last fifty years preserved the peace on the isthmus with our armed force. Now, however, when it thinks we are seeking more rights and a larger jurisdiction within its territory, it makes a complaint apparently for the purpose of obtaining better terms from us in the canal treaty; at least its action is open to this interpretation. Its demand is for more money down, a larger rental, and immediate payment of the latter instead of a postponement for fourteen years. This is an effort to change materially the agreement already made, and seems to be based on the assumption that this government is now bound to go to Panama for its canal or give up the idea of building one. The point that the Colombian government cannot alienate the public lands, but must lease them to us for one hundred years, with the right of renewal, is not new nor difficult. It is also the point made by the governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, whither the President can go for the canal if Colombia proves impossible. We do not think, however, that this will turn out to be the case. Colombia, in the end, will probably be reasonable. She is now suffering from an attack of revolutionary fever, from which she will recover; in a word, we believe that the construction of the canal at Panama is now assured.

Now that the labor organization known as the United Mine Workers has practically compelled the President of the United States to step outside the limits hitherto prescribed by law and custom for the functions of the Federal Executive, and to bring about terms of accommodation between it and the owners or operators of the anthracite coal mines, it becomes a matter of interest to learn just what proportion of American workmen are thus effectively organized. A precedent having been established, what is to prevent other labor associations from demanding and securing the interposition of the President between them and their employers? We answer, Nothing, provided the employment in which they are engaged is of no less vital moment to the community than is the mining of anthracite coal. But to what extent is American labor organized?—or, in other words, to what extent do working-men possess the power of stopping, by means of a resort to strikes, the wheels of industry in important fields of production? It may surprise many persons to learn that, whatever may be hereafter the encouraging effect of the victory gained by Mr. Mitchell, American workmen at the present time are much less generally organized than are their fellow-laborers in England. In the latter country, which has only about half as many inhabitants as have the United States, the trades unions at a recent date had upwards of 1,800,000 members, whereas in this country, on July 1, the aggregate number of members in all our labor organizations was only 1,400,000. It has been computed by Mr. Carroll D. Wright that at the date last mentioned there were nearly 18,000,000 persons in the United States who were working as wage-earners. It follows that the proportion of these embraced in the labor unions does not constitute more than eight per cent. of the whole body. It is true, however, that the proportion varies in different trades, sometimes amounting to ninety per cent. of the total number following a specific employment.

Some years ago the Knights of Labor numbered one million, but now their membership has fallen below two hundred thousand. The American Federation of Labor is credited at the present time with 850,000 members. On more than one occasion this body has averted the paralysis of business which would follow a general strike. At Chicago, in 1894, for instance, when the American Railway Union demanded a general or sympathetic strike of all mechanics, the executive committee of the American Federation rejected the demand. Again, in 1901, when the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers asked for a sympathetic strike, believing that with such assistance they would be able to coerce the United States Steel Corporation, the American Federation of Labor refused to comply with their request. These facts and figures indicate that, except in a few trades, American labor organizations have hitherto been too weak to dictate terms to their employers; and, secondly, that the dangerous power of ordering a general or sympathetic strike has been sparingly exercised. It is the prudent course pursued by the American Federation of Labor which has led many onlookers to hope, if not to believe, that the United Mine Workers will keep the promise made by Mr. Mitchell in their name—the promise to abide for three years by the decision rendered by a majority of the commission of arbitration appointed by Mr. Roosevelt.

Nobody doubts that if a majority of the arbitration commission shall report in favor of granting the whole or most of the demands made by the United Mine Workers, the latter will accept the decision for a time, and probably until in 1904 the country finds itself involved in a contest for the Presidency. The report, however, though it should be favorable to the strikers in every other particular, would undoubtedly call upon them to keep their promise that non-union men who should wish to work in the coal-mines should not be interfered with. Nobody who knows much about the state of things in the anthracite region believes that such a promise would be kept. It took the convention of United Mine Workers two days to accept the proposed arbitration, the sole cause of the delay being the dissatisfaction caused by the righteous resolve of the mine-owners not to discharge the non-union workers who, at the risk of their lives, have been mining coal during the strike. Ultimately persuaded by their leaders to waive objections in word to this feature of the arrangement proposed by the operators, the union mine-workers quickly showed that they had no intention of

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waiving their objections in deed, for scarcely had their convention adjourned when a series of dastardly outrages were perpetrated on the dwellings and families of non-union miners.

This exhibition of lawlessness and perfidy on the morrow of their formal acceptance of the arbitration agreement is a bad omen for the fulfilment of their promise to abide by the decision of the arbitrators, in case the latter shall reject all or most of the demands put forward by the strikers. In that event a large proportion of the union mine-workers may denounce Mr. Mitchell for luring them into a trap, and may repudiate the compact entered into by their convention. Mr. Mitchell could ostensibly clear his skirts by resigning his post of leader and expressing regret that he was unable to control his men. If, as, on the whole, seems probable from the composition of the commission, a majority of its members shall occupy a middle ground between the conflicting claims of operators and workers, deciding, for instance, that the latter shall receive five per cent. more pay for five per cent. less work, it is possible that the miners will content themselves with this decision until the autumn of 1904. Then they are not unlikely to bethink themselves that, in October, 1900, when it was feared that Mr. McKinley's election might be imperilled by the anthracite strike, the miners obtained an advance of ten per cent. in their wages. At that time the miners professed themselves perfectly satisfied with the advance, yet in 1902, when an election of the House of Representatives is impending, we find them insisting upon a further increase. Mr. Mitchell may be silent two years hence, for he has a reputation at stake, but some other leader who has a reputation to win is almost certain to remind the miners that a political crisis is their opportunity. There is, in a word, no way of compelling a labor organization to fulfil its promise except by a law rendering its funds subject to attachment for a breach of contract.

It is well known that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was born in Scotland, regards the United States, in which his colossal fortune was acquired, as his adopted country. He would be the first to acknowledge that for him to do anything calculated to injure his adopted country would be unpatriotic. There was nothing unpatriotic, however, in the suggestion made by him, in the speech delivered when he was installed as Rector of St. Andrews University, that European countries ought to form a political and commercial union for the purpose of withstanding the competition of the United States for a control of the world's markets for manufactures. There was nothing unpatriotic in the suggestion, we repeat, because nobody knows better than Mr. Carnegie that it could not be followed. He no doubt smiled to himself as he made the impracticable proposal, which was simply a polite form of saying that the superiority of American inventiveness and enterprise would be found irresistible. Obviously, if the conquest of the world's markets for manufactured products by the United States can only be averted by political and commercial union on the part of the European nations, it may as well be recognized as inevitable. Conflicting interests and national enmities or jealousies will prove in the future, as they have proved in the past, insuperable bars to the establishment of a Zollverein among the independent states of Europe. Nothing but the forcible reduction of the countries now self-governing, under one political head, would render the introduction of a customs union feasible. That political fusion of Europe which even the great Napoleon failed to accomplish is not likely to be witnessed in the twentieth century.

There is no hope, then, for Continental Europe, considered as an industrial rival of the United States. Would there be any hope for the British Empire if consolidated by political and commercial union? There is no doubt that such a hope is cherished by the advocates of imperial federation, but Mr. Carnegie insisted that this too must be renounced. If the United Kingdom, comprehending some forty million inhabitants, and possessing an accumulation of wealth second only to our own, is already outweighed in the balance by the United States, the addition of the ten million white persons residing in England's self-governing colonies could not be expected to turn the scale. *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,* was the dismal announcement made by Mr. Carnegie to his fellow-Scotchmen at St. Andrews. But, although Great Britain has already lost the place of primacy among the purveyors of manufactures to the world, it is still possible for her to retain the second place, at which Germany is aiming. This was but cold comfort that Mr. Carnegie gave his fellow-Scotchmen, especially as he added that, even to retain the second place, it would be needful for Great Britain to undertake drastic reforms in her methods of conciliating foreign customers, in her system of technical education, and, above all, in her labor system, which, under the coercion of trades unions, does not encourage the introduction of labor-saving inventions, nor the exhibition of exceptional energy on the part of individual workers. The *"ca' canny,"* or "go easy," principle, the effect of which may be exemplified by the fact that a British bricklayer now lays only about a third as many bricks in a day as he laid half a century ago, is sapping the life-blood of British industry.

Our scepticism as to the completeness of President Castro's triumph at La Victoria seems to be justified by later news. Officers of the German cruiser *Gazelle* and the British war-ship *Indefatigable,* which recently reached Port-of-Spain in Trinidad, from La Guayra, say that so far from the battle resulting in a crushing defeat to the revolutionists, the latter are stronger than ever, and are steadily gaining the upper hand all along the line. President Castro recently threatened to sever diplomatic relations with England. He has now managed to pick a quarrel with Germany, filing a protest with the German legation in Caracas against the visit to the Orinoco River of the German gunboat *Panther,* which played so strenuous a part in the sad last act of the *Crête-à-Pierrot.* The *Panther* carried the mails and ten German women from Trinidad to Ciudad Bolivar, and the government of President Castro maintains that this constitutes a violation of the blockade. Germany replies, in somewhat Hibernian vein, that not only is the blockade ineffective, but, more than this, there never was any blockade at all, and that the Kaiser's government has decided to intervene, in defence of German interests in Venezuela. It will be remembered that, in commenting on the sinking of Admiral Killick's gunboat, we foresaw just such a complication as has now arisen. It remains to be seen whether the *Panther's* expedition up the Orinoco will also be considered as thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the Monroe doctrine. If so, we may confidently predict that the next step will be the landing of German marines, probably followed by a concussion with the Venezuelans, whether of President Castro's party or the adherents of General Matos. It is important that the United States seems to have recognized the blockade, which Germany so pointedly ignores. The importance of the international issue thus raised cannot be overlooked, in view of Germany's avowed ambitions in Brazil.

We have to record a further step in the Acre concession matter. This dispute is very important, as it raises the question of European protected areas in South America, so nearly independent of the native republics as to be, to all intents and purposes, crown colonies. It is true that England and the United States are the countries most interested in the Acre concession, but, as we showed at the time, the wording of the treaty of assignment opens the way to the establishment of like German settlements in Bolivia, Brazil, or any South-American country, on leases like those which make Port Arthur or the Shan-tung peninsula practically European territory. We conceive that Germany could imagine nothing more perfectly to her taste than the establishment and recognition of this principle by the United States in conjunction with England, as this country would be precluded from raising objections under the Monroe doctrine when Germany follows suit; how inclined she is to do this her recent expedition up the Orinoco, to protect German interests in the interior of Venezuela, pretty clearly shows. The latest phase of the Acre question is as follows: A sensational despatch from Para was received at Rio Janeiro, announcing that a commission representing the Anglo-American Acre syndicate had left New York for the Amazons, accompanied by a detachment of the United States army. Its asserted purpose was to take forcible possession of the leased Acre territory. The State Department at Washington

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promptly denied that such a detachment had set out, though a private party may have gone, amply supplied with arms. The despatch, however, had echoed over the whole South-American continent, with portentous results. Brazil led the way with a proposition to double her standing army, avowedly with a view to trouble over the Acre concession, to which she is strenuously opposed, and the press of Rio Janeiro, in connection with the Acre matter, comments once again on the increasing number of German immigrants, who, in the opinion of Brazilians, constitute a serious menace to the future of Brazil. The Brazilian Congress, Senate, and press are all up in arms over the possible consequences of the Acre dispute.

The Para despatch, announcing the departure of armed Americans for Acre by way of the Amazons, echoed from Rio Janeiro on the Atlantic to Lima in Peru, causing intense excitement there, and showing the rapid growth of a solidarity of feeling among the South-American republics,—the result, in a large degree, of the Pan-American Congress at Mexico. Peru is interested in the Acre dispute, as Bolivia's neighbor on the west, and takes much the same view as Bolivia's eastern neighbor, Brazil. Simultaneously with this tremor concerning our purposes in Acre, came the unauthorized publication of the hitherto secret treaties between Chile, Colombia, and Ecuador, and, hard on the heels of this, an explanation of their purpose and limitations. Towards the close of 1901, Chile feared that her rivals might get the better of her in the Pan-American Congress, and apprehended a war with Argentina as a result. Seeing that Argentina could close the Strait of Magellan, and thus prevent the importation of arms and war munitions by that route, Chile made an arrangement with Ecuador and Colombia whereby Chile obtained the right to carry arms over the Isthmus of Panama. Now that cordial relations with Argentina have been restored, these secret treaties are practically void, and Chile has lost no time in assuring us that, so far from the arms clauses having any purpose inimical to this country, Chile's interests on the Panama isthmus are identical with those of the United States. Before leaving the Latin-American region, we have to record the rise and fall of a revolutionary movement in the island republic of San Domingo, doubtless the reaction of the political changes in the island, which we fully described some months ago.

In Canada, as in Venezuela, we have to record the fulfilment of a prophecy we made a few weeks ago. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, immediately after his return to Ottawa, came into concussion with his Minister of Public Works, the Hon. Israel J. Tarte, whose high-tariff utterances we have recorded from time to time. While Sir Wilfrid was away, the Hon. Tarte did play, and his tune was retaliation for the Dingley bill. Now he has to pay a bill of his own. Sir Wilfrid, in a stormy interview, berated his Minister of Public Works, declaring that his advocacy of high protection, a measure not decided on by the cabinet, was so completely unconstitutional that the Premier felt compelled to demand Mr. Tarte's resignation. This was probably exactly what Mr. Tarte wished, and we may look for his return to the bosom of the Conservative party, as a kind of Liberal-Unionist, and, like the latter, ultrapatriotic in policy and spirit. "Canada for the Canadians" will be his party cry, and he will doubtless seek to realize those dreams of his, as to how he should form a cabinet, which we commented on a few months ago. M. Parent, the Provincial Premier of Quebec, has been asked to take the portfolio of Public Works, and has consented. This is certain to win the support of a large body of French Canadians for Sir Wilfrid's government, while, on the other hand, it is expected that some of the Liberals may follow Mr. Tarte in his secession. We shall have to strike a new balance in Canadian politics before we can fully estimate the result of this enforced resignation.

When recording the recent gossip about Queen Maria Christina of Spain and the young King Alfonso we were careful to compare these stories with the efforts of Ananias. Our comparison is justified by the very full and categorical denial recently published by Colonel Luis de Figuerola Ferretti, of Madrid, who has not only called the author of this gossip a fabricator, but has proved it pretty completely. It seems that Señor Escosura, whose name was connected with that of the Queen Mother in the charming romance we retailed, left Austria as a child, so that the story of the early attachment and betrothal falls to the ground. It is said that the story of the recent morganatic marriage is equally due to overheated fancy. We confess that we learn this with regret, as the story, as originally published, appealed strongly to our romantic feelings and our sense of poetical justice. We apprehend that the finely colored tales of the goings on of the young King are equally a tissue of dreams. Verily it is a world of prose.

The sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States has fallen through, at least for the present. The measure was lost by a single vote, said to have been cast by an old man of ninety-seven, who was carried to the Landsthing on a litter. It is also said that Princess Marie, wife of Prince Waldemar, the King's youngest son, secured the promise of one member to vote against the treaty, although he was elected by a majority which favored the sale of the islands. In the course of a speech in the Folkething, the Premier, Dr. Deuntzer, expressed regret at the fact that the decision of the Landsthing to reject the Danish West Indies treaty made it appear that Denmark was a country which did not keep its word. The present ministry, he explained, was not responsible for the negotiations relating to the sale of the islands. The Premier declared that he took no responsibility for the attitude of the Landsthing, nor for the future of the islands. In the islands themselves there is some disappointment, but little excitement.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who died on October 26, vindicated, so far as she was herself concerned, her theory that it would be profitable for women to take an active part in public affairs. She lived to be eighty-seven. She had been active in public concerns ever since her girlhood, and it seemed to agree well with her. In the early days of the woman's-rights agitation, before the civil war, the centre of the storm was usually where Mrs. Stanton happened to be. But the stress of conflict never harmed her. She married at twenty-five, brought up six children, and was beloved and honored in her own household, as well as outside of it, but all the time she battled for the cause she had undertaken, and held a conspicuous place in the world of agitation. She lived happily to a great age. Miss Anthony, who shared her labors, her battles, and her honors, has also turned fourscore, and still maintains a strong hold on life. She is eighty-two. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a little older. The strenuous life, it seems, may be lived by women as well as by men without prejudice to vitality.

Mrs. Stanton lived to see most of her hopes for the betterment of the legal status of women realized. In 1848 she addressed the Legislature of New York on the subject of the property rights of married women. All the new laws she asked for then have been on the statute-books of most of the States for many years. American women have all the property rights that can well be given them. Married women retain all the property they possess at marriage, and are protected in the enjoyment of all they may afterwards acquire. When Mrs. Stanton was a girl at Miss Willard's school in Troy she wanted to study Greek and go to Union College. It was not possible then for a girl to get a college education. A vast change has come since then in women's education, and though it may not all have been due to the struggle of the champions of women's rights, it was the change that they demanded and fought for, and credit for their part in bringing it about cannot be denied them. But woman suffrage not only has not come on an important scale, but seems to many observers as far off as ever. We see in the trades unions and in politics generally that a few organized agitators can often dominate and direct a large body of indifferent individuals, but as yet the woman-suffrage agitators have not been able to overcome the inertia of the mass of womankind who don't care to vote and don't want to think about it. The fear that they would do so if let alone caused the organization a few years ago of the anti-suffrage societies. A few States in the West have granted women the right to vote, and their experience is watched with interest, but, on the whole, the movement seems nowadays to have spent its force. Most people concede that in most of the

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States the suffrage would be granted to women if a majority, or even a large proportion, of the women wanted it, but as it is they seem not to covet it, but to regard the duty of going to the polls as one of the chores that men are used to do, and which may as well be left to them to perform.

President Eliot has made three important addresses in three different States on the public schools. He told the teachers of Connecticut on October 17, as already noted in the WEEKLY, wherein he thought the results of American common-school education have been disappointing; he told the New Hampshire teachers the next day wherein the common schools had improved in the last thirty years. In both these addresses, which are really parts of the same discourse, he advocated a great increase of expenditure of public moneys for school education. In a third address, on October 23, before the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, at Providence, he set forth in what particulars increased expenditure could most help the schools. School buildings in cities, he said, should be fire-proof; wooden staircases should be prohibited, interior wood-work should be minimized, and school buildings should be constructed as modern hospitals are, so as best to be kept clean. A yard with flowers and shrubs in it should surround every school. A skilful physician should be officially connected with every large school as protector, counsellor, and friend of children and parents. "Such medical supervision would be costly, but it would be the most rewarding school expenditure that a community could make." Better teachers, better paid, should use better methods and do better work in various particulars, and instead of having from forty to sixty pupils, they should be limited to not more than twenty-five. This last improvement Dr. Eliot considers the one most needed in American schools to-day.

The universal employment of highly trained superintendents in both urban and rural systems is the next improvement, and "all business and executive functions ought to be withdrawn from the school committees and handed over in part to the superintendent and in part to a business agent, both permanent, salaried officers." A good business agent would save more than his salary, and greatly increase the efficiency and wholesomeness of the schools. Furthermore, Dr. Eliot would have the school programme enriched for the years between nine and fourteen, and would offer a choice of studies as early as ten years of age. He would postpone as long as possible the decision between studies that admit access to the higher institutions of learning and those which do not. He would make manual-training schools and trade schools habitual parts of the American school system, and have normal schools and colleges give optional instruction in these subjects, since public-school teachers ought to understand them. He wants vacation schools, too, for children who cannot get away from the cities in summer. He wants better instruction in drawing, and, lastly, a liberal provision of apparatus, from maps and books to type-writers and pianos.

Dr. Eliot believes the country can, and will, afford this great increase of school expenditure which he advocates. Education, he says, is the one agency which has retained its hold on the democratic masses. He considers that legislatures are less respected than formerly; that courts, as a whole, are less respected and less efficient to-day than they were a generation ago; and that the church and its ministers have not risen in public estimation and have lost much of their control over education. "By no positive fault of their own," he says, "but by a sort of negative incapacity, legislature, court, and church seem to be passing through some transition which temporarily impairs their power; but the schools and colleges of the United States, while changing and developing rapidly, have suffered no impairment of vigor or influence." Against the dangers which have come from the efficiency of great combinations of all sorts he finds but one trustworthy defence: "The masses of the people must be taught to use their reason, to seek truth, and to love justice and mercy. There is no safety for democratic society in truth held or justice loved by the few."

Segregation of the sexes for the first two years of college life is now a fact at the University of Chicago, so far as the dictum of its board of trustees can make it so. The policy of providing separate quadrangles and separate classes for the young men and women in their Freshman and Sophomore years has been consistently championed by President Harper, and when the matter came before the trustees for decision there were thirteen votes in its favor to three against it. The action has aroused bitter criticism, even in the faculty of the university. "The clock of progress has been turned back." "The cause of coeducation has been betrayed in the house of its friends." "The university has relapsed into the methods of mediævalism." In sounding phrases like these the opponents of the policy of segregation have denounced the action of President Harper and his board of trustees. Meanwhile President Harper has kept his counsel—and his temper. "The working out of the plan will take time," he says. "Just as soon as I can I shall present a full report of what the plan involves. People do not now understand it. Even some of the faculty do not fully know. It will go into operation so gradually that the change will be hardly perceptible." Sensible people will be content to wait to see how the plan works before denouncing it. Certainly President Harper was well satisfied of its merits before he urged its adoption. And, in matters educational, the judgment of President Harper has heretofore proved good.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's conditional gift of $500,000 to Columbia University to be used for the development of the Teachers' College is as wisely bestowed as it is generous. There is no more worthy branch of educational endeavor than that which looks toward the better equipment of teachers for the work they are about to undertake. The mere possession of knowledge is by no means the most important part of an instructor's efficiency. There have been many and pathetic instances of men perfectly informed on the subjects falling within the range of the departments in their charge who have proven lamentable failures as teachers, for the reason that they did not know how to impart to others that which they had thoroughly mastered themselves. The day has passed when unscientific teaching can produce satisfactory results, and this Teachers' College, for which Mr. Rockefeller is willing to set aside a good sum of money, has for some years been laboring incessantly and well to fill a pronounced need in our schools and other institutions of instruction. Its alumni, however willing they may be to help its fortunes along, unlike the alumni of other colleges, are not often men or women with much money to spare. The college could hardly hope to profit to any material extent from the generous inclinations of its graduates, who have seldom large means of their own, and whose return for professional service later, even at its highest point, is never large enough to warrant anything but a comparative degree of liberality. Hence Mr. Rockefeller's gift is timely and sagacious, the terms upon which he offers it extremely liberal, and we should think likely to prove inspiring to other generously disposed persons, who must themselves respond to the appeal which the college now makes to make the gift available. This is a case, too, where giving quickly means to give doubly, for while Mr. Rockefeller sets no time limit upon the availability of his offering, the sooner the correlative sums are raised, the earlier the institution may set about the improvements necessary to put it upon a higher plane of efficiency.

The election of the Kaiser and his charming brother Prince Henry to honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club is a fitting and timely recognition of the sportsmanlike quality of the two recipients of the attention. The Prince has been too recently our honored and much-exploited guest to require any detailed statement at this time of his qualifications for membership in the American organization, and since he was officially the embodiment of his brother during his visit to our shores, we should assume, even if we did not actually know, that the Kaiser is an equally high-minded sporting gentleman. Undoubtedly deserved as the distinction is, however, we cannot unreservedly commend it without a fuller knowledge of the rights pertaining to honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club. We assume that the Kaiser and the Prince will be admitted to all the privileges of the club-houses of the organization. It will be their privilege, no doubt, to fly the club pennant whenever and wherever they may see fit to do so, and in the good old summer-time all the delights of the annual cruise will be theirs to enjoy

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if they can spare the time to come over and join in that week of festivity. But what of that greatest privilege in the gift of the club,—that of defending the Cup, so strenuously sought by men of means and ambition? Does honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club carry with it this great opportunity, and if so, are there any restrictions of nationality which would prevent the Kaiser or the Kaiser's brother from building in a German ship-yard a candidate for the Cup defence with a reasonable degree of right? It may be said that this is not likely to happen, but it so occurs in this particular case that we have to deal with two fine men who are prone to embark upon the unusual and the unexpected; and if it is not impossible for the Kaiser to enter the lists, the man does not live who can confidently say that he would not do so. We frankly prefer to see the Cup issue, for so long a time as we possess the coveted trophy, contested along stringent international lines, with no dilution of the honors of victory or mitigation of the humiliation of defeat. A German-American victory, much as we esteem our so-called German-American citizens, would be wholly unsatisfactory to everybody, and if such a thing is in the list of the possibilities we cannot unreservedly approve of the recent gracious act of the New York Yacht Club on behalf of two otherwise most welcome members of the organization.

The recent accident in a suburban city, in which a trolley-car in collision with an automobile was overturned and a score of persons injured, has given rise to much discussion as to the responsibility for the trouble, in which no little partisanship is displayed. Without knowing much about the details of the matter, persons are found siding with the motorman, while others vigorously defend the chauffeur. A more or less calm consideration of the case, which is sufficiently general to be of importance, suggests the idea that the two should share alike in the public odium for the disaster which resulted from their vagaries. The facts appear to be that the chauffeur was trying to show off and that the motorman was careless. There is no doubt that the "stunts" of the active automobilists are irritating to the man who is responsible for the proper running of the trolley, but this irritation, instead of spurring a man on to deeds of retaliation, should be one of those danger signals which our temperaments provide to warn us into a greater degree of caution. The very fact that the motorman of Yonkers had taken note of the "smart" ways of the chauffeur should have redoubled his vigilance for the safety of his own car. That he should desire to give the chauffeur a salutary lesson by bumping him slightly was possibly natural, but considering the number of lives actually committed to his care, caution should have overridden his natural inclination to jar his adversary. To this extent the trolley-man was to blame, but the over-clever chauffeur was no less culpable, and we fear that his acts were no less characteristic of the genus. There are too many of his kind abroad for the safety of the public. He is too often found doing things which, however admirable they may be as evidences of skill in vaudeville, become intolerable when practised upon the highway. The case at Yonkers concretes the situation, and divulges the undoubted truth that public opinion is beginning to array itself against two classes of offenders, both of whom participated in this accident. Trolley-men are over-careless; chauffeurs are over-fresh. It is time for both of them to reform, for otherwise the time will surely come when one or both will find themselves held to a most rigid accounting by an outraged public in search of a shining example.

In England people of moderate means are beginning to insure themselves against surgical operations. The plan is that subscribers who pay an annual fee shall be entitled either to free admittance to a hospital or nursing at home and a free operation or to a fixed sum paid down to defray the cost of an operation if one becomes necessary. In England, as here, the cost of surgical repairs to the human body has become oppressively great to persons who just manage to pay their way. People who are obviously poor get a great deal of excellent surgical and medical treatment in hospitals and elsewhere for nothing, but for the next class above them a serious illness—especially if it involves an operation—is almost ruinous. It would seem as if the time was near when societies for insurance against specialists might be profitably organized in the larger American cities. The specialist has come to be a very important—indeed, an indispensable—institution, especially to families in which there are children. The office of the family doctor has now become simplified to the task of coming in and telling the patient which specialist to go to. It is not that specialists charge too much, for their honorable services are above price. It is that landlord, butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, coalman, dentist, and trained nurse do not leave you money enough to pay them appropriately. To subscribe a considerable sum annually and have all the repairs and desirable improvements made in one's family without further disbursement would be a comparatively simple way out of a troublesome predicament.

Not many folk make fortunes fumbling a string. Professor Michael I. Pupin did. He is reputed to have fumbled his string steadily for five years. That makes a difference. Most folk are less assiduous. Professor Pupin's invention was a method of oceanic or long-distance telephoning. How he came to it is a roundabout story. He is Professor of Mathematical Electricity at Columbia. One day he got interested in some experiments suggested by Lord Rayleigh, in his great work on *Sound*. The matter was this: Suppose you suspend a string from the top of a house or a tower and jerk it energetically,—you will send a wave travelling up the string. It grows less and less, though, the longer your string. Also, the lighter the string, the less the distance the waves travel, the quicker the vibration "dies." Professor Pupin's problem was the effect of loading the string at intervals with small weights—bullets, etc. He found that doing this made the string act toward the waves like a thick rope; it carried them further. The analogy of all this to what goes on in a telephone wire is very close. The waves that go pulsing through the wire when you talk to a telephone decay as they go along, so that at great distances they will not affect a receiver. They die out just like the wobble in the string. Professor Pupin conceived the idea of "loading" a wire at intervals, as he did his string. This he did in a very simple way. Round every wire or other conductor of an electrical current is an invisible electrical, or rather magnetic, "field" of influence. With a single ordinary wire this field is very weak. But wind the wire up in a coil, so that you add together the fields of each turn, and you can produce a very powerful magnet. In fact, the powerful magnets such as are used in electric dynamos are all produced in just this way. The effect of a coil thrown into an electrical circuit is just like loading a string: it makes it harder to start and harder to stop an electrical wave. Professor Pupin puts such coils into a telephone circuit, and finds that the waves travel very much farther. For example, on a 250-mile cable, where only 1-250,000th part of the electrical energy from one end reached the other, when he interpolated his little coils 1-40th went through,—6000 times as much. This means that telephoning across the Atlantic, or to Dawson or Valparaiso, may be very near. As Professor Pupin is reported to have received an enormous sum for his discovery, the moral seems to be that there is big money in pure science, when it gets into the right head.

Professor Pupin is just forty-four. He is Hungarian by birth, an American from his sixteenth year. He is an admirable example of the boy who had spunk enough to run away from school. He worked in shops to get money enough to put him through Columbia at twenty-five. He went over to old Cambridge, in England, the home of great mathematicians, to study; there he won the John Tyndall fellowship (the first American who ever did), and with this money betook himself to Berlin, to study under the Olympian-brained Helmholtz. He wanted to teach physical chemistry. When he got back, in 1889, Americans had not heard of this wonderful science (few have yet). He got a post teaching electricity at Columbia, and there he is still. He created the fine laboratory over which he presides, often out of his own pocket. Evidently, though, his pluck and persistence paid, for he is rich now,—famous as well. He is a fine type for imitation. If a plaster cast of him, with this little account of him stencilled underneath, were in every school-room in the country, it might stimulate other clever American boys, imported or native, to run away from school and learn to do things that are worth while.

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The Status of the Panama Canal Question

In order to measure the extent to which the report made to the President by Attorney-General Knox removes the objections to the purchase and completion of the unfinished Panama Canal by the United States, it may be well to recall precisely what those objections are. We were told, in the first place, that the new French canal company, even if the validity of the franchise which it claims to have received from Colombia should be admitted, could give no clear title, as against the creditors, stockholders and bondholders of the old canal company to the work already done upon the Isthmus, to the plant there collected, or to the Panama Railroad, almost all the stock of which it purports to own. It has been asserted, in the second place, that, granted the power of the new French company to give a valid title, so far as French contestants are concerned, the franchise under which it claims a right to complete the waterway is valueless, inasmuch as the original franchise expired by limitation, and the present extension thereof was conceded at Bogota by a usurping government in violation of the Columbian Constitution of 1886, which prescribes that a concession of the kind must be sanctioned by the Colombian Congress. We are warned in the third place that the constitutional disqualification of the present *de facto* government at Bogota which rendered the extension of the French franchise worthless will vitiate also any new concession obtained by us from the same source. The fourth objection is a new one, provoked by the divulgation of the secret treaty between Colombia and Chili, signed on January 17, 1902. It amounts to this: that, even if we were disposed to overlook the constitutional disqualification of the present Bogota government, and to accept its authority as sufficient for our purpose, that authority has already been exercised in a way incompatible with our interests by the treaty mentioned, which gives Chili the right to transport at all times war material across the Isthmus, and to protect such freedom of transit from interference. We may say at the outset that, while we should not describe some of these objections as altogether groundless, we do not regard any of them as insurmountable.

The first objection, that levelled at the power of the new French company to give a clear title as against French contestants, was founded mainly on the knowledge that the official liquidator of the old company, when he turned over the assets thereof to the new company, stipulated for sixty per cent. of the profits of the canal when finished. The liquidator, in other words, retained a contingent interest, of which, however, he has divested himself by consenting to the sale to the United States proposed by the new company. His consent required and has received the approval of the civil tribunal of the Department of the Seine, and that tribunal's decision has been confirmed by the highest court of appeals in France. In view of this fact, Attorney-General Knox holds that the proposed sale to the United States by the new French canal company, acting conjointly with the liquidator of the old company, would convey an absolutely clear title, so far as French contestants are concerned. As to the minor objection relating to the property of the French vendors, the objection, namely, that the United States cannot take title to the stock of the Panama Railroad, it is the Attorney-General's opinion that our Federal government can take and hold any kind of property it may need, in the same manner as an individual can.

We pass to the assertion that, whatever may be true of its rights and powers, as against French contestants, the French canal company has no Colombian franchise to sell, the extension of the original franchise under which it now claims having been obtained in an unconstitutional way. It is perfectly true that the extension was not sanctioned by the Colombian Congress, as by the Constitution of 1886 it should have been. At the time, however, when the extension was granted, by Dr. Marroquin, who had usurped the executive power on August 7, 1898, and who on July 31, 1900, headed a revolution by which the legitimate President, Dr. Sanclemente, was imprisoned, Colombia had been declared in a state of siege. Now the Constitution of 1886 authorizes the Executive to make such a declaration, and, so long as the state of siege shall last, to exercise the law-making power. As the extension of the French franchise rests on the provisions just named, the Colombian Liberals hold that it is worthless, for they point out that the President who was contemplated by the Constitution, and to whom such large powers were delegated, was a constitutionally elected President, and not a usurping one. The extension of the French franchise, they say, is irremediably tainted by the donor's lack of title. Even should this be admitted, it does not follow that the United States should refuse to purchase the French company's property and rights, including a quit-claim of their franchise, whatever that may be worth; and proceed to complete the waterway under a franchise of our own, procured directly from Colombia.

But, it may be said, is not the original disqualification of the Marroquin government, from a constitutional point of view, a continuous disqualification? Is not the *de facto* Marroquin government as incompetent to grant us a valid new franchise as it was to grant a valid extension of the old franchise to the French canal company? Is not the validity of any franchise emanating from such a source certain to be denied by the Colombian Liberals, should they ever succeed in overthrowing the usurping government and re-establishing the Constitution of 1886, or in substituting for that instrument another organic law? The Marroquin government seems to recognize its present incapacity to enter into a binding compact, by insisting that the canal franchise desired by the United States must receive the sanction of a Congress yet to be elected. Would a Congress convoked by a usurping government, and elected while the country is in a state of siege, be recognized as a constitutional body by the Colombian Liberals? The question answers itself. It is, in fine, impossible for the present Bogota government, which has merely been recognized by us as a government *de facto*, to grant us a canal franchise which would be unassailable on constitutional grounds. Neither can it be disputed that the Bogota government has been guilty of bad faith towards the United States in the secret treaty which it concluded with Chili on January 17, of the present year, whereby it granted to that Power perpetual privileges on the Isthmus incompatible with the rights and duties belonging to us under the Treaty of 1846, as construed by our State Department, or with the rights and duties upon which we should insist as constructors and operators of an interoceanic waterway.

We have said that we do not regard these objections as insurmountable. In dealing with Latin-American governments we must make the best of a bad business, and take the nearest approach to a good title that we can get. If we wait for a franchise giving us the right to open up a waterway across the American Isthmus until we can procure one from a government absolutely free from reproach on the score of constitutionality, or of duplicity and perfidy, we might have to postpone the construction of the canal to the Greek kalends. We certainly should find no such government in Nicaragua, in Ecuador, or in Peru; nay, the government of Chili itself is notoriously the outcome of an oligarchical revolution. If we really intend to build a trans-Isthmian canal, and to select the best route for it, we must look facts in the face, and accept the best title we can get, relying on ourselves to deal with future disputants of our authority, whether the challenge shall come from Chili or from Colombian revolutionists. No serious trouble need be apprehended from either quarter.

President Woodrow Wilson and Princeton University

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Not only Princeton, but the world of scholars, and the country, is to be congratulated on the noble address with which President Woodrow Wilson distinguished his entrance into his high office. Not in many years has the president of any of our large universities sounded so high a note, or stood on so high a plane of idealism and scholarship. The new president of Princeton has put a mark upon his times, and has uttered a spiritual word of protest against some of the materialism which has recently tainted not a few academic celebrations.

In the day when university authorities are reckoning the value of education wholly by its utilities in the world of endeavor for money, and when the defence of the humanities is usually left to one or two of the small colleges, the words of President Wilson are a stimulating announcement that in their battle for the retention of the pre-eminence of their studies the mind and soul are not wholly abandoned by our larger institutions. We have heard so much from the business office of the modern scholar, in behalf of the degradation of scholarship to the uses of trade, that an address "smelling of the lamp" reveals to us the happy fact that there are still scholars who work in libraries and studies.

President Wilson emphasizes the general education of the college of arts and letters. Princeton, to his mind, is to render a public, not a private service. It is to prepare the minds of those who seek an education for the larger wisdom, upon which foundation rests even the specialization that accomplishes most for the world. "In such a place as this," he said, "we have charge not of men's fortune, but of their spirits. This is not the place in which to teach men their specific tasks—except their tasks be those of scholarship and investigation; it is the place in which to teach them the relations which all tasks bear to the work of the world." He holds that the college of arts and letters, which confers the A.B. degree upon those who successfully accomplish its curriculum, that this old college, so dear to tens of thousands of educated Americans, holds the essential spirit of the whole university. In this school of undergraduates lies, too, the potency of fine achievements in the professional schools beyond. "We seek in our general education," said he, "not universal knowledge, but the opening up of the mind to a catholic appreciation of the best achievements of men and the best processes of thought since days of thought set in. We seek to apprise young men of what has been settled and made sure of, of the thinking that has been carried through and made an end of. We seek to set them securely forward at the point at which the

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mind of the race has definitively arrived, and save them the trouble of attempting the journey over again, so that they may know from the outset what relation their own thought and effort bear to what the world has already done."

In another part of his address he speaks of the necessity of withdrawal from the world during the period when the standards are being learned, and the ideals set up in the mind of youth. "Men must for a little while," he said, "withdraw from action, and must seek some quiet place remote from the bustle of affairs, where their thoughts may run clear and tranquil, and the heats of business be for a time put off." In these words we have the essence of the liberally educated spirit. In the discipline of the mathematics, in the serviceable "age and completeness" of the Greek and Latin, the mind not only takes "fibre, facility, strength, adaptability, certainty of touch," but receives what has been "the food of the mind for long generations." It learns also the longevity of thought, the age of ideals, the early birth and long persistence of the spiritual side of man. It enters the world, from the college cloister, with the humility that is the homage due to the lives of our intellectual ancestors which stretches back into the remotest shadows of early historic times. The education in what has been done in arts, in letters, in natural sciences, and the training in the art of expression in clear, vigorous, idiomatic English—these are the liberalizing and ennobling subjects of the teachers and scholars of the college which confers the A.B. degree. For the scholar for scholarship's sake, for the teacher, for the American who hopes to add to the literature of our language, these studies are essential; for the professional man, and the specialist in applied sciences, they are needed if he is to be the completely rounded man,—the man who is to know the relation of his own achievements to the achievements of the past; for him who is not to be scholar, or specialist, or teacher, or writer, they are rich in intellectual and spiritual inspiration, and cannot but make his life the happier and the more ennobling. Exceptional men there are who attain a high mental and spiritual position without the advantages which are essential to the completion of the less fortunate natural man; but the course of education which in this country has led to the Bachelor's degree has thus far been one of the richest blessings of the country, blossoming and bearing fruit in our elder pulpit and bar, and in the best of our literature.

There are those who would shorten the time prescribed for the earning of this degree, but President Wilson is not one of them. Every experiment in this direction is distinctly a degradation of the degree. Some universities demand the diploma as a condition precedent to entrance to their professional schools, and then make the condition cheaper by shortening the course for the degree to three years. In every instance the plea is that in a five years' college course too much time is devoted to education before entrance into professional or utilitarian studies. For those who desire to or who must hasten the time for beginning their daily tasks, the A.B. degree may well be omitted. It would be better for them to pursue the studies which lead to it, but if they have not the time to do so, why should their necessities be permitted to destroy the significance of the degree, or prevent others from walking leisurely to its dignified and appropriate attainment? Why should he who wishes to be a true Bachelor of Arts, to be a scholar merely, to be a teacher of arts and letters, to be a historian, or a poet, or generally a man of letters be debarred from the privilege of the full four years of quiet intercourse with books and scholars in the college cloister, in order that some of his compatriots may rush to their material, money-earning, work? Surely the earner of money, the carver of material success, is not to be despised; but are his needs to trammel the no less honorable and praiseworthy scholar?

To the nation's service President Wilson dedicates the scholar of Princeton,—the scholar bred in the humanities for four years, or lingering in their stimulating society during his professional studies, or in the pleasant graduate college which is promised. It was especially fitting, therefore, that the exercises at his inauguration, which his own address so greatly distinguishes, should be further graced and emphasized by ex-President Cleveland, who delivered the word of welcome for the trustees of the university, of whom he is one. As time goes on his figure looms up in larger and larger proportions, and he never emerges from his customary retirement to address his fellow-countrymen that he does not utter the thought of sanity and wisdom. It was so on Princeton's great day—a day to be long remembered in the annals of the fortunate university, and in the world of American learning, for the noble pleas then made in behalf of liberal culture, spacious scholarship, and elevated patriotism.

Prof. Jenks on Dependencies

By John Finlay

FIFTEEN years ago I knew a young professor of political economy and "cognate branches" beginning his career in the "dismal science" in a small Western college. The only politico-economic question of vital importance in those ante-trust and ante-imperialistic days was that of the tariff; and it was an occasion of disappointment to the students that the young professor never divulged his own opinion, so desirous was he of presenting both sides fairly. It is that fairness which has given him one essential qualification for his great public service in recent years, for he is now at the head of the department of political and social science in Cornell University, and has frequently been called in by the State and national governments, as well as by private bodies, to advise or arbitrate upon nearly every matter of recent public interest. He was an adviser to the Congressional Industrial Commission: he assisted in the coal-strike arbitration of 1900; he was sent to observe the habits of trusts in Europe; and now he has just returned from a world-tour in which he has studied first-hand the problems of the government of dependencies, in Egypt, Ceylon, India, Burma, the Malay Peninsula, Java, and the Philippines. I had a day's conversation with him shortly after his return, and I now have his report to the War Department which has just been made public. I summarize, without quotation marks, the conclusions and suggestions of the conversation and report as of exceeding interest to Americans at the present time:

What motives prompt the European States to keep their colonies?

Both the English and Dutch affirm that they are governing their colonies for the good of the colonies themselves; the benefit to the home colony is indirect; the added prestige which comes from the control of colonies, and the added wealth which is secured through the development of trade. Holland at one time did derive large financial returns from Java, but there is now little reason to charge that she is not keeping fully in mind the interests of the Javanese in her government of Java.

Then it is not true that these colonies are held largely or chiefly because they furnish high-salaried places for Europeans?

No; it is little less than ridiculous to consider this a predominant motive. And we ought not to overlook the general high character and efficiency of both the English and Dutch officials. They have even among the natives a reputation for rigid honesty, truthfulness, and justness. The chief obstacle among Orientals to the establishment of self-government is not a lack of intelligence, but rather of trustworthiness and truthfulness; this lack the European supplies.

What, then, specifically, are the aims of England and Holland in their dependencies?

First of all to keep the peace between the tribes, to stop internal wars, which prevent industrial development and which result in injustice and oppression. Second, to protect the common people against the native rulers; and, third, to protect the natives against Europeans and foreign Orientals, especially the Chinese. In all these both the English and the Dutch have been in a very high degree successful.

But does this ample and constant protection allow any training in self-government?

It is the aim of these officials, as just intimated, to give the natives good government rather than to train them in self-government. Still, the English have done much in many places and in certain ways, especially through education so far as it tends to train for self-government.

But does this education really help greatly to that end?

It is held by some of the more experienced English officials that education has not followed the best lines; they think that it should be more industrial in its nature, and that effort should be made to cause the people to feel that labor is not degrading; but it is doubtful if in India physical labor is ever likely to be looked upon with favor by any who have had a higher education. And while in Java the Dutch are moving forward in the direction of popular education, it cannot be said that it is given with any intention of fitting the people for self-government.

I have supposed that a considerable degree of local self-government was granted.

This has been tried, but, generally speaking, the result of this experiment has not been considered successful. Here and there an English official is found who thinks that the plan is a good one, and that it actually has good results, but practically no English official thinks that the natives are ready for local self-government in any important matters without the immediate guidance of an Englishman, and also without the retention by the central government of the power of setting aside in cases of emergency the acts of the local government. With scarcely an important exception, natives as well as English are of the opinion that India has not yet reached the stage of self-government by natives, even in local affairs.

This seems to give us but little hope in our Philippine problem.

Yet nowhere in either the English or the Dutch or the French colonies in the Orient is as much conceded in the way of self-government as has already been freely granted to the native Filipinos.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great mind has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.

—*Emerson.*

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The Molineux Case

THERE are crimes in which good men must take an interest. As members of society it is their duty to watch the enforcement of the criminal law, and prevent encroachments on the constitutional right of their fellow-members to be deemed innocent until legally proven guilty. The law continues to declare that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be put to death. A man not legally proven guilty must be regarded as innocent in the eye of the law. Every member of society is necessarily concerned, therefore, in the methods by which prosecutors seek to obtain an adjudication of guilt.

Back of this concern rests the enduring instinct of self-preservation, which makes society demand the blood of the blood-shedder. No individual has a right to demand his blood; the social compact relieves the individual of that awful responsibility. But the individual must still, in justice to himself and to his accused brother, scrutinize the methods by which society seeks the latter's life. The Court of Appeals of the State of New York decided, October 15, 1901, that the methods by which Mr. Roland Burnham Molineux was found guilty, February 9, 1900, of sending through the mails the cyanide of mercury which killed Mrs. Katherine J. Adams, December 29, 1898, were not proper.

One year, to the day, elapsed after this decision of the Court of Appeals before Mr. Molineux was again put on trial in the Criminal Court House in the city of New York. In that year he was in the eye of the law an innocent man.

A succession of notable poison murders in New York city has enriched criminal annals, and furnished to another Dumas ample material for another monumental book on *Celebrated Crimes*. The difficulties in the path of the poisoner increase year by year, for to the drug which slays science continually antagonizes the drug which saves. As organization eliminates casualty from human life, the poisoner must be more and more an advanced scientist in order to carry through his enterprise to success. If the theory of original sin be correct, there will be a poisoner born regularly among every 20,000, say, of human beings. He will probably continue to pursue medicine, which means chemistry, as a favorite study. The medical man's temptations are startling. Of those who have yielded to them the names readily recur of Drs. Vermeil and de la Pommeraye, of Paris; Drs. Palmer, Pritchard, Cream, and Lamson, of England; Dr. Beaurigard, of Buenos Ayres; Dr. Freitas, of Lisbon; Dr. Eotvos, of Hungary; and, in the United States, Drs. Buchanan, Carlyle Harris, and Henry C. Meyer, of New York; Dr. John P. Baker, of Virginia; Dr. Thatcher Graves, of Rhode Island; Dr. John R. Hatch, of New Hampshire; Dr. William H. Lipscomb, of Georgia; and Dr. Herman Mudgett, *alias* Holmes. Dr. Webster killed Professor Parkman, at Cambridge, without recourse to poison—the scientist's pet weapon. The crimes of Dr. William T. Durrant in San Francisco and of Dr. Arthur Duestrow in St. Louis were likewise non-professional. The trials of Dr. Kennedy for murder in New York resulted once in conviction, next in no verdict. He will not be tried again, nor will Mr. Molineux, if the trial now in progress results similarly. The cost of his first trial has been put at $175,000 in the aggregate, of which $30,000 was for witness fees. These sums do not include the expenditures of General Molineux, whose heroic figure in the midst of so much that was vile and venal has thrown an atmosphere of devotion, self-denial, and romance about the case of his son.

Of the witness fees, estimated at $30,000, a large part went for handwriting experts at the first trial. They were all called by the prosecution, and of one of them, whose identity might readily be established, Justice John Woodward, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, related in a paper on "Expert Evidence," in the *North American Review* for October, an incident so startling as to justify the course of counsel for the defence in calling no witnesses to meet such testimony.

The original poisoner's favorite was arsenic, an indestructible mineral, a grain of which can be detected in the carcass of a whale. Scientific analysis quickly rendered arsenic unsafe for an expert. Besides, the Borgias—before they and Tiberius were rehabilitated—had given arsenic a bad name. Only ignorant poisoners use it nowadays. The correct method is to administer a drug which will produce symptoms ordinarily diagnosticated as indicating the presence of some well-known disease, or to give a combination of poisons each one of which masks the symptoms produced by the other. This last is the course said to have been pursued by Dr. Buchanan, who was executed July 2, 1895, for murdering his wife by giving her morphine and atropine. Morphine contracts the pupils and produces stupor, atropine dilates the pupils and induces delirium. The idea was clever. Yet there are medical men who say Dr. Buchanan never conceived such an idea, but gave his sick wife morphine and atropine because he thought they would help her to get well. The perilously narrow line between medicine and murder is at once in evidence.

Professor Beaurigard, of Buenos Ayres, is said to have been an ornament of the Ecole de Medicine in the Argentine capital in 1894. After Dr. Beaurigard's sudden death, which an autopsy showed to have come from hydrocyanic acid self-administered, the doctor's butler confessed to having served to the gentlemen who dined at Dr. Beaurigard's table, *morituri, crème de menthe*, which had been iced under the doctor's personal supervision. The ice contained cholera germs. The guests went away, and in due time died of cholera, which, in a South-American seaport, excited no special wonder. The doctor was not investigating cholera; he was simply experimenting in advanced poisoning. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* was his motto.

Arsenic and the other mineral poisons having been discarded, an unlimited prospect opened before the homicidal scientist who followed the researches of Koch and his *confrères*. A germ isolated, named, and bottled meant a new and most ingenious instrument of death. It is quite unnecessary to pursue so painful a line of thought. The ease with which a malevolent connoisseur might bring about "natural" deaths is shocking to contemplate. It is with a sense of relief that the student of the subject may recall the difficulty of inventing an absolutely new poison, whose chemical reactions cannot be found in the books, and whose symptoms — even though they may not counterfeit those of recognized diseases, are yet so novel that they cannot be classified and labelled.

No difficulty is, however, too arduous to be overcome by a sincere votary of science. Dr. Freitas, of Lisbon, was just such an indefatigable devotee. With a hypodermic syringe he gave several wealthy valetudinarians of his clientele gentle reminders that the Abyssinians used a vegetable poison as yet unknown to European scientists. He was the only one, at least, about whose acquaintance with it he was certain. When the police finally came, Dr. Freitas went away.

Dr. Palmer seems to have taken all the education he could get, even in England. He was the pioneer strychnine poisoner. His mind, judiciously sharpened by courses of both law and medicine—the latter was his favorite—Dr. Palmer saw the folly of minerals. He chose the active principle of nux vomica, and decided that, slowly absorbed into the human system, it would bring about a maximum of fatal result with a minimum of attending suspicion. He had a pretty country place, and he could see nux vomica growing, like any other pretty green thing, almost any time he chose to walk through his woods. Murderers do not love to walk the woods after a certain act has been consummated, as Dickens clearly shows in *Martin Chuzzlewit;* the trees take on an unpleasant fashion of pointing and beckoning. And Dickens thoroughly understood the psychological aspects of murder, as he demonstrated in *Bleak House*. But to walk the woods and ponder the concept before it becomes overt act implies a certain fearful delight. Eugene Aram knew it.

Dr. Palmer became impatient after a while; he would not wait for the drug to be slowly and naturally absorbed. He gave a friend named Cook preposterously large doses, and when Cook complained of pain, Palmer reminded Cook how often he had warned him against "drinking too much."

The late William F. Howe, who defended in court many persons accused of homicide, used to say that Carlyle Harris—who would have been a doctor had he lived—was one of the cleverest young men he ever knew professionally. The plan conceived and—according to the prosecution—carried out by Harris was to give his young wife a box of pills all but one of which contained a proper and innocent quantity of morphine, a simple sedative. When the murderous pill had done its work, the harmless ones were to remain to disarm suspicion. What power so directed the allotment that the fatal pill should be the last taken?

Harris was so ready-witted—although he did exclaim when he heard of Helen Potts (Harris's) death: "My God! what will become of me?"—that able lawyers thought he might have been acquitted had he taken the witness stand. The current opinion of to-day is that if the accused has ability, he ought to be sworn as a witness in his own defence, whether he be innocent or guilty. If innocent, the jury will speedily find it out; if guilty, he may prevent the jury's finding it out.

When Dr. George Henry Lamson fed aconite capsules to Percy John, in 1882, in England, he calmly admitted that he was giving him medicine. But when the medicine resulted in murder, Dr. Lamson set up the defence that John had died of ptomaine poisoning. It was all very ingenious. But it ended on the scaffold. This is believed to be the début of the ptomaine in a court of law.

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream was over-generous with capsules of strychnine and opium to the music-hall women of London. The two drugs helped to conceal each other. Dr. Henry C. Meyer, who is serving a life sentence for murder in the second degree, gave tartarized antimony in doses so small as to cause the natural symptoms of dysentery.

The prosecution's theory of the Molineux case is that the accused sent a bottle of bromo-seltzer and a bottle-holder—to give it a gift aspect—to H. S. Cornish through the mail. Into the bottle of bromo-seltzer a fatal quantity of cyanide of mercury had been placed. Instead of drinking the bromo-seltzer himself, Cornish gave it to his landlady, who died almost at once. The first trial, before Recorder Goff, lasted fifty-one days.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. Storer Clouston

PART VII

MONSIEUR SAVES A FRIEND, AND THE CONSPIRACY ADVANCES

THAT evening, when I came to meditate in solitude upon the appeal I purposed to make, my confidence began to evaporate in the most uncomfortable manner.

"Ah, well; Providence must guide me," I said to myself at last. And in a way that



I am sufficiently old-fashioned — superstitious—call it what you will—to think more than mere coincidence, Providence responded to my faith. I could scarcely guess that my friend, the old General, who came in to smoke a pipe with me, was an agent employed by Heaven, but so he proved.

He was all sympathy, and told me the story of Dick's elder brother, who had married unfortunately, thus explaining the father's distaste for Dick's plan.

The next morning broke very cold and gray. We were well advanced in December, and the frost was making us his first visit for the winter; indeed, it was cold enough to give Miss Daisy the opportunity of looking charming in a fur coat when I met her at the station. Dick came to see us off, and I must admit that I felt more responsibility than I quite liked in seeing the cheerful confidence he reposed in me.

"It is but a chance that I can do anything," I reminded him. "I may fail."

"No fear," he replied. "I expect a pardon by return of post. By-the-way, we got the manor of Helmscote in Edward the Third's time—Edward the Third, remember—and the baronetcy after Blenheim. The governor doesn't object to be reminded of that kind of thing if you do it neatly. But you know the trick."

"I should rather depend on your sister's eloquence," I suggested.

"Oh, she's like me; can't stand on her hind legs and catch cake," laughed Dick. "We are plain English."

"Not so very plain," I said to myself, glancing at my travelling companion's fresh little face nestling in a collar of fur.

At last we alighted at a little way-side station in the heart of the country, and were soon approaching the house.

"I think it will be best if we leave you in the garden," Daisy said, "while I go in and find mother."

"Yes, I think it will be wise," I answered.

She took out a key and opened the door in the wall, and I found myself in an old flower-garden screened by a high hedge of evergreens at the further end.

"Give me my coat and bag," she said. "Many thanks for carrying them. Now just wait here. I shall be as quick as I can."

I lit a cigar and began to pace the gravel path, keeping myself concealed behind the bushes as far as I could.

"I know Dick better since I have seen his home," I said to myself. "And his sister? Yes, I think I know her better, too, though not so well as I should like to. Pardieu! what has become of her?"

"Well, sir," said a voice behind me, "what are you doing there?"

I turned with a start, my grip of the wall, where I had climbed for a better view, slipped, and with more precipitation than grace I descended to the garden again, to find myself confronted by a decidedly formidable individual. He was a gentleman of something over sixty years of age, but tall and broad and upright far beyond the common, and even though his left arm was in a sling of black silk I should not have cared to try conclusions with him. His face was ruddy and fresh, his features aristocratic and well marked, his eyes blue and very bright, and he was dressed in a shooting suit and leather leggings. The air of proprietorship, the wounded left arm, and the family resemblance left me in no doubt as to who he was. I was, in fact, about to enjoy the interview with Sir Philip Shafthead for the sake of which I had entered his garden.

Yet, strange though it may seem, gratitude for this stroke of good luck was not my first sensation.

"Who the devil are you, and what are you doing here, sir?" he repeated, sternly.

He had not heard of my arrival, then, and on the instant the thought struck me that since he did not know who I was, I might make the experiment of feigning ignorance of him.

"I address a fellow-guest of Sir Philip's, no doubt?" I said, with as easy an air as possible.

"Fellow-guest!" he repeated. "Do you mean to pretend that you are visiting Helmscote?"

"I am about to; though I confess to you, sir, that Sir Philip is at present unaware of my intention."

"Indeed?" said he.

"Yes," I said. "You are doubtless a friend of Sir Philip's, sir?"

He emitted something that was between a laugh and an exclamation.

"More or less," he replied. "And who are you?"

"My name is d'Haricot, and I am a friend of his son, Dick Shafthead."

He started perceptibly, and looked at me with a different expression.

"I have heard your name," he said.

"As you are staying at Helmscote, you have no doubt heard of Dick's imprudence?" I went on, boldly.

"I have," he replied, shortly. "Have you come to see Sir Philip about that?"

"Yes," I said. "I have travelled down with Miss Shafthead this morning; she left me here for a short time while she went in to see her parents. No wonder, sir, that Dick is so attached to his home!"

"Yet, as you are aware, he has run away from it," said the baronet, dryly.

"Ah," I said, "you have doubtless heard the father's view of the escapade. Will you let me tell you the son's, while I am waiting?"

"Had you not better keep this for Sir Philip — that is, if he consents to hear you?"

"No," I said, eagerly. "I have no secrets to tell, and if I can persuade you that Dick has some excuse for his conduct, perhaps you, too, might say a word to Sir Philip in his favor."

"It is unlikely," said the baronet; "but go on."

At that moment I spied Daisy entering the garden, though fortunately her father's back was towards her. Swiftly I made a signal for her to go away, and after an instant's astonished pause she turned and slipped quietly out again. I had been given a better chance than I had dared to hope for.

"Sir," I began, "I must tell you, in the first place, that there is this to be said for Dick Shafthead—and it is an argument he is too generous to use himself—he took counsel of a friend, who, perhaps rashly, urged him to follow the dictates of his heart."

"Indeed?" said the baronet.

"Yes; I can answer for it, because I was that friend; and that is one of the reasons why I was so eager to plead for him with Sir Philip."

"It sounds a damned poor one," said he. "May I ask why you advised a son to rebel against his father?"

"If I had thought his father would regard his marrying the girl he loved as an act of rebellion, I might—though I do not say I would—have advised him otherwise. But he had told me that Sir Philip was a man of great sense and understanding; therefore I argued that he would not take a narrow or prejudiced—"

"Prejudiced!" he exclaimed.

"Or a prejudiced view of his son's conduct. I knew he was a good churchman; therefore, as a follower of a carpenter's son, he could not seriously let any blemish on a girl's pedigree stand between his son and himself. Besides, he was so highly placed that an alliance with his family would be sufficient to ennoble. Furthermore, as he loves his son, he would wish for nothing so much as his happiness. Lastly, being a great gentleman, Sir Philip would give a lady's case every consideration."

But at this the baronet's feelings could no longer be contained.

"By God, sir!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say you preached this damnable sermon to my—Dick Shafthead?"

I had not preached this sermon, nor anything very much like it; but these were undoubtedly the arguments I ought to have used.

"I argued from what he had told me of his father," I replied. "If I am incorrect



in my estimate of Sir Philip; if he is not a Christian, a gentleman, an affectionate father, and a man of sense,—then, indeed, I reasoned wrongly."

At this thrust beneath his guard Sir Philip was silent, and I hastened to follow up my attack.

"Another argument I used—and it seemed to me the strongest—was this: that as Dick had told me of the deep affection Sir Philip felt for Lady Shafthead, I knew his father had a heart which could love a woman devotedly, and he had but to turn

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back the pages of his own life to find himself reading the same words as his son."

"Sir Philip loved a lady of his own degree and station," he answered.

"And Dick a relative of that lady," I said. "A girl with the same blood in her veins, and a character which no one can impeach. Can Sir Philip?"

"Her character is beside the point," said he.

"Dick's father would not say so of his son's wife," I retorted.

"Well, sir, if it is any satisfaction to you, I may tell you that you have already discharged your task. I am Sir Philip Shafthead."

"What!" I exclaimed, in simulated surprise. "Then I must indeed ask your pardon for the freedom with which I have spoken. My affection for your son is my only excuse."



"He is fortunate in his friends, sir," said Sir Philip, though with precisely what significance I could not be sure. "You will now have luncheon with us, I hope."

We walked in silence to the house, and entered the drawing-room. There he left me.

In a few moments Daisy and her mother entered and I was introduced to Lady Shafthead, who said, with a smile,

"Sir Philip has written to Dick."

"He is forgiven?" I cried.

"He is told to come home."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

My face fell for a little, but Lady Shafthead's air reassured me.

"For the present, at all events, alone," she said.

"And may the present be brief!" I replied. "And now his ambassador must regretfully return to town."

"Oh, but you are staying with us, I hope," said Lady Shafthead.

"With one collar, a tweed suit, and no razors?"

"Can't you send for your things?" suggested Daisy.

And that is precisely what I did.

The next day the prodigal returned and had a long interview with his stern parent. At the end of it he joined me in the smoking-room.

"Well?" I asked.

"An armistice is declared," said Dick. "For six months the matter is not to be mentioned."

"And that is all?"

"All at present."

"But six months, Dick! Can you wait?"

"Call it three weeks," said Dick. "I know the limit to the governor's patience. He never let a matter remain unsettled for one month in his life."

He filled his pipe deliberately, standing with his legs wide apart and his broad back to the fire, while an expression of amused satisfaction gathered upon his good-looking countenance.

"I say," he remarked, abruptly. "Don't think I'm ungrateful. You did the trick, monsieur, and I won't forget it."

As he said this he turned his back to me and took a match-box from the mantelshelf, as though he had merely made a casual remark about the weather, but by this time I knew the value of such undemonstrative British thanks.

At that time there was no one else staying in the house, so that when I sat down at dinner that night, one of a friendly company of five, I felt almost as though I was a member of the family. And the Shafthead, on their part, seemed bent on increasing this illusion. Once I cheerfully alluded to my exile—cheerfully because at that moment the thought had no sting.

"An exile?" said Lady Shafthead, smiling at me as a good mother might smile. "Not here, surely. You must not feel yourself an exile here."

And, indeed, I did not. For the first time since I landed in this country, I felt no trace of strangeness, but almost as though I had begun to take root in the soil. Circumstances had not enabled me to enjoy any family life since I was a boy, and had I been given at that moment a free pardon and a ticket to Paris, I should have said: "Wait, please, for a few months, till I discover to which nation I really do belong. Here I am at home. Perhaps, if I return, I should now be lonely."

At what hour that night I woke I cannot say; but I felt I had not been long asleep, and that something must have aroused me. The fire had burned low, but a long beam of moonlight still fell across my bed and made a patch of light on the opposite wall. Suddenly it was obscured, and at the same moment I most distinctly heard a noise—a noise at the window. I turned on my pillow with that curious sensation in my breast that by the metaphysical may easily be distinguished from exhilaration. I had left the curtains a little apart with an oblong of blind showing light between them. Now there was a dark body moving stealthily either before or behind this.

For a moment I lay still, then, with a spring so violent as almost to suggest that I had exercised some compulsion upon my movements, I leaped out of bed. The next instant the body had disappeared, and I heard a scraping noise, apparently on the outside wall. I rushed to the window and drew aside the blind. The casement was certainly open, but then I had left it so. I put out my head and looked carefully over the garden. Not a movement anywhere; not a sound. I waited for a time, but nothing more happened, and then I went to bed again, first, I confess, closing and fastening the window; and in a little while the whole incident was lost in oblivion.

With the prosaic entry of daylight and a servant to fill my bath, I began to wonder whether the whole thing was not a dream, and, in fact, I had almost persuaded myself that this was the case when I spied, lying on the floor below the window, a slip of paper. It was folded and addressed in pencil to "M. d'Haricot, confidential." I opened it, and read these words:

"Beware how you betray! Lumme also is watched. Therefore be faithful, if it is not too late!"

"What the devil!" I said to myself, after reading these incomprehensible words two or three times. "Is this a practical joke—or can it be from—?" I hastily turned the scrap over, looked at it upside down, and against the light, but no, there was no mark to give me a clew.

So meaningless did the warning seem, that before the day was far spent it had ceased to trouble me.

We had been shooting pheasants. The guns in front passed out through a gate into a lane, and I was just following them when a man stepped from the shadow of a hedge and said to me,

"A gentleman would speak to you."

I looked at him in astonishment.

He was an absolute stranger, and his manner was serious and impressive. Beyond him, in the opposite direction from that in which my friends had turned, stood a covered carriage, with another man wrapped in a cloak a few paces in front of it, and a third individual holding the horses' heads.

"That is the gentleman," added the stranger, indicating the man in the cloak.

In considerable surprise I turned towards the carriage.

"M. d'Haricot," said the shrouded individual.

"M. le Marquis!" I cried, in astonishment.

It was indeed none other than he whom I have before mentioned under the name of F. 11, secretary of the League, conspirator by instinct and profession, by rank and name the Marquis de la Carrabasse.

"What are you doing here, my dear Marquis?" I exclaimed.

He regarded me with a fixed and searching expression.

"The hour is ripe," he said. "The mo-



I leaped out of bed

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ment has come to strike! Here is my carriage. Come!"

For a moment I was too astonished to reply. Then, in a reasonable tone, I said,

"Pardon, Marquis, but I must first take leave of my hosts."

"You cannot."

"That is to be seen," I replied, losing my temper a little.

Before I could make a movement the Marquis was covering me with a revolver, and



from the corner of my eye I could see that the man who had first spoken to me had drawn one too.

"Enter the carriage," said the Marquis. "I do not trust you."

"Since you give me no alternative between a somewhat prolonged rest in this ditch and the pleasure of your society, I shall choose the latter," I replied, with as light an air as possible. "But I warn you, Marquis, that this conduct requires an explanation."

He continued to look sternly at me, holding his revolver to my head, but making no reply, while, in as easy a fashion as possible, I strolled up to the carriage.

Then, to my surprise, I saw that they had employed one of the beaters to hold their horses, a man whom I recognized at once as having carried my cartridge-bag.

"You may go now," said the Marquis to this man, handing him coin. "And for your own sake be silent!"

I could have laughed aloud at the delightful simplicity of thus hiring a stranger at random to aid in an abduction and then expecting him to keep his counsel, had I not seen in it an omen of further failures. So certain was I that the news of my departure would now reach Helmscote before night, that I did not even trouble to send a message by him.

The man who had first spoken to me jumped upon the box and took the reins, the Marquis and I entered the carriage, and through the dusk of that winter evening I was carried off from Helmscote.

"Now, M. le Marquis," I said, sternly, "have the goodness to explain your words and conduct to me."

He looked at me intently for a moment and then answered,

"On your honor, are you still faithful?"

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"Lumme has not betrayed us?"

"Lumme!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, and then suddenly remembered the warning paper. "Did you throw that paper into my bed-room?"

"An agent threw it for me. Did you obey the warning?"

"Again I must ask for an explanation. What has M. Lumme to do with it and what do you suspect me of?"

"M. Lumme is in the English Foreign Office," said the Marquis, with emphasis.

"And you suspect me of having betrayed my cause to him? On my honor, monsieur, even were I inclined to treason, I should as soon think of confiding in that man whom you so rashly employed to hold your horses!"

"Sir Shafthead is in the English government," said the Marquis, unmoved by my sarcasm.

"Sir Philip Shafthead was at one time a member of Parliament, but is so no longer. But what of that?"

"You have told him nothing?"

"I have not."

"You have been watched," said he. "Every movement you have made is known to me."

"And why?" I exclaimed. "Why should you think it necessary to watch me?"

"Why did you not send me any report yourself?"

"You did not ask for one."

"I had not the honor to be informed of your address," said he.

"I wrote to you as soon as I was settled in London, and to this day have never received a reply!"

"You wrote?" he exclaimed, with some sign of disturbance.

"I did," I repeated, and I quoted some words I remembered, from my letter.

"Pardon!" said the Marquis, "I do remember now receiving that letter, but I must have mislaid it, and certainly forgot that you had written."

"And, having forgotten an important communication, you proceed to suspect me of treason! This is excellent, M. le Marquis!"

"My dear friend," he replied, in an agitated voice, "you then assure me I was wrong in mistrusting you?"

"Absolutely!"

"Pardon me, my friend! I am overwhelmed with confusion!"

He was so genuinely distressed, and the sincerity of his contrition was so apparent, that what could I do but forgive him? But what carelessness, what waste of time in dogging the steps of a friend, what indications of mismanagement at every turn! And even at that moment I was apparently embarked under this leader upon some secret and hazardous undertaking. Well, there was nothing for it but to do my best so far as I was concerned.

"Ah, here is the station," said he. "The train should now be almost due."

"Train for London, sir?" said the porter. "Gone ten minutes ago. No, sir, no more trains to-night."

"Peste!" cried the Marquis. "Ah, well, my friend, we must look for some lodging for the night."

"But perhaps we might catch a train at another station," I suggested.

Yes, by driving ten miles we could just catch an express.

"Bravo!" said the Marquis. "You are full of ideas, my dear d'Haricot."

"And you?" I said to myself, with a shrug.

We arrived just in time, and on the platform were joined by our driver.

"Let me introduce Mr. Hankey," said the Marquis.

So this was the elusive Hankey. Well, I shall not take the trouble to describe him. Imagine a scoundrel, and you have his portrait. I was thankful he did not travel in the same compartment with us, but evidently regarded himself as in an inferior position.

"You trust that man implicitly?" I asked the Marquis, when we had started.

"Implicitly!" he replied, with emphasis.

"I do not," I said to myself.

By ten o'clock that night I was seated with the Marquis de la Carrabasse in my own rooms, thinking, I must confess, not so much of politics and dynasties as of the friends I had just lost for who could say how long.

The Marquis de la Carrabasse, secretary of the U. D. T. League, and known in their circle as F. 11, enters this history so near its end that I shall not stop to give a prolonged account of him. Yet he was a person so remarkable as to merit a few words of description.

He was a man for whom I could not but entertain a lively affection. Of medium height and slender figure, he had a large, well-shaped nose, a black mustache tinged with gray, whose vigorously upward curl had a deceptively truculent air at first sight, and a splendid dark eye at times piercing and bright, and at others dreamy as the eye of a somnambulist. Add to this a man-



ner naturally courteous and simple, which, however, he was in the habit of artificially altering to one of decision and mystery when he thought the rôle he was playing suited this transfiguration, and you have the Marquis de la Carrabasse, so far as I can sketch him.

We had only just seated ourselves in my room, when Halfred entered, beaming with pleasure at the prospect of seeing me again.

"'Appy to see you back, sir," he began,

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joyfully. "A most hunexpected pleasure, sir. I thought as 'ow you wasn't comin' till hafter the festivities of Christmas, sir."

But at this point his eye fell upon my friend, the Marquis, and his expression changed in the drollest manner. Halfred's British prejudices had become adjusted to me by this time, but evidently the very appearance of this stranger was altogether too foreign for him. He became abnormally solemn, and handed me a budget of letters that had come this evening with no further comment, while his eye plainly said, "Have a care what company you keep!"

In the mean time my guest had been regarding him with a rapt and thoughtful gaze, and now he said, in the most execrable English,

"Vill you please get me a bread or biskeet?"

"Bread, sir?" replied Halfred, starting and looking hard at him. "Slice of 'am with it?"

"What did he say?" the Marquis asked me, in French.

I explained.

"Ah, yes, some pork; certain! Vich it vill also quite good and so to be."

What he meant by this riddle I cannot tell; but I can assure you he sent the honest Halfred from the room with a very perturbed countenance.

In a few minutes he had brought us some much-needed refreshments, and, with a last dark glance towards my unconscious visitor, retired for the night.

On our journey the Marquis had kept his counsel with that air of mystery he could assume so effectively, nor had I pressed him with questions; but when our hunger was somewhat abated I began to consider it time that I was taken into his confidence. For I had gathered enough to feel sure that some *coup* was very shortly to be tried.

"M. le Marquis," I said, "have you nothing to tell me?"

"First, my dear friend, read your letters," he replied.

"But they can wait."

"I beseech you!"

A little struck by his tone, I opened the first, and as I read the contents I could not refrain from an exclamation of astonishment.

"You have unexpected news?" he said.

"'The Bishop of Battersea has much pleasure in accepting M. d'Haricot's kind invitation,'" I read, aloud. "Mon Dieu! I am to have a bishop to dinner in three days' time; and a bishop I have never invited!"

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

"Read your other letters. Possibly they will throw light upon this."

I opened the next, and cried, in bewilderment: "Sir Henry Horley has much pleasure also! But I have never asked him; I have only met him once at a country house!"

The Marquis smiled.

"Do not be too sure you have not asked these gentlemen," he said.

"But I swear—"

"Read this!"

He handed me an invitation card on which, to my utter consternation, I saw these words engraved: "Monsieur d'Haricot requests the pleasure of —— company to dinner to meet—" and here followed a name it would be indecorous to reproduce in these frivolous memoirs, the name of that royal personage for whose cause we loyalists of France were striving!

"What!" I exclaimed. "Is it true?"

"What is?"

"That *he* is to honor me with his company?"

"Scarcely, my dear d'Haricot," said the Marquis, with a smile. "But I have full authority to take what steps I choose."

"To employ this ruse?"

"Certainly, if I deem it advisable."

"But to what end?"

"Listen!" said he, his dark eyes glowing with enthusiasm and his face lighting up with patriotic ardor. "I have asked a party of your most influential friends to dine with you, inducing them by a prospect of this honor! You will tell them that his Highness cannot meet them there, but that he bids them, as they reverence their own sovereign, to assist his righteous cause! When they are inflamed with ardor, you will lead them from the table to the special train which I shall have waiting! A picked force will place themselves under our orders! By next morning the King shall be proclaimed in France!"

For a minute I was too staggered to answer him.

"But, my dear Marquis," I replied, when I had recovered my breath, "*I* cannot induce these sober and law-abiding Englishmen to follow me, perhaps to battle."

"Not all, perhaps, but some, certainly! My dear friend, you have the gift of tongues: you can move, persuade, influence to admiration! I myself would try, but you know the English language better, I



"Vich it will also quite good and to be"

think, than I, and then I am unknown to these gentlemen. Ah, you will not desert us, d'Haricot! Your King demands this service of you!"

"Of me?"

"Yes; he mentioned your name when I spoke to him of our schemes!"

"He wished me to perform this act?"

"I had not then arranged it. But is it for you to choose the nature of your service?"

"If it is put to me thus, I shall endeavor to do my best," I replied. "But I confess I do not care for this scheme of yours."

No use in protesting; the Marquis rose and embraced me with such flattering words as I hesitate to reproduce.

"It is done! It is accomplished already!" he cried.

I disengaged myself and endeavored to reflect.

"This is all very well," I said. "But of what use to us is a bishop?"

"We wish the support of the English Church!"

"And Sir Henry Horley?"

"Also of the nobility!"

"But he is scarcely a nobleman, only a baronet," I explained. "And, besides, I only know him slightly. He is not my friend."

"Embrace him; make him your friend!"

I fancied I saw myself; but what was the good in arguing with an enthusiasm like this?

I proceeded to read my other answers, and I did not know whether to feel more astonished at the list of guests or at the curious knowledge of my movements and acquaintances which my visitor must somehow have acquired. The acceptances included Lord Thane, with whom I had only the very slightest acquaintance, Mr. Alderman Guffin, at whose house I had once dined, one or two people of social position whom I had met through Lumme or Shafthead, and General Sholto.

"Ah, the General!" I said. "Well, he, at least, is an old soldier."

"Be kind to him; he is our brightest hope," said the Marquis.

I looked at him in astonishment. "What do you know of him?"

I could have sworn he blushed.

"What do I know of all your friends?" he replied.

Could it be from the inquiries of Hankey he had learned all this, and took so much interest in my gallant neighbor? I remembered now how the General had once met that disreputable individual. Yet it did not seem to me altogether a complete explanation.

But conceive of my astonishment when, among the few refusals, I found one from Fisher!

"What do you know of him?" I asked.

"He is a philanthropist. I regret that he cannot accept," said the Marquis, with an air of calm mystery, yet with another suggestion of flush in his face. He knew of my philanthropic escapade, then—and how?

"Well," I said at last, "I am prepared to assist you in any way I can. In the two days left I shall arrange my affairs—and now I must send some explanation of my disappearance to Lady Shafthead."

He rose and grasped my arm.

"Not a word to her!" he said. "I do not trust the member of Parliament. We must run no risk!"

I protested, but no; he implored me—commanded me.

"A line to my friend, Dick Shafthead, then," I suggested. "He, at least, is beyond suspicion."

"My friend, we are serving the King!" he replied.

"Very well," I said, though my heart sank a little at this sudden rupture with these kind friends.

My visitor rose to depart, and just then his eye fell on two immense packing-cases placed against the wall.

"Ah," he said, "they are safe, I see."

I took a lamp in my hand and came up to examine the latest arrival of those mysterious gifts, whose source I now plainly perceived.

"I should not let that lamp fall upon this box of bonbons," he remarked, lightly, and yet with a note of warning.

"Why not, Marquis?"

"The little packet may explode," he laughed.

Involuntarily I started.

"It contains, then—?"

"The munitions of war," he answered.

"I perceive," I said, a little dryly. "Well, you can trust me for my own sake not to explode this box; also to make the preparations for this dinner."

"My friend, I make them."

"You?"

"Read your invitation again!"

I looked at the card sent out in my name, and then I noticed that an address was placed in one corner—"Twenty-two Beacon Street, Strand."

"What is the meaning of this?"

"It is a house I have hired for two weeks," he replied. "The dinner, as you see, takes place there. Hankey and I make all preparations."

"And I do nothing?"

"You prepare yourself for the hour of action! Brave friend, au revoir!"

"Au revoir, Marquis."

To be Continued.

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Books and Bookmen

THE Golliwogg is with us again in all his joy. He made his first appearance some five or six years ago, and since then his annual visits have been as welcome to the children as Christmas. He is always up to date. This year it is *The Golliwogg's Air-ship*, and the rhymed and color-pictured story of his adventures in the air with the four Dutch dolls and the Midget is as funny as ever. Then Miss Gertrude Smith has given the children a successor to *Roggie and Reggie* in her *Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe*. These books are especially adapted to the childish wonder and simple delights of the "little tots." In *Outdoorland*, Mr. Robert W. Chambers has combined natural history with the fairy tale in a way that is certain to captivate the young people. The other day a couple of little girls were observed quietly watching an imprisoned butterfly in a glass. Asked what they were doing, they replied: "Hush! We're waiting to see the butterfly burst!" They had been reading the story of "The Milk-weed Butterfly" in *Outdoorland*. Of Mr. Kipling's *Just So Stories*, it may be said that their knowingness makes them a stumbling-block to children and foolishness to their elders. There is none of the cunning here that wrought the wonder-work of the Jungle Books. But Mr. Kipling will always be the Jungle Man to the children, just as we have heard the little readers of *The Bears of Blue River* call Mr. Charles Major the Bear Man. One evening Mr. Major was visiting at the house of a friend when the patter of little feet was heard in the hall, and a voice called out—"I want to see the Bear Man." Our other drawing is from a delightful volume in color for children called *Wonderful England*, published in London by Mr. Grant Richards. Mr. Richards has won quite a reputation by his successful literary ventures into child-land. We have reserved the last word for Mr. Roy Rolfe Gilson's charming book of short stories *In the Morning Glow*, a book that will be read with equal delight by the youngest and the oldest, a book that deserves to find its way into every household.

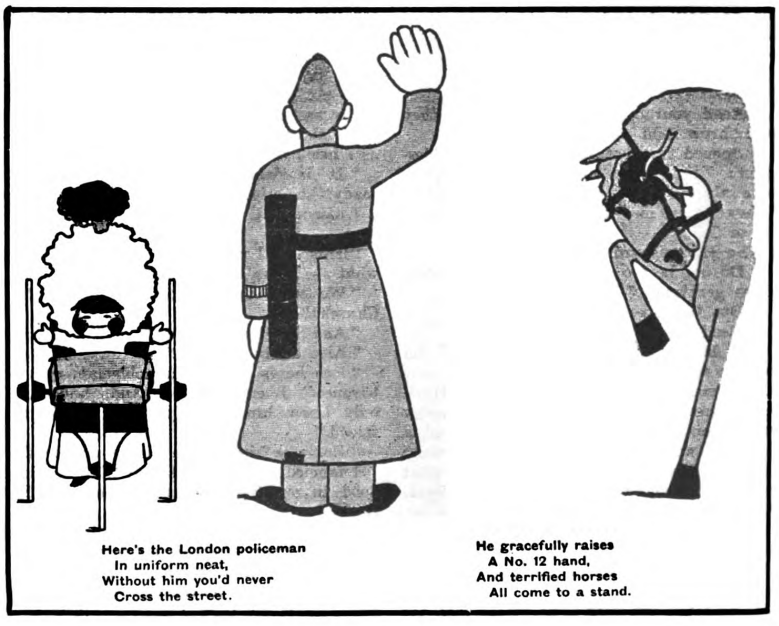


In most cases the popularity of a dramatized novel carries the play to fair success, but in "The Sword of the King," by Ronald MacDonald (a son of the once famous novelist George MacDonald), neither the popularity of the novel, which had an ordinary sale, nor the quality of the dramatization, which is commonplace, enters as a factor into Henrietta Crosman's undoubted Broadway success. The personality of the star is everything in the play, and with a good company of actors, makes an impression of reality that carries the illusion through the most glaring improbabilities to a height of entertainment that is second to none in New York at the present moment. The charm and vivacity which Miss Crosman imparts to the character of Phillipa Drayton, and the artistic verve and pleasure she conveys over the footlights make us hope she will soon have a more fitting medium and a worthier play for the expression of her great gifts. She has arrived at a position where she deserves the best from playwrights, and where also she has given the public a right to demand it. She is easily the first comédienne on the American stage to-day.

In a recent issue we related a story of the late Bill Nye which gave humorous point to the princeliness of the publisher. A clipping from a Neapolitan paper sent to us gives a detailed list of the wardrobe of Gabriele D'Annunzio, which he took with him on a recent journey, and suggests the princeliness of the author, and the passing of the proverbial literary pauper. D'Annunzio's Italian plays are being used by Eleonora Duse as a vehicle of her dramatic art during her present visit to this country. Here is a free translation of the clipping:

Shirts, seventy-two; drawers (with various laces and other embellishments), forty-eight; socks of all kinds, twelve dozen; socks of quiet tinted silk, two dozen; hats, evening suits, smoking-coats, shooting-jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, forty-eight pairs; gloves for evening, twenty-four pairs; mufflers of beautiful silk, three; walking-sticks, twelve; umbrellas of violet hue, eight; parasols, green, ten; handkerchiefs, twenty dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, one hundred and fifty; waistcoats, ten; shoes for walking, fourteen pairs; slippers, "soft, silent, and tremulous," two pairs. Also, a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger, a Venetian box of perfumes, and a lap dog.

Two weeks ago we gave a drawing of the entrance to Quality Court in Chancery Lane in connection with Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street," now being played in a Strand theatre. The appearance of Mr. Martin Harvey in a New York theatre in "The Only Way," a dramatization of Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*, calls to mind the fact that when in London we have frequently passed through a little street in the neighborhood of Soho Square, called Manette Street. Dickens tells us that "the quiet lodgings of Dr. Manette and his daughter Lucie were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square." We have not been able to ascertain whether this street existed prior to the writing of *A Tale of Two Cities*, or was subsequently named after Dickens's pathetic heroine—most probably the latter. It seems to be one of the literary landmarks of London that has escaped notice.



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Correspondence

GOVERNOR HEYWARD AND SENATOR TILLMAN

CHARLESTON, S. C., *October 16, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been for years a constant and interested reader of your paper. It is a leader of thought, and wields a powerful influence amongst people of all shades of opinion. This urges me to correct a mistaken conclusion, at which you have arrived in an editorial of your issue of the 11th instant.

In that editorial, commending the election of Captain Duncan Clinch Heyward as Governor of South Carolina, you use this language: "Mr. Heyward's victory is Tillman's defeat." The facts in the case are directly the reverse of this. Captain Heyward was in no sense an *anti*-Tillman candidate. On the contrary, the most pleasant relationships exist between these two gentlemen. Had Captain Heyward been actively opposed by Senator Tillman, the chances are that he would never have been elected. Senator Tillman took no part whatsoever in the late Democratic Primary, preferring to let the candidates fight it out between themselves. As a friend of both Senator Tillman and Captain Heyward I make this statement, in justice to them, and ask the correction.

What you say about Captain Heyward's character and position is true—every word of it. He is descended from an honorable and historic family on both sides of the house. The name of Heyward is almost synonymous with that of South Carolina, and his maternal grandfather was General Duncan L. Clinch, U. S. A., a distinguished citizen of Georgia. Captain Heyward's election is indeed a triumph inasmuch as it looks to an obliteration of sectionalism and factionalism, which have been burdening this State for many years. The scales of justice will be held by him with an even hand. He will be no respecter of persons in the administration of the affairs of the State. The rights of the masses as well as of the classes will be respected by him. In fact, from a life-long acquaintanceship with him, I say without fear of mistake, that Captain Heyward will make one of the most popular and practical Governors that South Carolina has ever had.

I am, sir,
A. C. KAUFMAN.

GAMBLING AND ENTERPRISE

GEYSERVILLE, CAL., *October 14, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of October 11 you link gambling and enterprise together as a manifestation of the same instinct. I cannot agree with you in this view of the subject, as the spirit of gambling is one quite removed from that of enterprise.

Enterprise is the creation of wealth or the advantageous distribution of the products of nature or manufacture. Wealth for the individual is not the only thing attained by enterprise; power, position, and the gratifying knowledge that the world at large is benefited by one's work accompany the monetary gain. Enterprise means work, application of one's best energies, sacrifice of one's comfort for the attainment of the object sought. It means the individual's life and abilities are the stake.

Gambling, on the other hand, is simply the transfer of property on the cast of a die. The gambler expects to get something for nothing. The spirit of gambling is entirely selfish, for one's gain is the other's loss. Gambling is a thing to itself, and I believe is found oftener associated with sloth and unworthiness than with enterprise or ambition.

The Digger Indian of this State is the least enterprising, the least ambitious probably of any race in this country, and is the most inveterate gambler, risking everything, even his squaw, on the turn of a card. And what we know of other inferior races and their habits of gambling would lead us rather to assert that gambling is a manifestation of qualities the direct antithesis of enterprise.

I am, sir,
EDWARD WALDEN.

The Man He Killed

SCENE: *The settle of the Fox Inn, Stagfoot Lane.*
CHARACTERS: *The speaker (a returned soldier), and his friends, natives of the hamlet.*

I

HAD he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin.

II

But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him, as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

III

I shot him dead, because—
Because he was my foe.
You see; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

IV

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

V

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.

THOMAS HARDY.

Finance

THE apathy prevailing in the world of finance has not lifted. In the stock-market the dulness has become even more pronounced. Price fluctuations have been so slight as to excite astonishment in the minds of those inveterate students of the ticker-tape who are not content unless they can detect a "decided tendency" in the stock-market. It matters little to them whether the tendency be upward or the reverse, so long as it be unmistakable; for the essential thing is the correct perusal upon the tape of that tendency. The placing of bets is then a mere detail. Generalizing broadly, it may be admitted that the securities-market cannot long remain in a state of immobility. The speculative forces are seldom so evenly matched as to counterbalance one another, and this has given rise to the statement that the market can never stand still, but must move upward or downward. During what are called bull swings it is an undisputed fact that prices rise above the strictly justifiable level, which means, of course, that a reaction, or partial decline, is inevitable, for prices must in the end adjust themselves to real values, which in turn are more easily determinable by the public when the gambling fever and excessive mental buoyancy abate. Similarly, on bear or downward movements, prices invariably touch a lower level than the real condition of affairs warrants. This is due to the state of sentiment, and so long as speculation depends upon human motives, the phenomena of stock trading must be to some extent the phenomena of the human mind when under certain influences. But there are times when the uplifting forces and the depressing forces are nearly equal; when an advance is no more logical than is a decline. And then the market lapses into the dull rut of professionalism, with its light business and unimportant price-changes, from which it cannot emerge until the depressing influences are removed or become stronger. As a rule, it does not take long for the bear or unfavorable factors of the situation to do one or the other, but it is conceivable that the state of equilibrium may be maintained for several weeks.

The recent dulness has been so pronounced that the professional traders, whose operations have been responsible for such business as has been done, have sought to explain it from day to day, by what are, in point of fact, transitory influences. The truth is that, looking at the stock-market in a broad way, there are as many reasons why the market should not decline as there are why it should not advance just now. By this is, of course, meant a substantial price-movement in either direction. The developments of the week likely to affect specific stocks have been few and unimportant. The professional element, which from principle is averse to looking ahead more than a week or two, has therefore been obliged to find excuses rather than reasons for its desultory buying or selling.

The arguments against operations for the rise are many and strong. It is borne in mind by dispassionate students of the financial situation that the present bull market has lasted, with temporary recessions, nearly six years. This is longer than any similar movement in the history of the country. That the upward swing of the pendulum cannot continue indefinitely must be evident even to the most wildly optimistic. To be sure, this argument was heard two years ago, and those of its advocates who had the courage of their convictions and acted accordingly in the stock-market fared ill. But they are to-day nearer being right by two years. A clock that has stopped tells the right time twice in twenty-four hours. The unprecedented duration of the present period of prosperity has deceived many who were wrong then and may be wrong to-day. But they are obviously not quite so wrong. Prices of securities have risen, on an average some 300 per cent. since the depths of the dismal summer when the financial community shivered with fears of Bryanism. The last boom, twenty years ago, led to over-building of railroads and industrial plants. The country had not grown up to the increased railroad mileage, and when the abatement in trade activity came, the railroads could not earn dividends, and there was over-production in all lines of industry and manufacture. We have not over-extended railroads nor over-built factories, but there has been an enormous creation of securities. Much water has been injected into corporate capitalization, and there has been much conversion of old stocks into new bonds, the wisdom of which appears, to say the least, doubtful to the majority of people whose steps are guided by the lamp of experience. Stocks are floating capital; if the earnings do not justify it, no dividend need be paid. To change stocks into bonds means to create a fixed charge, an indebtedness on which interest must be paid or the corporation be declared insolvent. So far, the investments have turned out well. But in the next hard times?

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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BY J. STORER CLOUSTON

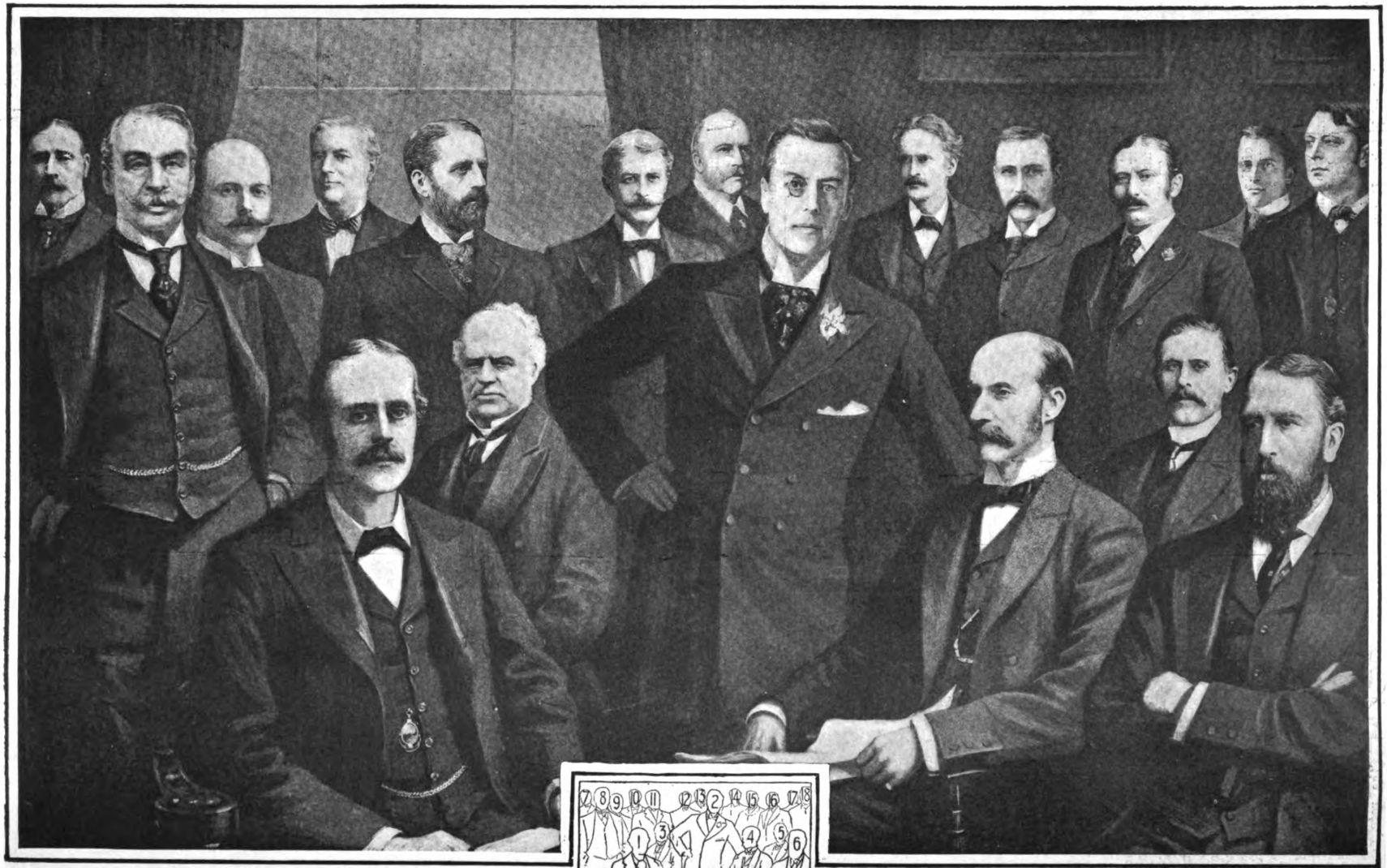
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3. The Earl of Halsbury, Lord High Chancellor.
4. The Marquess of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
5. The Rt. Hon. St. John Brodrick, Secretary of State for War.
6. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council.
7. The Marquess of Londonderry, President of the Board of Education.
8. The Rt. Hon. C. T. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
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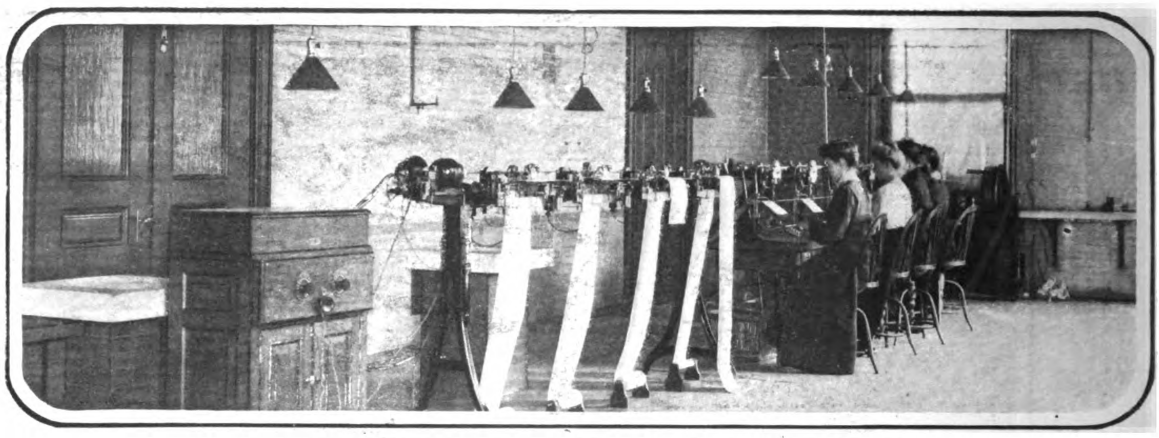


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11. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India.
12. The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland.
13. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland.
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15. The Earl of Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty.
16. The Rt. Hon. A. Akers Douglas, Home Secretary.
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THE RECONSTRUCTED CABINET

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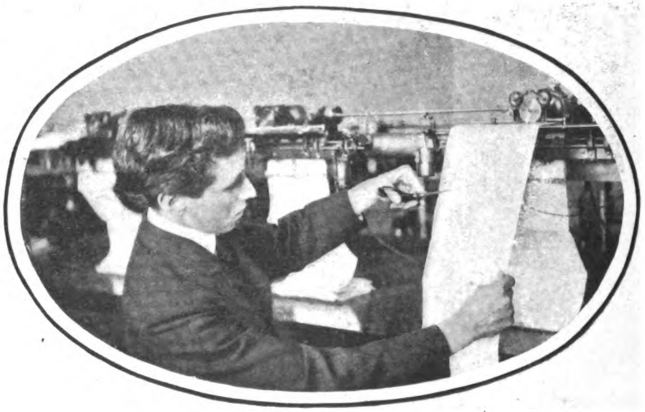


General View of Operating-room, showing Messages being Sent and Received

Electric Long-distance Type-writing

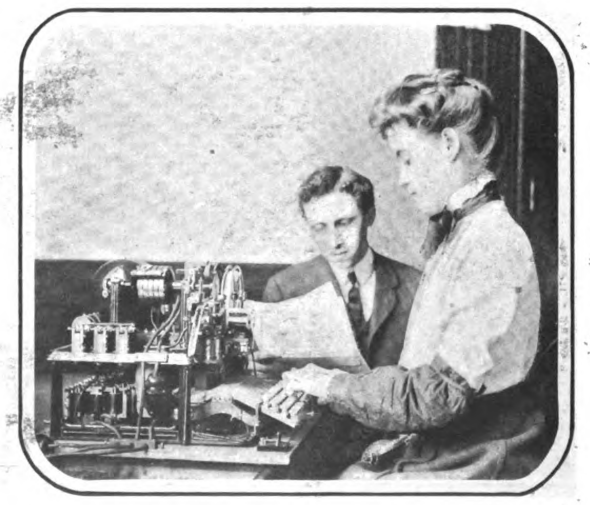
WHEN a person can sit at a keyboard similar to that of an ordinary type-writer, and, by playing upon the keys at the same rate of speed acquired by an expert stenographer, cause a little instrument a hundred or five hundred miles distant to print the words in plain type on a roll of paper as rapidly as the letter keys are pressed, it would seem as if perfection in telegraphy had been attained. This, however, is being done between the cities of Berlin and Hamburg, in Germany, and the German government is making preparations to utilize it throughout the empire for postal telegraphing.

One of the most interesting features of the writing telegraph is its simplicity and the small amount of apparatus really needed. Besides the type-writer, or sending-machine, the electric motor and alternator, two lines of shafting which operate the receiving apparatus, and the message-receiver itself comprise all the machinery required except the wiring. The keyboard, which is technically called the transmitter, is lettered and numbered similarly to an ordinary type-writer, but each key would correspond in the ordinary system to a Morse key.



Receiving Messages

But the most remarkable feature of the entire mechanism is the automatic receipt of the messages. Perhaps the inventor conceived a part of this plan from noting the operations of the common sewing-machine, for in some respects the receiver bears a striking resemblance to it. The roll of paper on which the messages are to be printed rests upon a horizontal steel plate of the same shape as the plate which holds the dress goods or other material under the needle of the sewing-machine. Above the surface of the paper is a disk or wheel, the edges of which contain steel type which correspond in number to those represented by the keyboard. At one side of the disk is a smaller wheel containing a pad filled with ink. It answers to the roller in the printing-press, and when the type wheel revolves, it also moves, pressing the ink-pad lightly against the type surfaces. There is a hole in the steel table, just as there is in the sewing-machine table. Through this passes what might be called the needle, only it does not pierce the paper, but has a blunt head, which at every pressure of the keys presses the paper against the revolving type-wheel. This, of course, causes the character to be made on the paper as plainly as the best type-writer performs its work, or as the average newspaper is printed. Only the letter which the operator desires to make is reproduced on the paper, all of the movements being controlled from the keyboard. The message paper, which is about as wide as the ordinary sheet of a business letter, is rolled on cylinders placed under the receiver, the upper end passing through a holder and thence down upon the steel plate, so that it cannot get out of position. The electric current moves the paper from side to side under the disk, and when a line is completed throws up the space and adjusts it for the next line. When the message is completed, if the operator desires to place another on the same roll, the pressure of the key moves the paper until sufficient space is given between the first and second messages and the letter transmitted. The receiving instrument takes care of itself, and no one is required to be near it until the roll of paper is replaced, so that one hundred or five hundred messages can be transmitted if desired, according to the size of the paper roll. In ordinary practice, however, a "rush" message like that needed for newspaper work, for instance, can be cut off the sheet as soon as completed, without interfering with the transmission.



Dictating a Long-distance Message

Perhaps its greatest advantage is in newspaper work, as the Washington correspondent of a metropolitan paper, for instance, can take his seat at the keyboard after a day's session of Congress, and send in his "copy" at the rate of 1500 words or more an hour, in such shape that it is practically ready for the type machine.

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The Religious Dramas at Eibesthal, Lower Austria

See page 1630

A COMMON error, even among the class of travellers whose ideas of Continental Europe are not limited to the guide-books, is that the Oberammergau Passion-Play is the only thing of the kind at present to be met with in Europe; or at least the only one of sufficient dignity and attractiveness to make it worth consideration. Another mistake, more readily understood, insists on setting down the Biblical drama wholly to the credit of the natural piety of a community; its thank-offering for what has seemed some particularly direct Providential interposition, its unprompted respect for a local tradition, or what not else. To these two mistakes a third may be added—the notion on the part of many who are aware of the existence of other than the one and only Oberammergau, that the dramas are old ones, and their performance a long-continued, or revived, function.

Now, as a matter of fac there are today, and always have been, European "peasant theatres," where pieces, either religious or secular in subject, are produced, that are fully as interesting and noteworthy as the Bavarian performance; or even more so. Again, so far from being the direct outgrowth of the untutored piety of a village, for instance, the development of a sort of system of religious plays, to be acted in a rural locality, by peasant actors, for peasant audiences, frequently is in direct relation to the influences of the so-called Clericalismus of the hour, and to its adroit political and social manœuvres, in several

(Continued on page 1655.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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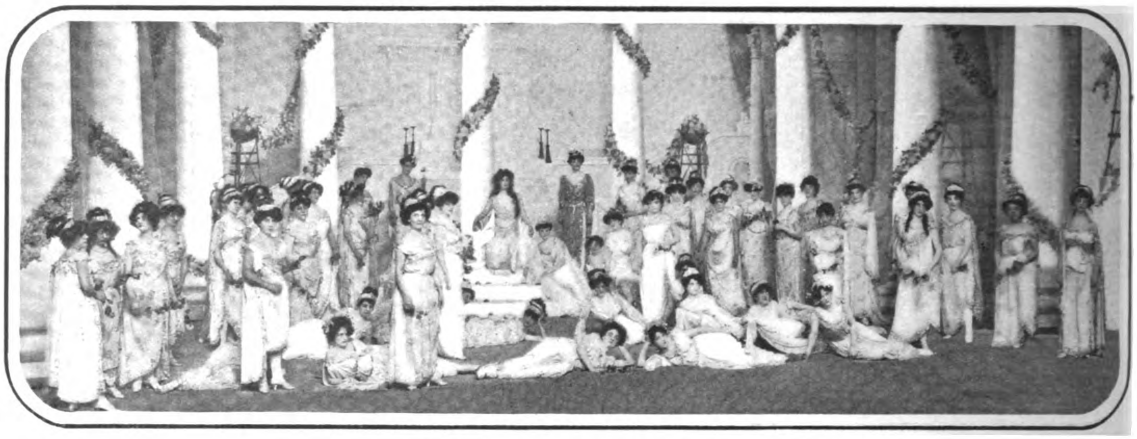
THE EVER FASHIONABLE PERFUME OF

ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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"The Silver Slipper," at the Broadway
Act I., Scene 2.—The invocation of justice in the Hall of Venus

"THE SILVER SLIPPER," at the Broadway Theatre in New York, is another pleasant musical extravaganza that fills an evening with halls of Venus and scenes in Paris. There are the usual dances, sextets, and well-dressed ladies, and indeed the whole show is pretty and well set on the stage, but there is something wanting. Either one compares it with "Florodora," to the disadvantage of the "Slipper," or else the composer and librettist have lost a little of their cunning. But it is certain that "The Silver Slipper," unless materially changed, is not to be the great success that some of its predecessors were. The most effective bit in the show is the Champagne Dance, wherein half a dozen French ladies, who dance remarkably well, call as many white-apron waiters, read the bill of fare, procure tables, order wine, and drink it—all during a dance and in pantomime. It is something, and something that is attractive. But the "Tell-Me-Pretty-Maiden" sextet suffers sadly by comparison with its original.

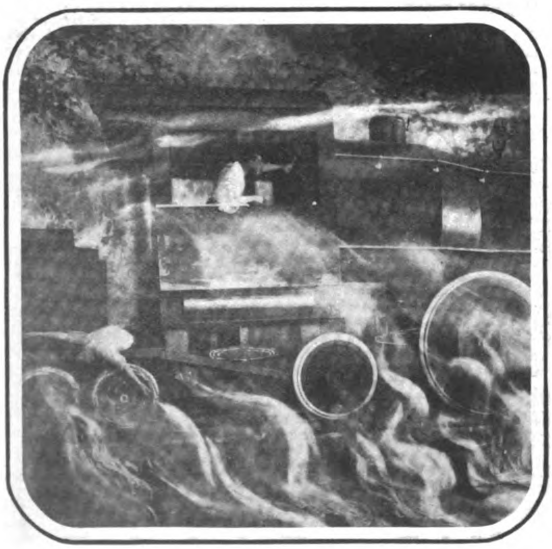
Mrs. Osborn has opened her play-house with a piece called "Tommy Rot," which is a combination of mirth and music, more or less. It is Mrs. Osborn's idea to run her play-house on such principles, and offer such productions, as will appeal particularly to smart society. "Tommy Rot" is bright, and apparently is being well received, but whether the nine-o'clock performance, ending at twelve, will go in New York, and if so, whether it can be taken to "the provinces," is doubtful. One may dine in peace and have his coffee and cigar, to be sure, but are there enough people who dine so late and smoke such long cigars to keep such a play-house going? In other words, is the fad a lasting or a temporary one?



Miss Cecil Spooner
Who is to star in Miss Frances A. Mathews's dramatic version of "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn

"The Ninety and Nine," at the Academy of Music, is an excellent melodrama, stirring, and full of excitement, but still conveying a good moral. One scene particularly, wherein the hero runs a great puffing, panting locomotive through a fierce forest fire, is extremely thrilling, and brings the audience, from the pit to the gallery, to their feet in thunderous applause.

Brooklyn is looking forward with some degree of interest to the starring tour of Miss Cecil Spooner in the dramatic version of Miss Frances Aymar Mathews's novel, *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town*. The play will open at the Amphion Theatre some time in February, and will probably later be brought to New York. It is the healthy type of romantic drama which every one likes to see if it is but passably well written and played, and it has the inestimable advantage of leaving a pleasant taste in the mouth when the evening is done.



"The Ninety and Nine," at the Academy
The dramatic scene in Act IV., wherein the effect of a railway engine running through a forest fire is produced



"Tommy Rot," at Mrs. Osborn's Play-house
Mrs. Osborn's theatre is the newest fad of the New York season

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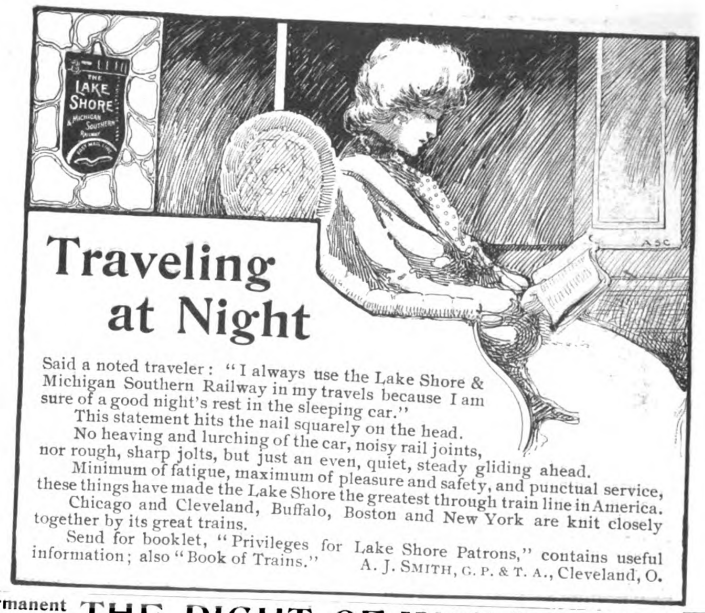
(Continued from page 1653.)

holie lands. What the eye sees the heart epts—at least that sort of working is ly in the case of simple men and women, to speak of children. If one can make matic, or even a lesser, capital out of tears of a village theatre full of one's ishioners, and can grow the crop of po- al partyism into the bargain, then only ost old-fashioned, schemeless, unworldly of saint would refuse to make use of a means of grace. The manufacture brand-new modern Biblical drama, for sant performance, is quite an easy mat-

Not hard is it, to begin with, for a ter of taste to frame it—one that can a vast improvement on the prolix and constructed Oberammergau spectacle. wherefore not set the author to work hwith, and soon begin to give the vil- blacksmith and the postmistress the lful preliminary lessons in elocution? live in a world where, unfortunately, only is everything that glitters far from g virgin gold, but where also a good l that is spiritual is not quite spiritual- ided when one gets to the bottom of it. But to question somewhat the origin of a sant drama is by no means to criticise the uine piety that can make its performance fying to the actors and their audiences, to slight the measure of natural dra- tic art that so often gives a surprise to observer who is less devout than curi- . Among all such peasant theatres, at st in Austrian territory, I have found more notable examples of this fact than simple little religious pieces performed. present, each summer in the small vil- e of Eibesthal, near the considerably ger town of Mistelbach, a couple of hours th of Vienna. They present the quality genuineness, as to their effect, in the most phatic degree; they possess traits of ong individuality, and their continuance ms fairly assured on reasons of general strian interest, relatively unknown as y are at present to the foreign tourist. esthal itself is a clean little hamlet. is strung along with the usual street two of white cottages, with their win- vs full of flowers, such as the wanderer in per or Lower Austria knows to a win- v-pane and a stucco crack. Old costumes yet to be seen on any Sunday in the nth in Eibesthal, and old Austrian cus- ns are still part of its code of social and ral life. A smiling and fertile coun- -side lies about it. The village is one peasants — simple, well-mannered, and elligent men and women, and of charm- children, of the sort nowhere so plenti- as in the Dual Monarchy. There is arge and particularly well-conducted vil- e school. With its direction and charge creation of a Biblical-drama interest in esthal has been connected. The whole nosphere of the community suggests one ich wider removed from a sophisticated rld and a great capital than is its loca- n.

The plays at Eibesthal, written for the rticular village people who present them, metimes written directly with reference to ne one participant's gifts, are the work of . Richard Kralik, of Vienna; with more less of the careful aid of the master of Eibesthal parish-school, Herr Wreda. ey were first undertaken in the summer 1898; with small notice even in Lower stria. But popular attention in Vienna d elsewhere has more and more attached elf to them; and they have been added in number and topic, until they have enviable outlook toward a future suc- ss. Of the series, three are emphatically riptural in subject and scenes and dia- gue, namely, "Der Schatzung in Beth- hem" (which deals with the visit of Jo- ph and Mary to Bethlehem at the hour the birth of Christ); "Der Zwölfjahrige sus" (in which occurs the episode of the uthful Christ disputing with the rabbis the Temple); and the Story of the Pas- n itself. All three are put together ith a most admirable simplicity of die- n) by Dr. Kralik, so succinctly that the ire action is condensed into a few scenes d those closely knitted, with effective deaux and climaxes, and some simple ral and instrumental music, for which rr Wreda merits no small credit as a

(Continued on page 1657.)



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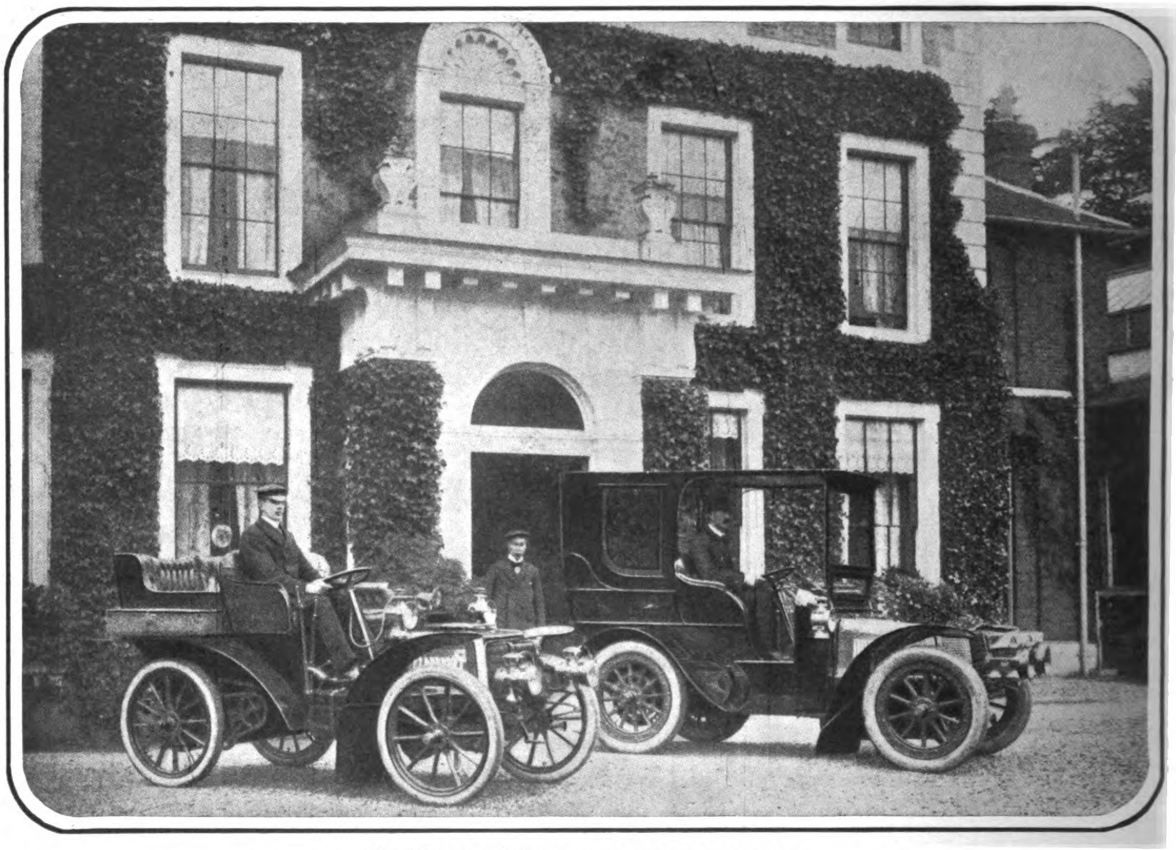
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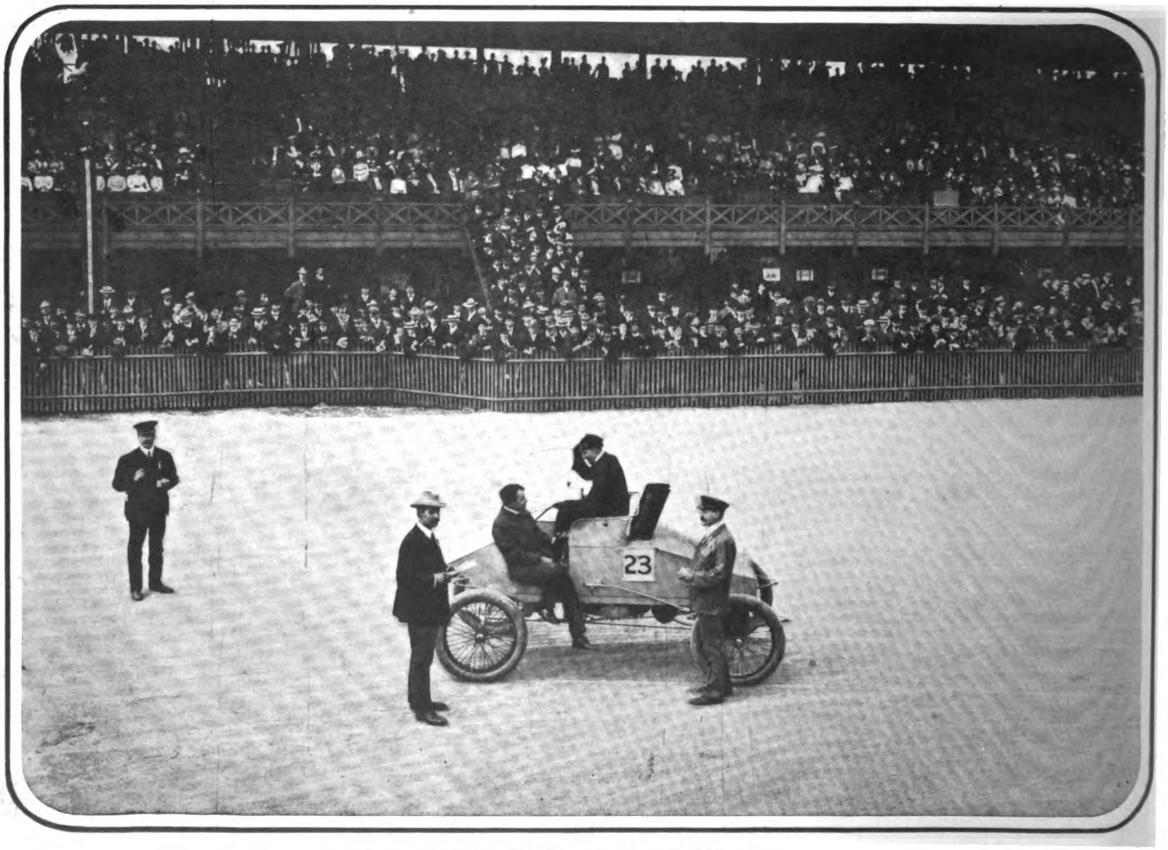
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(Continued from page 1655.)

practical composer. The same traits mark a fourth piece, "Der Tod des Heiligen Joseph" ("The Death of Saint Joseph"), of a more legendary than Biblical structure and flavor, setting forth the story of the breaking health of Joseph, his sense of a near passing-away, his unwillingness to depart from this life until he should have seen once again the young Messiah, the visits of an angelic choir to sustain his failing heart and powers, and his peaceful death, in the arms of Christ. The two dramas first mentioned being short — not more than an hour in length each, indeed, not so much—they and "The Death of Joseph" are so consecutive as to form a little trilogy. The three are usually performed on the same afternoon, occupying rather more than three hours for the whole performance. The Passion-play that Dr. Kralik has added to the three pieces, thus presenting merely the youth of the Saviour, is a longer work, especially with its processions and wider dramatic movement. It is at present either given quite by itself, requiring some three and a half hours, or the whole of a long midsummer Sunday afternoon, or else it is preceded in the morning by the briefer and prefatory pieces.

Now all these four plays are given by the Eibesthal peasants, with an effect of unstudied histrionism, and of natural devoutness that is of the most salient interest and beauty. As such, they ring far more true than the decadent and painfully artificial Passion-drama of Oberammergau, modernized into too much commonplace theatrism and rehearsed with painful zeal by professional Munich actors. The participants are, without exception, Eibesthal people—humble Austrian country folk, some of them extremely poor, and all of them turning actors when the days of the village theatre come round, for the sake of their dramatic instinct, their piety, and the church fund that they are trying to raise. They learn their rôles by the light of the forge, or with the manuscript lying beside the carpenter's bench, or with a partly knitted stocking in hand. The village schoolmaster has been their instructor in whatever is more than elementary and temperamental action on their stage, along with the tactful aid of the village pastor. The words of Shakspere's Philostratus are well applied to many of these Eibesthalers:

> Hard-handed men . . . .
> Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
> And have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
> With this same play. . . .

The chorus is brought together mostly from the school-girls of the village, with an admixture of adult singers when a more elaborate effect is suitable. I will add that the incidental music is properly simple, based on the old-time Austrian Volksgesang style as to what is vocal, and on the Bach treatment of solemn Chorale themes for the wind instruments. One short prelude, for the trombones, composed by Herr Wreda, is used for almost each act, and is of much beauty.

There is no such modern and spacious open-air theatre for the Eibesthalers as their Bavarian and other rivals have achieved. The playhouse is a severely cheap and primitive one. It looks, in and out, very like a new and clean barn, with a floor only of earth, three or four extremely uncomfortable rows of narrow board benches (the more aristocratic seats have backs, and, unless my memory exaggerates their luxury, certain attempts at thin cushions). The highest-priced place in the auditorium costs only a few cents. The more exclusive and visiting spectators sit in front. The ranks behind are of the villagers and the country folk for leagues around. The attention of at least the latter element is rigid. The native audience is perfectly under the spell of a dramatic illusion, and frequently its devoutness from the religious point of emotionality is affecting. The stage, only slightly raised above the floor-level, is a fairly roomy one. The scenery is not too crudely painted—of course, but few changes of scene are required, so that a street view or two, and the same number of semi-interiors, along with sundry properties, suffice. The costumes are remarkably artistic, though many of them are put together out of the least costly



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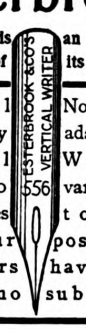
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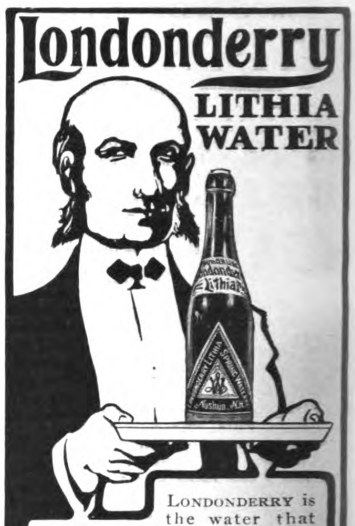
materials. The processions, such as occur in the drama of the Passion, are full of color and perspective. One or two tableaux, particularly, in the plays which are woven out of vistas of the boyhood of Christ, are of a kind of Giotto and Boccacino-fresco effect, thoroughly Italian.

I shall not attempt here any prolonged description of the course of the pieces. Whether at Oberammergau, or Brixlegg, or in the French provinces or north Italian villages, there is an inevitable coincidence of the episodes and general aspects of such pieces. One meets the same commingling in their dramatic material, musical embellishments, and stage-pictures and processions. There is, however, distinct originality in the treatment by Dr. Kralik of the detail in the first three plays, forming a trilogy on the youth of Christ: owing to his introduction of characters and psychic themes that are appropriate, while not authentic — especially the shepherds and the Roman officials in "Der Schatzung in Bethlehem." Graceful, also, is the charming development of a youthful friendship between the boy Jesus and his companion, Nathaniel; and the character of Archelaus is strong. With much taste has the author written each of his pieces in a series of simple, unrhymed, but smoothly metrical, lines, instead of the more elegant and formal mould; and with the choice of a plain, almost homely, diction. But there is ever present a dignity, and a striking literary expressiveness. The Eibesthalers speak German with a strong dialectic accent: so much that they do not readily articulate high German at all. There is something immediately touching in the union of these unpolished voices and broadened vowel-intonations with the actor's sense of the solemnity of the actor's task, constantly in evidence. Like most Austrians, educated or uneducated, the acting itself is, over and over, emphatically good. That is an effect of temperament, more than of a meagre amount of anything like serious schooling. As is usually the case with peasant actors, the tableaux are most carefully carried out, each individual apparently feeling his own almost oppressive personal responsibility in the matter of there being no movement of face or body during a picture; and at one rehearsal I was not a little amused and compassionate at the struggles of some of the younger participants to remain as statuesque as so many wax children could stay, when a flying detachment of wasps were hovering about their little noses. A fair idea of the type of village actor that Eibesthal affords can be studied in the photographs accompanying this sketch, the groups shown being from the trilogy dealing with the early years of the Saviour, and the death of Joseph. The men are often possessed of much personal beauty, while the feminine contingent do not endure an analysis so well. One can observe this better when, between the scenes, leading members of the little company slip out of the back door of their theatre, and stand or sit, often in full costume, in the small and shady area that is a kind of public and out-door green-room.

Whether the Biblical stage play will ever make a place for itself in any grade of social or religious life in the more Protestant-influenced sections of North America has much more than a merely racial aspect.—such as some writers on the topic are inclined to think. Of the use of such an agency in countries of as emphatically Catholic population as is Austria there can be no long dispute. A cog in the wheel of Clericalismus such spectacles may be today, and often are, as has been noted above. But there are a good many less desirable aspects of art in connection with religion than this rural, or quasi-rural, phase. It certainly does not sow in simple, and especially in immature minds, a seed that will bring forth individual unrighteousness toward one's neighbor, or weakened moral observation of one's self. Peasants do not learn anarchy in a Bible theatre. The cultivated and aristocratic world happens to be painfully in need of ideals of all sorts at present, peculiarly in America, where the ideal, unless it touches on money, appears to be as extinct as the dodo. With that melancholy fact as apparent, let us not be in haste to slight the spiritual influence of an Eibesthal Sunday Biblical drama. The

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The stranger hath thy steering-gear — thy master hath his gold—
Fleet, strong, and beautiful, farewell, my automo, thou'rt sold.
Farewell! Those not untired wheels full many a mile must roam.
O'er tacky, rough, and rocky roads to reach the stranger's home.
Some other hand less fond must now thy gasoline prepare:
Thy motor that I've greased so oft must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I hurry through the city streets and see men vainly flee.
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the asphalt plain
Some other steed, a lagging bike, shall bear me home again.
Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, a stupid hand may fool
With thy machinery delicate, or break a wrench or tool,
Or let thy stock of oil run low till thou canst not refrain
From squeaking loud and getting hot in thy indignant pain.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
But if they should 'twill ruin them to make repairs on thee.
My automo, when thou'rt gone will my heart lonesome yearn,
And shall I weep and be downcast and sigh for thy return—
For thy return, my automo? What shall thy master do
When thou who wast his main expense shall vanish from his view?
Oh, will he look with gathering tears when in his clutching hand
He sees the gold they paid for thee—the pile of glittering sand?
And shall I say indignantly: "Who said that thou wast sold?
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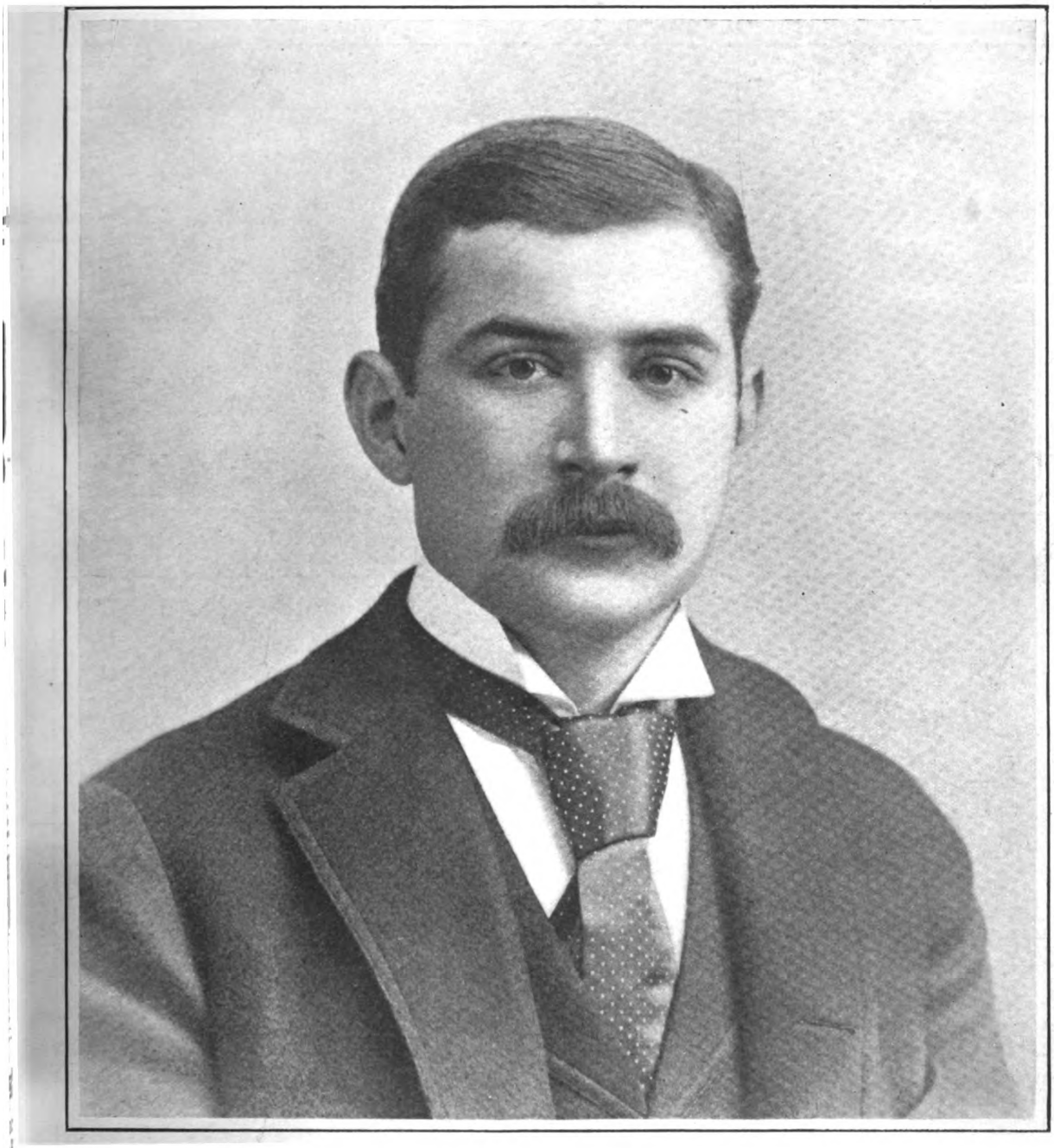
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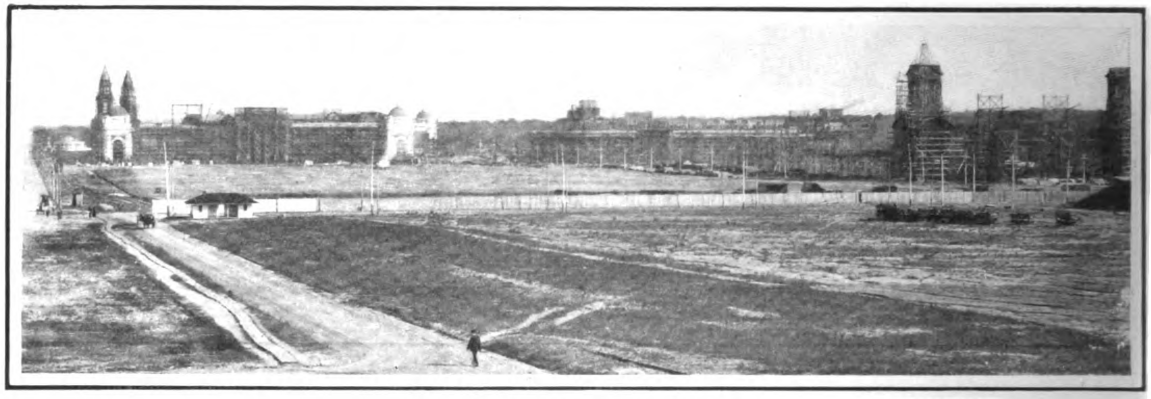


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XVI.—J. PIERPONT MORGAN, JR., *AET. 35*

See page 1693—Editorial Section

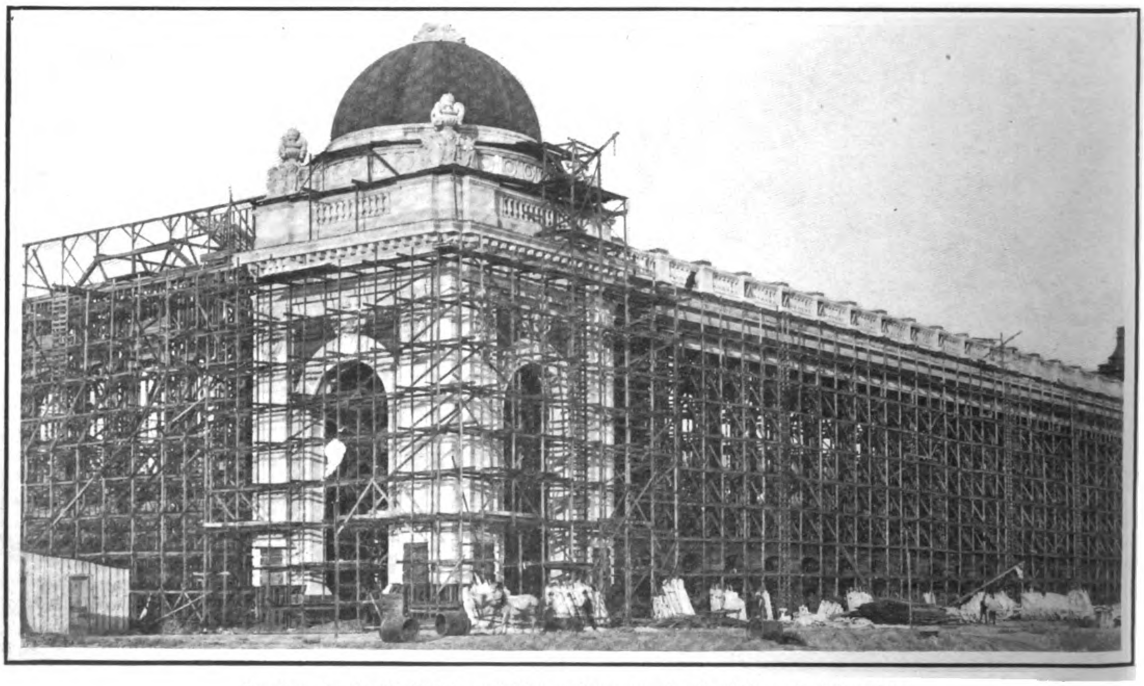
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View of the Fair Grounds to Date



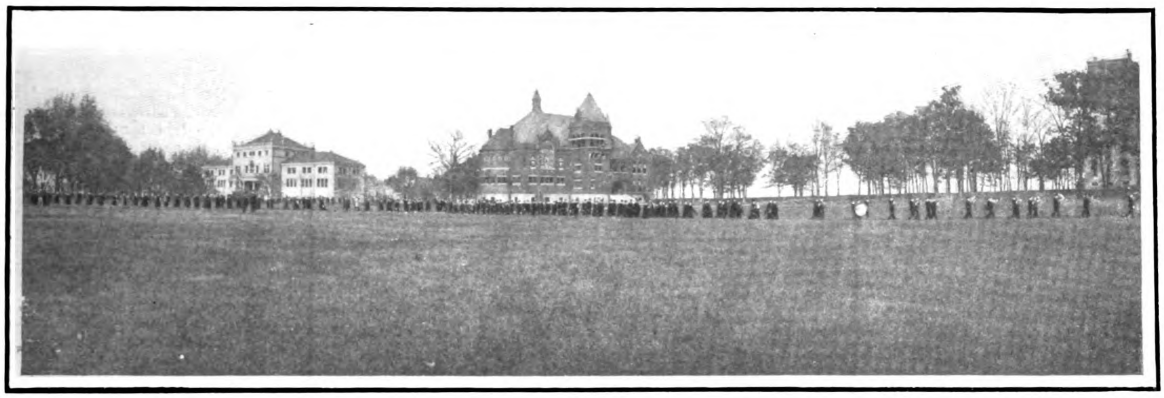
Grading for the "Cascade City"—The Centre of the Landscape-gardening Scheme



Putting the Staff Finish and Decorations on the Building of Industries

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

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Installation Parade passing Orrington Lunt Library and Memorial Hall

The Inauguration of President James

IT has been insinuated that the recent general adoption of academic costume by American university presidents and professors has contributed much to the size of the gatherings at university functions. No president or professor clothed in his right honorable and distinctive habit, marked with the chevrons of his doctorate, will for a moment admit the motive which this suggests; yet it must be obvious, even to the unlearned, that university inaugurations have become more popular since the introduction of scholarly parades and the pageantry of hoods. It is doubtful if the prairies have witnessed a more brilliant academic spectacle than that attending the installation of President James at Northwestern University. The Pacific and the Atlantic coasts were both represented; Canadians were there with their snowy hoods upon their shoulders; and the scarlet gowns of the English university doctors mingled with the more sedate colors of our domestic doctors. In the three days of this festival there was almost continuous marching and counter-marching



Notable Guests on the Porch of the Lunt Library

across the beautiful campus to the lake,—all of which gave picturesque background for the more serious and prosaic exercises.

The address of President James was notable in its analysis of the functions of the college trustee and president, and in its defence of the institutions of Christian founding, nurture, and purpose. It was a real contribution to the literature of academic administration. But it was only one of thirty or forty addresses for which the occasion was responsible. President Hyde spoke with his accustomed vigor of the need of co-ordinating our varied university ideals. President Wheeler, in the midst of an idyllic address on the Pacific States, simulated a California earthquake in his pronouncement for the old four years' course with much Latin and more Greek. There was a wide disagreement of doctors.

The interest of the occasion was much heightened by the presence and speech of Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts, recently nominated by the President to the Supreme Court Bench.



Reviewing Stand at University Hall—President James and Mrs. James in the Foreground

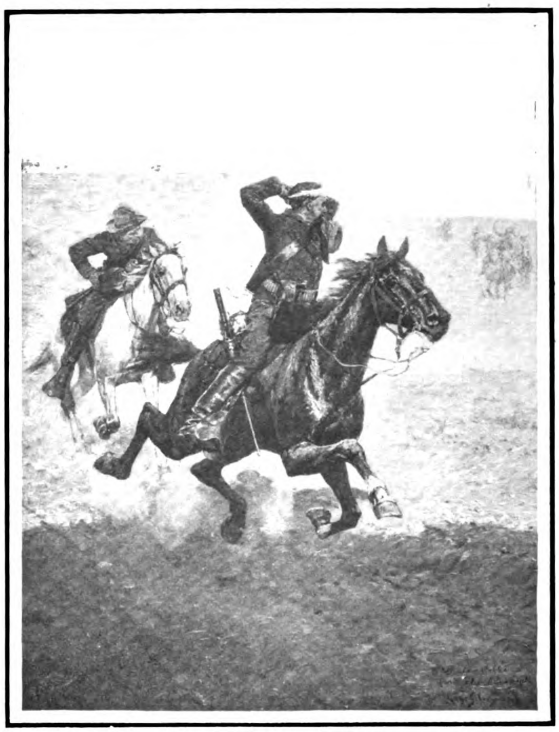
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The West's Painter-Laureate

CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL, whose painting, "My Bunkie," made him famous overnight, has just returned from the West, where he has been since early summer making sketches and gathering other material, in the shape of Indian curios, for more pictures.

He has added several paintings to the spirited series of trooper and Indian paintings by which he is known already. "Going for Re-enforcements," decidedly one of the most dashing subjects from his brush, stands on his easel, where it has just received the finishing touches. Indians are attacking a stockade seen on a distant hill. Evidently the little band of defenders is sorely pressed, for two troopers are making a desperate dash for re-enforcements. Some of the redskins are in hot pursuit, but an intervening strip of water has enabled the cavalrymen to gain slightly on their pursuers.

This artist is so accustomed to working in the open in the West, that when he returns to his home in Hoboken he sets up his easel on the roof. There he is out-doors with the Palisades, so suggestive of much in the West, for a background. At first his neighbors wondered what was going on above. Now when they hear footsteps on the roof they say, "Oh, that's 'My Bunkie,'" and don't take the trouble to poke their heads up the skylight.



The Last Resort—Going for Re-enforcements

But there were many dull days when Mr. Schreyvogel was putting the last touches on "Going for Re-enforcements"; so he painted downstairs, but with a large lamp burning in his studio. He says the combination of daylight and lamplight gave just the yellow effect he wanted.

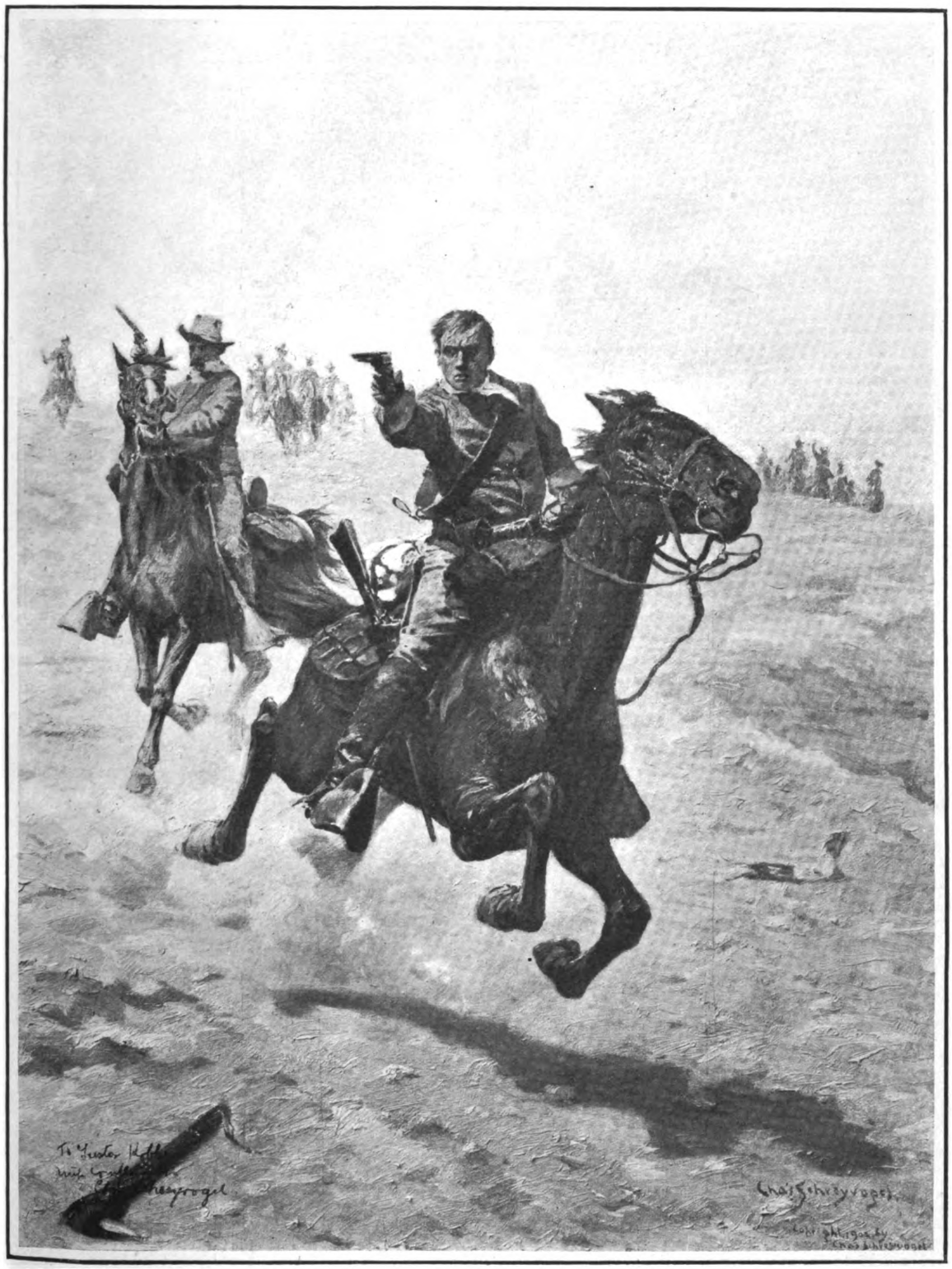
To secure correctness in the action of his horses he makes numerous preliminary studies, sometimes photographing a single limb or even a muscle in order to insure accuracy. Never, however, does he sacrifice dramatic or, if you prefer, artistic effect to academic knowledge of physiology. He is first the artist — and the artist of the Western frontier. He gets the lifelike action of his horses by modelling them in clay, and then painting from these clay models as if from life.

Another Schreyvogel canvas lately finished is entitled "Even Chances." It represents vividly a hand-to-hand encounter between a trooper and an Indian brave, both mounted. Indeed, it represents something deeper. For the trooper with his sabre and accoutrements is the civilization that is advancing, while the Indian, brandishing his tomahawk, is the type that is giving way before it. In fact, the artist has a happy faculty of hitting off in his titles the more serious interpretation of his pictures.



Even Chances

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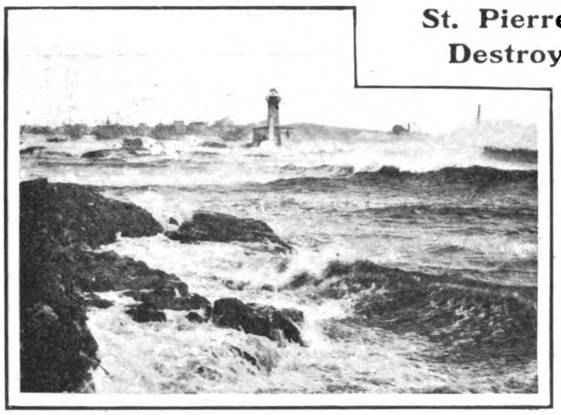


DEAD SURE—A BAD MAN TO STOP

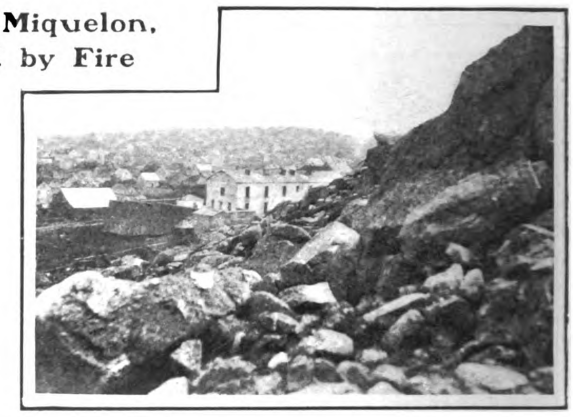
From the painting by Charles Schreyvogel

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St. Pierre, Miquelon, Destroyed by Fire



The Harbor and Town of St. Pierre



The Treeless City of St. Pierre

FOR the fourth time in its history St. Pierre, the capital of the St. Pierre-Miquelon group of islands off the south coast of Newfoundland, has been almost destroyed by fire.

Late on the night of November 1 the fire started, and before it could be checked the government buildings, including the Governor's house, the building occupied by the Ministry of Marine, the big Roman Catholic Cathedral, the schools, the court-house, two or three of the larger cafés, many stores, and private dwellings were completely destroyed. Fortunately, no lives were lost this time. In the three other great fires, in 1865, in 1867, and in 1879, there were many fatalities.

More than half a million dollars were lost, and had there been any wind the city would have been obliterated.

The St. Pierre-Miquelon group of islands is all that remains of the once great North-American colonies of France. In the group there are three large islands, St. Pierre, with an area of 6420 acres, and Miquelon and Langlade — connected by a sand-bar—with 45,542 acres. At the southern extremity of the island of St. Pierre is the old city of St. Pierre, with a population of over 6000. In the spring and early winter, at the beginning and ending of the cod-fishing season, the population is nearly twenty thousand, for the fishermen from France make it the base of their operations, and when they are ashore it is as lively a place as you will find between Boston and St. John's, Newfoundland—not so large as some cities along the Maine coast and in the Maritime provinces, but more picturesque.

Perhaps it is its isolation that makes St. Pierre so attractive to the occasional visitor. It differs from the usual tourist-ridden city. The people are most hospitable, and none more so than Mr. Charles M. Freeman, the American consul. He comes from good old Down-East stock, and should feel quite at home amid such an abundance of codfish, but when a fellow-American turns up he leaves nothing undone to make his visit memorable. You can take in the town in a very short time, for it skirts along the water's edge for a little over a mile and runs up the hill for perhaps a quarter of a mile or even less. You are at first impressed by the quaint old architecture of the town. It is a study in white and grays. The big warehouses and public buildings are a dull white, and the private houses, little two-story affairs with slanting roofs, a grayish tone. The old-fashioned flat windows open outward, and at the corners of the streets are the quaint wrought-iron lamp-brackets —now merely ornamental, for electric lights have taken their place. There are no trees — scarcely any vegetation—for St. Pierre is almost literally built upon a rock. Big dogs attached to tiny carts take the place of horses. There are no sidewalks, and although there is an excellent pension and numerous cafés, there is no hotel. Daily newspapers and theatres are lacking, too.



Street Scene in St. Pierre in the Midst of the Burned District

In the streets you see the fishermen—a constant delight to an artist—with their blue jerseys, Basque caps, and big boots. In March and April, when the sailing vessels and steamships come out from Fecamp, Canale, and St. Malo, with ten or fifteen thousand fishermen, the scene changes to one of bustling activity. For a few weeks all these fishermen are ashore preparing their tackle or loading their fishing-vessels with bait and ice. Then the gayly attired gendarmes are liable to have their hands full, and the merchant is busy in his office until far into the night.



Where the Cod-fishers lie in St. Pierre



St. Pierre Dog-cart
The common method of conveyance



Corpus Christi Parade—Open-air Altar
The chief religious festival of St. Pierre

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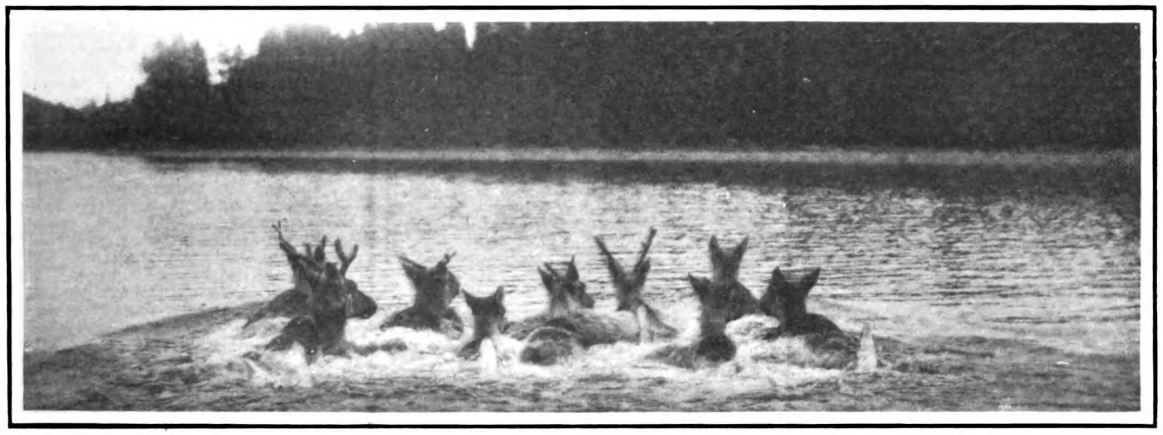
NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU



A Newfoundland Hunting-box



In the Haunts of the Caribou of Newfoundland



A large Family crossing the Exploits River

THE sportsman or tourist who visits the island of Newfoundland between October and December can see one of the most remarkable movements of wild animals in the world if he ventures into the northern portion. It is the annual migration of the great herds of caribou from north to south. As soon as the frost, in early October, begins to nip the leaves and grass upon the ranges of these animals, the journey, which may cover 200 miles, begins. The frost is the calendar of the caribou, and he goes by it as regularly as the ground-hog is supposed to come out of his hole on Candlemas day.

This great animal march is nearly in a straight line across the island, not stopping for stream, lake, or mountain, for the caribou is an excellent swimmer, and will cross a stream of water four or five miles in width, swimming almost as rapidly as a man can row a boat. As a rule, they move in families, the younger ones being placed in the centre for protection, with a buck or so on either side, while sometimes the largest one takes the lead. This order is observed on the water as well as on land, as will be noted by the remarkable photographs.

Although this species of deer is one of the most timid, and they require great skill in stalking, they are so numerous on the island that during the shooting season the hunter may knock over two or three, perhaps, in a day without going off the railroad track, which nearly belts the caribou country, and before the present game laws were enacted by the colonial government they were literally slaughtered by car-loads of sportsmen, who merely alighted at the railroad stations in the northern part of the island, and took positions near the track, shooting the animals as they moved across. The law at present prevents hunting them between October 7 and 20, as this time usually covers the period of the fall migration.



A Full-grown Buck

In hunting the caribou one of the natives who are to be found living along the northern section of the Newfoundland railroad is usually taken for a guide. Of course it is necessary to approach them facing the wind, and the sportsman who is a lover of animal nature as well as shooting, often sees a sight which cannot be duplicated in the world except perhaps in Africa. The northern and southern sections of the island are very hilly, and contain numerous ridges which are thickly wooded. In the open space in the valleys are many of the feeding-grounds of the animal, and at times one can see from the top of a ridge fully fifty feeding in pairs. The Newfoundland variety can be known from the species supposed to originate in Eastern Canada, as the former is much lighter in color, occasionally a stag or doe being taken which is nearly white.

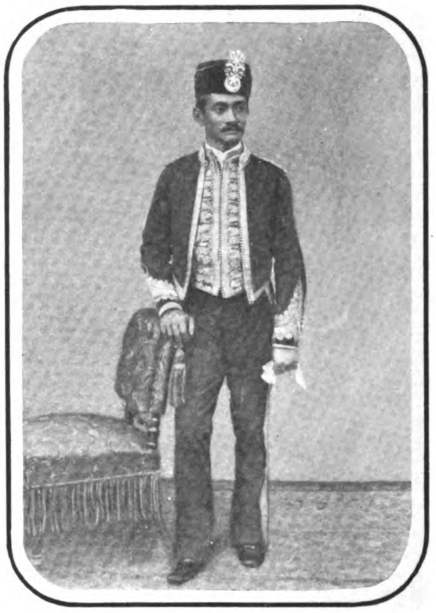
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The Rice-fields

Dutch East Indies Threaten Revolt

BORDERING our possessions, the Philippines, on the north, and threatening our controlling position in the Pacific, the Dutch East Indies, Sumatra, Java, and numerous and densely populated islands, have with one voice decided to attempt to cast off the yoke of the Netherlands. Herein are 34,000,000 people, 800,000 of them Chinese, 50,000 Arabs, a large element of Hindoos, and all the remainder of them Mohammedans, as against 70,000 colonists, or whites, who are also disaffected, because of heavy taxation. Notwithstanding the differences of religion,—the Mohammedans, recognizing the Sultan of Turkey as their spiritual head, and the Confucians, and other antagonistic differences of race,—all are united on the one proposition of revolt. The principle involved is the keynote of revolt, namely, that the Dutch have taken 300 million dollars out of their industry and productiveness, and used mighty little for the betterment of the insular possessions. When this rebellion is set in motion, with all its religious fanaticism, as the German press generally concedes that it will be directly, the Dutch will be menaced at home, as well as abroad. The Netherlands has never yet been able to conquer but a small part of Sumatra, where they have been met with the fierce, determined, and unconquerable ferocity of the Achinese. In order to hold what they have wrested from the natives with their small navy and army, it is generally believed in Germany that the Dutch will be forced to appeal to the Kaiser for aid. For the use of his navy and army, the Kaiser has already demanded, it is said, that the Netherlands shall join the German federation, and accept his sovereignty.



The Sultan of Lingga

This is the source of the friendship of the Kaiser for the Sultan. Did he have these thirty million Mohammedans and their contemplated revolt in mind when he cemented that friendship and looked forward to the time when this colonial empire might fall into his grasp? There is no revolt thought of in the adjoining British East Indies. But there human beings are treated as men and women. Certainly the Dutch, who have lost 80,000 men and over 100 million dollars trying to conquer the Achinese, cannot long retain more than the small islands of this vast archipelago. It is also certain, if the wishes of many of the natives prevail, that Uncle Sam and John Bull shall have a share of the archipelago when the break up comes. No one believes that Germany can bite off the whole lump, which Holland has been unable to take after twenty years' fighting.



The Tin-mine Railway on Singkap Island



Malay Homes on the Island of Lingga

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New York, the Unrivalled Business Centre

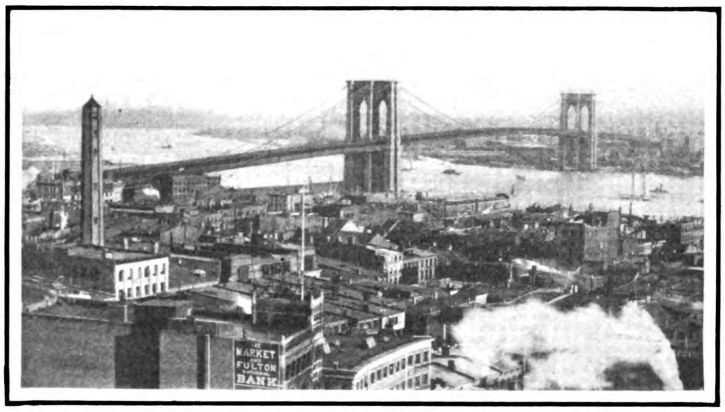
THE amazing transformation that is going on in New York city, especially in the Borough of Manhattan, is like unto nothing the world has ever seen. Not only has the outward appearance of the lower part of the old city been changed completely within a decade, but day by day some magic process startles the eye and dazzles the brain with a new manifestation of the conquering American spirit.

The city is simply bursting its bonds. It is as if some mighty force were astir beneath the ground, hour by hour pushing up structures that a dozen years ago would have been inconceivable; a power that is sending through its streets, in and out of its stupendous collection of buildings of high and low degree, an electrified current of financial strength that is charged with an energy unknown before in the field of human endeavor.

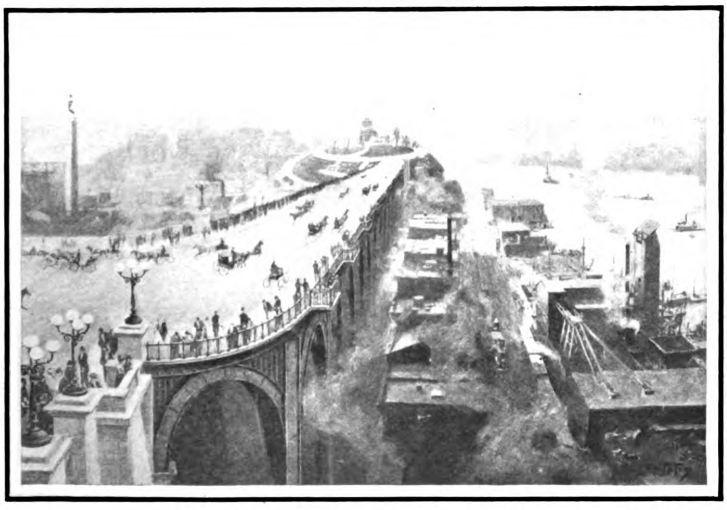
The fact is the real New York, the city that probably within forty years will be the largest in the world; the city that is already unrivalled in the magnitude and splendor of its public and private structures and the vast improvements that are under way; the city where the money power of the world will soon be centred, if it is not already; the real city of New York, the city that will last, is just coming into existence. Many figures of speech might be used to describe it. Probably the most accurate and at the same time most moderate would be to say that the spirit of the twentieth-century American genius is already in blossom; when it is in full blossom, say a decade hence, the beauty of its form and color—yes, and let us say its fragrance, for its charities and beneficence are already fragrant—will astonish mankind.

The man who has not seen New York in ten years would not know it to-day except for its geographical contour and the outline of its highways; the man who sees it day by day is astonished almost every hour by the wonderful changes that are springing up before him. He rubs his eyes in looking at them. The city is the newest "boom town" of the world, but it is not a boom town, to use a forceful slang expression, in the hot-air or balloon sense. The rapidity of its growth is mushroomlike, but its stability is not. There is nothing phantom about it. Founded literally upon a rock, the strength of the hills is in its blood; the vitality of almost unlimited prosperity is in its arteries. The transformation is for all time, and is only just beginning.

The primary cause for the upbuilding of the new New York is the uncounted prosperity of the United States for the last six years. That prosperity has centred in the giant metropolis of the New World. The captains of industry have come to New York to finance their vast undertakings and to live. They have helped to build the towering business structures, that almost bewilder themselves, and they have caused palatial homes, in the forms of massive hotels and apartment-houses and splendid residences to be erected. The entire town has felt the inspiring power of this prosperity, and this force it is, with the aid of recent mechanical inventions of vast labor-saving capacity, that is making over the great city. The distribution of electrical energy through the streets and the invention of the steam-drill, together with the use of skeleton steel frames for immense buildings, have transformed the outward appearance of the town. It is likewise the power of this great prosperity that has caused even a greater transformation than that which the eye beholds at first sight—the vast increase of business. That change may be observed chiefly on the pages of tens of thousands of business ledgers, but for the man who can see aright it too takes physical shape, and its course may be traced in the very appearance of the masses of the people, in the increased comforts and luxuries of living, in the constantly growing varieties of recreation, in the enlargement of intelligence.



The Brooklyn Bridge



The Viaduct on Riverside Park, New York

While it would not be correct to say that the people of New York, taken as a whole, are better housed than in any other American city, it is a true statement that in no place in the world do the people by their appearance show evidences of greater personal comfort and happiness. And so the dynamo, the steam-drill, and the electric riveter have revolutionized the city's physical aspect, and the multiplication of figures on ledgers and in bank clearings has wrought a great change since the dark days of '92-'95 in the physical aspect of the people.

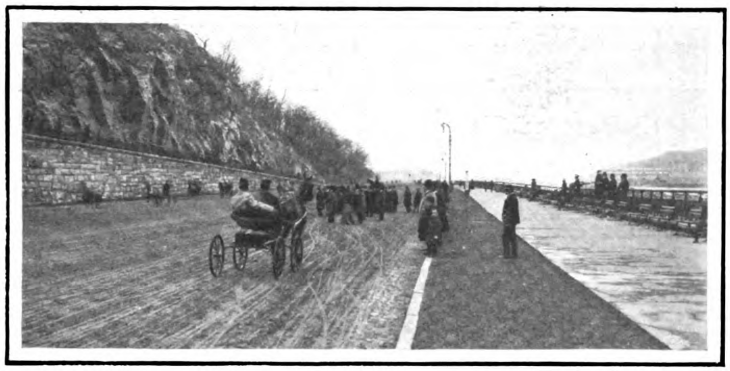
Reduce all this to commercial terms, and see what it means. A recent estimate has been made that the city of New York is now spending in round numbers more than $200,000,000 in municipal improvements, and that in private improvements that are really semi-public in character probably $250,000,000 more is being expended. Not until all these improvements take physical shape can the mind begin to realize what the expenditure of this vast sum of money means. It means that a dozen bridges, varying in cost from $100,000 to $16,000,000, are being erected. It means an enormous development of the great park system of the city; the construction of a vast subway in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn for rapid transit; the building of a great public library, with scores of branch library buildings; new school-houses; new city buildings; new streets, one of which, the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, is planned to be the most imposing thoroughfare in the world; new docks; new sewers, and the extension of the water-supply system; new court-houses and armories—the list might be extended in detail indefinitely.

And as for private improvements, all this investment means the entrance of the Pennsylvania Railroad through tunnels from New Jersey and Long Island to the heart of Manhattan, at a cost of $50,000,000, and the improvements of the terminal of the New York Central system, at a cost of more than $40,000,000; the erection of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine; the erection of a new Custom House and Post Office on a scale involving together probably a cost of $7,000,000; new homes for the Chamber of Commerce, Stock Exchange, Y. M. C. A., Historical Society, magnificent structures, all of them beautiful embellishments of the city; nearly a dozen hotels varying in cost from $1,000,000 to $7,000,000; sky-scraper buildings for business that will cost from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000, novel in design and of a highly ornamental architecture (the ugly steel box type of sky-scraper set up with the tall side reaching into the air is already behind the times); residences for multi-millionaires costing nearly $2,500,000 each. The private-building improvements call for an investment of fully $125,000,000 a year.

All this is in a city whose budget

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approximates $100,000,000 a year, whose manufactures, according to the census of 1900, aggregate $1,400,000,000, with 475,000 wage-workers in factories of one kind and another, earning $250,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the vast army of clerical workers; a city, land in which has been sold at nearly $300 a square foot, and whose total assessed valuation of real estate is $3,330,000,000, against $20,000,000 a century ago, as shown by the books in the City Comptroller's office; a city whose bank clearings in 1901 reached the enormous sum of $79,420,000,000, and the commerce of whose port aggregates more than a billion of dollars a year.



The New York Speedway

In the face of all these stupendous figures it is difficult to comprehend the situation when, in about 1626, Director Peter Minuit, of the Dutch West India Company, purchased Manhattan Island for the colossal sum of $28. And as we study the growth of the city, epoch by epoch, under Dutch, British, and American rule, we see it reach stages where there were indications of permanency. And the question comes up at once whether all these buildings in which millions upon millions are now being invested will not yield in the march of time to others, as costly in comparison with them as they are with those that preceded them.

It would seem impossible, however, that any improvement could succeed the steel-frame-building era, and it is altogether unlikely that the development of electrical invention will cause another revolution in building enterprises.

Expansion on a vast scale is the American rule. The Dutch checked it in New York for several decades when they built the wall, for which the great street of finance is named, to keep out the English, who were supposed to be marching down from Connecticut, and who didn't come. The war of the Revolution and that of 1812 also checked it, and so did great epidemics and fires—one can easily read all about them. But it was written in the march of events that New York should expand beyond the dreams of our forefathers, and probably few persons exist with forecasting powers sufficient to picture what it will be a century hence. Listen to what the commissioners who in 1807 were appointed to plot the city for all time had to say:

> To some it may be a matter of surprise that the whole island has not been laid out as a city. To others it may be a subject of merriment that the Commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected at any spot on this side of China. They have in this respect been governed by the shape of the ground. It is not improbable that considerable numbers may be collected at Harlem before the high hills to the southward of it shall be built upon as a city; and it is improbable that (*for centuries to come*) the grounds north of Harlem Flat will be covered with houses.

Think of that! The high hills south of Harlem! Where have they gone? And think of the centuries to come that the grounds north of Harlem Flat were to wait for habitations! Ah, well, who can foretell the future? But about those high hills south of Harlem; they were there sure enough, and they disappeared after the map of 1811 was filed, marking out the island of Manhattan as it is to-day. Mr. Janvier explains it all in his *Old New York:*

"These worthy men decided that the forests should be cut away, the hills levelled, the hollows filled in, the streams buried; and upon the flat surface thus created they clapped down a ruler, and completed their Bœotian programme by creating a city in which all was right angles and straight lines."

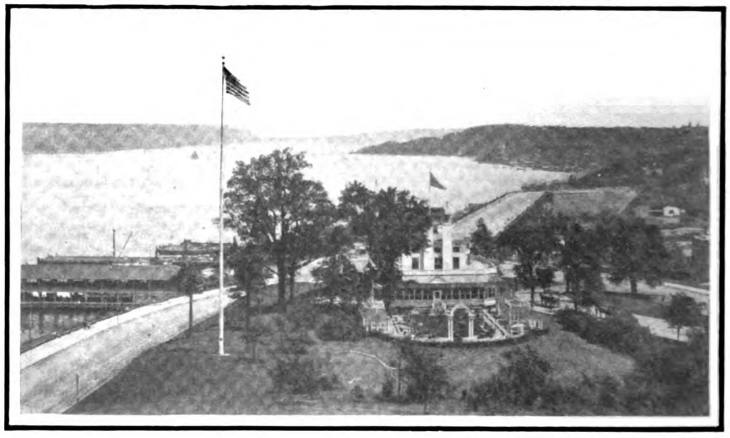
The city then reached on the east side up as far as Stanton Street, and on the west side as far as Christopher, and after yielding to the crooked demands involved in the recognition of the historic past of old Greenwich village, the straight streets were laid out, and the natural beauties of the upper part of the island south of Harlem were sacrificed ruthlessly. But the commissioners laid out long blocks east and west, and short blocks north and south, and instead of having forty or fifty streets running the length of the island they had a dozen. This had a tremendous effect upon the development of traffic in the matter of easy transit, and who shall say that if the expansion of the city was the sole object in view, it was not the better plan to cut down hills and fill in streams and hollows. But really no such consideration affected these commissioners. They had in mind that it was cheaper for men to live in "straight-sided and right-angled houses." Hear what they said about it after "personally reconnoitreing" the entire region and ordering "1549 marble monumental stones and 98 iron bolts" to mark the survey of the proposed streets:

> One of the first objects which claimed the attention of the Commissioners was the form and manner in which the business should be conducted; that is to say, whether they should confine themselves to rectilinear and rectangular streets, or whether they should adopt some of those supposed improvements by circles, ovals, and stars which certainly embellish a plan, whatever may be their effect as to convenience and utility. In considering that subject they could not but bear in mind that a city is to be composed principally of the habitations of men, and that straight-sided and right-angled houses are the most cheap to build and the most convenient to live in. The effect of these plain and simple reflections was decisive.

And so the beauty of the upper part of Manhattan Island was subordinated to utility, and that seems to have been the rule ever since, for it is the one great city of the world without splendid show streets, and the only one where a hideous style of brown-stone fronts was added to the disfigurement of the place. But that is passing away. A beautiful architecture has secured foothold both in the business and residential districts, and is dominating the city, and show streets are beginning to appear, the Riverside Drive being the most notable. But the business-utility idea is driving all before it on Manhattan Island. The great Fifth Avenue is now a business street, and the dwelling-house for single families, except for the rich, has disappeared. And so this hard-and-fast map of the Street Commissioners of 1807-11 may have had more to do with the city's great expansion than can be realized.

It was the splendid harbor that made New York what it was and is, and a very shrewd British governor, Nicolls by name, gave it a start in 1618, in its commercial supremacy by the passage of the Bolting Act, which granted to the city a monopoly in the bolting and packing of flour and biscuit for export. That lasted for sixteen years when the country members of the Provincial Assembly outvoted the city members (they have been doing it ever since), and it came to an end. But the impetus could not be overcome. The Erie Canal came in later years, and clinched that supremacy, and New York as a city, it will thus be seen, has been unceasing in the pursuit of trade, to the exclusion, many persons think, of everything else, be it patriotism, religion, or charity, but, of course, that qualification is untrue.

Each of these stages of development has left its trace. One sees the traces in doorways, old buildings, famous landmarks, but they have to be sought out. In the back alleys of old Chelsea some of the ancient houses may be seen, and all through Greenwich Village there are the traces of slanting streets that are gone. The old Debtors' Prison remains, but the Wall, and Love Lane, and the Kissing Bridge, and scores of

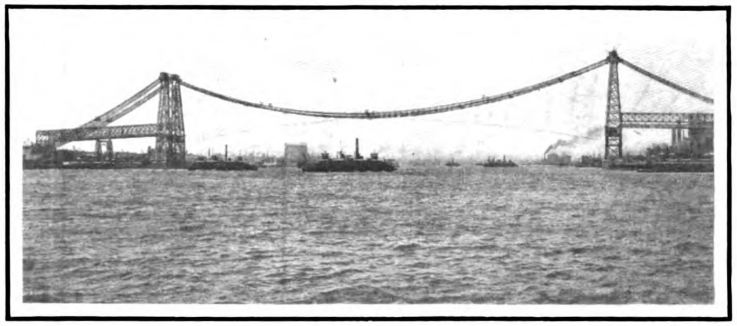


"Claremont," from Grant's Tomb

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other famous landmarks, have yielded to the march of progress. The Potters Field, at Washington Square, and the one at Union Square have become city parks. The old State prison in Greenwich has gone to Sing Sing, and the great Parade Ground, that reached from Twenty-third Street to Thirty-fourth, and from Fourth Avenue to Seventh, has shrunk to Madison Square. But Central Park arose at the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, and other parks and new streets and bridges, without the flavor of romance, took the places of Love Lane and the Kissing Bridge. The antiquarian, and even the ordinary man, if he will seek for it, can find many, many traces of the old New York, but the rush of the new New York sweeps its people along so swiftly that few have time enough to pause for a glimpse of the past.

Twenty-five years ago it seemed, however, as if the Manhattan part of New York had reached a fixed stage. It had five or six storied buildings along its thoroughfares of trade, and its dwellings were of the brownstone type, at that time supposed to be very elegant. But that time has gone. The skyline of the city has jumped fully 100 feet in the air, and one of the great commercial assets of real estate now is the God-given sunlight. The commonest simile for the streets is to liken them to cañons. Hundreds



The new East River Bridge

The stupendous undertaking of the Pennsylvania Railroad in making an entrance to the heart of Manhattan by tunnels at a cost of $50,000,000 is even a greater undertaking, and this is closely followed in importance by the $43,000,000 expenditure that the New York Central is to expend in improving its terminal and equipping its tunnel with electricity as a motive power.



Union Square

of sky-scrapers exist where ten years ago there were not a dozen.

Although New York is the only large city in the country where the lumbering horse-car may still be seen, it has the best system of transit in the world, and a better will be in operation in a little more than a year. The city would never tolerate the over-head trolley in Manhattan, and the result is the under-trolley. The Elevated railroads have the best plants of third-rail transit in the country, and the policy of waiting has been of enormous profit. When the last horse-car goes, no inadequate system of transit will succeed; it will be the best that can be procured.

This leads to a brief consideration of some of the more important improvements that are being made with the expenditure of nearly $500,000,000. First in importance for the city's welfare is the underground railway. It will cost $35,000,000 for Manhattan and the Bronx, and the city will pay something like $3,000,000 for the extension to Brooklyn, although it will cost the contractors $8,000,000 to build the extension. In Manhattan and the Bronx it will be fourteen miles long, with about five miles as an elevated road where it crosses valleys. It is an enormous undertaking, the details of which are familiar to every one who reads the newspapers, but its effect upon New York will be immeasurable. It will make the Bronx and Brooklyn the two residential parts of New York, and it will leave Manhattan Island to be overcome gradually by the march of business.

Then there are the four great bridges over the East River, involving an outlay of something like $16,000,000 for each one. The Brooklyn Bridge has been in use nearly twenty years; the Williamsburg Bridge is approaching completion. The Manhattan Bridge, between the two, has already been started, and the Blackwells Island Bridge is to follow. All these transit facilities are such as the world has never known.

Then comes the upbuilding of the great show streets. Already the Riverside Drive has become connected with the Lafayette Drive along the picturesque shores of the Hudson, and the road will curve around to that unique roadway, the great Speedway, by the side of the Harlem. The Bayshore road along the Narrows is already a superb thoroughfare, and when the Grand Concourse, following the crest of the great ridge in the Bronx for five and one-half miles, with a width of more than 200 feet, the cross streets running under it, is completed at a cost of $5,000,000, and it is lined with buildings adequate to its splendid contour and development, there will be no highway in the world like it. Manhattan Island's beauties may have been destroyed in part by the map-makers, but it is a satisfaction to know that the Bronx has been spared to a large extent. That will make it, probably, a residential region, and will fix the status of Manhattan more irrevocably as a business centre.

And then there are the magnificent Public Library; the beautiful and costly Chamber of Commerce, one of the most handsome buildings in the world; the magnificent new Stock Exchange; the $15,000,000 Cathedral; the development of the 100 or more parks, great or small, with the great Forest Park, on the ridge of Long Island, overlooking the sea on the one hand and the Sound on the other, to surpass them all; the erection of enormous sky-scrapers, which are now becoming ornamental as well as useful; the creation of a magnificent system of docks at a cost of $20,000,000, and their wide thoroughfare in front of them; the development of public playgrounds and recreation piers; the creation of a new and beautiful art in public places under the admonitions of the Municipal Art Society and the Municipal Art Commission; the upbuilding of universities and clubs and private residences and hospitals and municipal buildings, and the probable creation of a public park out of one of the most beautiful spots in the city — Blackwells Island; the wonderful museums and galleries and theatres. All these will go to make up the future metropolis of the world, and it staggers the imagination to try to conceive what it will be like, even in the lifetime of thousands who are alive at the present day.

II

FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE CITY

In the chief speech of the day on which President Roosevelt abruptly closed his re-



Grace Church

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Wall Street



The Empire Office Building

cent tour of the West, he made this remark, which he called the "merest truism":

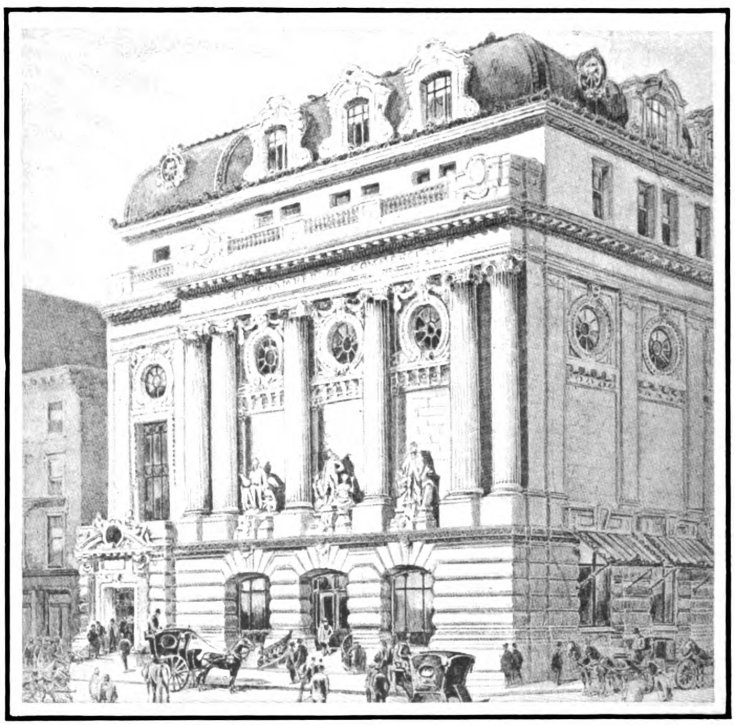
"Material prosperity is the foundation upon which every mighty national structure must be built."

Of course, it is a similar truism to assert that the same is true of every mighty municipal structure, but the growth and power of New York city in a financial sense are so potent an illustration of the accuracy of the remark that it is worth while to consider it at some length. The President also said in his speech that "unless material prosperity exists there is scant room in which to develop the higher life." It goes without saying that what is called the "higher life" exists abundantly in New York. Art and literature flourish there as nowhere else in the country. The census returns for 1900 show that printing and publishing is the fourth industry in rank of the place. Public and private charity are exercised to an extent not surpassed anywhere. Despite all that has been said of the evils of the great city, the refinements of life, notably those which find their outward expression in music and art, hold a preeminence that is unchallenged and undisputed. It all comes of the great material prosperity of the city. The people at heart are no more kindly, generous, and refined than those of any other large American municipality, but the wherewithal to develop this "higher life" exists there in such constantly growing strength that one wonders what its limits can be.

There is no way of telling or even estimating the extent of the material prosperity or the volume of business done in New York city except through the Clearing House exchanges and other banking statistics. Even those figures tell the story only in part, but it is true that nearly every financial transaction of note, certainly those that are done with paper rather than with currency as a medium, reaches the Clearing House, and is tabulated in the sum of its transactions. For comparative purposes the figures of the year 1901 are the best to work with. In round numbers the bank clearings in New York for 1901 were $79,427,000,000. For 1900 they were $52,634,000,000. This represented a gain of 51 per cent. over 1890. Chicago, in 1901, gained 14 per cent.; Boston, 16 per cent.; Philadelphia, 17 per cent.; St. Louis, 34 per cent.; Baltimore, 9 per cent.

Now the grand totals of bank clearings in the United States in 1901 were $117,992,000,000, but outside of New York they were only $38,564,000,000. In other words, 67 per cent. of the bank clearings of the United States were made in New York city, a community with only one-twenty-fifth of the entire population of the country. Those figures, at a mere glance, tell the story of New York's unrivalled business. Wrapt up in these figures is a material prosperity that in its fullest sense is beyond human comprehension. The New York Clearing House is an association of sixty-one banks and the Sub-Treasury of the United States. It has been in existence forty-eight years, and the sum total of its business in all those years is worth recording, because it reaches the staggering sum of $1,379,035,831,153 89. When figures pile up in that way, simply in the ordinary course of business transactions in one place for less than half a century, they reach an altitude beyond the limits of ordinary understanding.

Stupendous as was the amount of clearings in New York in the year 1901, this year bids fair to surpass them. In the early autumn of 1902 the clearings were much greater than for the corresponding weeks of 1901, and in the second week of September they exceeded those of the previous year by twenty-five per cent. Take one item that is represented in these clearings,—the business done on the Stock Exchange. The aggregate sales of shares in 1901 reached the enormous sum of more than 265,577,000 shares, against 140,000,000 in the previous year. Twice in the year the daily sales passed the 3,000,000 mark—on April 30, when

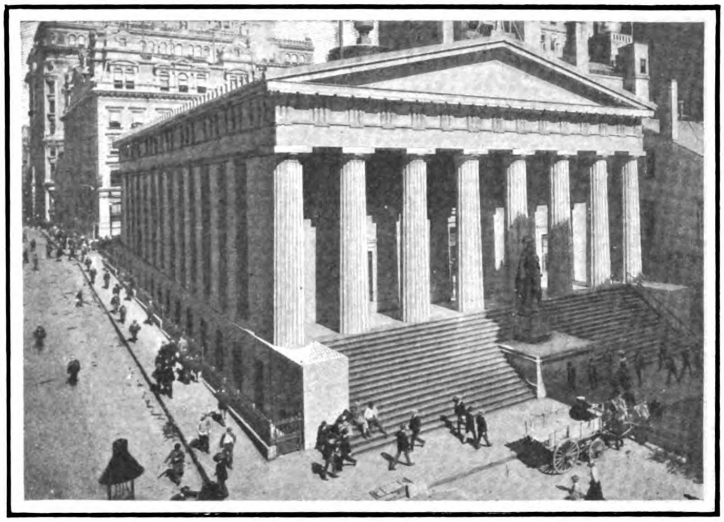


The New Chamber of Commerce

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3,234,000 shares were sold, and on May 9, when the transactions reached 3,336,000 shares. The sales in bonds increased sixty per cent., and were the heaviest ever known.

Now all this represents only one field of the great business transactions of the American money centre. When one considers, however, that in the bank clearings were represented not only the sales of stocks and bonds, but the transactions involving the mighty reorganizations of railroad companies, the upbuilding of great trusts with capital reaching into the billions, the ordinary sales of commerce, the dealings in realty, the expenditures involved in the outlay of a city budget of $100,000,000, and the business of handling more than $1,000,000,000 of exports and imports, one begins to understand what the Clearing House figures mean. The average monthly clearings for 1901 were $6,600,000,000, and the average daily clearings were $262,113,000. The greatest day's clearings were on May 10, 1901, the day after the greatest day of stock sales, showing the intimate relation between the two, and they were $598,527,409.



The Sub-Treasury in Wall Street

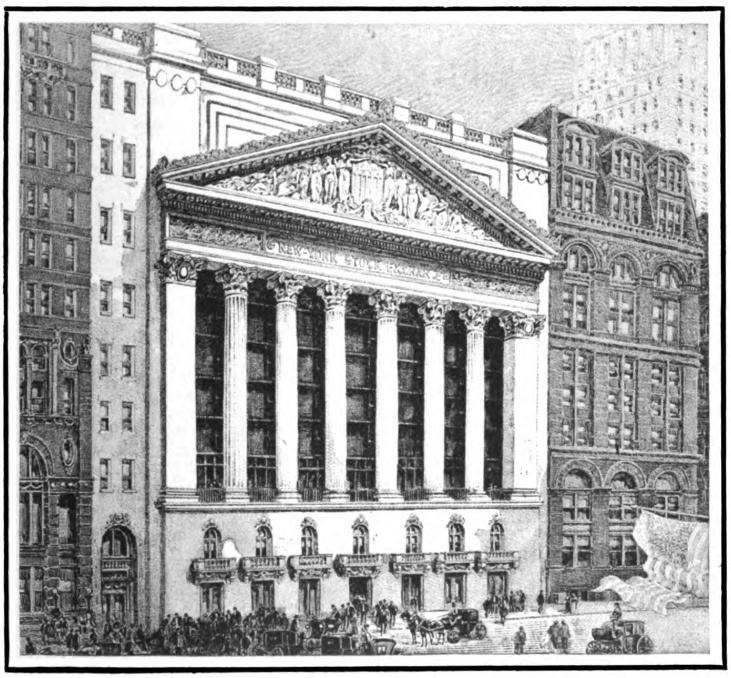
THE FORMATION OF GREAT TRUSTS

Figures such as these need never be dull The year 1901 was momentous in the financial history of New York and the country at large for the formation of two giant corporations such as were never known before. They were the United States Steel Corporation and the Northern Securities Company, and they were set in operation in New York. There was a struggle in the stock-market to secure certain railroad securities, and this produced the panic over Northern Pacific, when single shares sold for fabulous sums. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern interests tried unsuccessfully to obtain control of the St. Paul system. They then purchased the great Burlington system. This led to retaliation on the part of the Union Pacific interests to secure control of the Northern Pacific stock, and it led to a violent war, which was ultimately compromised. The great prosperity of the country was shown by the fact that the market speedily recovered its strength, and the most prosperous year in the country's history was recorded.

Of all the giant trusts that were formed in the year 1901, the United States Steel Corporation was easily foremost. It is known commonly as the "Billion Dollar Trust." Only a man trained in finance can realize what a colossal undertaking it was to form that corporation, and then float it and set it going. Any one, however, can understand that it meant an enormous increase in the financial business of the place where the merger occurred. There was only one place in this country where the capital and the men to whom the control of that capital could be given with unlimited confidence could be found. It is doubtful if London at that time could have accomplished such a task. It needed not only the money and the men of great ability, but it needed the American fearlessness and confidence.

For years numerous trusts had formed, and the way or methods by which such corporations were built up were entirely clear, but this Steel Corporation was of such a giant nature that it dumfounded the ordinary man. One might say that the principles in building, launching, and operating an ordinary tramp steamship are just the same as in building, launching, and operating a great ocean greyhound. So they are, but it is a vastly different proposition to make and manage the larger vessel. Special machinery has to be devised and employed in the building and launching, and the management of the big craft requires an amount of self-confidence and ability unknown to the management of the smaller ship. So it was with this Steel Corporation. Once it was made clear that it was feasible to float and manage business enterprises of so vast an extent, it became more easy to form other large business combinations.

The Northern Securities Company was a concern formed out of the "community of interest" idea in the management of railroads. Technically, it is a concern which has gone into the market, as an individual would, and has secured control of the securities of certain railroads. Of course, this of itself would bring about a harmony of interests, and a cessation of any rate wars, and a more economical administration in the railroads involved. Both of these giant corporations, the Steel Trust and the great Railroad Trust, have encountered various aspects of litigation over their operation, but it seems to be in the march of commercial progress that they are to overcome these obstacles. The effort to declare the Northern Securities Company an illegal formation has been carried into the Federal courts. The Steel Corporation has just won a notable victory in the courts of New Jersey, where an effort was made to defeat an important plan of management that its managers had formed.



The New York Stock Exchange

But the financing of these two corporations and the others that followed in their train was what, in the parlance of the Street, would be called a big thing for New York. What it meant to the banks of the city in the year 1901 is well summed up in this extract from Dun's *Review* of the banking situation for the year:

> In the year of big things it was natural that new high records should be recorded in deposits and loans. Financing of big syndicate operations and unparalleled stock-market dealings combined to raise the total of loans and discounts to $914,623,000 on February 16, against $825,830,600 on September 15, 1900, the top point of that year. On the same date deposits attained their zenith at $1,011,329,000, compared with $914,810,300 on March 4, 1899, the record prior to 1901. At the time of more than a billion deposits the banks only held in actual cash $265,684,700, or $12,852,450 above the 25 per cent. legally required. On March 2 there was a new deposit record of $1,012,514,000, but loans did not attain their maximum until March 9 at $918,789,600. From these phenomenal records there followed rapid declines as syndicate operations were concluded and heavy liquidation in the stock-market curtailed accommodation on this class of collateral. Subsequently there was some increase in preparation for railway and industrial combinations, but the early records were not reached.

Some of these bank figures are interesting to aid in revealing further what the tre-

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Broad Street

mendous prosperity of the country meant to New York in 1901 and what it is meaning to-day. The loans and discounts for the banks of the city in 1899 were $673,000,000 in round numbers. The next year they grew to $796,000,000, and last year they grew further to $858,000,000. The net deposits increased from $740,000,000, in 1899, and $796,000,000 in 1890, to $910,000,000 in 1901. The circulation increased from $16,000,000, in 1899, to $31,000,000 in 1901, while the surplus reserve, showing the demand for money, decreased from $11,000,000, in 1899, to less than $8,000,000 in 1901. It has been estimated that in the year 1901 no less than $837,000,000 were paid out in the country, the larger part of it, of course, in New York city, in dividends and interest on securities, as compared with $728,000,000 the previous year.

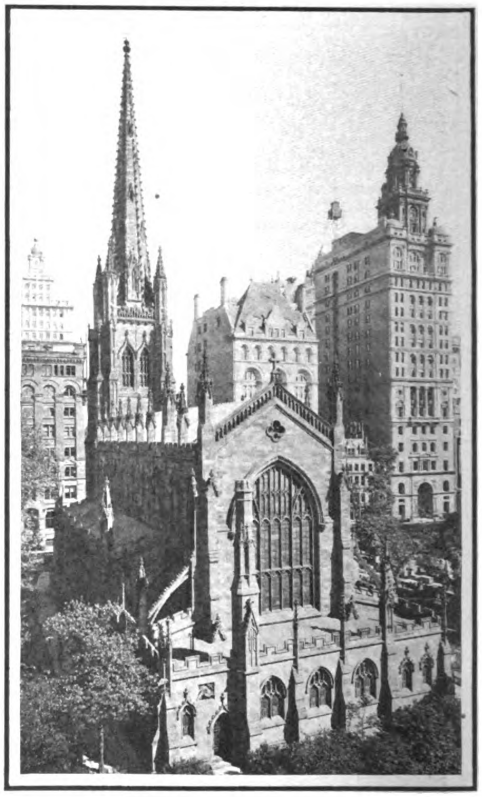
Of course all these sums are simply fabulous. Inasmuch as New York is the money centre of the New World, and bids fair soon to be the money centre of the entire world, these enormous transactions throughout the country exert a reflex influence on the city, and the effect is seen visibly in the erection of the great business buildings in the financial district of the town, and in the increase of the sum of the figures on the books of the banks. One indication, aside from steadily mounting sums of figures, that New York is to be the money centre of the world, was the fact that two great governments of the world—Great Britain and Russia—found it necessary to come to New York to float loans to their advantage. What all this means to the development of the place may be conjectured easily.

The housing of these mighty financial interests in great business palaces has made New York different in external appearance from any other city in the world. Buildings that cost millions and that are given up largely to finance are found almost by the score. One of these towering structures of finance may be referred to briefly, because it is popularly known as "the wealthiest spot on earth." It is the Empire Building on Broadway, directly to the south of Old Trinity, and practically obscuring that famous temple of religion from sight on one side. The business interests housed in that modern structure are estimated as employing more than $2,000,000,000 of capital. It is pre-eminently the office-building of the steel millionaires of the country. Office-room floor is valued at from $5 to $10 a square foot, and millionaires passing in and out of its doors are so common that no one pays any unusual attention to them. There are between 300 and 400 tenants in the building, but the wealth and resources of less than 100 of them have any legitimate public concern, and it is upon the wealth of these that the $2,000,000,000 estimate of the capital housed there is made. A Chicago newspaper, in an article on this building recently, made this estimate, in round figures, of the wealth of the more important corporations with offices in the building: United States Steel Corporation, $1,500,000,000; Pennsylvania Steel Company, $50,000,000; American Smelting and Refining Company, $100,000,000; Cambria Steel Company, $16,000,000; Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, $25,000,000; Crucible Steel Company of America, $50,000,000; Electrical Lead Reduction Company, $2,000,000; Hudson Trust Company, $500,000; International Navigation Company, $15,000,000; Otis Elevator Company, $11,000,000; Park Steel Company, $10,000,000; Pressed Steel Car Company, $25,000,000; Railway Steel Spring Company, $20,000,000; Steel-Tired Wheel Company, $4,000,000; Universal Gas Company, $1,000,000; Rubber Railway Joint Manufacturing Company, $250,000.

Of course there is more or less error in detail in these figures, but in a general way they may be said to be correct. The same newspaper made out this list of the rich men who do business there and their supposed wealth—a list that probably is exaggerated somewhat, but that is interesting from the fact that no such compilation has been made before:

Charles M. Schwab, United States Steel Corporation, $50,000,000; Joseph R. De Lamar, mines, $15,000,000; Barton Sewell, vice-president American Smelting and Refining Company, $1,000,000; James D. Smith & Co., bankers, $2,000,000; William Alexander Smith, who holds the oldest membership in the Stock Exchange, $1,000,000; William Sooy Smith, the engineer who invented the modern caisson, $2,000,000; Charles T. Barney, capitalist and brother-in-law of W. C. Whitney, $5,000,000; estate of George T. Bliss, $10,000,000; Archer Brown, steel, $1,000,000; E. C. Converse, $1,000,000; Coudert Brothers, lawyers, $1,000,000; Dexter, Osborne, & Gillespie, counsel for the Chemical Bank, $1,000,000; William Edenborn, steel, $5,000,000; Grant & Co., brokers, $1,000,000; M. Guggenheim's Sons, smelters, $75,000,000; E. St. John Hays, broker, $1,000,000; George G. Heyr, son of late Standard Oil man, $2,000,000; F. N. Hoffstadt, of the Pressed Steel Car Company, $1,000,000; W. B. Leeds, steel and railroads, $15,000,000; Thomas L. Manson & Co., brokers, $1,000,000; W. H. & J. H. Moore, promoters, $20,000,000; O. B. Potter Trust, real estate, $20,000,000; J. C. Osgood, of Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, $5,000,000; R. G. Reid, steel, $10,000,000; Percival Roberts, Jr., steel, $1,000,000; E. H. Gary, $5,000,000; Frederick Potter, $5,000,000; Park Brothers, steel, $10,000,000; Clement A. Griscom, president of International Navigation Company, $10,000,000; H. H. Porter, steel, $5,000,000.

This wonderful building is twenty-one stories tall, and is of the Italian Renaissance style in architecture. It has a frontage of only 78 feet on Broadway, but its great advantage as an office-building lies in the fact that it is in the very heart of



Trinity Church



Broadway—In the Dry-goods District

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the financial district. It is close to the Stock Exchange, the Clearing House, Sub-Treasury, Produce Exchange, and many of the big banks and trust companies. To build it upon rock bottom it was necessary to dig down sixty feet. The structure rests upon twenty-three steel caissons, and weighs fully 50,000 tons. Its main corridor is palatial. It has an arcade through which probably 40,000 people pass a day to and from the Elevated railroad station, and in the course of the pursuit of business in the neighborhood. This corridor is one of the building sights of the metropolis. Great pilasters of Cippolino marble uphold the heavy gilded ceiling, and the walls are panelled with a whitish marble from Norway. The building externally and internally looks what it is—the business home of scores of great millionaires. No other city in the world has such a structure.



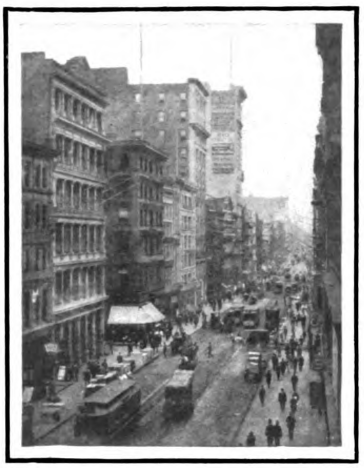
Worth Street—The Dry-goods District

MANUFACTURES, EXPORTS, AND IMPORTS

But let us go somewhat further into the vast business interests of New York on the commercial side. In this field there are no complete returns in statistical form. No one knows, and few can conjecture, the sum total of the amount of business done in New York. The census returns of the manufacturing done in the city and the banking statistics give some indication of its extent, but that is all. No returns have been made as to the extent of various commercial interests in detail, but some idea of their extent can be found in the statistics which the government gathers as to trade in and out of the port of New York. No figures are available for later than the year 1901. These may be found chiefly in the annual report of the Chamber of Commerce, and, although one of the minor features of the great work done by that most beneficial institution, this collection is extremely valuable to the interests of trade.

These reports show that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, the imports of merchandise at the port of New York were, in round numbers, $527,000,000, and of precious metals, $27,000,000. The exports of merchandise, domestic and foreign, for the same year were $529,000,000, and of precious metals, $104,000,000. The total exports and imports of all kinds for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, were $1,188,227,000, against $1,168,785,000 for the previous year. For the fiscal year it will be seen that there was a gain of about $20,000,000 over the year before.

For the calendar year of 1901, however, while there is almost no deviation in the sum total of exports, there was a decrease of a little more than $10,000,000 compared with the year 1900, the figures being: 1901, $1,186,000,000; 1900, $1,196,000,000. This decrease of $10,000,000 in the port's business, for the calendar year of 1901, may be accounted for by the fact that while the imports for that year increased something like $20,000,000, the exports fell off about $30,000,000. The figures involved are: imports for 1900, $555,000,000; 1901, $575,000,000. Exports for 1900, $641,000,000; 1901, $611,000,000. It is interesting also to note that of the commerce of the port of New York, in the calendar year 1901, the small comparative sum of only $128,000,000 was carried in American vessels, while the sum of no less than $1,056,000,000 was carried in foreign vessels, the ratio being nearly 9 to 1.



Middle Broadway

To understand the important part the port of New York plays in the commerce of the nation one need examine only a few statistics as to some of the leading importations into the country. For instance: there were imported at New York in the year 1901, 705,627,000 pounds of coffee. The total importations of coffee in all the United States for that year were 885,000,000 pounds. New York imported 50,000,000 pounds of tea in 1901. The entire United States imported 90,000,000 pounds. New York imported 45,000,000 pounds of wool. The figures for the year for the entire country were 103,000,000 pounds. In manufactured wool New York imported $11,000,000 worth, while the value of the total imports of these goods in the country was $14,585,000. In raw silk New York imported goods to the value of $31,800,000. The imports of the product for the entire country were $56,000,000.

In the matter of exports the showing for New York is not so commanding in the leading lines. Take some instances. In cotton, New York exported in 1901, 318,000,000 pounds, as against 3,338,000,000 pounds for the entire country. New York exported 26,000,000 bushels of wheat, as against 132,000,000 bushels for the entire country. In petroleum New York made a better showing, the exports for the port being 591,000,000 gallons, as against 1,008,000,000 gallons for the entire country. This falling off of exports, as compared with imports, for the city and country at large, tells a story of discrimination against New York as an export shipping place in favor of other ports, which is well recognized by the business interests of the place, but which probably because of the enormous prosperity of the place anyway, has not aroused sufficient interest to be overcome as it might be.

To sum up the importance of New York as a shipping port, however, the grand total of the imports and exports of the port, as compared with the entire country, is all that need be examined. In imports for the year 1901 New York received $555,000,000, and the entire country received $925,000,000. It will be seen from that that New York received more than one-half of the imports of the country. The domestic exports from New York in 1901 were $619,000,000 as compared with $1,571,000,000 for the entire country. This shows that New York exported a little more than one-third of the country's goods.

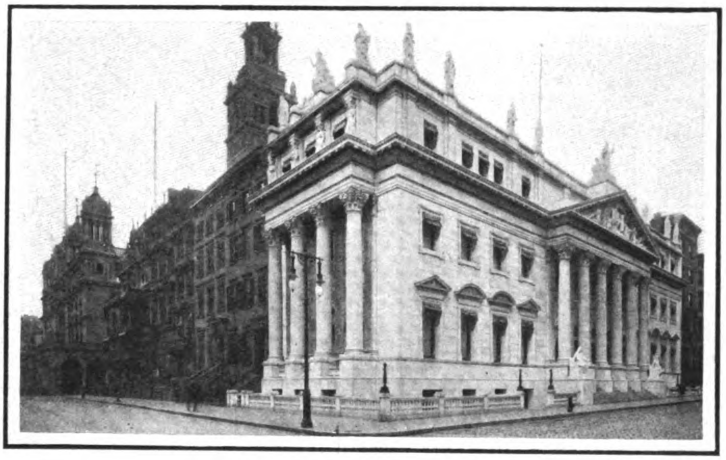
Of course the manufacturing interests of the city are involved in its financial supremacy just as much as the other grades of commerce. On this point the summaries



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published in the recent census bulletin throw an illuminating light. Only a few figures need be used. The returns show that the greater city of New York had in 1900 39,000 manufacturing establishments, as compared with 62,000 for the State of New York. The capital employed in this manufacturing was $921,000,000 for the city, and $1,448,000,000 for the entire State. The wage-earners numbered 462,000, as against 761,000 for all the State. Their earnings amounted to $245,000,000, as compared with $372,000,000 for the entire State. The value of the manufactured products of New York city was $1,371,000,000, as compared with a total value $1,975,000,000 for the entire State.



The new Appellate Court Building

When one examines the returns from the leading industries of the city, another interesting set of figures is revealed. The manufacture of clothing, men's and women's, is easily the chief industry of the city. In the making of men's clothing a capital of $37,000,000 was used, 20,000 wage-earners were employed, and the output of the entire industry was $103,000,000. The capital employed in the making of women's clothing was $27,000,000, the number of workers employed was 19,000, and the value of the output was $102,000,000. Refining sugar and molasses ranks next in importance to clothing making as an industry. The capital employed in this industry was $62,000,000, and the output was $88,000,000. In the printing and publishing business of various kinds the sum of $60,000,000 was used as capital, and the value of the output was $78,000,000. In the next ranking industry, foundry and machine-shop products, a capital of $48,000,000 was used, and the value of the output was $42,000,000. The output of the malt-liquor industry was $39,000,000, involving the use of a capital of $65,000,000. The value of the output of cigar and cigarette making was $38,000,000, involving the use of a capital of $16,000,000. The value of the output in the painting industry was $25,000,000, and there were $13,000,000 worth of musical instruments made. And so the list might be extended; but the story is plain as to the effect of all this manufacturing upon the financial condition of the town, and needs no further emphasis.

THE GREAT LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES

A most important element in the financial condition of New York city is the relation that the great life-insurance companies bear to the complicated and intricate system of buying and selling securities, of reorganizing and investing and the like. The assets of these great companies are a bulwark and a mighty fortress to the financial world. In times of business stress it is a great thing for the financial world to have the gilt-edge investments of these companies to fall back upon, and it is only within a year or two that one of the leading officials of one of the foremost companies in New York accepted a place as partner in what is regarded as the leading private banking-house of the city, still retaining his official relations to the life-insurance company. This shows nothing more probable than the intimate relation that exists between the banking interests of Wall Street and the life-insurance companies; but for that reason, if for no other, it is worth while to consider for a moment the tremendous power and influence that these insurance companies have and must continue to have in the financial world. Of the forty companies reporting to the State Insurance Department more than one-half of the business was done by three companies. The excess of income of the companies reporting over the outgo was $20,000,000 in 1876, but by 1901 it reached the enormous growth of $150,000,000. Each of these three large companies in New York city has an insurance in force of about $1,200,000,000. Their annual incomes are each about $70,000,000, and the net assets of each are about $300,000,000.



Longacre Square

Now, no one of the insurance companies of the State has yet reached what is called the "natural limit of growth," that is, the period when the incomes and disbursements shall equal each other, and when the amount of new obligations shall equal the amount of obligations terminated for one reason or another. It is estimated that it will not be until 1930, at least, that this natural limit of growth will be reached. The new business has increased from $200,000,000 in 1876 to more than $1,500,000,000 in 1901. It is estimated by the leading actuaries that if no new business should be written by these companies, the excess of annual income would continue to increase the assets of these companies for more than thirty years, and, in this way it is shown, as certainly as there is truth in the laws of mathematics, that even with no new business every obligation to policy-holders is sure to be paid. And this is solely through the exercise of a sound system of finance.

But new business is bound to come in, and the stability of this financial system is shown by the fact that in twenty-five years the accumulations of these companies have increased 565 per cent.; the incomes, 307 per cent.; total disbursements, 241 per cent.; payments to policy-holders, only 163 per cent. Large as these figures are, the insurance experts estimate that within the next twenty-five years the results will be ten times as great as at present, and that the assets accumulated will be as great as the total amount of insurance in force at the beginning of this century. One of the most conservative of the actuaries estimates that within the next thirty years each of the three great companies to which reference has been made will write nearly $7,000,000,000 of new insurance, and that the insurance in force in such a company will be at that time fully $3,000,000,000; that the total income for these thirty years for each company will be more than $4,215,000,000, and that the interest-bearing assets will be more than $1,373,000,000. Multiply all this by three, and one can see what the strength and financial power of the three companies of New York that do one-half the business will be. Multiply it again by two, and add the sums involved in the management of all the other kinds of insurance companies, then one can estimate to some extent the meaning of the strength to the financial world of the existence of these concerns.

In addition to all this, it reveals, as no other set of figures can reveal, the investment capabilities of New York as a money-market. One would think that the life-insurance companies, even at the present time, would exhaust the investment market. Every one knows that they do not, and it is a mighty tribute to New York as a money centre, a tribute that will undoubtedly continue to grow with the years, and that will serve to fix the financial standing of New York as the money centre of the world more than any other agency. Of the value of these companies as a steadying force in the financial world there can be

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no question. They are a solid rock of enormous extent, upon which the financial structure of the great city rests in safety against storms and upheavals.

Of the picturesque side of this great financial world,—its excitement, its hurry, its complicated and yet simple methods of movement, its palatial marts,—there is no space in this article to speak. A mere stroll through the money district of the city is sufficient to afford any visitor with material for thought for many days.



Herald Square, showing Real Estate Improvements

III

THE GREAT DRY-GOODS TRADE

Unquestionably the greatest single commercial industry of New York is what is known as the dry-goods trade. It is a comprehensive term, and in it is included about everything that men and women wear, except shoes. Moreover, it is the largest market of the kind in the world. To equal it London would have to annex the entire trade of this grade of that great industrial centre—Manchester. In this country there is nothing to compare with it, the dry-goods trade of other places—speaking, of course, of the wholesale market entirely—being small affairs. It is doubtful if the average citizen even of New York realizes the enormous extent of this business. Within four years it seems to have nearly doubled the extent of territory it occupies. It now reaches from Duane Street on the south to Twenty-third Street on the north, a distance of fully two miles, and from West Broadway on the west to Elm Street on the east, in the lower half of the district, and from Sixth Avenue on the west to Fourth Avenue on the east in the upper part. The width of the district is from one-quarter to one-third of a mile. It is wider in the upper part than in the lower.



White Street—The Dry Goods District

Within four years a great transformation has taken place in the appearance of this great business centre. Massive buildings, most of them ten stories tall, and occupying fully 20,000 square feet of space, have begun to line the streets. It is a case of the architecture suiting itself strictly to the requirements of the trade. The reason is that the wholesale merchant who requires 20,000 square feet for his business would rather have it on one floor than on two or three, and it is found that a building of ten floors, each of 20,000 square feet of space, pays better than any other for this trade as a real-estate investment. Consequently, all such buildings are full, and there is a demand for more. This has caused a rapid change in the appearance of the district, and makes plain why the sky-scraper of the financial district in the lower part of the city has dwindled to the ten-story building in the dry-goods district.

Four years ago the upper limits of this district were fixed at Eighth Street; indeed, the really active part of the trade was established below Houston Street. Now, the old business houses have not moved up town to any noticeable extent. It is the great expansion of trade that has thrown the outposts up to Twenty-third Street, where the dry-goods men expect that it will remain for probably a decade or more. There is plenty of room to expand east and west, and until that growth takes place it is improbable that the uptown march will be continued further. The retail shops of Fourteenth Street have practically yielded to the wholesale trade, and lower Fifth Avenue has been conquered. As soon as the Rapid Transit tunnel in Fourth Avenue is completed the wholesalers will probably take possession there.

The variety of businesses involved in this wholesale dry-goods trade is interesting. It includes not only the linen and print and silk trades, but such articles as are embraced in the wholesale clothing trade for men and women,—millinery, gloves, shirts, hats and caps, and the like. Within three years practically a new industry has flourished and secured an established foothold. It is the industry that supplies neck-wear to women, such as boas and a great variety of ties.

There are three reasons why New York has become the great dry-goods centre of the United States. The first is that the city is the financial centre of the country. The second is that its geographical position makes it the great port of entry for receiving and distributing imported merchandise. The third is that it has become the centre of fashion for the United States, and that the new styles make their first appearance in New York. In turn, this influence as a fashion centre has a reflex influence upon the French fashions, and this reacts again, making New York's position as a fashion centre all the more secure. It was thought for a time that Chicago and St. Louis would make serious encroachments upon New York's wholesale dry-goods trade, because the merchants of the country, particularly in the Far West, could reach those places with less expense than would be involved in going to New York. It was thought, too, that freight bills would be smaller from the



The New Custom House

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inland cities. The freight cuts little figure. Transportation has to be paid for the goods from mill to counter by the consumer in the long-run. The extra expense in coming to New York is a small sum comparatively, and tens of thousands of merchants make the longer trip, because they know that they will not only see all the latest ideas in the trade, but will see, in addition, New York itself, and its wonderful attractions. Those who live in or near New York can little realize the force of this desire all through the country to visit the great New York. It is really one of the most important factors of trade.

There is no way of estimating the amount of business done by the dry-goods interests of New York city. Census statistics and Custom-house reports give some indications of it, but no one collects or can collect under our present business system full facts in the case. From the importations of the country salient figures may be obtained. For instance, of the $20,000,000 of cotton laces imported in 1901, $17,000,000 came to New York. Of the $4,800,000 importations of furs, $4,300,000 came to New York. Of the $12,000,000 importations of silk-dress and piece goods, New York received $11,400,000. Of the $1,600,000 importations of feathers and birds for millinery purposes, New York received $1,475,000. Of the $5,500,000 worth of kid gloves that came in, $4,000,000 came to New York. In silk ribbons New York got $1,600,000 of the $1,800,000 imported. Of the $3,260,000 of velvets and plushes that arrived, New York received $3,200,000. And so the list might be extended.

The census returns show also the commanding supremacy of New York as compared with other cities. In men's clothing New York produced goods to the value of $103,000,000 in 1900. Chicago, the next in rank, produced only $36,000,000. In women's clothing in that year New York had a record of $102,000,000. Chicago, next in rank, had only $9,000,000 worth of that business. The value of the shirts made in



The New York Post Office

New York in 1900 was $14,000,000. Philadelphia, ranking next, made $4,000,000 of shirts. In men's furnishings New York produced $18,000,000, while Chicago followed with $3,000,000. The value of the millinery made in New York in 1900 was $20,000,000. Next to it in the amount of output in that field was Chicago, with a record of $2,000,000. New York made $8,000,000 of hats and caps. Philadelphia followed, with a record of $1,300,000.

The dry-goods district of New York is so

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large that it has its sub-districts. There are five great jobbing house establishments that sell everything in the dry-goods line. The other firms and companies are specialized. There is the "Worth Street Crowd," consisting of old-time commission houses. Around Leonard Street one finds the agencies of the Eastern and Southern cotton-mills. Linens centre around Franklin and White streets. The jobbing centre is around Broadway and Worth Street. The millinery houses stretch along Broadway above Grand. Silk and dress goods may be found on Greene Street for several blocks. Imported gloves are also housed in this neighborhood. Laces, veiling,



Edward Lauterbach

and embroidery extend for several blocks along Broadway, while the garment industry is spread nearly over the entire district from Spring Street to Twenty-third.

It is a most interesting district to visit, not only because of its size, but because, just now, it is extremely busy. The dry-goods trade resembles the grocery trade in one important respect; there is little money made on the staples. The margin of profit is mighty small on prints and muslins and the like. It is in the fancy goods that the profit is heaviest,—the things that change with fashions, the things that are ephemeral in the trade. The condition of trade is excellent at present. The cool summer made a dull trade in summer goods, but the cool fall has made a lively trade in materials for that season, and so in the long-run has nearly evened up matters.

It is probable that the trade for 1902 will surpass the trade for last year. That was a record year. It began in an unsatisfactory way, but it developed rapidly. There were two important factors in this development. The door became open again in China, and the Fall River Selling Pool was dissolved. The Open Door in China led to revival in the cotton industry, and after the Fall River pool was broken up a lively speculation followed. The silk trade also had a profitable year. Of course, it is the general prosperity of the country that has shown its strength in this great industry of New York, and helped to enlarge the town in more ways than one can realize off-hand.

IV

NEW YORK'S BUILDINGS AND REAL ESTATE

There is no spot in the world where so high a price for real estate has been paid as in New York. As far back as thirty years ago $350 a square foot was paid for the two corners of Wall and Broad streets, and as much as $450 a square foot has been offered for one of the corners of Broadway and Wall Street. The highest price ever known to have been paid in London for a piece of realty is $300 a square foot.

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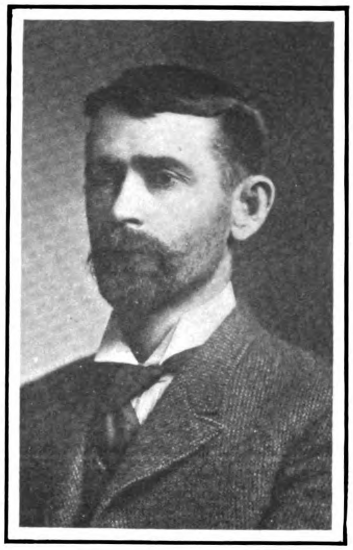
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the town so that there may be adequate returns in rentals. It has made the skyscrapers a necessity in the lower part of town, and it has brought forth the huge apartment-houses and apartment-hotels in the upper part of town. Furthermore, this wonderful era of building bids fair to cause the outward appearance of the city to remain fixed, and to establish a permanency of districts. It was a comparatively easy and inexpensive matter, when the prices of ground rose to unexpected figures, to tear down the old dingy buildings, erected before the days of steel skeleton frames and electric



Captain W. Murdoch Wiley

passenger-elevators. It is improbable that any building improvements will be discovered that will make it advisable to tear down these enormous sky-scrapers and retail shops and factorylike abodes of the new wholesale district to make room for some other kind of structure unforeseen at the present time. The millions upon millions of dollars invested in these buildings cannot be tossed aside. It would be too great a strain on the earning power of legitimate investment.

The result is that Manhattan is now taking on the appearance of what it is likely to remain for many decades. The financial district will be magnificently housed from Canal Street to the Battery. The wholesale district will extend from Canal to Twenty-third Street. The retail district will extend from Twenty-third Street to Fiftieth, or, possibly, Fifty-ninth, and the residential-apartment district will occupy the rest of the island. It will be a heterogeneous collection of buildings, for there is no way of compelling architectural symmetry, even if it were to be desired, but the buildings will be on a grand scale, and the recent specimens put up show that they will be worthy architectural memorials. The entrance of the Pennsylvania Railroad to the Thirty-fourth Street neighborhood, and the expenditure of more than $40,000,000 by the New York Central Railroad at its Forty-second Street terminal, will establish the retail-shopping and the transient-hotel district, as well as the theatrical region, in that long rectangular stretch between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets and between Third and Ninth avenues.

The assessed valuation of the real estate in New York is $3,330,000,000. That is supposed to represent a two-thirds valuation. Really it represents a valuation on all sorts of percentages. The city authorities are now favoring a full-value assessment in order to have greater borrowing capacity for the city, and also to equalize many glaring inadequacies in bearing the burdens of taxation. If such a full assessment should be made it would probably be found that the realty of New York is worth

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no less than from five to six billions of dollars.

It is interesting to observe how this rise in realty prices has transformed the town. The upper part of Manhattan Island was largely given up to brownstone residences up to ten years ago. Then, when it became impracticable to get more than from $1200 to $1500 a year rent for them, the era of the five-story flat without elevators arrived. For years most of the building operations in that part of the city were confined to erecting these structures. Soon it became possible to put elevators in these new flats. The law allowed these semi-fireproof structures to reach a height of seventy-five feet. Then a height of eighty-five feet was fixed as the limit. This permitted the erection of structures of seven and eight stories. The latest law on the height of this kind of buildings went into effect on April 10, 1901. It limited semi-fireproof flats to a height of six stories, and the result has been practically to stop that kind of building, and to bring out the apartment-house on a tremendous scale for housekeeping, and the apartment-hotel. These buildings are so expensive that the era of permanency seems approaching in the character of dwellings for those who live and who are to live on Manhattan Island.

And now as to the increase of prices in real estate. The average price for land in the financial district varies from $150 to $200 a square foot. In the shopping district it runs from $60 to $100 a square foot, with an erratic purchase here and there above those figures, one of them reaching, for a parcel of 2000 square feet, as high as $350. In the high-priced residential district as high as $84 a square foot has been paid. Out of twenty pieces of real estate that have been sold in Manhattan at prices ranging from $150 to $300 a square foot, six were recorded in 1901. Of the forty-two sold at prices between $100 and $150 a square foot, ten were conveyed in 1901.

The northwest corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place was sold in 1896 for $500,000, or $114 66 a square foot. Three years later it was sold for $900,000, or $206 39 a square foot, a rise of 80 per cent. Nos. 36 to 42 Broadway was sold in 1893 for



William E. Mitchell

$57 55 a square foot. Now it brings $85 a square foot. The land on which the Boreel Building stands was sold on October 1, 1901, for $135 47 a square foot. Seven months later, May 1, 1902, it was sold for $197 69 a square foot, a rise of nearly 50 per cent. in a few months. Prices on Pine Street in a few months have increased from $140 to $180 a square foot. The northeast corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane sold for $131 a square foot in 1872. The price was $196 in 1897. The southeast corner, a piece of property four times as large as the opposite corner, brought $211 a square

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NINETY-EIGHTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

JULY, 1902

SUMMARY OF ASSETS

	Par Value.	Market Value.
Cash in Banks		$634,686 54
Special Deposits in Trust Companies		430,586 48
Real Estate		1,608,892 06
United States Bonds	$1,600,000 00	2,050,000 00
State and City Bonds	1,325,000 00	1,364,500 00
Railroad Bonds	1,203,750 00	1,285,925 00
Water and Gas Bonds	100,000 00	97,500 00
Railroad Stocks	4,315,000 00	6,662,550 00
Gas Stocks	50,000 00	109,000 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	175,000 00	508,250 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate		124,550 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents		991,446 48
Interest due and accrued on 1st July, 1902		50,562 87
		$15,918,449 43

LIABILITIES

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	5,405,511 00
Unpaid Losses	718,796 65
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims	675,454 43
Reserve for Taxes	50,000 00
Net Surplus	6,068,687 35
	$15,918,449 43

Surplus as regards policy-holders - $9,068,687 35

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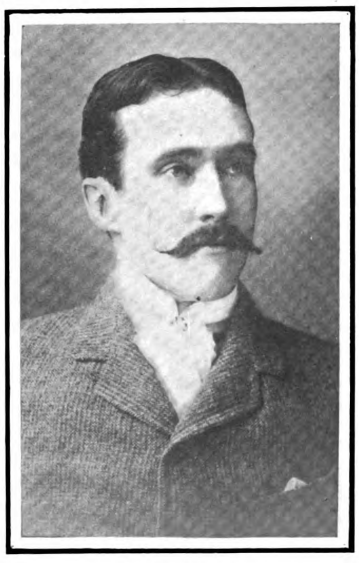
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foot in 1901. Generally speaking, it may be said that property that sold four years ago for from $30 to $40 a square foot is now $60 to $70. There has been an average rise of from 25 to 50 per cent. in three years.

There are four centres of high-priced property on Manhattan Island. Of course the first is what might be called the Stock Exchange district. That is where the highest-priced realty in the world lies. The next district is the Maiden Lane region, near by. The jewelry trade is centred there, and the land affords opportunity for high rentals of small places. The next centre is around Twenty-third Street and Broadway, and the fourth is the Thirty-fourth Street district, about which the retail shops are centring on a colossal scale, owing to the fact that the railroad centre of the town is to be established there for all time.

Now the number of conveyances of real estate in 1901 was only slightly above those of the previous year, amounting to about 16,000, but apparently the prices paid were below those of the years 1893 and 1899. This really was not the case. It is getting to be the custom nowadays to transfer realty for a "nominal consideration." Last year three-fifths of the property was transferred in that way. In 1897 fifty per cent. of the property was so conveyed. In 1893 the percentage was thirty-seven, and as far back as 1868 only six per cent. of the realty transactions were for nominal sums.

The building operations in 1901, according to plans filed with the city authorities, called for an expenditure of about $120,000,000. This was an increase of fifty per cent. in the cost, but it did not quite reach up to the record of 1899. The great buildings that have just come into existence took shape on paper largely in 1899. As an indication of the great rise in the cost of buildings, necessary because the price of realty has advanced, it is interesting to note that the average cost of buildings in Manhattan in 1900 was about $15,000. From 1890 to 1897 it varied from $20,000 to $23,000. By 1899 it increased to $26,000. Then came the boom, and the next year the average cost was $29,000, and last year it took the enormous jump to $48,000. This great increase gave rise to the expression that 1901 was a rich man's year in Manhattan realty. Probably the cost of the building operations for the entire city was more than $150,000,000 for 1901.



J. W. Gerard

As a proof of the practical disappearance of the private dwelling in New York, it may be said that since 1899 there has been a steady decrease in this kind of building in Manhattan. In 1890 there were plans filed for the erection of 835 of these dwellings. In 1900 there were plans for building only 112, and in 1901 this figure shrunk to 100. In 1890 the money invested for new

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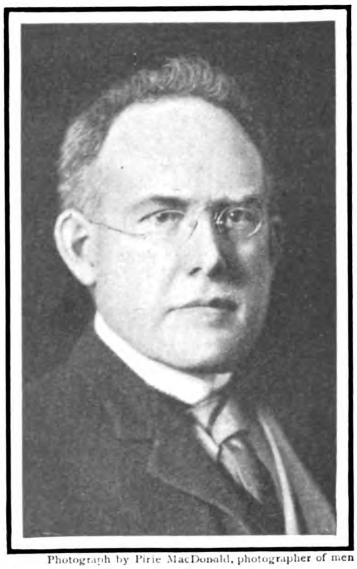
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private dwellings was nearly $13,000,000, but in 1901 it was only $6,000,000. The average cost of these dwellings, however, has risen from $15,000 to $60,000 in ten years, but it was not until 1901 that the cost passed the $35,000 mark, and then it made a jump to $60,000. What better proof could be furnished to show that it was a rich man's year?

The sudden appearance of the apartment-hotels was perhaps the most wonderful change of the building appearance in New



Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, photographer of men

Hon. John S. Seymour
Seymour, Seymour, & Harmon

York. In 1901 plans were filed for forty-six of these buildings, to be erected at a cost of $20,000,000. In 1900 these buildings numbered eleven, but their cost was only $2,000,000. For 1901 there were filed plans for no less than nineteen sky-scrapers for the business district of the city, at a cost of more than $12,000,000. It is a curious condition of affairs that of the great dwelling-houses, the housekeeping apartments on an enormous scale, and the hotel apartments, built not for transients, but for yearly tenants, the housekeeping establishments are put up mostly above Fifty-ninth Street, where Central Park begins, and the hotel apartments are erected mostly below that street. This in turn has a direct influence in making a decisive change in the manner of living of the rich. It is now becoming the custom to have an apartment in the city for the winter, and to also have an elaborate country-place for the summer.

It is seen from the building records of the city that the active period of erection of private dwellings in the city lasted until the year 1892. Ordinary building lots up to that time cost less than $10,000. Then came the necessity of getting more than $1500 a year income from such pieces of property, and the five-story flat without elevators arrived. Then came the seven and eight-story semi-fire-proof flats with elevators, and now the building runs to the great apartment-houses and hotels.

This latest development, as has been seen, would seem to fix the future character of habitations in Manhattan. One of the best authorities on realty in the cities of the United States, Richard M. Hurd, has summed up the future, as he sees it, in these words:

> It appears quite probable that the greater part of the surface of Manhattan Island will be ultimately devoted to business solely, the space above the ground-floor, if not utilized for business, being occupied for hotels, apartment houses, flats, and tenements. Probably the only exclusively residence occupancy will be in the most fashionable locations, on and near Fifth Avenue and Central Park, where the very rich, who desire to live in town, can afford to hold their property against the encroachment of business.

Truly the steel frames, the steam-drill, and the dynamo have wrought marvellous changes in the physical aspect of Manhattan.

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The New York Air-Brake Company

THE New York Air-Brake Company is today one of America's most successful and flourishing corporations. In less than a decade it has more than doubled itself, and it has only one rival, the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. It was incorporated in New Jersey, in 1890, with a capital of $10,000,000, and it now supplies brakes to all the railroad companies in America, in Europe, Russia, and Asia. It supplies the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the New York Central, and over fifty other American railroads. It works under the patents of Albert P. Massey, of Watertown, New York State, where the factories are.

The first structures for this work were erected on Beebe Island, on the Black River, but it now runs over on to the mainland, the whole plant comprising over 260 acres, and employing 1200 men. The capacity has been more than doubled, and it has become one of the most flourishing business houses in America.

Within a short time the firm has erected a large shop and plant at Moscow, Russia,



C. A. Starbuck

and it has important works at Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and France.

The prime mover and most active mind in this successful firm is the president, Charles A. Starbuck, who has brought the company from nothing to a flourishing corporation. There is no preferred stock, and no interest-bearing bonds, the stockholders getting their dividends entirely free and at high rates. Mr. Starbuck was born in Niagara County, New York, September 17, 1852. He is the son of Stephen B. and Mary E. (Matthews) Starbuck, the father being a merchant residing at Somerset, New York.

The Starbucks are an old English family, from Derbyshire, whose pioneer ancestor, Edward Starbuck, came to America about 1630, and settled in Dover, New Hampshire, removing in 1659 to Nantucket; in fact, he was one of the founders of that town. Mr. Starbuck was educated at the public schools, and came to New York in 1870. He was first in the office of a diamond-merchant in Maiden Lane, and then he went into the air-brake business. His rise was rapid, and he became vice-president of the Eames Vacuum Brake Company. In 1890 he was vice-president of the New York Air-Brake Company, and in 1894 he became its president, having brought it to an amazing condition of importance and success. Mr. Starbuck is not married; he belongs to the Manhattan, Lawyers, New York Yacht and Columbia Yacht clubs of New York city.

Business Education

By C. W. Haskins, C.P.A., L.H.M.,

Dean of the New York University School of Commerce

COMMERCE is both a teacher and a learner. As a teacher, its influence has been equal, if not superior, to that of literature, philosophy, religion, art, or science. Our very alphabet is believed to have been invented by a people who themselves had no literary or any other earthly use for it except as an account-keeper of business transactions.

As a learner, commerce has applied itself to study in and out of school and school hours. Outside—pre-eminently self-taught—it has laid under contribution the teaching faculty, willing and unwilling, of all the world. And when it chose to go to school, it has been accorded whatever corner pedagogy could find for the apparition.

This corner, however, has been often a place of great honor. The oldest educational system we know of, that of the Chaldean scribe, though ecclesiastical in its aim, was broadly based upon commerce, accounts, and law. The Japanese, in their long seclusion, not only kept alive a feudal culture in good breeding and knightly honor, but developed and transmitted a body of commercial knowledge—trades' guilds and other corporations, credit, and bills of exchange, banking with its certified check and its system of endorsement, stock exchanges, and dealings in futures, an insurance system, brokerage, crop prognostications, and the like—so similar to the economic lore of the outside world that the devil's own teaching has been suggested to account for the coincidence. Our own enviable common-school curriculum, especially its arithmetic, owes its practical tendency to the burgher schools of mediæval merchants who preferred for their sons a good rule of three to the rules of thumb and theology then in vogue.

A special department of higher instruction, devoted to the training of administrative men of affairs, has long been a feature of growing importance in the educational systems of continental Europe. Austria one hundred and forty years ago was the first to enter the field; Germany, with a commercial university, is the latest; and meanwhile Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland have lent important aid to the cause of business education.

France, however, for sustained and comprehensive educational effort to develop and direct the spirit of negotiation, has been the undoubted leader. The aim of her business educators has been high; their programmes of study command to-day the most profound consideration in the new practical educational movement in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. The object of the School of High Commercial Studies, a state institution under the direction of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, is "to crown the studies pursued in colleges and special institutions with such higher education as will enable the graduate to assume promptly the administration of affairs in banking, commerce, and the consulate." The Superior School of Commerce, under the same direction, is intended "to form merchants, bankers, administrators, directors, and employees of industrial and commercial establishments." And the same end is pursued by the superior commercial schools of Bordeaux, Lyons, Havre, Marseilles, and similar institutions throughout the Republic.

Pascal says that the last thing we discover in the accomplishment of a great undertaking is the knowledge of what we ought to have put first. America, the great business country of the world, invented the term "business education"; and under it hundreds of business colleges have for half a century been teaching—what? "The business educator," said the chairman of a recent convention of such educators, "must arrange his work with reference to the important fact that he can retain his students at most but a few months. His advantage, however, comes from the fact that the young man or the young woman who has received the better class of training our common schools and high-schools afford can be given the most important training necessary to make him an efficient bookkeeper or phonographer. This higher grade of students can in the limited time we have to deal with them become efficient office men and women."

Thus, beginning the right work at the wrong end, with no hint or prospect of arriving at any larger end of the horn, we have taught Young America that phonography or bookkeeping, either one, is business education; a misapplication of terms that has seriously beclouded the cause of economic culture. That there is a larger end to this teeming educational horn of plenty the more intelligent of the old business college teachers are well aware. Says the chairman already quoted: "The commercial training that the commercial depart-

(Continued on page 1705.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending November 15, 1902

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COMMENT

WE discuss at length in other columns the results and significance of the recent elections. On the whole, there is little ground for complaint. The most encouraging feature was the size of the vote polled in all sections of the country. For an "off year" it was extraordinary, and demonstrates conclusively the distinctly "growing interest" in public questions which we have noted from time to time on these pages. So long as the people give serious attention both in their minds and at the polls to their local, State, and national problems, no serious danger to republican institutions need be apprehended; unless our theory of government of, for, and by the people be false, apathy is our sole menace. How gratifying and how impressive is the spectacle of our next national election foretold by this great outpouring of American citizens!

We regret, for reasons previously stated, the meagreness of the Republican majority returned to the House of Representatives. The difficulties confronting the President, whom again we feel impelled to designate as "the only valuable asset of the Republican party," are doubled in consequence, rendering him yet more vulnerable to the subtle attacks of the aged Bourbons who still hold the reins of party management. Nevertheless, the country has spoken in no uncertain tone for progress and for Roosevelt, and those who stand in the way will need all of their cunning to evade the effects of righteous public indignation. The party may yet be regenerated; the tariff may yet be revised; Cuba may yet be "free," in fact as well as in name—so at least we may hope.

John P.
Robinson he
Sez he won't vote for David B.

The end of the crafty Mr. Hill's aspirations to the Presidency has been reached, and a fortunate fact it is. Never before has that satanic political figure stood forth so fully revealed to the gaze of honest men. Not soon again, moreover, will a great party, at the behest of a demagogue, palter to the unorganized and greatly overestimated forces of disorder and discontent. For this much we give thanks, but it is by no means a compensation for what might have been. "Judge Parker could and should be elected," were our words on the eve of the State convention. That he could have been, nobody now can doubt. That he *should* have been must be obvious to any patriotic citizen upon contemplation of the satisfaction he would surely have experienced two years later in choosing from two men of equally high character and lofty aims a President of the United States. Judge Parker may yet be nominated, but he is not the national figure that Governor Parker would have been, and his chance of success is immeasurably smaller. Mr. Hill's last service to his party is a fitting crown of a career useful only as an object-lesson to those who have not yet learned that honesty is the best politics.

The re-election of Justice John Clinton Gray, of the New York Court of Appeals, is a vindication of the principle of the independence of the judiciary, and of the democracy which resented and repelled the attack upon it. Justice Gray was elected by men who voted against the ticket on which he was a candidate. Both he and Judge Werner, his opponent, were on the bench when they were nominated, Judge Gray by election and Judge Werner by temporary appointment by the Governor. Judge Gray's term is expiring. Judge Werner will hold indefinitely. With Judge Gray's re-election, both continue on the bench of the Court of Appeals. If Judge Gray had been defeated, the Governor would have had an opportunity to select another Supreme Court judge to fill the vacancy caused by Werner's election as Gray's successor. Apparently there was no other reason than this for the refusal of the Republican party to abide by the rule of giving to a satisfactory judge a renomination by both parties. The bar has established and enforced this rule, and when the Republican party failed to follow it the lawyers went to the people and persuaded them to carry it out. It was honorable and good citizenship in the bar to do this, and it is creditable to the intelligence of the people of the State that they followed good and non-partisan advice. The Republican politicians who undertook to use the judiciary as party patronage are properly rebuked. They were rebuked again in the defeat of Attorney-General Davies, who is wholly unfit for the position, but who was nominated for Justice of the Supreme Court for purely partisan reasons. These two results of the election are most excellent. The people of New York are evidently not yet ready to permit the politicians to debauch the courts.

There are a good many Republicans who profess to distrust John Wanamaker, but it is significant that most of these are found in the State of Pennsylvania. One of the reasons why Mr. Wanamaker is not liked is that for some years he has been in the habit of telling the bitter truth about the conditions prevailing in the party in the State, and especially about Senator Quay. In a recent interview he said: "Quay's government, and Quay's creatures in other branches of the State government, make it impossible to prosecute the violators of the Constitution. . . . The fundamental law is broken and the civil power is inert. The gang which rules the State, from the Governor down, makes the courts seem almost useless. It buys or otherwise 'fixes' the juries. No one who cares to get the facts will question this." This is a solemn and momentous truth, and it is spoken of the second largest State in the Union, and describes a situation fraught with danger to the whole country. Within the last six months Pennsylvania officials have demonstrated that they are impotent in the presence of any mob which is large enough to turn the fortunes of an election. Not only have the criminals who murdered innocent and industrious men, or drove them from their work, or wrecked their homes and persecuted their wives and chil-

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dren, trampled on the law, but their accomplices have been the State and local officers who are charged with the duty of defending and maintaining the majesty which they have actually helped to outrage. If there is left any of the spirit of liberty which inspired Pennsylvania in the crises of the past, her people will soon rise in angry revolt against those who are disgracing her once honorable name and her once fair fame.

It is well known that the Union mine-workers on the one hand, and the mine owners or operators on the other, have agreed to be bound for three years by the decision that shall be rendered by President Roosevelt's anthracite commission, no matter how repugnant the decision may be to one of the parties, nor how many indications of bias it may exhibit. So much, at all events, is settled. If, however, the commission desires to accomplish anything more than a temporary accommodation of conflicting interests, if it aims to propound some general principles which will commend themselves to both parties, principles the acceptance of which will tend to avert strikes hereafter, it should recognize from the outset the duty of establishing and maintaining a reputation for flawless impartiality. All the members of it should studiously avoid infection by sympathy for either side, and, above all things, they should shun the disclosure of such sympathy. They have no business to enter upon the consideration of the economical, legal, and constitutional questions involved in the recent controversy with any prepossessions on their own part; and if such prepossessions exist, they should be concealed with the utmost wariness, if any weight or influence is to be attached to the decision rendered.

This perfectly obvious precaution against misconstruction seems to have been overlooked by two members of the commission, Judge Gray and Bishop Spalding, who, as all the papers have reported, allowed their personal sympathies to be clearly discerned by making gifts of money to some of the boys employed by the union workers in the anthracite mines. It manifestly matters not in the least whether the gifts were small or large: it is simply astounding that any gifts at all should have been made under the circumstances by a man who occupies a seat on the bench of a United States court, and who, by virtue of his judicial experience, has been deputed to preside over the present commission. What would Judge Gray think or say of an occupant of a judicial tribunal who, while a litigation was pending before him, should publicly make a gift of money to the children of one of the litigants? Would he deem such conduct worthy of a judge, or calculated to convince the bar that the judgment to be rendered in the case then pending would be entirely unbiassed? If such an example is set by the judicial head of the commission, what can be expected from his colleagues who lack the advantage of having been trained in the precedents and customs of a discreet and far-sighted bench? This may seem a small matter to some persons, but all lawyers are aware that the slightest speck on the judicial ermine may do incalculable harm, by impairing public confidence in the impartiality of judicial decisions.

Colombian affairs are entering a new and important phase, having a direct bearing on the construction of the Panama Canal. The famous General Uribe-Uribe has surrendered, along with his follower, General Castillo, handing over to the government their force of fifteen hundred men, well supplied with rifles and ammunition and ten machine-guns. This removes a formidable barrier in the way of transporting troops from the capital to the isthmus, and re-enforcements under the government leader, General Luco Velasco, have already begun to arrive at Colon. We may look for some compromise between Governor Salazar and General Herrera at an early date, with a consequent restoration of peace and security throughout the whole isthmian region. When this result is reached, it will be due in part to the collapse of General Uribe-Uribe, but probably even more to the action of Rear-Admiral Casey in opening up negotiations with the contending parties, and in showing them that their common interests in the new era of Colombian prosperity greatly outweigh their points of difference. We look on Admiral Casey's action as a precedent of good omen for the whole of Latin America. As is only natural, this new phase of United States influence is not wholly acceptable to the Latin Americans themselves. We must interpret in this way certain incidents which happened at Rio Janeiro during the recent visit of the Chilean fleet to Brazilian waters. There was a tendency to make common cause against the United States, at least so far as demonstrative assurances of sympathy between Chile and Brazil can be so construed; and there is no doubt that the Acre affair has occasioned considerable irritation in Brazil against this country. There is evidence of a new tendency to solidarity of feeling among the South-American states, symptoms of which we recorded in our last issue; and should this presage an abatement of the everlasting boundary disputes between the southern republics, we cannot be too grateful for it, even if it be shown to arise from latent animosity to the United States and jealousy of our interference in Latin-American affairs. Anything which adds to South-American stability is to our advantage, whatever the cause may be.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Bogota government has ordered Señor Concha, its Minister at Washington, to resume negotiations for a treaty giving the United States a right of way across the Panama isthmus. The sole obstruction to the conclusion of a treaty seems now to be that whereas the original price agreed upon was $7,000,000 cash, and a covenant to pay an annual rental of $600,000 after the lapse of fourteen years, Colombia now demands $10,000,000 in cash, and desires the rental to begin at once. We imagine that the obstruction will be quickly surmounted in one way or another. Certain we are that our State Department will not submit to be imposed upon in the matter, especially as Nicaragua's offer of an isthmian right of way is practically gratuitous. As to the assertion of the Bogota government that the Colombian constitution forbids it to alienate national territory in perpetuity, and that the utmost it can grant is a lease for ninety-nine years renewable at the expiration of that term, that is a matter which that government must settle with the Colombian people, many of whom, we fancy, will be reminded by its sudden affectation of respect for the constitution that the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose.

It is a well-known rule of international law that, when we have once recognized a foreign government, it is not for us to dispute its plenary authority to enter into any kind of treaty. Should the Bogota government see fit to grant us a right of way in perpetuity, we certainly should accept it, and thereafter defend our title against all claimants. Should the Colombian revolutionists succeed one day in overturning the government headed by Dr. Marroquin, they may punish him, if they like, for an act which they term unconstitutional, and therefore treasonable. With that, however, we have nothing to do. In the eye of international law, we are entirely warranted in accepting anything which the recognized government of Colombia chooses to sell. As to the difference between a grant of a right of way in perpetuity and a lease for ninety-nine years, it is really immaterial. We shall never relax our hold upon the isthmus when we have acquired one, but we shall be at all times ready to satisfy any equitable claims on the part of our grantor.

A few weeks ago we explained the reason why a force of United States artillery was maintained in Cuba, which, under the decision of our courts, is a foreign country. We stated that the troops were left "for the purpose of keeping the coast defences in order, and, incidentally, for the purpose of instructing the new-born Cuban army in the use of its materials." Since this was published, copies of two circular letters, the last, or among the last, of the official papers issued by General Wood as Military Governor, have come into our possession. They are dated May 19, 1902. They assign Captain D. E. Aultman as instructor of the "Cuerpo de Artilleria." Captain Aultman had already been on duty with this corps, and had rendered such excellent service that the Military Governor mentioned him specially, saying that he had raised the corps "to a high state of efficiency and discipline." The query will naturally arise, "Why is it, then, since the Cuban army—for this corps constitutes the new republic's whole military force—is in a high state of efficiency and discipline, that our own small artillery contingent cannot be withdrawn?" and it is a difficult question to answer in any

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manner that can be reconciled with an intention to deal honorably with Cuba.

Ex-Assistant-Secretary Vanderlip is alarmed at the inflation of credit liabilities in this country, which, he says, have in the last four years increased $4,000,000,000. The mere fact of an increase in the form of currency involved in this is not necessarily alarming. Nor does it follow that the increase of commercial liabilities is to be feared because the banks have not increased their specie and legal-tender holdings, unless it can be further shown that the banks have lent beyond the safety point, and, so far, this is not the case. The inflation, if that term be proper, of credit liabilities is a sign of active business, and, therefore, an evidence of prosperity. The interchange of credits is our only elastic currency. Like the bank-note circulation of Canada, its volume rises and falls with the demands of business. By way of loans, the quick capital of the country is distributed among those who are employing it, and it passes from one to another through the medium of bank checks. If this capital is employed merely in gambling, the situation is probably dangerous; but if it is employed in legitimate trading, its quick transferrences through loans and checks indicate abounding commercial health, and it is in this latter condition that the country now finds itself. Prophets of ill we have always with us—not that we would class Mr. Vanderlip in the unhappy class — and their predictions come true sooner or later. This is but saying that reaction is one of the facts of human life, and that the business world can no more escape its downs than a sound individual can avoid illness. But the man who, in health, takes no chances, for fear of falling sick, is like the commercial body that shuns adventures because a pinching time may come in the future. At present, the pinching time is not in sight, and it ought to be the task of the day to make hay while the sun shines, so that the hay be well cut, well cured, and securely housed.

We have become so habituated to having commissions of one sort and another from foreign lands visit our shores to investigate industrial and other conditions in this country that, as items of news, the announcements of the arrival of these bodies are beginning to lack interest. We have had a dozen such in the past year, and in their personnel they have ranged from manufacturers and exporters to admirals and princes of royal blood. Yesterday we had Lord Charles Beresford here casting his unusually keen eye over our doings; today the Prince of Siam is looking with no languid interest into the exhibits we have to show, and close upon his heels comes Mr. Alfred Mosely, with a following of unusual magnitude. Mr. Mosely is attended by correspondents of the London *Times* and Reuter's Agency, and representatives as well of the British carpenters, plasterers, iron-founders, boilermakers, shipbuilders, cotton-spinners, tailors, bookbinders, printers, weavers, electrical workers, and every other trade in the British Isles. Surely a formidable company of note-takers, but none the less welcome for that. What these gentlemen have seen and are yet to see we trust they will find to their satisfaction, edification, and instruction. They will doubtless find much to criticise, as well as to admire, but what will impress them as much as anything else, we fancy, is the ease of access to all our institutions, public and private, which will meet them on every hand. The frank willingness of the American worker to show to any one whatever he may have that is worth seeing is notable contrasted with the secretive tendencies of his competitors over the sea. It is the fact that the British manufacturer is very loath to admit the stranger within his gates, to give him the benefit of his experience, and so serve the whole general cause of his particular trade. In France and Germany they are no less hedged about with the Chinese wall of secrecy, but here, in the main, our book of achievement is so open a one that he who runs may read. Whether this is due to pride, over-security, or lack of caution matters little. The fact itself is interesting, and we think that in working so openly Uncle Sam is not only doing wisely, but is promoting the cause of an industrial education of the best sort, from which in the end he cannot fail to profit.

According to the statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, 21,947 people were killed on railroads in the United States during the three years ending June 30, 1900. In the same three years about 23,500 persons were murdered. No statistics are at hand which show what number lost their lives by accidents in mills, factories, mines, and other places of labor, but the number must have been very great. We are altogether too prodigal of human life in this country. In the matter of murders we seem to be improving. According to the figures of the Chicago *Tribune*, there were 10,652 in 1896, and only 6225 in 1899. But the number of deaths by railroad accidents increases annually. The figures for 1900 were 7865 killed, and 50,320 injured. The number of British soldiers who lost their lives in South Africa is almost exactly the same as the number of persons killed in the same space of time (three years) on our railroads. We are too careless, too indifferent, not only in the way we run railroads, but in most matters that involve the hazard of accident. Take the fireworks explosion on the night of Election day. What a preposterous accident! Thirteen dead and fifty hurt because fireworks were carelessly handled.

The swift and retributive justice meted out to the automobilist who was held responsible for the overturning of a trolley-car at Yonkers recently has aroused no little comment throughout the country. The thing which the venturesome chauffeur has had most to dread has happened, and a judge, for reasons that have seemed valid to a large proportion of the community, has inflicted a punishment upon an offender which is really punitive. Coincidentally, in Connecticut and in Paris similar drastic measures have been taken, much to the consternation of those who possess or run these motor-cars. Without going into the rights of the individual cases in point, we must confess that our chief surprise is that these things have not happened before. That they should have happened now is the most natural thing in the world, and the chauffeurs who have the misfortune to find themselves the victims of an aroused judiciary have only themselves to blame for their present predicament. It has been pointed out in the columns of this newspaper over and over again that sooner or later a seemingly vindictive punishment would be meted out to some offender, an unwilling one, of course, who would find himself made an example of, not as a mere punishment for his individual offence, but as a corrective of a growing and deplorable tendency on the part of automobilists generally to violate the public rights upon the public highway. There is no martyr's crown for these victims of outraged justice, however innocent of intentional wrongdoing they may be, for it is the significant fact that even in quarters where the judges have been criticised for over-severity, there has been coupled with this criticism an acknowledgment of the probable corrective effectiveness of their sentences. The railroading of the Yonkers prisoner to jail and his mistreatment at the hands of his jailers were undoubtedly an outrage upon one who was already sufficiently in peril, and in that aspect of the case the chauffeur Raymond finds much sympathy from the public; but as to the severity of the sentence, there are few who condemn, and many who believe in upholding the hands of the suburban Draco who imposed it. Whatever the merits of the Raymond appeal, the punishment of which he now stands in danger is likely to cure somewhat the intemperate zeal of the motor-car performer who has been so much of a menace in the past, and for that reason it is to be welcomed by all who have the safety of the public at all at heart.

There has latterly been so much severe criticism of Christian Science that it is a relief to score a point on behalf of that widely discussed institution. Report is made of a Kansas man who has for many years been a beneficiary of Uncle Sam's pension laws because of stomach trouble and rheumatism contracted in the service of his country, but who, having been converted to Christian Science, now surrenders his pension, impelled to this act by his belief that it is not disease, but a mortal error, that has troubled him all these years. It is seldom that we find a man of such fidelity to creed as to surrender a material advantage, which he might very properly retain, for principle's sake, and we congratulate Mrs. Eddy upon this shining light which has been made luminous through the propagation of her doctrinal views. With others of our contemporaries we do not believe that the United States Treasury will benefit largely from any widespread emulation of the Kansas man's sacrificial act, but the deed of renunciation itself is sufficiently refreshing and unexpected to be a

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matter for some rejoicement. The only possible harm that can come of it is in the direction of an addition to the list of pensionable disabilities. It might very well happen that men hitherto unable to get upon the pension rolls for the lack of physical disabilities contracted during the wars, under an amended eligibility list based upon the Kansas man's renunciation, could secure entrance thereto because of some mortal error resulting from army or navy service in '61 or in '98. It is believed that many mortal errors were contracted by our veterans of the war with Spain which are without the cognizance of examining boards, and if the country were compelled to pay for these the expenses of the Spanish war would increase as the years roll by, just as those of the civil war have grown greater year by year. We do not seriously look, however, for any movement looking to the extension of the disability list, and up to the hour of writing nothing but that which is commendable obtrudes itself upon the situation; and when we consider that the Kansas Scientist might have continued to receive his governmental stipend until the Day of Judgment, there being no such thing as death within the ken of his creed, we cannot but doff our hats to him whom Diogenes must have had in mind when, lantern in hand, he set out to find an honest man.

What proportion of the Doukhobors in Manitoba have left their homes has not been clearly ascertained. Apparently about a thousand are on the march. There are at least eight thousand of them altogether, so that it may be that a large majority have retained their sanity and stayed at home. But those who have turned wanderers in the face of a Manitoba winter present a problem of the most curious difficulty. Nothing that is said to them seems to have any effect. There are probably not lunatic asylums enough in Manitoba to hold them, and if there were they would not be fit places of refuge for them. Many of them will doubtless die, and after a while the rest will probably conclude that they have mistaken their mission. Nothing quite like these Doukhobors was ever seen before on this continent. We had Coxey and his army, but that was a summer excursion, and a good deal of a joke. This Doukhobor movement has nothing jocular about it. It is not quite unprecedented, but it is very much out of date. Such things happened in Europe in the Middle Ages, sometimes on a great scale. The Crusaders might have had a fellow-feeling for the Doukhobors, but they seem amazing wights to us.

The Canadian Doukhobors have unintentionally shed a new and remarkable light on the question of the dissenting sects in Russia, making it clear that the Russian Orthodox Church may not be so entirely in the wrong, so intolerant and unreasonable in its attitude towards them as its critics would have us believe. The Doukhobors, or "spirit wrestlers," of the Northwest Provinces recently made themselves conspicuous by turning loose all their domestic animals, on the ground that they too had immortal souls, and must not be condemned to servitude,—which at least shows a gentle spirit. Then they declined to provide against the severity of the northern winter, saying that this would betray distrust in Providence, who provided even for the sparrows, and now they have left their settlements in a body, to the number of fifteen hundred, announcing that they are sent forth to preach peace, and declaring that they hope to march on till they meet their Redeemer in the flesh. There is something heroic and at the same time most pitiful in the doings of these fanatics; it is said that, at setting out, all provided themselves with warm winter clothes, taking wagons for the weak and the children, which, as they had no beasts of burden, they had to drag themselves; but they soon wearied of the heavy carts, and left them by the way-side, carrying their sick on litters of poplar branches with blankets tied between. Then a wave of enthusiasm and fear swept over them, and they cast away their warm clothes, many going barefoot and bareheaded, chanting, praying, and crying out as they went. Night came on them while they were out in the wilderness, and they lay down on the bare ground to sleep, close to a railroad track, or passed the night in prayer and exhortation, all meanwhile keeping a solemn fast. They marched onwards under increasing hardships till they reached Salt Coats, where many of the women and children broke down, and had to be lodged in out-houses and barns, several hundred under a single roof. All were in misery, and many were evidently crazed. They had no defined idea or goal, and, if allowed, would certainly march on through the wilds, until all were frozen or dead of starvation. These fanatics will probably be detained on a charge of vagrancy until their craze wears off; but we can now better understand why it is that Russia sternly discourages these phases of religious liberty, which lead the fanatical Slavs to self-mutilation and sometimes even to wholesale suicide.

In startling contrast to the primitive fervor and fanatic faith of these ignorant Russian pilgrims is the recent declaration of Dr. Freemantle, the distinguished Dean of Ripon, in his address to the Churchman's Union, on "Natural Christianity." Dean Freemantle declared that we were met on the threshold of two of the gospels by what seemed a prodigy, the birth of Christ from a virgin. His belief was that they ought to leave that out of account, because, apart from the opening chapters of the first and third gospels, the virgin birth is absolutely non-existent. The Dean then spoke of miracles, asking whether it was irreverent to believe that Christ himself made a distinction between what modern science would have recognized as death, and the forms of swooning or hysteria, and that, when he bade his disciples heal the sick and raise the dead, he was speaking of what would be accepted as possible by scientific men to-day. As to the resurrection, Dr. Freemantle said he could not look on it as a violation of natural law; the preaching of the resurrection in later times was of a spiritual existence. Altogether, the Dean's address was a remarkable one, and we can easily understand how his hearers were startled by its conclusions.

The discussion of the question of shortening the course for the A.B. degree is increasing in interest. President Eliot, having turned four years into three, undertook to defend his action at the recent meeting of New England college presidents at Middlebury, Vermont. He showed that by means of work in vacations (which is not done, by-the-way, by undergraduates), by raising the standard of admission to the Freshman class, by a greater intensity of work, the studies of four college years may be jammed into three. He frankly confessed that he was yielding to the pressure of the material world, and that the cries of the professional schools were ringing in his ears. He met a calm, and apparently an exasperating, resistance from the presidents and other representatives of the small colleges. President Tucker of Dartmouth pointed to the fact that the proportion of undergraduates who were not going to enter professions is increasing, and he urged a proper regard for their interests. He took a position that must appeal with increasing force to those who want an education for the mere sake of its discipline and of its enlightenments, that the youth who go to college for the training and illumination of the course which leads to the B.A. degree have a right to demand the full measure of the liberal culture of which this degree is the sign and seal. He was followed by the president of the Middlebury College, who made a strong plea for ripening leisure, which President Eliot rather sensitively construed into a plea for idleness. It was, however, in reality a strong and convincing statement of the claims of the spiritual element of the students. In brief, the meeting showed a decided inclination on the part of the small college to follow in the way pointed out by Williams last summer, at the inauguration of Dr. Hopkins, and emphasized a fortnight ago by President Woodrow Wilson at Princeton. There seemed to be foreshadowed an interesting struggle between spirit and matter, and it is in keeping with the admirable traditions of the small colleges of New England that they are sure to give battle for the finer and the spiritual side.

From time to time the newspapers tell of the work of Mrs. Ballington Booth for discharged convicts. No class of men stands more in need of help, and no one seems better constituted to help them than Mrs. Booth. She is a woman with a great heart, great personal charm, and exceptional ability. Her work in the prisons and for the ex-convicts has been going on for several years, and has been carefully and successfully organized. Her convicts become members of the Volunteer Prison League. When they get out of prison they are received by the agents of Mrs. Booth's society, and a good many of them go first to Hope Hall, a home that is maintained near New York for their reception. There they stay till work is

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found for them. Thirteen hundred ex-convicts have passed through Hope Hall, and Mrs. Booth says that few of them have disappointed her. She reports, too, that it is easier to find work for them than it used to be. Her work has spread, and she has lately opened a new Hope Hall in Iowa, the building being provided by a man who became interested in her labors. Officers of prisons and officers of justice are usually glad to help her. Her theory is that the majority of men in State prisons are not criminals. That is doubtless true, but society inclines to insist that once they go to prison, criminals they shall be forever after. This end it promotes by its unwillingness—not unnatural—to give them employment. But of course all prisons ought to be reformatories, and all exprisoners ought to have a chance and due aid to become honest men. Such efforts as Mrs. Booth's to give them such aid are services rendered to society quite as much as to the men whom she befriends.

Deputy-Police-Commissioner Piper has put his finger with unerring judgment upon one of the smaller causes of police dereliction, and in a fashion he places the responsibility for its continuance upon the public. He has observed in his tours of inspection that citizens are too prone to stop and exchange opinions with officers on duty, whose place it is to be mindful of the general welfare rather than of the immediate conversational needs of the individual. "I think," says Commissioner Piper, "that if the public would mind its own business it would have better police protection, while less patrolmen would become subject to charges." This is a sane judgment, and contains by implication a deal of sound advice. There are few men whose work amounts to anything in this world who have time during their business hours for the amenities of social life, and among those who have the least leisure for passing the time of day with the chance acquaintance is the policeman, the very nature of whose duty requires that he shall be ever watchful of what is going on about him, and whose mind should not be diverted from the work in hand by the trivial commonplaces of conversation. The individual would not tolerate for an instant a servant who neglected his work for the joys of friendly intercourse; much less would he encourage that sort of thing by any initial act of his own. The principle involved between the public and the police officer is rigidly analogous, and Captain Piper does well to call our attention to it. The reform sought is no doubt a small one, but we have gone for so long a time without reforms of any sort in connection with our Police Department that it should be heartily welcomed.

Boston and its suburbs during the past three months have suffered a reign of terror owing to unprovoked attacks, usually at night and usually upon women, by a man with homicidal intent, who has hidden behind trees, waylaid his victims in the darkness, assaulted them, and then fled—sometimes using the swift, noiseless bicycle, sometimes the electric car, and sometimes his own fleet feet. Women unprotected by male escorts have not ventured forth unless absolutely compelled to. Neighborhood sociability has been broken off, and men have not thought it a sign of timidity to go prepared for fending off assault. Brookline, Cambridge, Somerville, and Watertown have been the scenes of the assaults, and their police forces have been brought into disrepute by the failure to capture the maniac or criminal responsible for the succession of attacks, so alike in their methods as to justify the suspicion that they were done by one man. The condition of affairs described above is lifted out of its local importance and made worthy of more general attention, because the State police have arrested as guilty of the crimes a well-born, finely educated man, whose past career as an inmate of an insane asylum will naturally lead to the plea on his behalf that if proved to be the slugger, then he acted as an irresponsible degenerate, and not as a responsible being; hence he must be dealt with as a degenerate. Society will not revolt at this, provided it is clearly proved; but there will be severe criticism of those who, knowing his past record, permitted him to roam at large.

We had recently occasion, in chronicling the doings of the Dowagers of Spain and China and their royal sons, to reflect that modern royalties are much in the public eye; but we little anticipated that her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra would be the next to make a record, in an entirely new direction. Obviously this royal lady, celebrated for the virtues of domestic life and faultless decorum, could not instigate Boxer massacres, or make a runaway match with an early admired; nor does she possess the talents and gifts of a Carmen Sylva, or the romantic traditions of Montenegrin Queen Helen. Yet her Majesty has hit on an entirely new expedient. She has attained to fame by consuming, according to a recent special cable, a dinner of eight courses in sixteen minutes by the clock. It was at Drury Lane Theatre; the play was "The Best of Friends," and the royal table was decked with violets and pink roses. The entire menu has been transmitted across the cable, and we can vouch for it that the courses were substantial, and really numbered eight. When we are asked to wait a quarter-hour between the acts we shall henceforth be able to remember how a real queen would pass the time, and years may fade away ere Queen Alexandra's record is surpassed.

If public expectation is realized, the museums of Rome and possibly elsewhere will shortly be enriched by the addition to their stores of curios of sundry articles of value which for ages have lain hidden beneath the muddy bed of old Father Tiber. The authorities of the Eternal City have granted permission to Professor Ciro Nispilandi to make a thorough search of the Tiber for the loot that that river has in immemorial times wrenched from the citizens of the Roman capital. These should be, if the tales that have come down to us from the remote past are reliable, of almost priceless value, although it may very well happen that the centuries that have gone by since the Romans cast their greatest treasures into the river as offerings to the gods have inflicted great damage upon them. In any event, the effort Professor Nispilandi proposes to make is distinctly worth while, and promises greater rewards than those of the fortune-seekers who dredge suspected waters in search of pirate treasure. When one remembers the stories of tribute to the yellow waters of this river of antiquity, how persistently, in the days when Jupiter and the other gods of Roman mythology ruled supreme, the people held to the idea that they could be appeased only by the dumping of tons of beautiful things into the river, just as some of our less enlightened citizens of New York cast less desirable articles into the Hudson; how early Christians cast innumerable and costly symbols of the idolatry of their predecessors into these same depths; and how again the Tiberian current swept into its maw the arms and armor of the thousands of warriors who fought the strenuous battles of ancient times upon her banks,—we cannot but feel that herein lies a graft of wondrous richness for those who are seeking to redeem them from their long oblivion.

We have heard of the American invasion of London. It seems that there is an American invasion of Paris also; an invasion by American dressmakers. It is discussed in the *Ladies' Field* of London by a writer who seems qualified to speak. "I am not an American," she says, and we believe her, for she quotes an American lady as saying (of Paris dressmakers), "They can't sew for nuts." For *shucks*, please, madam, not "nuts." She has read at great length why American dressmakers may not hope to succeed in Paris, but is unconvinced. She says they *can* succeed. She has never been to America and knows nothing about its dressmakers, but she says she does know a great deal about American women, and has "seen them over and over again in clothes made in their own country, which fitted and suited them, and were far smarter than anything one sees here in Paris."

The chief characteristic of J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., whose portrait appears in our series to-day, is bigness—bigness of body, of mind, and of heart. These qualities he inherited; but the habit of persevering industry which qualifies him to hold his present important position in the great banking-house in London he developed himself, and is entitled to due credit therefor. It is no small task to prove oneself a worthy and satisfactory son of a sire who has made himself the most potent individual force in the world, but there seems here to be good reason for faith in its accomplishment; in any case, there is no doubt of the seriousness of the attempt, which after all, is the main thing. He is thirty-five years old.

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The President and the General Election

How much importance Mr. Roosevelt attached to the election of members of the next House of Representatives and to the election of Governors in Pennsylvania and New York, the States most keenly interested in the anthracite-coal strike, was attested by the declarations which he frankly made on the eve of the contest. If ex-Judge Pennypacker should be chosen Governor of the first-named State by a large majority, and if Governor Odell should be re-elected, these facts would be interpreted by the President as indications that his interposition in the dispute between the coal-operators and the union mine-workers had averted the landslide in favor of the Democracy which threatened a few weeks ago to overwhelm the Republican candidates just named. He also said that if the Democrats should obtain control of the House of Representatives, he would be unable to carry out the measures of anti-trust legislation and of tariff revision to which he stood committed, whereas if the House should be Republican, he could look forward with confidence to substantial achievements in both directions.

There seems to be no doubt that the President was right in one of these previsions. Before the first conference between the operators and the miners was called by Mr. Roosevelt, it was privately admitted by many well-informed Republicans in Pennsylvania that their candidate for Governor would be defeated unless the anthracite strike should be settled before election-day, and settled in such a way as to reconcile the labor element of the population to the Republican party. Had the whole body of anthracite miners made up their minds to vote against ex-Judge Pennypacker, the miners of bituminous coal and the thousands of workers employed in the production of iron and steel would almost certainly have taken the same course through sympathy, in which event it would have proved impracticable for the Republican machine in Philadelphia to wipe out the enormous majority obtained in the rest of the State by ex-Governor Pattison, the Democratic candidate. So, too, in the city and State of New York, there is no doubt that, had the coal famine continued, a vast majority, not only of working-men, technically so called, but of all the electors to whom the prohibitive cost, if not absolute dearth, of anthracite had assumed the proportions of a calamity, would have voted in their exasperation against Republican candidates, because they represented the party preponderant in the State and nation, and especially associated in the public mind with trusts and corporations. How small a number of votes transferred from one side to the other would have sufficed to defeat the Republican candidate for Governor of New York is evident from the returns.

What held back the anthracite miners, the bituminous miners, and the iron and steel workers in Pennsylvania from giving wellnigh unanimous support to Mr. Pattison, and what prevented the labor vote in the city and State of New York from going in an almost unbroken mass to Mr. Bird S. Coler, the Democratic candidate for Governor? There is but one answer to the question. No careful and candid student of the returns will deny that the Republicans must have met with defeat in New York, and probably in Pennsylvania also, but for the fact that the coal strike was settled, and settled in the way desired by the mine-workers, that is to say, by arbitration—settled, moreover, through the direct and personal interposition of a Republican President. Upon that point no doubt seems tenable. Although the step taken by Mr. Roosevelt may be criticised on the score of constitutionality or of wisdom, and although the precedent established by him is regarded by far-sighted men with deep foreboding, it cannot be denied that he headed a forlorn hope when the defeat of his party seemed inevitable, and that he saved for the Republicans the Empire State, and probably also Pennsylvania. Had those great commonwealths been swept by a Democratic avalanche, the shock would have been felt throughout the North, and the Republicans would probably have lost control of the House of Representatives, which, even as it is, they retain by a decidedly reduced majority.

When, now, we turn to the question whether the continuance of Republican ascendency in the House of Representatives is likely to increase Mr. Roosevelt's chance of being nominated and elected President in 1904, we do not find it so easy to return an unqualified answer. Had the Democrats secured control of the House, we may take for granted, in view of their record during the last three Congresses, that they would have lacked conservative and sagacious leadership, that they would not have evinced the harmony and cohesion indispensable to an effective use of opportunity, and that they would have left their party in a worse strategic position two years hence than they occupied this year. On the other hand, the fact that Democrats, through their ascendency in the House, had the power to block all Republican legislation, a power which they have shown of late a disposition to use without discrimination, would leave Mr. Roosevelt in an almost impregnable position. He could say with truth that the measures of relief from the abuses imputed to trusts and from the inordinate exactions of the Dingley tariff, which he had planned and meant to carry out, had been rendered impracticable through the perverse and indiscriminate exercise of obstruction by a Democratic House of Representatives. In the face of that indisputable fact, nothing could have shaken the hold which Mr. Roosevelt now has upon the people. The machinery of the Republican party could not have been used to prevent his nomination, and no candidate named by the Democracy could have defeated him at the ballot-box. We are, in a word, of the opinion that, so far as the personal fortunes of Mr. Roosevelt are concerned, it would have been better for him if, at this critical conjuncture, he had been relieved of responsibility for the miscarriage of his intentions and the failure of his promises, through the temporary capture of the House of Representatives by the Democracy.

As things are, Mr. Roosevelt will find himself in a delicate and difficult position. When the pæans of triumph shall have died away, he will recognize that, just in proportion as he is popularly credited with the rescue of his party from defeat, the load of political responsibility has been concentrated upon his shoulders. His power to make good his pledges will be overestimated in the public mind, and he will be held to a strict accountability for all shortcomings, and even for delays. He would not have been expected to overcome Democratic obstruction, but he will be expected to surmount all impediments, open or hidden, that his purposes may encounter within the ranks of the Republican party. No one knows better than he, at the end of one year's experience, that those impediments will be many and grave. Although he had behind him the conscience of the main body of the nation, and the known approval of President McKinley, whom the engineers of the Republican machine professed to venerate, he found himself impotent last winter to gain the assent of a Republican Congress to his Cuban policy. That feature of his programme he can now doubtless carry out, for a specific appeal has been made to the people on the question, and they have returned an unequivocal answer. But what assurance can he have that his avowed or unavowed ill-wishers among Republican politicians will not find a hundred ways of thwarting other proposals of his that more immediately affect the interests of the American community? He has declared himself in favor of a constitutional amendment empowering the Federal government to control the within-State business of corporations; does he imagine that he can drive such an amendment through both Houses of Congress during the next year and eight months? He has declared that, pending the adoption of such an amendment, he will use all the existing powers of the Federal government to supervise and curb the trusts by a law imposing publicity on their transactions, and by other laws emanating from the power to regulate inter-State commerce, and from the peculiarly elastic power of taxation. Does he believe that the leaders of his party will support him in the endeavor to secure drastic legislation under any of these heads? Does he believe that those leaders will permit him to take a single step toward a revision of the Dingley tariff beyond the perfunctory appointment of a commission, which will postpone its report until after the general election of 1904 is over? If, however, all his efforts in these directions should be foiled, and if, in 1904, he has nothing to point to but a record of promises unfulfilled, does he suppose that he will then retain the popular confidence which he now possesses? The people have given Mr. Roosevelt a Republican majority in both Houses of Congress. If, under such ostensibly auspicious conditions, he shall prove unable to accomplish anything of moment, the people, who judge mainly by results, are likely to put the blame on his intellectual capacity, if not upon his instability of purpose.

The Warning to the Democratic Party

If the Democratic party will carefully study the election returns it will learn a lesson which, if it follow its precepts, will be invaluable to it in the immediate future. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the Democratic party may learn from this election, certainly how it cannot capture the Presidency, and probably how it may succeed.

Stating the proposition in a general way, the fall elections have demonstrated the weakness of the Republican party, the strength of Theodore Roosevelt, and the distrust that is felt by conservative citizens of the Democratic party in its present state of partial disorganization. A variety of causes led inevitably to Democratic defeat. In some States there were weak candidates, and in nearly every State there was the lingering taint of socialism. The drift of the party was towards sound principles, and away from Bryan and Bryanism, but it had not wholly freed itself from suspicion. Massachusetts furnished the best instance of what Democracy may accomplish with its old standards upheld. There such a campaign was conducted that the happy days of William E. Russell were recalled. In New York, on the other hand, David B. Hill burdened and handicapped the party with a small candidate and a populistic platform, while in Ohio, Mr. Tom Johnson, evidently misled by the popularity of our strenuous President, hit upon the device of turning the campaign into a circus. In Massachusetts, where there was no reason

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whatever to hope for success, the Republican majority has been sensibly reduced. It is true that in New York it has also been reduced, but here there had been every reason, before the State convention, to hope for a victory, and the fact that Governor Odell creeps back into the Executive chair amid a storm of dissenting votes, which at one time threatened him with defeat, instead of marching to it triumphantly as he did in 1900, clearly shows that, with such leadership and such a platform as the Massachusetts Democrats had, the Democrats of New York would have elected their ticket. In Ohio, the circus-tent has been blown down by the breath of popular disapproval. The American public can stand a good deal of Harlequin, but when they are deeply interested in their political affairs, as they are now, they want sober, solid, sane common-sense.

There is no doubt that the results of the elections, on the whole, tend to encourage the Democratic party and to inspire it with confidence. Herein lies its danger. Superficially, it appears that the people are weary of the Republican party, but it also appears that they are not weary of Theodore Roosevelt, who, as we have said before, a saying verified by this election, is his party's only valuable asset. Nevertheless, it is also evident that Mr. Roosevelt probably cannot save his party against a candidate who stands for what the Gold Democrats expressed in their Indianapolis platform. All this being so, the Democrats cannot hope to carry the Presidential election of 1904 against Mr. Roosevelt except with such a candidate running on such a platform. But, in the gains made in Massachusetts and in New York, the politicians are likely to be led off after a will-o'-the-wisp. They will be prone to accept the gains of to-day as indicative of the growing power of the party as it is.

So far is this from being true that the election returns are in reality a warning, rather than an encouragement, to the party. It is shown by them that its weakness, as an opponent of the Republican party, is due to the presence in its organization of the socialistic taint implanted there by Bryan when he handed over the party to the Populists. The reason why it has not carried the country with a sweeping majority at this year's elections is that it could not command the confidence of conservative citizens who desired, and who still desire, to register their votes against the Republican party. In New York, for example, Mr. Hill's leadership and the communistic State ownership plank in the platform, prevented the Gold and Cleveland Democrats from voting the ticket. In Ohio, the demonstration of the essential folly of clinging to socialism was complete. Whatever gains the Democrats have made this year, outside of Massachusetts, have been mainly due to the domination of elements which will prevent success at a Presidential election. The multitudes of the great cities have swelled the Democratic vote. Discontent, with high prices of living, hostility to so-called trusts, doubt as to the sincerity of the Republican party's promises to put an end to trust evils, the coal strike and its consequences, the desire of Tammany to make a good showing that it may be returned to mastership—these and like causes have swelled the Democratic vote in the State and Congressional elections. In the country districts, the men who own small properties have voted with the large property owners against the Democratic party. Socialism has done its best for the party which took it over as a new asset in 1896. The Democratic party has gained all that will ever come to it from the unwholesome partnership. The fall elections show, as clearly as they show the unpopularity of the Republicans, that the Democratic party cannot carry the country in 1904 under Mr. Hill, with his State-ownership folly, nor under Mr. Tom Johnson, with his three-cent-fare and single-tax theories, nor by the votes of the corrupt of Tammany Hall, of the unfortunate, and of the discontented. They show, on the contrary, that there is an excellent opportunity for a party which stands as squarely for tariff-tax reduction as did the Democratic party in 1892, for a party which also believes in the principles of civil liberty and individual freedom, and that is, generally, as wise and true as are the old-time leaders who were abandoned by the party organization when in 1896 it turned toward strange gods.

Here, in brief, is the lesson of the elections to the Democratic organization. If it is to be successful in 1904, even if it is to continue a formidable rival to the Republican party, it must rid itself of every vestige of the stain of socialism which Bryanism put upon it. The American people who carry elections are thrifty owners of property, many of whom are condemned, by the desertion of them by the Democratic party, to an alliance with those whom Republican legislation has made too thrifty for the public welfare. Once the Democratic party represented the sober-minded, independent, self-respecting, self-supporting American citizen—the citizen who asked nothing from his government but the opportunity to reap the fruit of all his abilities, unaided by class legislation; of recent years it has been preaching discontent and populism; this year its promise of reform has brought back to it all the conservative citizens who would not consent to associate with it so long as there was in it a trace of the taint of 1896 and 1900. It can win nothing of importance, it can be nothing of importance, until it goes back to 1892, and takes up again the promising task so foolishly dropped in 1896. This, we repeat, is this year's lesson to the Democratic party, and it can more profitably ponder on this than spend its hours in rejoicing over the gains it has made in the unwholesome streets and by-ways of the metropolis.

Mr. Cleveland's Speech

No candid person, whatever may be his political prepossessions, can read without respect the speech delivered by ex-President Cleveland on October 30 at Morristown, New Jersey. His theme was the omnipresent, dominant, burning theme of the hour, to wit, the trusts and the means of coping with them. We have heard President Roosevelt and ex-Governor Hill on the same topic, and we have had occasion to point out what we thought of the remedies proposed by them for the actual or possible abuses incident to enormous conglomerations of capital in the fields of industry and trade. We have shown that Mr. Roosevelt's remedy—a constitutional amendment empowering the Federal government to control the within-State business of corporations—would be unattainable, if we may judge by the failure of other innumerable attempts to amend the Federal Constitution; and that, if at some distant day attainable, it would be almost certain to prove worse than the disease. We have shown that Mr. Hill's assertion—that no constitutional amendment is required, but that, by virtue of an alleged right of eminent domain conferred by the Constitution, the Federal government is already authorized to enter Pennsylvania and take possession of its anthracite-coal mines without the consent of that State—is an assertion so flatly contradicted by the text of our Federal organic law that in the mouth of an accomplished lawyer it must needs be stigmatized as insincere. In a word, the method of dealing with huge aggregations of capital suggested by Mr. Roosevelt would postpone the effectual curbing of the so-called trusts to the Greek Kalends, while the method advocated by Mr. Hill is on its face so preposterous that it can only have been put forward for the purpose of deluding the ignorant and of masking the advocate's desire to evade the question.

When now we turn to Mr. Cleveland, we find that he neither shirks, nor skulks, nor wanders far afield in the chase of a chimera, but strikes at the root of the matter; and against the oppression suffered or apprehended from the trusts, propounds a defensive measure that would be at once prompt and practicable. Sweep away the high protective tariff, he says, and replace it with a tariff for revenue, and you will paralyze the trusts, so far as their power for mischief is concerned. Subjected to the check of foreign competition, American manufacturers and American producers of fuel and meat would no longer be able to wring from consumers extortionate prices for the necessaries of life. Mr. Cleveland did not pretend that the abolition of the protective tariff would be followed by the annihilation of the trusts; neither did he affirm that such extinction was desirable under the conditions of industry and trade in the twentieth century. He is aware that trusts exist, even in free-trade England, and that they are needed for the purpose of compassing the economies attainable only through manufacture on a vast scale. He perceives, however, that in free-trade England, while trusts are powerful for good, they are impotent for evil. It is impossible in England to wring from the consumer an extortionate price for any of the necessaries of life. That is the state of things which Mr. Cleveland aims to bring about in the United States; not, of course, by free trade, which, at present, is impracticable for this country, but by means of a tariff on imports, framed with a single eye to the production of the revenue needed for the government's expenditures.

We have said that the remedy proposed by Mr. Cleveland would be at once prompt and practicable. No constitutional amendment would be needed; no invocation of a visionary right of eminent domain. It would simply be requisite for the people of the United States to elect in 1904 a President and a House of Representatives pledged to enact a tariff for revenue, and also in that year and in the years immediately following to control a sufficient number of State legislatures to assure a tariff-for-revenue majority in the Federal Senate before the close of the next Presidential term. Absolute control of all three branches of the Federal Legislature is obtainable beyond a doubt before 1908, and probably could be gained in 1905, if at the preceding general election the tariff-for-revenue party had not only elected a President, but had carried the House of Representatives by a great majority. For, although in 1905 the protectionists would nominally retain a slight preponderance in the Senate, the tidal wave of popular resolve would affect equally those State legislatures which had to fill vacancies in the United States Senate, and those which, for the moment, had no vacancies to fill, and the latter would instruct their Senators to yield to the national demand. It is true that Senators are not obliged by law to obey such instructions, and some would doubtless prove recalcitrant; but others would be glad of an excuse for swimming with the tide. We need not designate to-day the Senators, ostensibly protectionist, who could probably be relied upon to support a tariff for revenue, if ordered so to do by their legislatures; their names will at once suggest themselves to those familiar

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with the details of our political history during the last thirty years.

There is, in fine, reason to believe that, if the American people choose to use the power that is in their hands, a tariff for revenue could be enacted, probably in less than four years from the present time, and certainly in less than six years. Both prompt and practicable, therefore, is the measure by which Mr. Cleveland would have us break at a stroke the backbone of the trusts, so far as their capacity for oppressing consumers is concerned.

Poor Pennsylvania

FRIENDS of honest government all over the United States will learn with profound regret the outcome of the election for Governor in Pennsylvania. It matters not whether the Democratic nominee for that office, ex-Governor Pattison, was or was not the strongest candidate that could have been selected by the Democratic party; equally immaterial is it whether in times past representatives of the Democracy have been accused in one State or another of offences against the purity of the ballot; the fact remains that at this election in Pennsylvania ex-Governor Pattison and the Democratic party stood squarely and unmistakably for ballot reform. It is equally certain that at this time in Pennsylvania the Republican party, as personified in Senator Quay, who dictated the nomination of ex-Judge Pennypacker for Governor, stood for a perpetuation of the corrupt electoral practices which have long rendered Philadelphia a disgrace to the State and a byword in the nation.

It should be remembered that in 1900, when Mr. Quay was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, he promised, in a public speech, that, should the Republicans control the Legislature then about to be chosen, they would heartily co-operate in passing any equitable measure for ballot reform that might be propounded by the Democratic minority. The Republicans did control the Legislature, and the Democrats did bring forward a bill for the purification of elections, which was rejected, not on the ground that it was inequitable or inefficient, but on the plea that it was unacceptable to the disreputable leaders of the Republican party in Philadelphia. That is to say, no penalty for crime should be enacted if it fail to command the approval of the criminal. During the present campaign for Governor, Mr. Quay recognized that his promises had ceased to carry any weight with the people of Pennsylvania. To prove the sincerity of his intention to promote genuine ballot reform, he had a committee appointed for the ostensible purpose of devising a measure which should meet with general acceptance, and which the Republican candidates for seats in the Legislature should bind themselves in advance of the election to support.

The hollowness of the pretence has been exposed by the fact that no report was made by the committee, and that, accordingly, no Republican member-elect of the Legislature has pledged himself to his constituents to uphold any definite project. Neither was it possible at any time during the canvass to elicit from ex-Judge Pennypacker a promise that, in the event of his election, he would use the influence of his office to prevent fraudulent voting and false returns by an efficient registration law. Now there is no doubt whatever that the people of Pennsylvania desire such a registration law, for they have recently amended their State Constitution for the express purpose of authorizing such a statute. The Legislature has not availed itself of the opportunity, however, and there is no reason to believe that it ever will do so, so long as the Republican party remains dominant in the State and is controlled by its present leaders.

There seems to be no hope of redemption for Pennsylvania until shame and desperation shall provoke the whole body of voters in the State, outside of its chief city, to combine and heap up an anti-Republican majority so huge that not even the scoundrels who manipulate ballot-boxes in Philadelphia can manage to counteract it. In the absence of such a righteous uprising, every State election in Pennsylvania will be regarded as a farce, and the pity with which the honest voters of that commonwealth are viewed by onlookers will be largely tinctured with contempt.

A New Touch

AFTER all, what is it gives not only delight, and the promise of more delight—value itself—to a performance in any of the arts? It is the thing which we instantly feel, and more or less tardily recognize, on the stage, in the picture, the statue, the edifice, in the singing voice, and the speech of the instrument worse than dumb without it. Being always short of words when it comes to the pinch, though so long of them when there is less need, we call this thing *touch*, and when it has the divinest thrill in it, we know it for a new touch. It is the thing that skill is nothing without, that passes wisdom, and goes far to atone for the absence, or at least the improminence, of both; it alone is the gift from the creator to the creature, the authority to go on creating. Other things may be attained, acquired, but this cannot; it must be given.

When it applies itself to the pulse of the witness he becomes all electrical response, and articulate afterwards. That is when his difficulty really begins. Touch is a thing so "sensible to feeling," if we may be suffered the pleonasm, that when the joy of it has filled one up, one is rather apt to bubble forth about it too abundantly, though this is better than to dribble too sparingly. Still, it is better not to overdo in an affair of the kind, and that is what we kept saying to ourselves in reading a little book, the other day, by a new writer who gave us in high degree the sense of touch, and whom we trembled with the fear of overpraising, if ever we came to speak of him in print: out of print, it would not so much matter; one expects exaggeration of one's self, and of everybody else, in talk. Our danger lay in the fact that this new author, whom we do not mind particularizing as Mr. Roy Rolfe Gilson, seemed to have touch of a sort which was not only fresh, but sweet, and went not only to the head, but to the heart, which is the seat of the worst intoxication; and he differed from some other people who have touch, in being rather full of touches. His book dealt with the experiences and inexperiences of a little boy, from whose personality, and in whose small range of consciousness it was imagined. It sketched, as he knew and did not know them, "In the Morning Glow" of his young life, his grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, sister, and aunt, and the simple home that enfolded them, with one excursive study, still not beyond the little boy's range, in the direction of a toy grenadier. What was so beautiful in it all was that his limits were almost never transcended, and when they were, it was to make the reader feel how delicately they had been guarded. The tenderness which imbued the slight sketches was never overweening, the fondness had no taint of folly, the affection was never affectation. The lines which rendered the soft child face and figure were unerringly faithful, and the innocent eyes saw nothing without that was not within them.

After the grandfather dies the boy finds his stick, "And what will grandfather do when he goes to walk with the little boy angels? See, he's gone and forgot his cane!" That is one of the several touches that bring the lump, though they are not aimed at the lump. The touch is all through, beginning with that lovely and courageous passage, "When you gave grandfather both your hands and put one foot against his knee and the other against his vest, you could walk right up to his white beard like a fly—but you had to hold tight. Sometimes your foot slipped on the knee, but the vest was wider and not so hard, so that when you were that far you were safe. And when you had both feet in the soft middle of the vest, and your body was stiff, and your face was looking right up at the ceiling, grandfather groaned deep down inside, and that was the sign that your walk was ended."

Only one who has never walked up the stomach of an ancestor can fail to feel the touch, here, which is everywhere in that pretty book: a book not so much for little boys, perhaps, as for the boys who are no longer little and wish they were. If it ever comes to Mr. Gilson's writing directly for this sort of boys will he be able to show the same gift of touch? The touch will not a second time be fresh; it cannot be; but if he is so lucky, it can always be true, and it will not be the less charming because it is not fresh. Boys of all ages and sexes like being touched again and again in the same place, and Mr. Gilson need not be afraid of doing that so long as his touch goes home. Some people, who seem to have touch, fumble and blunder after the first time, and this may merely be a proof that they never really had touch, but only a sort of push.

"Marjorie"

Lady Mary is the daughter of the Earl of Lovelace, and the great-granddaughter of Lord Byron. She is an only child. Her father's earldom goes to his half-brother, but Lady Mary is heir-presumptive to the barony of Wentworth.

I'M but a baby girl of one,
  And yet a winsome lass am I
With happy eyes lit up with fun
  That have no tears to cry.

My cheeks are like the rose in May,
  My locks are fair as fair can be.
My little hands still love to play
  With everything I see.

Mamma is Anna, papa is Ted,
  Marjorie's what they christened me;
They call me now plain Babs instead,
  That's short for Marjorie.

I have two grannies good and kind
  And one greatuncle, he's my slave;
Dozens of uncles to my mind
  And many aunts I have.

I love to flirt with merry men,
  But if you're shocked—you are, no doubt;
Remember I am young, and then
  The prettiest baby out!

LADY MARY MILBANKE.

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Correspondence

IS THE CIVIL SERVICE LIST DEPLETED?

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 18, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—The article, "Is the Civil Service List Depleted," in the WEEKLY for September 20, although evidently based on furnished data, is so apt to give an impression not warranted by the facts that as an earnest civil-service reform advocate and friend of the WEEKLY (and here permit the side remark that the mere mention of civil-service reform brings up memories of the editorials of George William Curtis and Carl Schurz), that I feel moved to invite your attention to the published statements of the Federal Civil Service Commission upon the subject, taken from its latest annual report—the Eighteenth.

From this it appears that of the 33,521 persons who passed the Commission's examinations for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, only 10,291, or a fraction over 30 per cent. received appointments. These figures, however, appear to cover appointments made as the result of promotion, of which there were 706, and of transfer, of which there were 275, where these have depended upon an examination.

The following brief table, compiled from data in the Commission's report, shows the number of persons who passed examinations and received appointments, together with the per cent. appointed of those that passed, in the different branches of the government service, during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901:

Branch of Service.	Passed.	Appointed.	Per cent.
Departmental	12,401	4,232	34.1
Railway Mail.....	3,593	816	22.7
Indian	116	164*	—
Custom House....	2,856	527	18.4
Internal Revenue.	252	87	34.5
Post Office.....	12,749	4,226	33.6
Government Printing Office.....	1,554	172	11.1
	33,521	10,224	

It is only for positions requiring special qualifications that the registers of the Civil Service Commission are depleted, or the tendency is for the demand to outrun or barely meet the supply. This is the case, according to Chief Examiner Serven's report, with male stenographer-typewriters, topographic draftsmen, assistant examiners of patents, civil and electrical, and civil and mechanical engineers, inspectors of meats, teachers in the Indian service, aid in the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and trades positions, other than that of compositor, required in the Government Printing Office. Persons passing with creditable averages the bookkeeper, junior civil engineer, railway mail clerk, and trained nurse and matron examinations, are stated in the report to stand a good chance for appointment.

The special examinations mentioned in your article are not mere additional examinations, held because the regular examinations have not supplied a sufficient number of eligibles, but examinations to secure eligibles possessing special qualifications, usually technical or scientific. In the majority of instances it is impracticable to maintain regular registers for these positions, since a request for filling a vacancy may not be made for years; so the Commission holds a special examination when a call is made upon it for eligibles.

By way of summary, it may be stated that while Uncle Samuel has difficulty in securing a sufficiency of eligibles possessing special qualifications, it remains true to-day that the number of persons on the registers of the Civil Service Commission possessed of the ordinary educational qualifications is very greatly in excess of the demand, and the outlook for the immediate future does not appear to be more promising than the past.

I am, sir,
GEORGE A. WARREN.

* About one-half of the appointments in the Indian service were made from examinations for positions in the departmental service.

THE CANTEEN AGAIN

CAVALRY AND FIELD ARTILLERY SCHOOL,
FORT RILEY, KANSAS, *October 18, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The cartoon in current (October 18) HARPER'S WEEKLY relative to the army canteen is singularly appropriate. It certainly portrays the opinion of the average army officer and enlisted soldier. It typifies present conditions; it supplements admirably the sane editorial comment on General Funston's criticism and the Anti-Saloon League's reply.

The situation is admittedly one of choosing a lesser of two evils. Under present régime contiguous districts outside military reservations become infested with every type of parasitic dens, truly "vile places run by scoundrels where soldiers are debauched and fleeced." A most cursory inspection of the vicinity of Forts Leavenworth and Riley, in the prohibition State of Kansas—the two largest army garrisons in the United States—would afford opponents of beer in the canteen additional food for thought.

The enlisted man is homeless during his three-year term; he cannot lie on his bunk in the squad-room all off-duty hours; the troop or battery or company billiard-room or barber shop can rarely accommodate him; so he seeks social recreation and excitement elsewhere; he can have no sisters or sweetheart or wife in the post—a few old sergeants' wives in miserable "Suds Row" behind the stables there may be, wearing their fingers out with laundry work; the great gulf of arbitrary rank separates him from his officers, who, with their women, treat him as tho' he were a pariah, and contact were contamination. Under these circumstances (and the sociologist will grant that it doesn't spring from pure depravity) he will drink, village ideas to the contrary notwithstanding. He goes where his comrades gather wherever that may be, no matter what may have been his home training or be his natural preferences.

The "canteen" as the post exchange is still unofficially called is a garrison cooperative store. Its profits, divided pro rata among the several organizations, are generally utilized to raise the quality of the "mess," by supplying greater variety of food, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, and occasional delicacies. With the abolition of the beer feature the mess table suffered the loss of its principal source of extras. The soldiers now collect in "places prepared for them" other than the "dry" post exchange.

Along with beer they indulge in "rotgut whiskey," and scatter their money in gambling-hells and cesspools of vice. The Officers' Club is allowed its liquors, loungingrooms, and orchestra concerts, but no adequate provision is made for the entertainment of the "men." Much of the $15,000 or $20,000 monthly pay of Fort Riley is distributed in dens in Junction City—and in such channels the profits do not even add to the beauty of that town or the happiness of its citizens, much less to the comfort and manhood of the soldiers.

I am no "believer in beer"; but when the absolute resu.. o. the abolition of the canteen is the flagrant violation of the law, both State and military, it would certainly seem that the installation of a single garrison beer-bar under judicious supervision and control were a plan eminently superior to the toleration of conditions that now obtain.

I am, sir,
HAMILTON M. HIGDAY,
Librarian, United States Civil Service.

THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CAL.,
October 28, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If I answer your article on "The Language of the Future," it is not because I believe that this language should be adopted in preference to that other, but because I deem your statement concerning the nature and the possibilities of Italian utterly unwarranted. Had you spoken of the language of the "Arcadia," which the Italians repudiated and scorned, I should have agreed with you. "The speech of the future must be vigorous and impressive"; the Italian of Phillis and Menalea "would suffice for that no more than the prattle of the nursery." But when you speak of the language of Dante as feeble and only pleasing to the ear, unfit for to express the thoughts of the generations to come, I most emphatically say that you are entirely mistaken. The unrivalled pages of the inexorable judge of the Middle Ages do not show that he entered "l'aria senza tempo tinta," "armed to the teeth with ivory paper-cutters and backed by an artillery corps of florists having naught but roses in their ammunition-boxes," but possessing a tongue which enabled him to touch heaven and earth (di metter mano a terra e a cielo), whether he sings the beauty and the angelic charm of his beloved Beatrice—"cosa venuta di cielo in terra a miracolo mostrare"—or tells the touching story of Francesca da Rimini, or of the unfortunate Ugolino, he is as poetic as he is concise, as powerful as he is melodious, as tender as he is inexorable, as clear as he is keen in fathoming the human heart. English itself is insufficient to reproduce those pictures in as few and chiselling words as Dante sketched them in his native tongue, "the nursery prattle."

If Italian will never become the language of the world at large, it is not because the language of Boccaccio, who wrote Latin with Tuscan words, is impracticable, weak, and deficient in every way, but because the same laws that broke the speech of the Roman world into Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, and into a hundred more romance dialects, will prevent all academic councils from deciding upon the language the coming generations of the globe should adopt.

Not only the writings of the Florentine exile prove that Italian is clear, melodious, forcible, and efficacious to express man's thoughts, whether he be born in the fourteenth or twentieth century, but also the writings of Machiavelli and of all those Italian authors who wrote as they spoke. If you can prove that the philosophical works of Galileo in vernacular speech and the monumental relations of the Venetian ambassadors are couched in a weak, obscure, and only pretty-sounding jargon, I will not hesitate to say with you that Italian could never be the speech of the giants of the future, because, as it is, it could only be used as nursery prattle.

Respectfully,
MARIUS J. SPINELLO.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. Storer Clouston

PART VIII

THE PLOT FAILS, AND MONSIEUR IS PUT ON PROBATION

THE next morning I called in Mr. and Mrs. Titch, Aramatilda, and Halfred, and, in a voice from which I could not altogether banish my emotion, I told them that I must give up my rooms and that they might never see me again. From Halfred I received a flat refusal to leave, and he was forthwith included in the enterprise.

I had turned to arranging my papers and collecting my bills, when I was interrupted by the entry of the Marquis.

He was busy, he told me, busy about many things; and his manner was mystery



"My orders!"

itself. Yet even a conspirator is human, and evidently he had other interests in London besides our plots. From one or two sighs and tender allusions I shrewdly guessed the nature of these.

"You are not in love?" he asked me, suddenly.

"In love!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, for his previous sentence, though uttered with a melancholy air, had referred to the merits of a new rifle.

"In love with a dark lady?"

I started. Could he refer to Kate? Yes, of course, now I come to think of it, he or his agents must have seen us together.

"No, Marquis, I give you my word I am not in love with either black or brown," I answered, gayly.

"I am glad, my dear friend," he replied, "for I would not do you an injury."

"An injury?" I exclaimed, with a laugh. "Would you be my rival?"

"No, no," he said, though with some confusion; "I meant, my friend, that I would not like to tear you from her."

"The conspirator must conspire," I said, with a smile.

"True; true, indeed," he replied, with a sigh.

Used as I was to the complex nature of my friend, I could not help thinking that this was indeed a sentimental mood for one who was about to undertake as mad and desperate an enterprise as ever patriot devised.

"To-morrow morning I shall not be available," he told me as he left; "but after that—the King!"

"You do not, then, prepare my dinner to-morrow morning?"

"No, monsieur, not in the morning."

By that night I had made the few preparations that were necessary before striking my tent and leaving England, perhaps forever. The next day found me idle and restless, and suddenly I said to myself:

"The most embarrassing part of this wild enterprise is being thrown upon me. I want a friend by my side, and if the Marquis de la Carrabasse objects, let the devil take him!"

Ah, if I could have summoned Dick Shafthead! But, having undertaken not to do this, I selected that excellent sportsman, his cousin, Teddy Lumme. His courage I had proved, his wisdom I felt sure was not sufficient to deter him from mixing himself up with the business, and as for any harm coming to him, I promised myself to see that he did not accompany me too far.

I went to him, and having sworn him to secrecy, I told him of the dinner. He, of course, knew that his father, the venerable bishop, was to be of the party, and when he heard the part that the guests were afterwards expected to play, you should have seen his face.

"Of course they will not listen to me for a moment," I said. "The idea is absurd! But I am bound to carry out my instructions, and afterwards to start upon this reckless expedition myself. I only ask you, as my friend, to come to the dinner and keep me in countenance, and afterwards take my farewells to your cousins—I should say, to all my English friends. Will you?"

"Like a shot," said Teddy. "I wouldn't miss the fun for anything. By Jove! I think I see my governor's face! I say, you Frenchies are good, old-fashioned sportsmen. You're going to swim the Channel, of course?"

His mirth, I confess, jarred a little upon me.

"I am serving my King," I reminded him.

"Oh, I know. I'd do the same myself if these dashed Radicals got into power over here. A man can't be too loyal, I always say. All right; I'll come. What time?"

"Eight o'clock."

In the afternoon a decidedly disquieting incident occurred. Much more to my surprise than pleasure, I received a brief visit from Mr. Hankey.

"Do you come from the Marquis de la Carrabasse?" I asked.

"His lordship has directed me to say to you that he will call upon you to-morrow and give you your orders."

"My orders!" I exclaimed, with some annoyance.

"His lordship used that expression."

Before retiring to bed on the last night which I was going to spend in this land, a sudden and happy idea struck me. Not to write a single line of explanation to my late hosts was ungrateful and unbecoming in one who had boasted of belonging to the politest nation in Europe. I had only promised not to write to Lady Shafthead and Dick. Well, then, there was nothing to hinder me from writing to Daisy. I admit that Sir Philip also was exempt, but this alternative did not strike me so forcibly. If I posted my letter in the morning, she would not get it till it was too late to take any steps that might interfere with our plans. I seized my pen and sat down and wrote:

"DEAR MISS SHAFTHEAD, — Truly you must think me the most ungrateful and unmannerly of guests; but, believe me, gratitude and kind recollections are not what have been lacking. I am prevented from explaining fully, but I may venture to tell you this—since the occasion will be past even when you read these lines: I am again in the service of one who has the first call upon my devotion. Without naming him, doubtless you can guess whom I mean. Silence towards the kind Lady Shafthead and towards my dear friend Dick has been enjoined upon me; but since you were not specifically mentioned, I cannot resist the impulse to assure you of my eternal remembrance of your kindness and of yourself. Convey my adieux to Sir Philip and to Lady Shafthead, and assure them that their hospitality and goodness will never be forgotten by me.

"Tell Dick that I shall write to him later if fate permits me. If not, he can always assure himself that I was ever his most affectionate and devoted friend.

"I leave England to-night on an adventure which I cannot but allow seems hopeless and desperate enough, but, as I once said to you on a less serious occasion, 'l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.' The cause calls, I can but obey! I know not what English customs permit me to sign myself, but in the language of sincerity and of the heart, I am, yours eternally and gratefully."

And then I signed my name, lingering a little over it to delay the curtain which seemed to descend when I folded my letter and placed it in its envelope.

Hardly had I finished my breakfast next morning, endeavoring, as I read, as usual, my morning paper, to forget that I was leaving all this, when I heard a quick step in the passage, and with a brisk, "Bon jour, monsieur!" the Marquis entered.

"Ah," I thought, "he is in his element! No regrets with him."

Yet, after the first alertness of his entry, I observed, to my surprise, a certain air of sentiment about him, which, if it was not regret, was at least not martial keenness.

"You did your business yesterday?" I said.

"I did," he replied, in a grave tone, and with something like a tender look in his eye. "I did some private business of an unforgetable and momentous nature, my dear d'Haricot! But not now; I shall not tell you now! To-night you shall know."

Then, making a gesture as if to banish this mood, he threw himself into a chair, and, bending his brows in a keen look at me, said,

"But to business, my friend; to the business we are embarked upon!"

"Precisely," I said. "I await it."

"In this house where you dine are two entrances. Your guests come in by one, and you await them in the rooms I have set apart for you. In the rest of the house I operate."

"And what do you do?"

"I gather our force. Men picked by my agents are to be invited to enter by the oth-



"small beast, to damn with you!"

er door. I offer them refreshments. They follow, or rather, precede me. In a lane at the back of the house is yet another door; against it is drawn up a great van, a van used for removing furniture, a van of colossal size! You see?"

"Hardly; I fear I am stupid."

"You do not see? Ah, my dear d'Haricot, eloquence is your gift, contrivance mine! I have not invented a flying-machine, a submarine vessel, and a dynamite gun for nothing! These men enter this van; the door is closed upon them; it is driven to the station, put on board my special train, and taken to the coast. They then emerge; I

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address them in such terms as will make it impossible for them to withdraw, even if they wish—and they are to be desperate, picked men; we arm them, and then to France! On the coast of Normandy we will be met by five regiments of foot, two of cavalry, and six batteries of artillery which I am assured will declare for the King. Paris is ripe for a revolution. Vive le Roi! Why are you silent? Is it not well thought of, my friend?"

"It is indeed ingenious," I replied. "But the carrying of it out I foresee may not be so easy."

"Nothing can fail. My confidence is implicit. Was I ever deceived?"

I might with truth have retorted "always," but I saw that I should only enrage him.

I shrugged my shoulders and asked,

"You superintend the affair?"

"In the house. Hankey makes the arrangements at the station. Much is to be done. One man to one task."

"And I? What do I do?"

"You bring your friends to the station. At eleven precisely the train starts. Do not be late."

"But if they will not accompany me?"

"If all else fails, we go to France together! At least our brave countrymen will not be afraid, whatever these colder islanders may do!"

"You may depend on me for that," I answered. "By-the-way, I should tell you that I bring a friend of my own to dinner—M. Lumme."

"Lumme!" cried the Marquis. "You can trust him?"

"Implicitly."

"And I trust you. Bring him if he is brave!"

There was a minute's pause; he had suddenly fallen silent.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"All for the present, my brave friend. Au revoir! We meet at the station at eleven precisely! Do not forget!"

He leaped up with that surprising vivacity that marked his movements, and before I had time to accompany him even as far as the door, he had closed it and gone. In a moment, however, I heard his voice outside, apparently engaged in altercation with some one, and then followed some vigorous expletives and a brisk sound of scuffling.

I rushed into the passage, and there, to my consternation, beheld my friend retreating towards me before a vigorous onslaught by Halfred, who was flourishing his fists and exclaiming: "Come out, you beastly mounseer! Come out into the square and I'll paste your hugly mug inter a cocked 'at!"

"Diable!" cried the Marquis. "Leetle bad man, stop short! Mon Dieu! What can it was?"

"Halfred!" I cried, indignantly. "Cease! What is the meaning of this?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said Halfred, desisting, but unabashed at my anger. "You told me yourself, sir, as 'ow I was to do it?"

"I told you? Explain! Come into my room."

I brought the two combatants in, closed the door, and repeated, sternly,

"Explain, sir!"

"This is the furriner as haccosted Miss Titch, sir," said Halfred, doggedly, "and you said as 'ow I'd better practise my boxing on 'im. I didn't spot 'im the other night, but Miss Titch she seed 'im this morning and told me."

"I know not the meaning you mean when you speak so fast!" cried the Marquis. "But I see you are intoxicate, foddled, and squiff. Small beast, to damn with you!"

"You just wait till I gets you outside," said Halfred, ominously. "I'll give you something to talk German about!"

"German!" shrieked the Marquis, catching at the only word he understood. "If you was gentleman not as could be which I then should—ha!" And he stamped his foot and made a gesture of lunging my retainer through the chest.

"Oh, you're ready to begin, are you?" said Halfred, mistaking this movement for the preliminary to a box, and throwing himself into the proper attitude.

"With your permission, sir."

"Stop!" I said. "You certainly have not my permission! I shall dismiss you if you strike my guest again!"

Yet I fear I was unable to keep my countenance as severe as it should have been. I then turned to the livid and furious Marquis and explained the cause of the assault.

"Address that girl!" cried he. "It was to ask her questions—questions about you, monsieur, when I wrongly distrusted you. This is a scandalous charge!"

"But you see how liable your action was to misconstruction?"

"I see, I do see!" he exclaimed. "He was right to feel jealous! I have given many good cause, yes, I confess it. Explain to him."

I told Halfred of his mistake.

"Well, sir," he said, "I takes your word, sir."

"Good young man," said the Marquis, turning to him with his finest courtesy. "I forgive. I admire. You have right. Many have I love, but your mistress is not admired of me. She is preserve! Good-night, young man; good-night, monsieur."

And off he marched as briskly as ever.

Halfred shook his head darkly.

"Him being a friend of yours, sir, I says nothing," he observed, but his abstinence from further comment was more eloquent than his candid opinion would have been.

I posted my letter, I smoked, I read a book to pass the time, and at last, as the afternoon was wearing on, I went to my bed-room and packed a bag containing a change of clothes and other essentials, for I remembered that I should have to drive straight from the dinner-table to the train. I looked out into the street; dusk was falling, the lamps were lit, the lights of a carriage and the rattle of horses passed now and then, the steady hum of London reached my ears. It was still cheerful and inviting, but now my nerves were tighter strung, and I felt rather excitement than depression.

"Monsieur! You in there?"

The voice came from my sitting-room. I started, I rushed towards the welcome sound, and the next moment I was embracing Dick Shafthead. He looked so uncomfortable at this un-English salutation that I had to begin with an apology.

"Never before and never again, I assure you!" I said. "For the instant I forgot myself; that is the truth. Tell me, what good angel has sent you?"

For I knew his sister could not yet have received my letter.

"We were afraid you'd got into the hands of the police again, and I've come prepared to bail you out. What the deuce happened to you?"

"You heard the circumstances of my departure?"

"We heard a cock-and-bull story from a thick-headed yokel—something about a pistol and a villain with a mustache and a carriage and pair; but as we learned that you'd appeared at the station safe and sound, we divided the yarn by five. I must say, though, I've been getting a little worried at hearing no news of you—that's to say, the women folks got in a flutter."

"Did they?" I cried, with a pleasant excitement I could not quite conceal.

"Naturally, we are not accustomed to have our guests vanish like an Indian juggler. I've come to see what's up."

I told him then the whole story, letting the Marquis's prohibition go to the winds. He listened in amused astonishment.

"Well," he said, at last, "it seems I've just come in time for the fair. You've napkins enough to feed another conspirator, I suppose?"

"You are the one man I want!"

"That's all right, then," said Dick. "I'd better be off to my rooms to dress. Where shall we meet?"

"I will call for you soon after half past seven. The house is not far from the Temple, I believe."

So now, thanks to Providence, I would have both my best friends by my side. My spirits rose high, and I began to look forward gayly even to urging a bishop to start by a night train with a repeating-rifle.

Soon after seven Teddy appeared, immaculate and garrulous as ever, and in high spirits at the thought of the shock his reverend father would get on finding him included among the select party.

"The governor's looking forward to having a great night of it," said this irreverend son. "Scratching his head when I last saw him, trying to remember the stories he generally tells to dooks and royalties. I told him he'd better get up a few spicy ones to tickle a Frenchie, don't you know?"



"My faith," I exclaimed, "how disappointed they will all be! I scarcely have the face to meet them."

The evening came. At quarter past eight no one had arrived.

We were sitting around the anteroom fire while Halfred waited in the dining-room.

"Beg pardon, sir," he observed, putting his head through the doorway. "But perhaps they've smelled a rat, like as I do."

Another quarter of an hour passed, and then we heard the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs; it sounded like several people. Then came a knock. I opened the door and saw the waiter who had shown me in,

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and behind him a number of as disreputable-looking fellows as I have ever met.

"Your visitors, sir," said the waiter, in his mysterious voice, though with an evident air of surprise, and, I think, of disgust.

"Mine?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Horleens, they wants."

"But I am not Mr. Horleens. There is some mistake here."

I addressed a few questions to one of the men, but he was so abashed at the well-dressed appearance of myself and my two guests that, muttering something about "being made a blooming fool of," the whole party turned and descended again.

"It was the right word, sir," said the waiter to me. "Some of 'em was to ask for Mr. Horleens."

"What do you make of that?" I exclaimed, when they had all gone.

"They've mistaken the house, o' course," said Teddy.

"Horleens, Horleens," repeated Dick, thoughtfully. "I have it! They meant Orleans. They must be some of your gay sportsmen."

"Of course!" I cried. "That must have been the pass-word. Well, no doubt they have found the proper door by this time. But I fear, gentlemen, that we are to have this dinner all to ourselves."

"Let's eat it, anyhow," said Dick. "I've a twist like a pig's tail."

This sentiment seemed heartily applauded by Teddy. I rang for the waiter, and we sat down to as excellent a dinner as you could wish to taste.

We found the special train all ready and a great colored van already mounted upon a truck. The Marquis met me with a surprised and disappointed look.

"Is this all the aid you bring?" he asked.

"All!" I exclaimed. "I do not know what mistake you have made, but my guests never appeared."

"Is that the truth?"

"M. le Marquis!"

"Pardon. I see; there must have been some error. Well, it cannot be helped now. I, at least, have been more successful; I have got my men. Who are these two?"

I introduced my two friends, and we walked down the platform. As we passed the furniture-van I started to hear noises proceeding from inside.

"Do not be alarmed," said the Marquis. "I have explained that I am conveying a menagerie."

We stopped before a first-class compartment. He opened the door and invited us to enter.

"Do not think me impolite if I myself travel in another carriage," he said to me. "I have a companion."

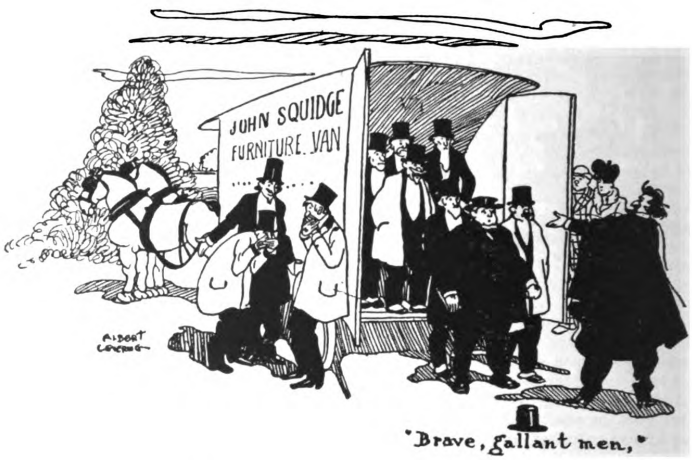
"M. Hankey?"

"He also is here," he replied, I thought, evasively.

Just before we started, Halfred put his head through our window and said, with a mysterious grin,

"The furriner's got a lady with him!"

But he had to run to his own carriage before he had time to add more. The next moment the engine whistled, and the expedition had started. Then time passed wearily till we came to our journey's end.



"Brave, gallant men."



"The furriner's got a lady with him!"

"There will be a little delay while we get the van off the train and the horses harnessed," said the Marquis, coming up to me. "In the mean time there is some one to whom I wish to present you."

He led me to his carriage and there I saw a veiled lady sitting. Even with her veil down I started, and when she raised it I became for the instant petrified with utter astonishment. It was Kate Kerry!

"I believe you have met this lady," said the Marquis, in his stateliest manner, "but not previously as my wife."

"Your wife!" I exclaimed. "I have, then, the honor of addressing the Marchioness de la Carrabasse?"

"You have," said Kate, with a smile and a flash of those dark eyes that had once thrilled me so.

"We were married yesterday morning," said the Marquis. "That was the business I was engaged upon. And now for the moment I leave you. The general must attend to his command!"

I entered the carriage, and there, from her own lips, I heard the story of this extraordinary romance. The Marquis, she told me, had obtained an introduction to her (I did not ask too closely how, but, knowing his impetuous methods, I guessed what this phrase meant); this had been just after the end of the mission, and his object at first was to obtain information about me from one whom (I also guessed) he regarded as probably my mistress; but in a very short time from playing the detective he had become the lover; his suit was pressed with vigor; and now I beheld the result.

"May I ask a delicate question?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, with all her old haughty assurance.

"What was it that moved your heart; that so suddenly made you love the Marquis?"

"He attracted my sympathy."

"Your sympathy only?"

"And my admiration! He is serving a noble cause!"

Truly, my friend had infected his wife with his own enthusiasm in the most remarkable way.

"Does your uncle know?"

"No."

"He might not approve of my friend."

"My husband is a Marquis!" she replied, with an air of pride and satisfaction that seemed to me to throw more than a little light on the complex motives of this young lady.

"And now you propose to accompany him on this dangerous adventure?"

"Certainly I do! Where else should I be?"

"He is fortunate, indeed," I said, politely.

Now I understand how my friend F. 11 had obtained all his information regarding my movements and my friends, and my different escapades, for in the days of Plato I had talked most frankly with his fair Marchioness. In fact, I perceived clearly several things that had been obscure before.

But our talk was soon interrupted by the return of the happy husband.

"All is ready! Come!" he said.

The Marquis led us from the station into a road where we found the van already under way, and two carriages awaiting us. In one Dick and Teddy were already installed; the Marquis and Kate entered the other; I joined my friends, and Halfred sprang upon the box; and off we set for a destination which our leader, after his habit, kept till the last a profound secret. So far as I could see, our force consisted of the party I have named, the men in the van, and the three drivers. Hankey, I presumed, must be one of the last. Where we were to find a ship, and how soon we were to find our French allies, I had no notion at all.

That drive seemed as interminable as the railway journey, and certainly it was far more uncomfortable. We were all three too sleepy to talk much, but, to my constant wonder and delight, I found my two companions as ready as ever to go ahead and take their chance of what might befall them.

"I say," said Teddy, in a drowsy tone, "do you think there's any chance of getting a bath before we begin?"

"The despised sandwich would come in handy, too," added Dick. "I say, monsieur, why didn't you bring a flask?"

"I did," I replied, "and here it is."

"He is another Napoleon," said Dick. "Nothing is forgotten."

Meantime the day began to break, and though the sun had not yet risen, it was quite light when we felt our carriage stop.

"Alight!" said the voice of the Marquis. "We have arrived!"

We were in a side track that ran through the fields of a sheltered valley; on one side a grove of trees concealed us; on the other, through the end of the valley and only at a little distance off, I saw something that roused me with a thrill of excitement. It was the open, gray sea, with a small steamboat lying close inshore.

"Peste!" cried the Marquis, taking me aside. "Hankey is not here!"

"Not with us?"

"No; he must have been left at the station. It is a nuisance!"

"It seems to me worse than that."

"Yes; for we cannot wait; we must leave

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him behind. It is a great loss! And now, my brave comrade, the drama commences—the drama of restoration! You will open the van, and as the men come out I shall address them."

"In English?" I asked.

"Yes; I have prepared and learned by heart an oration. It will not be long, but it will be moving. Ah, you will see that I can be eloquent!"

With his wife at his side, and the drivers a few paces beyond him, he drew himself up and threw out his chest, while I unlocked the door of the van.

Throwing it open, I stepped back, curious to see the desperadoes he had collected, and wondering how they would regard the business, while the Marquis cleared his throat.

A moment's expectant pause, and then—conceive my sensations—out stepped, first the burly form of Sir Henry Horley, then the upright figure of General Sholto, next the benevolent countenance of the Bishop of Battersea, and after him the remainder of my invited guests. The Marquis had kidnapped the wrong men!

"What the devil!" began Sir Henry, glancing round him to see in what country and company he found himself; but before there was time for a word of explanation, the Marquis had launched upon his passionate appeal. As the original manuscript afterwards came into my possession, I am able to give the exact words of this remarkable oration.

"Brave, gallant men," he cried, "you have come to share adventures stupendous, miraculous, which you will enjoy! I lead you, my good Britannic sportsmen, whither or why obviously can be seen to establish the anointed and legal King in his right country! To die cheerfully is glorious! But you will not; you will live forever conquering, and gratefully recollected in France!

"You" [here he waved his hand towards the astonished baronet] "will enjoy drink of all beers and spirits that an English proverbially adores ever after and always! Also you" [here he indicated the dumfounded bishop] "will enjoy women, the most lively and sporting in the wide world, always and ever after! Also you" [pointing towards the substantial form of Mr. Alderman Guffin] "shall bask and revel in the land of song, of music, of light fantastic toes, amid all which once and more having been never stopping again bravo and hip, hip, my sportsmen! Once, twice, thrice, follow me to victory!"

He stopped and looked eagerly for the fruits of this appeal, and his Britannic sportsmen returned his gaze with interest. I am free to confess that long before this, my two companions and I had shrunk from publicity behind the door of the van, awaiting a more fitting moment to greet our friends.

"Is this a dashed asylum, or a dashed nightmare?" demanded Sir Henry.

Not quite comprehending this, but seeing that these recruits displayed no great alacrity, the Marquis again raised his voice and cried,

"Are you afraid, brave garçons?"

But now an unexpected light was thrown on their captors.

"Kate!" exclaimed General Sholto, in a bewildered voice.

That the unfortunate General should have his domestic drama played in public was more than I could bear. I stepped forward and I may honestly say that I effectually distracted attention. It was not a pleasant process, even when assisted by the explanations of Teddy to his father and the loyal assurances of Dick; but it at least cleared the air. As for the unfortunate Marquis, his chagrin was so evident that, diabolically unpleasant as he had made my own position, I could not but feel sorry for him.

"And so," he said to me, sadly, "Heaven has been unkind to me again. I acted for the best, my dear d'Haricot, believe me! But I fear that I do not excel so much in carrying out details as in conceiving plans. I see it was my fault! I allowed these gentlemen to enter that house by the wrong door. Well, if they will not follow us—and I fear they are reluctant, though I do not understand all they say—we three must go alone!"

"Three?" I asked.

"My wife, and you, and I. Say farewell to your friends and come! The vessel awaits us and our force in France will, at all events, be ready."

But Heaven was to prove still more unkind to our unfortunate leader.

"Who are these?" I exclaimed.

"The English police!" he cried. "We are betrayed!"

And indeed we were. A force of mounted policemen swept round the corner of the wood and trotted up to us, and in the midst of them we recognized the double-faced Hankey.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" asked the Marquis, calmly, though his eyes flashed dangerously at the traitor.

"We come in the Queen's name!" replied the officer in command. "Are you the Marquis de la Carrabasse?"

"I am."

"I have a warrant, then, for your arrest."

But now, for the first time, Fortune turned in the Marquis's favor, though I fear it seemed to that zealous patriot a poor crumb of consolation that she threw.

Instead of finding, as our betrayer had calculated, a crew of suspicious-looking adventurers, he beheld a small party of middle-aged gentlemen attired in evening clothes and anxious only to find their way home again; and, to add to our good luck, when they came to look for our case of arms and ammunition it appeared that the Marquis had forgotten to bring it! Also, these same elderly gentlemen showed a very marked disinclination to have their share in the adventure appear in the morning papers, even in the capacity of witnesses.

And, finally, as the French government had been informed of our plans for some weeks past, so that we were absolutely powerless for mischief, the police decided to overlook my share altogether and make a merely formal matter of my friend's arrest.

To round up and finish off a narrative that has no plot, no moral, and only the most ridiculous hero, is not so easy as I thought it was going to be.

As I had given up and dismantled my rooms, Dick insisted that I must return to Helmscote with him that same day and finish my Christmas visit; and need it be said that I accepted this invitation?

Next morning I am severely left alone at Helmscote; Dick has been summoned by his father. Half an hour passes, and then with an air of triumph he returns.

"You'll have to look after yourself today, monsieur," he says. "I'm off to town to bring her back with me."

"Her!" So the stern parent has relented, and some day in the distant future I suppose Agnes Grey will be Lady Shafthead and rule this house.

Being thus bereft of Dick, what more natural than that I should be entertained by his sister?

She speaks of Dick's happiness with a bright gleam in her eye.

"He should feel very grateful to you," she says.

I should have preferred "we" to "he," but unluckily I have no choice in the matter.

"I envy him," I reply.

Her face is as composed and as demure as ever, only her color seems to me to be a little higher and her eye certainly does not meet mine as frankly as usual.

Suddenly I am emboldened to exclaim,

"I do not mean that I envy him Miss Grey; but his happiness in being loved!"

And then I tell her whose love I myself covet.

She is embarrassed, she is kind, she is not offended, but her look checks me.

"How often have you felt like this within the last few months—towards some one or other?" she asks.

"Ah," I cry. "You have heard, then, of my wanderings in search of the ideal? But I have only just found it!"

"How can you be sure of that?" she asks, a little smile appearing in her eye like a sudden break in a misty sky. "You haven't known me long enough to say."

"I am serious at last. I swear it!"

"I am afraid you will have to remain serious for some time to make me believe it," she replies, the smile still lingering. "When any one has treated women, and everything else, flippantly so long as you, I—"

She hesitated.

"You do not trust them?"

"No," she confesses.

"If I am serious for six months, will you trust me then?"

"Perhaps," she allows at last.

It means a good deal, does that word, said in such circumstances, but I am not going to drag you through the experiences of a faithful lover, sustained by a "perhaps." Mon Dieu! You have the privations of Dr. Nansen on his travels to read if that is the literature you admire.

But I shall stop talking, and with the blotting-pad already in my hand, pray Heaven to grant my readers an indulgent and a not too solemn spirit.

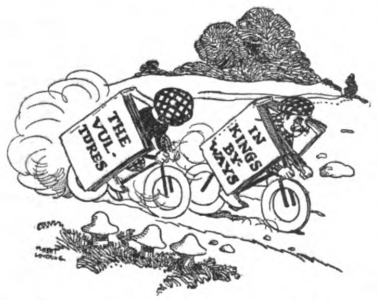


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Books and Bookmen

THE London *Literary World* has started a series of "Personal Sketches," which are evidently furnished by some young girls' college. Take this tidbit of exuberance, for example:

A hot day in the early summer of 1902, and I am resting in a little French inn till the sun shall decrease in power. There is a sound of voices—cheerful voices—outside, which is undoubtedly English in spite of excellent French. I get up and push open the green shutters just in time to see two young fellows mount their bicycles and go whirling away down the dazzling, dusty road. Henry Seton Merriman and Stanley



Weyman! Did I say "young" fellows? Well, Hugh Scott—who writes as H. S. Merriman—must be about forty, but with that tall form of his, those twinkling eyes, and that boyish brightness of manner, he will never grow old.

After much thought we have really been able to crystallize a few facts from this hazy sketch which are not to be found in *Who's Who*, for which solace we are thankful. It appears that Mr. Merriman (as we shall continue to call him) spent a happy dreamy childhood in France and England, and had for playmates two sisters and a brother, "a mother who preserved an orderly household, and a father whose quaint wit gave salt to life." School life was uncongenial, as were also school sports, on account of "feebleness of constitution," and thus began the travels on land and sea which have yielded so many entertaining stories. Entered later at Lloyds, he neglected business, and wrote romances in secret. His father was Henry Scott, a director of the *Graphic*, and well known in the literary world of London. It seems almost incredible, but it is claimed that the young writer not only kept the secret of the authorship of his first few novels from the world, but from his father, and that it was not until after the death of his father that he owned up to having written *From One Generation to Another* (1891), *The Slave of the Lamp* (1892), *With Edged Tools* (1894), and *The Grey Lady* (1895). Since then he has lived a roving life, and written a number of novels, the most important being *The Sowers* and *The Vultures*, recently published. Mr. Merriman, contrary to report, is a married man, and has recently built a house in Suffolk, where he purposes settling down to a staid old age. But the vagabondage of a lifetime has yet to be reckoned with, and the chances are that you are more likely to run across him on board a liner than in a drawing-room. He is described, in the hyperbolic language of our sophomoric friend, as "tall and long-limbed, careless as regards clothes, lazy as regards movement; there is the same sharpness of feature and brilliance of eye that suggest delicacy; there is the same humorous curve of the mouth—and in rare moments of self-abandon there is the same tragic look of doom."

Mr. Stanley Weyman as a short-story writer is at his best in his latest book, *In Kings' Byways*. The scenes are laid in the France of Henry of Navarre for the most part, and the stirring tales are excellent of their kind. We are grateful for their beguilement of a tedious four-hour railroad journey. There is no reason why this book should not be read with pleasure by boys who love stories of adventure, as well as by their elders. As one reviewer has anticipated us by saying, "The rapid succession of pictures is of the twopence colored order, dear to boyhood's heart."

Dr. Robertson Nicoll persists in believing that the *Confessions of a Wife* is the work of Mrs. Phelps-Ward, "or her first serious imitator." It is difficult to believe, he says, that any clever person would seriously and deliberately imitate her. "I could point to many things in the *Confessions of a Wife*," he avers, "which suggest her—the dwelling upon fishermen, insomnia, drugs, and the like. But the evidence must be taken as a whole, and can hardly be analyzed." We cannot believe that Mrs. Phelps-Ward would degrade her fine artistic and moral ends to the writing of a book that is utterly morbid, mawkish, unhealthy, and calculated to do untold mischief. For we are compelled to admit that it is just the sort of sickly stuff that is readily swallowed by the sentimental multitude. "What is one to think of a book like this?" asks Dr. Nicoll. His answer is to the point:

It is difficult to tell the truth without being cruel. But the truth is this—it is a book that reeks with lust. Lust is not to be taken merely as a desire of the flesh, though it includes that. It is the savage, hungry, selfish appropriation of a man's whole body and soul. The mind does not enter into it. We are back again from the beginning in the old savage days of marriage by capture. A true woman is worthy to be wooed, but when she gives her answer she surely gives it quietly, gently, and for ever. . . . The woman who has to be hunted like a wild beast is a savage, and nothing else, though she may be mistress of all the fustian and spread-eagle talk developed by the mightiest minds of the ages. What is her conception of marriage? Simply this, that she should spend all the hours in deliriums of selfish ecstasy. She makes no attempt at mental communion with her husband. He complains, though he is not a clever man, that she never reads anything. She knows better than that. If she does not read she writes. She writes and telephones to him when he is at his business, she drops letters upon his pillow, and they are all of the same kind, the most feverish, the most cloying, the most loathsomely affected expressions of passion. She would be forever kissing him, and if she cannot kiss him she will kiss his small clothes. She thinks he has no right to have any business or to have any friends. She is furious if he leaves her for anybody. As for duties to the outside world, as for common interests, there is nothing of the kind, and ought to be nothing of the kind. So the poor man leaves her, and no wonder. In the mean time she flirts with the doctor, and writes about him in her diary. She is content to have her husband back, and to have him at her mercy for the time being, but how long this state of things will last, who can tell? I imagine that he will rather go away to the morphine than stay at home with the wife. . . . Marna Trent, Wife, as she calls herself, is to all intents and purposes a Messalina.

The announcement of a new novel by Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, our present minister to Spain, is one that will be welcomed by all who have read his few stories, especially his exquisite romance *Passe Rose*. Mr. Hardy is a genuine literary artist, and he is one of a very few writers to-day of whom it can be said with truth that literature has suffered by their long silence. There was some talk several years ago of an illustrated edition of *Passe Rose* by Mr. Albert E. Sterner, and we have always regretted that the project fell through, for the work is susceptible of just such artistic and delicate treatment as Mr. Sterner could bring to the task. The result would have been a charming idyll of pen and brush. Mr. Hardy's new novel, which has not yet received its title, has its scenes laid in New Hampshire and New York, and is a story of contemporary life. It will first appear as a serial in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

The *Atlantic* will also publish shortly a series of papers recalling characteristic scenes and personages of Boston life in the nineteenth century. These will not be confined to literary or intellectual interests, but will embrace the commercial and social issues that have had a national rather than a local significance. These "Chapters in Boston History" will be contributed by Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, who is thoroughly familiar with the subject. The able papers on "American Bookmen," which first appeared in *The Bookman* a few years ago, and were subsequently published in book form with success, were from Mr. Howe's pen.

The *Tatler* recently inaugurated a humorous page called "Mainly about People," conducted by Mr. Walter Emanuel, whose pen is apt to be more caustic than comic. The text is illustrated with drawings in the same vein by Mr. S. H. Sime. We give an example of both:

THE AMERICAN

The Americans are our rich relations.

They have a Republic which is almost as free as our Monarchy.

They can lick all creation can these Republicans, including the dust off Royalty's boots.



"The American Eagle will shortly dominate the World"

And yet, with it all, they are pessimists. For listen to what a typical American says of the future of the World. "The American Eagle will shortly dominate the World in literature, art, science, finance, commerce, and Christianity."

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The Service of Professor Ware

THE celebration, last week, of the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the Columbia School of Architecture by a dinner to Professor William R. Ware, who has developed this institution from a very small beginning to the highest stage of efficiency, should have attracted greater attention than was accorded it. Not only this city, but the whole country owes much of its architectural splendor to the influence of this school and of its founder. It does not require a very long memory or a very vivid imagination in this community to bring once more before the mind's eye the picture of the city of New York in its days of ugliness. Emerging from provinciality, with all the simplicity that went with it, into the proud position of a world city, New York for a time departed from a certain level of inoffensive architectural mediocrity, and plunged into a perfect riot of shrieking iron fronts that even to-day in some quarters are an affront to the eye. The residences of merchant princes resembled anything but dwellings where peace and comfort dwelt, and if there was anything beautiful, artistic, or elevating in their lines that fact remains as yet to be pointed out. Commercial buildings were equally overwhelming in their raucous ugliness and entire lack of character, and the outward aspect of the metropolis was calculated rather to inspire contempt for our artistic sense than admiration for the qualities of industry that had made the city the home of wealth. To-day, thanks to the efforts of Professor Ware and men like him, despite the undoubted architectural restlessness of New York, we have much that is not only admirable but in the highest sense beautiful in our buildings, public and private. Not only has a beginning been made, but concrete evidences of a material advancement are to be observed on every side. Where, twenty years ago, we had little to be proud of in the externals of our city, we have to-day an endless succession of fine and imposing buildings, no whit less serviceable than their frowning predecessors, which are gradually making of New York one of the beautiful cities of the world. It is no doubt gratifying to Professor Ware and his associates that a meed of recognition of his services should come from his professional brothers, who know best what a tremendously significant work he has accomplished. It would have been more gratifying, and no less fitting, if the public had in some manner had an opportunity to participate in the celebration, and thus added to other felicitations the assurance of their sincere appreciation. Upon the album presented to Mr. Ware as a souvenir of the occasion was an inscription calling him "the friend, exemplar, and instructor of a generation of American architects." There might very well have been added a line enlarging the scope of the tribute so as to include his service to his fellow-men who are not architects, but who find in the contemplation of noble monuments in stone that which is spiritually uplifting and an impressiveness which not infrequently has a direct influence upon the formation of character.

Finance

IN the absence of better explanations, professional Wall Street, during the few days preceding the elections, endeavored to console itself by attributing the settled dulness of the speculative markets to political uncertainties. It is almost unnecessary to point out that the apathy had existed for some time previous, and that from time to time various other excuses were found. In point of fact, the behavior of the securities markets was the result of various causes. As one after another of these depressing influences disappeared no improvement followed, because still others remained at work. But Wall Street persisted in assigning the first place to each of these in turn, because if there is one thing your professional speculator must have it is a "reason." This peculiarity, which has been dwelt upon in this column at various times, is responsible for the seeking of what are really only excuses for buying or selling stocks, and serves to differentiate the man who "trades" in the market from the man who throws dice. Professional Wall Street thought the monetary stringency of a few weeks ago was the chief adverse market factor. Money became easier, but the market remained as dull and depressed as before. The anthracite miners' strike was long alluded to as the one cloud in the industrial horizon. It was "settled," but no bull movement followed. And so one after another various "reasons" were found for the dulness until the political uncertainty was made to serve. But because it was felt that even if the elections were decided the way that Wall Street desired, some fresh excuse for the speculative stagnation would be forthcoming, the talk of the unsettling effect of a sweeping Democratic victory was heard in the same half-hearted manner in which it was uttered. Possibly the odds offered by bettors on the Republican candidates prevented serious uneasiness on the part of speculators in stocks, who argued that speculators in election returns probably had some basis to work on. Moreover, those who took the trouble to think three consecutive minutes realized that if the Democrats should secure a majority in the House of Representatives that same majority would be powerless to affect prejudicially the business interests of the country, and that it would be of importance only if taken as an indication of possibilities in the next Presidential election, which is two years distant, making worry at the moment premature, to say the least. The continuance of a working Republican majority in the lower House, on the other hand, would show that the country is unshaken in its reliance upon that party, and also might mean currency reform measures of some sort; but the latter would also be in the future, and stocks could not be "bullied" on the strength of a possibility so vague and so far off. This being the case, it may be seen that the commercial and financial communities had little reason for anxiety. The greatest uneasiness was felt among the "shorts," who feared that in the event of Republican victories at the polls there might be a "sentimental" rise in stocks, which would mean losses to them. At this writing the election returns would show that the lower House is safely Republican, though the majority has been reduced. The Democratic gains may be explained on the usual "off-year" theory, but that they convey a warning to a certain class of politicians must be perfectly obvious to all. The stock-market was not lifted out of the dull rut of professionalism by the results of the victory. Prices did not rise as much as they probably would if the short interest had been "squeezed" by some daring operator.

The rise in sterling rates to a level at which experts can begin to figure on the "triangular" gold export operation, that is, London meeting Paris's demands with gold taken from New York, naturally was not conducive to bull enthusiasm. Gold exportations may or may not take place in a week or two. But that they will take place before very long seems certain. The New York banks, according to the latest weekly returns, now hold an exceptionally large surplus reserve, to be sure, but with gold exports within measureable distance it is scarcely likely that any speculative cliques will indulge in aggressive operations for the rise in stocks.

Possibly because the daily financial writers were at their wits' end for material for their articles, or perhaps because of the position and business affiliations of the speaker, or it may be because he sounded the note of warning which conservative observers have been sounding these many weeks, or because of all these reasons, the recent speech of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip at the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce has been most extensively printed, and commented on by the daily press. The points brought out by Mr. Vanderlip are not new, but he presented them vividly, and his qualifications as an expert on the matters which he discussed gave much weight to his utterances. Speaking of the trade situation, Mr. Vanderlip asserts that the "American invasion" is no longer causing apprehension among European manufacturers, as was the case early last year, but that European bankers are beginning to feel uneasiness as to our future, or, in other words, some misgivings as to our borrowings abroad, which Mr. Vanderlip heard estimated at $300,000,000, though he thinks that sum too large. In view of this, the talk of our "trade balance," indulged in by ill-informed enthusiasts so freely, does not appear very convincing. More striking, perhaps, are Mr. Vanderlip's remarks on the financial situation. In the past three years the deposits in the national banks have increased $1,300,000,000, while the specie and legal tenders upon which basis the invested pyramid stands is actually slightly smaller. Deposits of State and savings-banks, trust companies and private banks have expanded $3,000,000,000 while the combined cash in their possession is probably no greater to-day than it was in 1899. This huge expansion of bank credit Mr. Vanderlip believes has been due to various things, chiefly, to put it tersely, in the trust-forming craze and the consequent creation of new securities on a stupendous scale, which have been available for bank collateral. Mr. Vanderlip also dwells upon the lavish expenditure of so many railroads, and on the dangerous practice of issuing bonds to pay for stocks of other roads acquired and for extensive improvements, made at a time when the cost of materials and labor have been abnormally high, which leads to the conclusion that the railroads have gone beyond the limit of safety. There is no cause for dismay in what Mr. Vanderlip points out, but there is every reason for conservatism and precautionary measures on the part of promoters and railway managers, no less than of investors and speculators in stocks.

Let us learn to turn our disillusions into a troop of mysterious and faithful friends, of incorruptible counsellors. If one of them, more cruel than the others, should strike us down for an instant, let us not sob and say, life is not as beautiful as our dreams; let us rather say, there was something lacking in our dreams, since life has not approved them—*Maeterlinck.*

And I must work thro' months of toil,
  And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
  To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
  I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
  A little garden blossom.

—*Tennyson.*

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(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits $4,496,310.20

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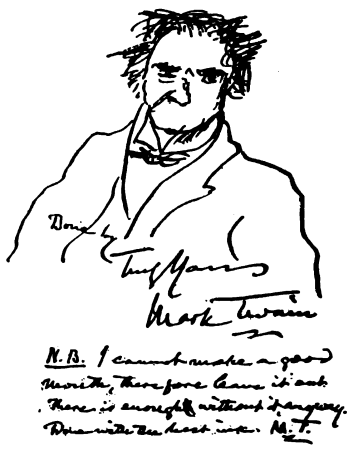
Amended Obituaries

To the Editor:

SIR,—I am approaching seventy; it is in sight; it is only three years away. Necessarily, I must go soon. It is but matter-of-course wisdom, then, that I should begin to set my worldly house in order now, so that it may be done calmly and with thoroughness, in place of waiting until the last day, when, as we have often seen, the attempt to set both houses in order at the same time has been marred by the necessity for haste and by the confusion and waste of time arising from the inability of the notary and the ecclesiastic to work together harmoniously, taking turn about and giving each other friendly assistance—not perhaps in fielding, which could hardly be expected, but at least in the minor offices of keeping game and umpiring; by consequence of which conflict of interests and absence of harmonious action a draw has frequently resulted where this ill-fortune could not have happened if the houses had been set in order one at a time and hurry avoided by beginning in season, and giving to each the amount of time fairly and justly proper to it.

In setting my earthly house in order I find it of moment that I should attend in person to one or two matters which men in my position have long had the habit of leaving wholly to others, with consequences often most regrettable. I wish to speak of only one of these matters at this time: Obituaries. Of necessity, an Obituary is a thing which cannot be so judiciously edited by any hand as by that of the subject of it. In such a work it is not the Facts that are of chief importance, but the light which the obituarist shall throw upon them, the meanings which he shall dress them in, the conclusions which he shall draw from them, and the judgments which he shall deliver upon them. The Verdicts, you understand: that is the danger-line.

In considering this matter, in view of my approaching change, it has seemed to me wise to take such measures as may be feasible, to



acquire, by courtesy of the press, access to my standing obituaries, with the privilege—if this is not asking too much—of editing, not their Facts, but their Verdicts. This, not for present profit, further than as concerns my family, but as a favorable influence usable on the Other Side, where there are some who are not friendly to me.

With this explanation of my motives, I will now ask you of your courtesy to make an appeal for me to the public press. It is my desire that such journals and periodicals as have obituaries of me lying in their pigeon-holes, with a view to sudden use some day, will not wait longer, but will publish them now, and kindly send me a marked copy. My address is simply New York city—I have no other that is permanent and not transient.

I will correct them—not the Facts, but the Verdicts—striking out such clauses as could have a deleterious influence on the Other Side, and replacing them with clauses of a more judicious character. I should, of course, expect to pay double rates for both the omissions and the substitutions; and I should also expect to pay quadruple rates for all obituaries which proved to be rightly and wisely worded in the originals, thus requiring no emendations at all.

It is my desire to leave these Amended Obituaries neatly bound behind me as a perennial consolation and entertainment to my family, and as an heirloom which shall have a mournful but definite commercial value for my remote posterity.

I beg, sir, that you will insert this Advertisement (1t-eow, agate, inside), and send the bill to

Yours very respectfully,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—For the best Obituary—one suitable for me to read in public, and calculated to inspire regret—I desire to offer a Prize, consisting of a Portrait of me done entirely by myself in pen and ink without previous instruction. The ink warranted to be the kind used by the very best artists.

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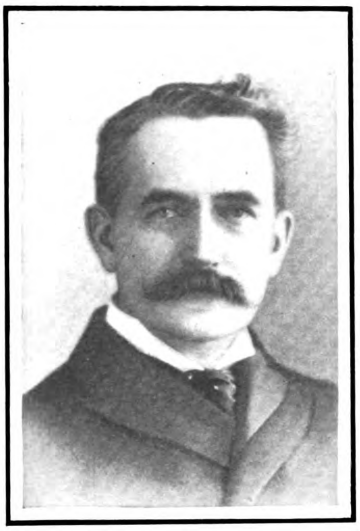
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(THE LORRAINE)

NEW YORK

(Continued from page 1688.)

ments of the great universities are being arranged to give will in no wise interfere with our work; they will give to an always limited body of students, financially or otherwise able to take their course, the broad training that will enable our great industries and our great commercial enterprises to make them high rank officers in the great contest for the trade of the world, because of their expertness and their broad-mindedness."

Business education, it ought not to be necessary to say, is education for business. This, in brief, is the doctrine of the new commercial departments of the great universities of Pennsylvania, California, Chicago, Wisconsin, Dartmouth College, New York University, and a few other higher institutions of learning in the United States. It may be found necessary to establish intermediary tuition between the high-school and the college of commerce, and thus to pave the way to the higher studies; but the point is, that the aim of the universities in this movement is an exalted one, that their courses lead to a professional career, that



Frank Sullivan Smith

their students look, not to office utility, but to the brain-work and responsible activities of business life.

Indebted again to the French, our writers on practical economics are suggesting the word *entrepreneur* as indicating in a general way the administrator, the financier, the directive or professional accountant, and other responsible agents in the conduct of a modern business enterprise. *Entrepreneur* has been chosen, because words of our own that might have answered as well,—such as undertaker, adventurer, and the like,—are already in use in other senses. For the same reason, real business training is often spoken of as "the higher commercial education." The training of the *entrepreneur*, then, is the object of the new business education; and in the attainment of this end the universities that have entered the movement are at one, with such variations as are necessarily incident to so important an educational departure. For example, Dartmouth, depending largely upon her college material, leans to the postgraduate idea of administrative and financial education; while New York University, accepting in her School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance a high-school preparation, is professedly practical in her teaching, and accords a greater importance than any other university in the world to scientific accountancy in the administration of affairs.

The universities having discovered the right end of the cornucopia, their exploration of its contents will be practicable if not easy; the true end of business education once recognized, the curriculum is almost self-suggestive. What the business man

(Continued on page 1719.)



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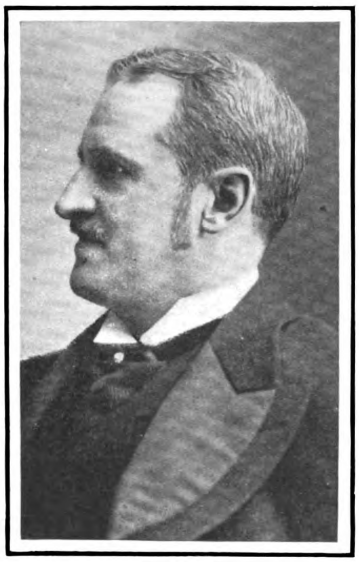
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H. H. Vreeland

RARELY out of such prosaic surroundings has there appeared so picturesque a career as that of the president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. It is true that Mr. Vreeland is now the president of the Interurban Street Railway Company which controls the Metropolitan, and that the Metropolitan has gone into the safe harbor of



H. H. Vreeland

"Lease Lines," but this notwithstanding, his name will always be associated with the company whose success was so largely due to his energy and intelligence. He is on the road to even greater things than the presidency of the Interurban, but none of them will overshadow the glory he achieved with "Met." There is good precedent for this, since one of the great ones was always affectionately known as the "Little Corporal."

The genealogists of the Holland Society have laboriously ascertained that Mr. Vreeland is a direct descendant of Michael Jansen Freeland, who came to this country in 1636 in the ship *Renselaerwyck*, from Broeckhausen, North Brabant, whose male descendants were mostly soldiers and clergymen. None of them, however, made great stir in affairs, until the subject of this sketch, the son of a clergyman of the line, was started on his career in the business of transportation in the humble capacity of assistant on a delivery-wagon. Without much basis in truth, a great deal has been written about the early days of Mr. Vreeland's career, great stress being laid on the fact that in his upward struggle, in his first acquaintance with steam-railroad work, he shovelled gravel, and from this unpromising introduction gradually worked his way up through the ranks of foreman, fireman, engineer, conductor, superintendent, and general manager. All this happened naturally enough, and in itself constitutes no marked deviation from the general run of such careers. The real public interest which attaches to the life of Mr. Vreeland, however, arises from its accomplishment after he had reached man's estate.

It was then that ex-Secretary Whitney selected him for the purpose of welding together and unifying the operation of twenty-odd railroads he had recently associated financially. The results of Mr. Vreeland's orderly methods on this situation soon became so apparent as to compel public recognition. The surprising promptness with which he brought order out of chaos stamped him as an efficient of the first class, and prompted the enlargement of his responsibility in the important work of converting a whole system, comprising over 500 miles of track, from horse and cable traction to electricity. In this second labor he was confronted with entirely new problems of a physical kind, and for which it was not known he had had any previous training, unless the gravel-pit experience be regarded in the light of railway construction.

This work was performed with the same thoroughness as the first, and Mr. Vreeland since that time has been regarded as much of an expert in construction as in operation of street railways.

The third and last step upward was reached when he was entrusted with the financial and legal details of the organization of the Metropolitan Securities Company, and the leasing to the Interurban of the Metropolitan.

The personal appearance and character traits of the man who has accomplished all these things must be of interest, and are legitimate subjects of curiosity. He stands about six feet two inches, and is as light and active as an athlete in training. He is a tireless, driving worker, and a disciplinarian of the sternest kind. When there is work to do he spares neither himself nor his men, who, notwithstanding, are enthusiastically loyal to him. He has brought his army of 17,000 men into hand by the steady justice of the discipline he exercises over them. As a matter of fact, he has rescued from the limbo of "miscellaneous labor" this army of men, and organized them into a craft. To have organized and steadied the status of a mass of men like this in any employment must be regarded as a public service.

While the strictness of his discipline has been great, he has not neglected the welfare of his men, who are better provided for, owing to his forethought, than almost any other class of working-men in the community. Early and alone he took an advanced position on the labor question, and inaugurated a merit system based on length of service, by which the men longest in the service receive the highest compensation. He encouraged the organization by the men themselves of a Mutual Benefit Association, and for six years has accepted at their hands the office of president of that association. Through this agency, at an expense of fifty cents per month, his men secure for themselves half-pay during disability owing to accident or sickness, the free services of a doctor at all times, the use of spacious club-rooms, library and pool rooms, and monthly entertainments, musical, theatrical, and athletic.

Within the last sixty days he has put into operation a pension system, the only one of its kind on any street railway in the world, in order to take care of the superannuated employees of the system, so that there has gone hand in hand with rigid discipline a sane sympathy that has inspired an "esprit de corps" that is almost military.

Mr. Vreeland has just turned his forty-sixth year, and the directory of directors informs us that he is president of the following concerns: Interurban Street Railway Company; Metropolitan Securities Company; Bleecker Street and Fulton Ferry Railroad Company; Central Park, North and East River Railroad Company; Dry Dock, East Broadway, and Battery Railroad Company; Forty-second Street and Grand Street Ferry Railroad Company; Fulton Street Railroad Company; North and East Railroad Company; Third Avenue Railroad Company; Thirty-fourth Street Crosstown Railway Company; Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets Crosstown Railroad Company; Twenty-third Street Railway Company; New York Railroad Club; and American Street Railway Association.

Charles Waldo Haskins

CHARLES WALDO HASKINS, banker and accountant, was born in Brooklyn, New York, January 11, 1852. He is the son of Waldo Emerson and Amelia Rowan (Cammeyer) Haskins. His father was a Boston broker, and his mother a daughter of Charles Cammeyer, a New York merchant. The Haskinses are of old New England stock, the pioneer being Richard Haskins, who settled in Boston, and his son was a leader in the Revolutionary war, being an active mover in the Sons of Liberty. Mr. Haskins was educated in the public schools and at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, where he studied for a civil engineer, but the young man preferred commercial pursuits, and in 1869 entered the accounting department of Frederick Butterfield & Co. After two years he went abroad for study and travel, and then he returned to learn the brokerage business in his father's office. In 1886 he began on his own account as a public accountant, and in 1895 went into partnership with Elijah W. Sells, under the style of Haskins & Sells. He is a leader in the modern science of accountancy, and its pioneer in New York city. He has kept the accounts of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railroad, for the North River Construction Company, and at the same time was auditor of the railroad company's accounts. He organized the system of accounts for the Manhattan Trust Company, and he has been comptroller of the Central of Georgia Railroad Company, the Ocean Steamship Company, and the Chesapeake and Western Railroad Company, and receiver of the Augusta Iron Company. He was the first president of the board of commissioners to examine candidates desiring to become certified public accountants, and he is president of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants. In 1893 he and his partner were appointed by Congress to investigate the executive departments of the United States government, and was engaged in the work for two years. He examined the accounts of the city of Brooklyn previous to the consolidation of the Greater New York, and he is engaged in all the expert work to be done in this city. Mr. Haskins married,



Charles Waldo Haskins

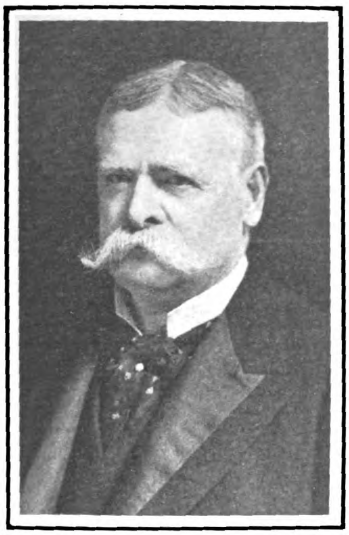
in 1884, Henrietta, daughter of Albert Havemeyer, and he has a family of two daughters. He is a member of the Manhattan, Riding, Democratic, Foreign Wars, Colonial Wars, *Mayflower* Descendants, Sons of the American Revolution, and America's Founders and Defenders, and he belongs to the Westchester Country and New York Yacht clubs, the Metropolitan of Washington, and the Piedmont of Atlanta, Georgia. His country home is Profile House, New Hampshire.

Mr. Haskins's charities are numerous, but it is seldom that he allows himself to receive credit for his good works.

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Clement Acton Griscom

STANDING foremost among the honored names of the modern "knights of industry," is Clement Acton Griscom, president of the International Navigation Company, and one of the founders of that gigantic corporation which will soon revolutionize the commercial world, the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Griscom is one of Philadelphia's most gifted and successful sons. He was born in the Quaker City, March 15, 1841. His parents were Dr. John J. Griscom, a prominent Philadelphia physician, and Margaret Acton, daughter of the late



Clement Acton Griscom

Clement Acton, of Salem, New Jersey, who was descended from Thomas Lloyd, a deputy-governor and president of the council of the Province of Pennsylvania from 1684 to 1693. Andrew Griscom, the pioneer ancestor, was a personal friend of William Penn, and assisted him to found the colony of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the first grand jury of the province, and ever since that time the Griscoms have given prominent and useful citizens to Pennsylvania, and to many of the larger cities of America.

Clement Acton, the present head of the Griscom family, was educated at the public and private schools of Philadelphia, and finished his course at the Friends' Academy. At the age of sixteen years he started his business career as a clerk in the office of Peter Wright & Sons, of Philadelphia. The young man soon displayed marked ability and great industry. He discharged every duty assigned to him conscientiously and well, and he quickly rose in the estimation of his employers. In 1863, having attained his majority, he was made a partner in the firm, and given the management of all the shipping and steamboat enterprises which formed the principal business of the house. He studied marine architecture, and made himself thoroughly competent to take his place as leader in the transportation and financial interests of the country. He joined the great company of master-minds that are destined to rule the future of America by the power of mind and money—such men as Carnegie, Morgan, Frick, Hewitt, and Marshall Field. He broadened his ideas by travel, and he soon equipped himself to take his place as a leader of men.

In 1871 Mr. Griscom became one of the founders of the International Navigation Company under a charter granted by the State of Pennsylvania. His knowledge and industry soon brought him to the front rank of his fellow-workers, and in 1888 he was elected president of the company. He increased the power of the corporation, acquired more vessels and tonnage, and reached out for the great transportation which was so fast making the Atlantic the greatest marine thoroughfare of the world. His methods succeeded. By degrees he absorbed the Red Star Line, then, in the fall of 1886, the old Inman Line, and he started the American Line, with five steamers, running between Philadelphia and Liverpool. He appealed to the public by giving them the fastest and best fitted vessels, regardless of cost, with the assurance of a high rate of speed and perfect safety. He made the journey to Europe a luxurious and delightful holiday instead of a time of distress and discomfort. He fulfilled all his promises, and he gained the confidence of the people. After his purchase of the Inman Line he started to build palatial vessels. In quick succession he gave the people the *New York*, *Paris*, *St. Louis*, and *St. Paul*. When the government wanted vessels for the Spanish war, he furnished them, and he earned undying gratitude from the nation for the great service his ships rendered. He commanded success, and of course he gained it.

In the winter of 1892-3, Mr. Griscom succeeded in the great object he had been working for for years. He gained the necessary legislation from Congress, and when President Harrison flung the Stars and Stripes to the breeze from the mainmast of the *New York* the culmination of his ambitions was achieved, and an American merchant marine was an accomplished fact. Since that time Mr. Griscom has been collaborating with Mr. Morgan in his efforts to combine the European steamship companies, and to form one gigantic corporation for the Atlantic service. Success has also attended his work in this line. As the recent combination by which the greater part of the freight and passenger lines of England are now working together, and America virtually controls the traffic between England and America, both for freight and passenger.

Every credit is due Mr. Griscom for his great and patriotic work, which has added to the importance of America as a nation, and to the general financial success of the whole country.

But Mr. Griscom has not confined himself to the great work of transatlantic transportation alone; he has found vent for his wonderful energy in many other ways. He was one of the prime movers and consultants in the great Steel Corporation combination. He is a leader in the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in the executive of the great ship and engine building works of William Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia. The industries, industrial and financial, that he is interested in are as follows: president of the International Navigation Company; trustee of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company; director of the Electric Boat Company; the Electric Company of America; the Fidelity Trust Company; the Bank of North America, Philadelphia; the Commercial Trust Company, Philadelphia; the Fourth Street National Bank, Philadelphia; the Long Island Railroad; the Mercantile Trust Company; the National Transit Company; the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad; the Pennsylvania Railroad; the United Gas Improvement Company; the United States Steel Corporation; the Western Savings Fund Society, Philadelphia; and William Cramp & Sons.

Mr. Griscom married Frances Canby, daughter of William C. and Rachel M. Biddle, of Philadelphia, and he has a family of five children, two daughters and three sons. His eldest son, Clement A. Griscom, Jr., is manager of the International Navigation Company, and a young man who is worthily following in the footsteps of his father. Mr. Griscom resides part of the time at No. 313 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, and he has a beautiful country home, "Dolabrau," Haverford, Pennsylvania. His New York offices are at No. 73 Broadway. Among the clubs and social organizations that he belongs to are the Union, Metropolitan, Lawyers, and New York Yacht clubs, of New York; the Union League, Acorn, Philadelphia, Country, Art, Rittenhouse, Radnor Hunt, and Rabbit, of Philadelphia; the Metropolitan, of Washington; the Chicago, of Chicago; and the St. James, of London. He was one of the United States delegates to the International Maritime Conference at Washington in 1899; he is an honorary associate member of the British Society of Naval Architects, first president of the United States Society of Marine Engineers and Naval Architects, and an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

Jacob Field

JACOB FIELD, financier and "room trader," is essentially a self-made man. He began life a poor boy, with ambitions and great industry, he is to-day, within the space of a quarter of a century, a man of wealth and power, and one who has the respect and confidence of all those who have had business transactions with him. Mr. Field was born in New York city, March 12, 1857. His parents were Lazarus and Bertha Field, natives of Wettenberg, Stuttgart, Germany. The father was a silversmith, and came to America in 1855. Young Field was educated in the common schools, and when only twelve years old he began his business life as a page in the open Board of Brokers. He studied finance and banking with the firms of Vermilyea & Co. and the Minzensheimers, and he started business on his own account when he was nineteen, being known as the "boy broker." His name soon became a familiar one on the



Jacob Field

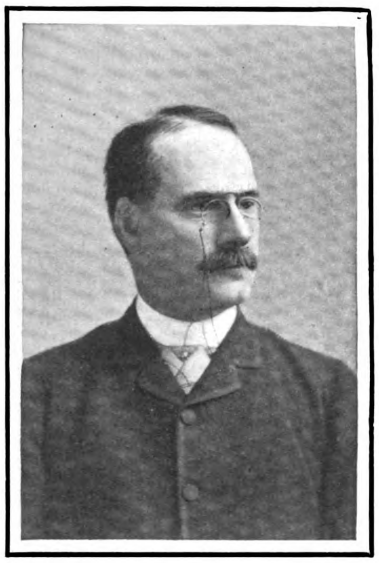
Street, and he rapidly increased his fortune. In 1898 he purchased a seat on the Stock Exchange, being connected with the firms of Edward B. Talcott and Bell & Co. In June, 1899, he retired from active business on the Exchange, but he still carries on a large business, privately, from his up-town residence. He has communications with Boston, Chicago, and many large cities, and his advice and guidance are still sought for by prominent capitalists and financiers. In 1889 Mr. Field married Miss Selina Wetzler, of New York, and he has a family of four children, three boys and one girl. The family reside in the St. Andoche apartment-house, No. 855 West End Avenue, and he has a beautiful country home at Brielle, New Jersey.

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Hon. William Collins Whitney

MR. WHITNEY may be truly called a many-sided man, and, above all, he is thorough. Everything that he has taken hold of during his active and useful career he has bettered and improved. As a lawyer, a cabinet minister, a business man, and a society leader, he has risen far above his fellowmen, and as a husband and father he has set an example to all the world.

William Collins Whitney was born at Conway, Massachusetts, July 5, 1841. He



Hon. William Collins Whitney

is the son of James Scollay and Laurinda (Collins) Whitney. His father was a scion of an old New England family, whose pioneer, John Whitney, came from Westminster, London, England, in 1635, and settled at Watertown, Massachusetts. He has given to America many distinguished warriors and lawyers. Mr. Whitney's mother was a lineal descendant of Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth Colony. The young man was educated at the Williston Academy, Easthampton, Massachusetts, and in 1859 he entered Yale, graduating in 1863. Subsequently he graduated from the Dane Law School of Harvard in 1865. He first practised in New York city, and he soon proved himself a shrewd and clever practitioner. When only thirty-one years old he became a political leader, and has always been a strong and stanch Democrat. He was active in the Tilden campaign, and in 1875 entered his first political office as Corporation Counsel for the city of New York. He prepared the Consolidation Act, which lawyers consider to-day the best instrument of its kind ever framed in this country, and he was also a leader in Tammany, as well as a fighter against that organization. In 1882 he resigned from the corporation counsel, and interested himself in business, acquiring franchises for street railways in New York city. In 1885 politics once more claimed him, and this time he became Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Grover Cleveland. During his term of office he devoted his entire energies to improving the navy and building ships, laying the foundation for the glorious victories over Spain, and beginning the construction of that great fleet of war-vessels which has made the United States a world-power. Mr. Whitney, having performed great service to the nation, retired from office in 1889, and he has since then refused all political or diplomatic offices. He returned to active business, and proceeded to unite and systematize the street railroads of New York city. He gathered clever and active men around him, and by degrees he produced the present great system of railroads known as the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which unites all the railroads on Manhattan Island and far beyond. His great railroad work did not take up all his energies, and he was active in many other corporations, including the New York Life Insurance Company, the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Morton Trust Company, the Consolidated Gas Company, and many others. He is also a director of the Metropolitan Opera House, the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, the Zoological Society, and the Botanical Society.

Mr. Whitney married, in 1869, Flora, daughter of the Hon. Henry B. Payne, United States Senator for Ohio, and he has living four children—Pauline, married to Almeric Hugh Paget, of England; Harry Payne, married to Gertrude Vanderbilt; Payne; and Dorothy Payne. Mrs. Whitney died in 1893, and Mr. Whitney was a widower until 1896, when he married Edith S. Randolph, widow of Captain Arthur Randolph, of England, and daughter of Dr. William May, of Baltimore. She died within a year. Last February, soon after his sixtieth birthday, Mr. Whitney retired from active business, although at the present time he is director of the Central Crosstown Railroad Company; director of the Clearwater and Raquette Lake Railroad; trustee of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York; director of the Cuba Company; trustee of the Fifth Avenue Trust Company; president and director of the Horse Show Association of Queens County; director of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company; director of the Morton Trust Company; trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company; director of the Nassau County Bank, Mineola, New York; director of the National Bank of Commerce; vice-president and director of the National Horse Show Association; and director of the Raquette Lake Railway Company. During all his active political and business life he has always found time for horse-racing. He has many splendid training-stables, and he has won several classic events, in America and England, with American-bred colts and fillies. In 1901 he won the English Derby with Volodyovski, which he leased. He has a magnificent mansion, No. 871 Fifth Avenue, the decorations and appointments of which are considered the finest in America; a beautiful country home in the Wheatley Hills, Westbury, Long Island; and the old Garrison Place at Gravesend. He is also on record as the largest individual landholder in New York State.

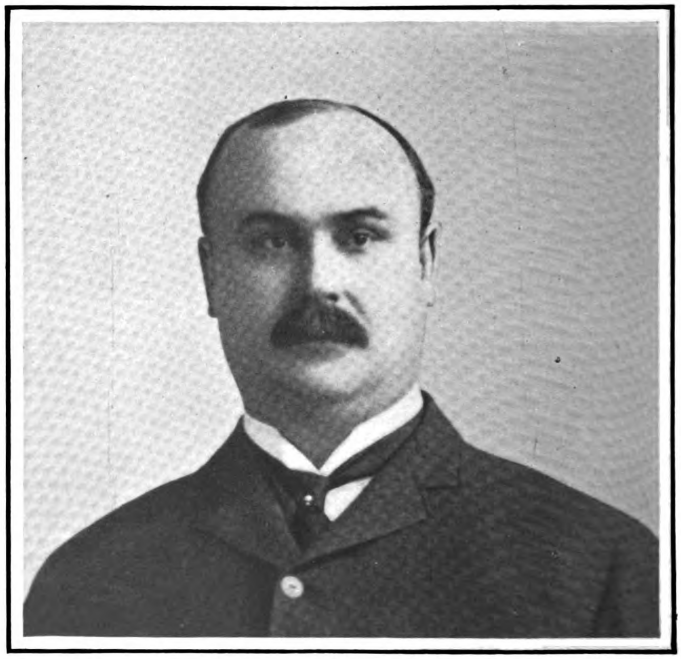
Daniel Gray .Reid

DANIEL GRAY REID was born in Richmond, Indiana, August 1, 1858, and was educated in the public schools of his native town.

He is a descendant of an old Scotch-Irish family that settled in Virginia early in the seventeenth century. His father, Daniel Reid, was United States Land Agent at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under President Jackson, and afterwards postmaster at Richmond. He was an old and respected citizen of Indiana, a pioneer, and a ruling leader of the United Presbyterian Church.

His mother was Ann Gray Reid, who was born near Belfast, Ireland. Mr. Reid was educated for a financier. His first business position was as clerk in the Second National Bank of Richmond in 1874. He was always a hard and conscientious student of finance, and he worked his way through all the offices in the bank until he became vice-president in 1895, and is still connected with the institution. In 1892 he became interested in the manufacture of tin plate at Elwood, Indiana. He succeeded very rapidly in that special business, and he and his associates organized the American Tin Plate Company, which was formed by the amalgamation of all the principal tin-plate mills in America. Mr. Reid personally managed the affairs of the corporation, and for many years was president. The offices of the company were in Chicago until 1899, when the general offices of the company were moved to New York.

When the United States Steel Corporation was organized he became a director and member of the executive committee. In 1901 he was made a director in the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company.

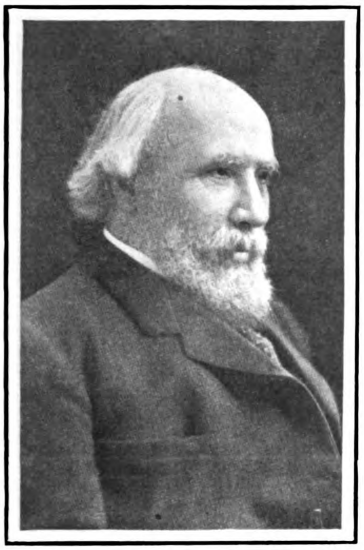


Daniel Gray Reid

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James J. Hill

"THE builder of the Northwest" and "The Colossus of Roads" are the names that James J. Hill is best known by. Mr. Hill was born in Wellington County, Ontario, September 16, 1838. His father came from good old Irish stock, and was one of the earliest settlers in Upper Canada, in 1826, being a hard-working and successful farmer. On his mother's side Mr. Hill is of Dunbar, Scottish descent. The boy attended the Rockwood Academy, a Quaker school, for eight years, when his father died, and young Hill was thrown upon his own resources to make his way in the world. At the age of eighteen he went to St. Paul, then a village on the hem of civilization, and became a shipping clerk in the Dubuque and St. Paul Packet Company—a year later he was transferred to Bronson, Lewis, & White. Then he was a year



James J. Hill

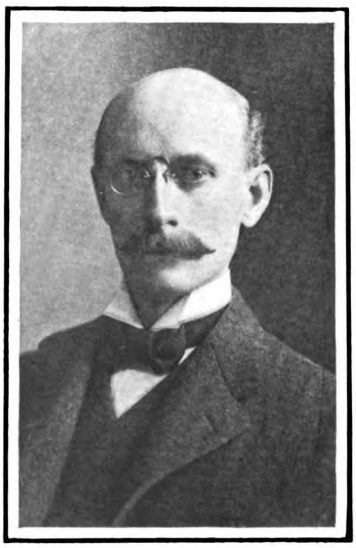
with Temple & Beaupré, four years with Borrup & Champlin, agents for the Galena Packet Company and the Davidson line of steamers. He learned the business of transportation thoroughly, and he gradually learned the needs of the great West. In 1865 he took the agency of the Northwest Packet Company, and continued in that position until 1867, when he started for himself in the general fuel and transportation business. He was also agent for the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. In 1869 he formed the firm of Hill, Griggs, & Co., in the transportation and fuel trade. He brought the first coal to St. Paul ever used, and in 1870 he established The Red River Transportation Company, which was his first start on the road to fame. He opened communications between St. Paul and Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and in 1871 he consolidated his interests with Norman W. Kitson of The Hudson Bay Company.

In 1873 his chance came, and he grasped it with great courage. The St. Paul and Pacific Railroad had defaulted. He interested Sir Donald Smith and Lord Mount Stephen, and in 1878 he gained control of the bonds of the company, and the purchase was completed. In 1882 Mr. Hill was vice-president of the company, and in 1883 president. He reorganized it under the name of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad. He included the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, and by degrees he formed the Great Northern Railway system, which includes 6000 miles of road. He became president of the road in 1890, and it now extends from Puget Sound, on the Pacific coast, to St. Paul; from Duluth, on the north, to Yankton, on the south. He owns a superb fleet of steamships on the Great Lakes, the Northern Steamship Company, and he has laid his plans for trading with the Orient, with the Nippon-Yuson Kaisha Steamship Company.

James Gayley

ANDREW CARNEGIE once said, "My partners are a band of devoted friends," and so he has treated them. Third on the list of the great millionaire's dearest friends, and one who represents the scientific branch of steel manufacture, is James Gayley, who in April, 1901, was made first vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Gayley was born in Pittsburg. His early education was acquired at the West Nottingham Academy, Cecil County, Maryland, and he graduated from Lafayette College with the degree of Mining Engineer in 1876. He started in business in 1877 as chemist for the Crane Iron-Works at Catasauqua, Pennsylvania. Although only twenty-two years old, Mr. Gayley proved his efficiency, and for three years he did great work in the Crane factories. Then he went into the laboratory of the Missouri Furnace Company at St. Louis, being eventually promoted to be superintendent of the works. From St. Louis Mr. Gayley returned East to manage the blast-furnaces of the E. & G. Brooke Iron Company at Birdsboro, Pennsylvania. There he remained until 1885, when he first became connected with the Carnegie interests. He was placed in charge of the blast-furnaces of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. From the head of the blast-furnace department he was advanced to the management of the entire Edgar Thomson plant, and from there was transferred to the general office, where he has since remained, serving as manager of the Carnegie Steel Company, until he was made the first vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation.

Mr. Gayley, by inaugurating the system of bins and the introduction of many laboratory devices of his own invention has reduced the expenses to a minimum, and the distribution is almost perfect. He has now full charge of the mining and transportation interests, the shipping and storing of iron ore, which is transported from the



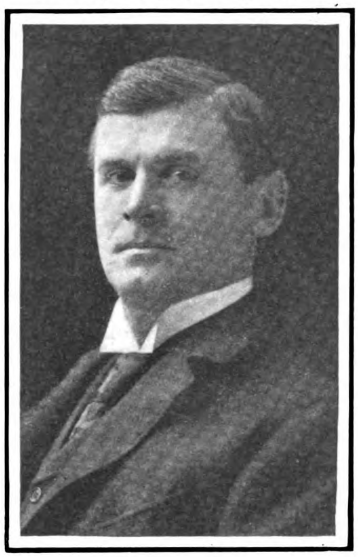
James Gayley

Great Lakes and delivered to the many different plants of the corporation. He controls 115 immense vessels, and moves over 30,000,000 tons of raw material a year. His many inventions have contributed to the advancement of the iron and steel industry, and include the first installation of compound condensing blowing engines in connection with blast-furnaces, a bronze cooling-plate for blast-furnace walls, and an auxiliary casting-stand for Bessemer steel plants, which holds the steel ladle while the heat is being poured, and relieves the crane of that work.

Mr. Gayley married Miss Julia Gardiner, of St. Louis, he has a family of three daughters, and he resides at No. 80 West Sixty-ninth Street.

Joseph E. Schwab

ANDREW CARNEGIE, in one of his many addresses to the public, has said that he did not attribute his accumulation of wealth so much to his own cleverness as to the faculty of employing men who, by their astuteness, ability, and industry, had helped him to make his millions. One of these men is Joseph E. Schwab, brother of Charles M. Schwab, and at the present time president of the American Steel Foundries. Mr. Schwab was born February 23, 1864, at Williamsburg, Blair County, Pennsylvania. He is the son of John A. and Pauline (Faraburgh) Schwab. Mr. Schwab senior was a prosperous Williamsburg woollen manufacturer. The family moved in 1872 to Loretto, Pennsylvania, and it was there the Schwab boys were educated by the friars at St. Francis College, Loretto. Joseph studied more



Joseph E. Schwab

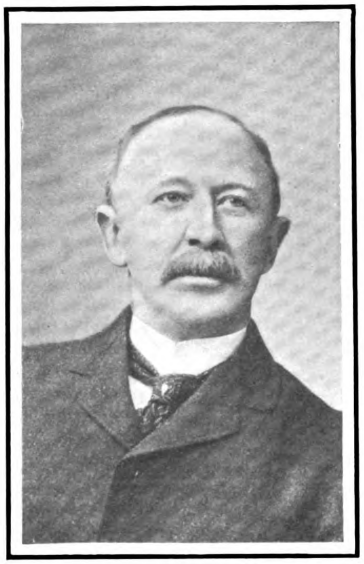
especially to be a civil engineer, and he graduated in 1883. Although only nineteen years old, he entered the Carnegie Steel Works at Pittsburg, and he soon began to turn his knowledge to good account. His industry and ability caused him to be offered a prominent position in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, and in 1887 he went to Homestead, where he became superintendent of the department for the production of structural material. He remained at Homestead for ten years, and in 1896 was appointed superintendent of the Upper Union Mills, and six months later was made general superintendent of the Duquesne Steel Works and Blast Furnaces. Mr. Schwab was also a director of the Carnegie Steel Company and of the Pittsburg, Bessemer, and Lake Erie Railroad. In April, 1900, he became an influential member of the great steel combination, being assistant to his brother, the president.

Mr. Schwab continued his affiliations with the United States Steel Corporation until August, 1902, when he was made president of the American Steel Foundries, formed by a merger of the American Steel Casting Company, of Thurlow, Pennsylvania; the Alliance at Olin and at Sharon, Pennsylvania; the Reliance Steel Casting Company of Pittsburg; the Franklin Steel Casting Company of Franklin, Pennsylvania; the Leighton-Howard Steel Company; the American Steel Foundry Company, of St. Louis, and the Sargent Steel Company, of Chicago. The offices of this great combination are at No. 74 Broadway, and Mr. Schwab is the youngest president ever asked to control such a giant corporation. On November 20, 1899, he married Esther B. Munhall, of Pittsburg, and he has a family of two children—Charles M. and Dorothy. He has a beautiful home on Shady Avenue, Pittsburg, and a spacious suite of rooms at the most modern apartment-house in New York city, the Ansonia, at Seventy-third Street and Broadway.

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Harry Godley Runkle

HARRY GODLEY RUNKLE, financier and manager of industrial enterprises, was born in New Jersey, June 20, 1858. He is the son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Richey) Runkle, of Asbury, New Jersey, and his ancestors were natives of Germany. The Runkles can be traced back to A. D. 1002; they were lords of Lahn, a Prussian province of Hesse-Nassau. An old baronial castle



Harry Godley Runkle

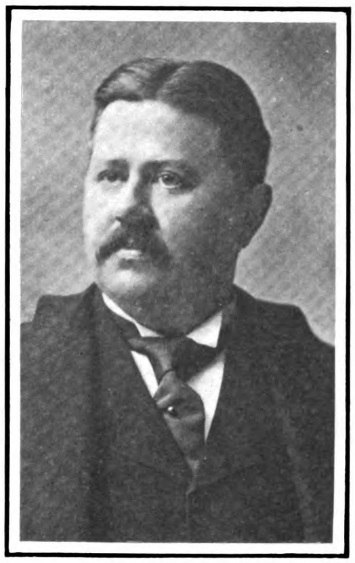
on the banks of the river Lahn still stands as a monument to their ancient power and nobility. By marriage they are connected with the Princes of Wied. The pioneer ancestor came to America in 1620. He was Adam Runkle, who ran away, when sixteen years old, from Germany, and landed in Philadelphia. He was first heard of at Old Amwell, New Jersey, where he married a land-holder's daughter, and subsequently settled at Wertsville, near Annandale. Many tombstones in Annandale cemetery testify to the worth and importance of the American Runkles, and their history is part of the history of New Jersey. Harry Godley Runkle's boyhood was spent at home, and he finished his education at the Charlier Institute at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York city. His business venture was as a clerk in the office of the People's Gaslight Company, in Jersey City. He worked his way up until he became treasurer of the People's Gaslight Company, which had removed to Paterson. After a while he removed to Plainfield, and became president of the Plainfield Gas and Electric Light Company. In 1887 Mr. Runkle formed the firm of Runkle, Smith, & Co., contractors, and he constructed the water-works system at Havana, Cuba. He has also interested himself in many institutions for lighting and heating other cities, including the Albany and Hudson Railway and Power Company, of which he is secretary, treasurer, and director. He is secretary and director of the International Telephone and Switch-board Manufacturing Company; president, treasurer, and director of the Plainfield Gas and Electric Light Company; president and director of the Plattsburg Light, Heat, and Power Company; treasurer and director of the Rochester Land Company; and a director of the American Indies Company; the American Mail Steamship Company; the City National Bank, of Plainfield; the Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company; the Lynchburg Light, Heat, and Power Company; the Rochester Gas and Electric Company; the Spanish-American Light and Power Company; the Warren Foundry and Machine Company, and the Westchester Lighting Company.

Frank Tilford

FRANK TILFORD is probably best known to the general public as a financial man,—that is, as the president of the Bank of New Amsterdam, and the vice-president of the corporation of Messrs. Park & Tilford.

The bank was founded in 1889 by Mr. Tilford, he being elected vice-president. Mr. Tilford was elected president in January, 1896, and it is interesting to note the result of his incumbency between that date and three years later, when he resigned the office. When he became president the deposits were a little over one million dollars, and its stock was quoted at 150 per share. At the time of his resignation, in 1899, the deposits had increased over seven million dollars, and the stock had risen to seven hundred and twenty-five dollars per share. The Bank of New Amsterdam was bought over by a syndicate at an enormous price, and the name was changed to the New Amsterdam National Bank.

The Tilford family lineage can be clearly traced back for nearly one thousand years, from Guilliaume de Taillefer, who succeeded Wilguinn, the chief of a powerful race mentioned in Norman-French genealogical



Frank Tilford

work. The first of the family came to this country from Scotland during the reign of George the Second, and settled near Albany. Mr. Tilford's great-grandfather served throughout the war of the Revolution, and his grandfather, James Tilford, was a captain in the war of 1812. His father, John M. Tilford, came to New York from Albany in 1835 and founded, in 1840, with Joseph Park, a fellow-clerk in the grocery-store of Benjamin Albro, the house of Park & Tilford.

Frank Tilford is the president of the Standard Gas Company, president of the New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Company, President of the Newtown and Flushing Gas Company, president of the College Point Gas Company, and a trustee of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, a director in many other gas and electric companies throughout the country, and president of many industrial corporations. He is also closely associated with the tobacco trade in this country, Cuba, and Europe. He is a trustee of the Henry Clay and Bock Company of England and Havana, vice-president of the Universal Tobacco Company of New York, and director of the Havana Tobacco Company, a member of the directorate of the Harry Weissinger Tobacco Company of Louisville, Kentucky, and of the Havana Commercial Company. He is trustee of the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, and vice-president of the Lincoln Trust Company.

John Henry Kerby

JOHN HENRY KIRBY, of Texas, has added millions to the wealth of the South in the last ten years. In Texas he is regarded as the State's greatest benefactor. In New York the leaders of trade and finance consider him one of the greatest forces in the industrial and commercial life of the South. He was born on a Tyler County (Texas) farm, November 16, 1860. The county was then a wilderness, and the war and reconstruction in which this baby grew to strong and sturdy boyhood as the youngest of seven children lacked much of being promising. At nineteen he got a year in school. Every extra dollar bought a book, and he became a country school-teacher. He then got a place in the tax-collector's office, and no other money he has ever made has been so much appreciated as this.

The influences that surrounded young Kirby at home were the best. His father and mother, who still make their home on a Tyler County farm, were of that sort which a son can look up to with pride. The Hon. S. B. Cooper, then State Senator, but now and for several terms representing the Beaumont district in the House of Representatives at Washington, gave young Kirby access to his law library; he read at nights and whenever at leisure. Through the aid of Mr. Cooper he secured an office in the Texas Senate from 1882 to 1884. He married Miss Lelia Stewart, of Woodville, Texas, in 1883, and became a member of the Woodville bar in 1885. Becoming engaged in a land case brought Mr. Kirby in touch with some Boston capitalists. He interested Boston investors, and organized in 1886 the Texas and Louisiana Land and Lumber Company, of which he assumed the management. The purpose of this company was to manufacture timber and to purchase and sell timber-lands. Then he organized the Texas Pine Land Association, of which he became general manager, making his headquarters at Houston. Since that time the Kirby Lumber Company has become one of



John Henry Kerby

the most substantial and successful commercial organizations in this country. Mr. Kirby is to-day the executive head of many substantial enterprises. He is president of the Planters' and Mechanics' National Bank of Houston; president of the First National Bank of Austin; president of the Southwestern Oil Company, with refinery at Houston; and president of the Kirby Lumber Company of Houston, with a capital of $10,000,000, and an annual capacity of 400,000,000 feet, making the Kirby Lumber Company the largest single producer of long-leaf yellow pine in the world.

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Kountze Brothers

KOUNTZE BROTHERS, bankers and financiers, in the Equitable Building, New York, was founded in 1870. Owing to the large acquaintance and great reputation of the brothers in the West, the house soon took a prominent position in the financial world. In 1855 Augustus Kountze left his home in Ohio and established himself in Omaha. In 1856 Herman Kountze followed his brother, and a year after they established a banking business under the style of Kountze Brothers. Soon after Luther Kountze joined them, and in 1862 he opened a branch bank in Denver, his brother Charles B. joining him in 1864. In 1863 the Kountze Brothers established the First National Bank of Omaha, and the following year they consolidated their private banking business with the First National. In 1866 they founded the Colorado National Bank of Denver, and merged their private banking business into it. Both of these financial institutions have become the most prominent in the West. In 1868 Luther Kountze came to New York and opened a bank on Wall Street, and on September 1, 1870, the house of Kountze Brothers was established, and it soon became one of the leading firms in New York. The partners are Augustus, Luther, Herman, and Charles B. The two first manage the New York end of the business. Herman is at Omaha, and Charles B. at Denver. In 1871 the brothers established relations with a prominent London bank, and others in Ireland, Scotland, and the continent of Europe. The business, therefore, became international, and it is now numbered among the prominent drawers of and dealers in Foreign Exchange and Cable Transfers. They are also correspondents for a large number of European banks and banking-houses. The firm is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and by appointment are fiscal agents for the State of Nebraska, as well as for a large number of Western municipalities, for which they pay bonds and coupons. In the last decade the business has increased with marvellous rapidity.

The firm for a number of years has been a bidder and purchaser of conservative municipal bond issues, and is a participator in all the important syndicates formed in New York, being connected with many strong banking institutions, including the Westcott Express Company, the International Banking Corporation, the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, the Yale Building Company, the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, and the Western National Bank. Since 1899 the changes in the personnel of the firm have been as follows: William B. Hollister, who had been general manager for many years, was admitted to partnership in 1899; in 1892 the senior partner, Augustus Kountze, died, and in January, 1894, Augustus F. Kountze, the eldest son of Herman Kountze, was admitted; in 1898 Barclay W., son of Luther, was taken into the firm, and in 1900 W. de Lancey, son of Luther, and Herman D., son of Herman, were taken into partnership. Luther Kountze, father of Barclay W. and W. de Lancey, is the present senior partner of the firm. He resides in a handsome country house at Morristown, New Jersey, and his town residence is No. 3 East Fifty-seventh Street.

In the financial world the house of Kountze Brothers stands among the leaders as first class for reliability and honest dealing. The brothers are now famous all over the world, and as the sons and younger branches of the family become partners, it is their pride and ambition to keep up the great reputation of the firm, and to follow in the footsteps of their fathers and uncles. After securing a great reputation as a financier more than half a century ago in the West, Augustus Kountze, the founder of the house, came to New York, and at once took a place as one of the money kings of the East. The brothers have added to his reputation, and to-day the firm of Kountze Brothers is of international importance, and is held in high esteem by the business men of both hemispheres.

Charles A. Towne & Co.

ALTHOUGH only established on Wall Street at the beginning of 1902, the house of Charles A. Towne & Co. is already looked upon as one of the most conservative and one of the soundest financial institutions on the Street. It was founded on February 1, 1902, by Charles Arnette Towne, Walter G. Hudson, and Charles E. Heitman.

There is no man in America better qualified to control such a business than Charles Arnette Towne, whose whole life has been devoted to great financial questions and to bimetallism. The special business of the house is the buying and selling of municipal bonds and investment securities, besides being financial adviser to cities and corporations who desire the solution of difficult financial problems. The head of the house, Charles Arnette Towne, is one of the soundest advisers on financial matters in America. He was born November 21, 1858, in Oakland County, Michigan. His parents are Charles Judson and Laura Anne (Fargo) Towne, and he is a descendant of an old English family, from Bristol, England, whose members can be traced back to William De La Towne, of Alerley, Shropshire, A. D. 1274. The pioneer American ancestor was William Towne, who settled in Salem, Massachusetts, about 1630, and who suffered considerably through the religious controversies of the time and place. Charles Arnette Towne was educated at the public schools of Michigan, and then at the University of Michigan, from whence he graduated as a Doctor of Philosophy, in the Literary Department, in 1881, and he was admitted to the bar in 1885.

He practised successfully in Duluth from 1886 to 1889, and in Chicago from 1889 to 1890. He then removed to Duluth, and soon made a name for himself as an authority on financial affairs and as a strong bimetallist. He never sought an office, but he was bound to come to the front, and in 1894 he was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Republican. His strong views on bimetallism caused him to leave the Republican party in 1896, and he became an Independent, becoming chairman of the Silver Republican National Committee from 1897 to 1900.

He was very active and most enthusiastic in the cause of bimetallism, making many eloquent speeches in the halls of Congress, and writing articles of national importance. He was a great leader of the cause. In 1900 he was nominated for the office of Vice-President of the United States by two of the contending parties, and he was appointed by the Governor of Minnesota to the United States Senate in December, 1900. Mr. Towne married, April 21, 1887, Maude Irene Wiley, of Lansing, Michigan. He has no family. He resides at No. 317 West Eighty-seventh Street, and is a member of the Minnesota Society. The second partner of the firm is a life-long friend and admirer of Charles A. Towne. Walter G. Hudson was born in Indianapolis, December 13, 1866, and was educated at the University of Indiana, graduating in 1887. He then travelled through the West and South, and began his business career as a clerk in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. He continued in that company until 1898, when he removed to Boston, and with his friend, Charles E. Heitman, organized the firm of Walter G. Hudson & Co., bankers and financiers, and he also became interested in large Texas properties with Senator Towne. He married Miss Quennie Heitman, of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Charles E. Heitman was born in Kentucky in 1876. He was educated at the public schools, and when a mere boy he joined Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and served gallantly during the Spanish war in Troop B. Subsequently he went into business with his friend Mr. Hudson, and is to-day considered one of the smartest financiers on Wall Street. He is not married, and has a great future before him. The house of Charles A. Towne & Co. is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and it has a branch establishment at No. 53 State Street, Boston.

Wiley, Mitchell, & Co.

THE well-known firm of Wiley, Mitchell, & Co., bond, security, and investment brokers, of No. 25 Broad Street, is one of the most substantial, enterprising, and conservative financial houses on the Street. Its members are men of ability, experience, and action, and are chiefly interested in Southern and Western industries, being principal owners of the Seminole Copper Mine of Georgia. There are over 60,000 tons of ore, averaging $10 a ton, blocked out in the mine, with several thousand tons of rich concentrates on the dumps, sufficient to keep the new 70-ton smelter running for a year to come. The company is organized with a capital of $1,000,000. It is a close corporation, and there is no stock for sale. The personnel of Wiley, Mitchell, & Co. is as follows: Captain W. Murdoch Wiley, the head of the house, is a member of the banking firm of Davis & Wiley, of Salisbury, North Carolina. He is president of the Seminole Mining Company, general manager of the Union Copper Mining Company of North Carolina, editor of the *West Indian and Commercial Advertiser*, founded by Lord Brassey. W. E. Mitchell belongs to the younger set of Wall Street financiers. He is a graduate of the School of Mines at Columbia College, a student of civil engineering at Cornell, and of mining engineering at Stanford University in California. He is president of the Southern Realty Company, and one of the founders of Wiley, Mitchell, & Co.

Hon. A. H. Eller, an extensive cotton-grower and capitalist of Winston-Salem, and Eugene J. McEnroe, of the real-estate firm of Palmer & McEnroe, are vice-presidents of the Southern Realty Company; William A. Blair, vice-president of the People's National Bank of Winston-Salem, are the other members of the firm, the latter being secretary and treasurer. Henry Freis, a member of the National Monetary Commission, is a director, and Carl Henrich, E. M., a special partner.

R. P. Lounsbery & Co.

ONE of the oldest, most reliable, and conservative banking-houses on Broad Street is that of R. P. Lounsbery & Co., in the Mills Building. The head of the firm is Richard Purdy Lounsbery, who is the founder of the house, and whose business career is the real history of the firm. Mr. Lounsbery was born in Westchester County, at Bedford, August 9, 1845, and was educated at the private school of the Rev. Robert Bolton and Professor Williamson. He was prepared for college, but his mind turned to financial matters, and he soon gave up his studies and started his business career as a clerk with Mills, Knickerbocker, & Co. in 1867. Then Mr. Lounsbery formed the partnership with William S. Fanshawe, and that was the beginning of the firm of Lounsbery & Co. In 1871 Mr. Lounsbery retired and took up some heavy mining operations in Utah. He returned in 1877, and started again with James B. Haggin at 18 Wall Street, as dealers in bonds and specie. Mr. Haggin retired in 1884, and then Mr. Lounsbery worked alone until he again started as Lounsbery & Co. His partner this time was H. J. Macdonald.

Mr. Macdonald was an uncle of Rudyard Kipling, and brother-in-law of the late Lord Leighton and Burne-Jones. He died in 1891, and Mr. Lounsbery took into partnership Walter Deady, and the firm at the present time comprises Mr. Lounsbery and Mr. Deady, who carry on a profitable business. Mr. Lounsbery during his long service on the Street, has had experiences, and he can tell many good stories about his transactions on Black Friday, how he was broker for old Commodore Vanderbilt, and later with J. Pierpont Morgan. He is president and director of the Last Dollar Mining Company, vice-president and director of the Deadwood Terra Mining Company, director of the Mutual Trust Company of Westchester, and of the Westchester Trust Company. Mr. Lounsbery married Edith, daughter of J. B. Haggin, his late partner.

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Moore & Schley

THE great banking and brokerage house of Moore & Schley was founded in 1885 by John Godfrey Moore and Grant Barney Schley, both of them well-known financiers on Wall Street. The house from the start was highly considered on the Stock Exchange, and it is to-day rated as one of the most substantial and highly respected firms on the Street. The senior partner was the late John Godfrey Moore, who was born at Steuben, Washington County, Maine, July 7, 1847. His father was Captain Henry D. Moore, a well-known ship-master of Maine.

John G. was educated at the district schools, and at the Cherryfield Academy. His studies were concluded at the East Maine Conference Seminary of Bucksport. He came to New York when eighteen years old, and became a clerk in the office of Mayhew & Godfrey, lumber-merchants at 117 Wall Street. In a year's time he obtained a more important position in the house of Bell Brothers, lumber. Here he continued until 1868, when he started on his own account at 96 Wall Street. He carried out many contracts for the War Department in conjunction with John O. Evans. He built piers and break-waters at Buffalo and Cleveland, and improvements on the Delaware River.

He constructed lines for the Western Union Telegraph Company, and connected all the big cities. Later he organized the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, and was its president for many years. He was also a director of the Western Union and the Chase National Bank. In 1885 he established the firm of Moore & Schley, and when he had made it a substantial house on the money market, he died June 23, 1899.

Grant Barney Schley, the other founder of the house was born at Chapinsville, Ontario County, New York, February 25, 1845. He was educated at Canandaigua until 1861, when he went to Syracuse, and began his business life in the Express Office of Wells, Butterfield, & Co. For a year and a half his salary was $30 a month; then he was transferred to Suspension, where he got $30 a week. When the American Express Company was formed he was placed in the money department, and he made rapid progress.

From 1870 to 1874 he was promoted until he became the cashier, with full control of all the inward and outward money. In 1874 Mr. Schley resigned, and entered the First National Bank of New York as manager of the foreign exchange department. Afterwards he became a broker, and formed the firm of Groesbeck & Schley, which was dissolved in 1885, when the house of Moore & Schley was founded.

He married in 1877 Elizabeth, sister of George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank of New York, and he has a family of five children. He belongs to the Union League, Metropolitan, Riding, Lotos, Suburban Riding and Driving, New York Athletic, New York Yacht, Atlantic Yacht clubs, and the American Fine Art Society. He resides at No. 845 Fifth Avenue, and he has a country house at Far Hills, New Jersey.

The firm of Moore & Schley has increased in influence and importance so much that on the death of Mr. Moore, in 1899, it was reorganized. At the present time the members are Grant B. Schley, Watson B. Dickerman, and Henry P. Chilton. The most active and energetic partner is Watson B. Dickerman, of the firm of Dominick & Dickerman, and president of the Stock Exchange during 1890 and 1891. Mr. Dickerman resides at Mamaroneck, and he is a member of the Union League, Metropolitan, Union, Century, Lawyers', Country, Brooklyn of Brooklyn, and Suburban Riding and Driving clubs, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Henry G. Chilton was born at Washington, District of Columbia; he was a clerk in the office for many years, and is the manager of the firm. He belongs to the New York and New York Athletic clubs.

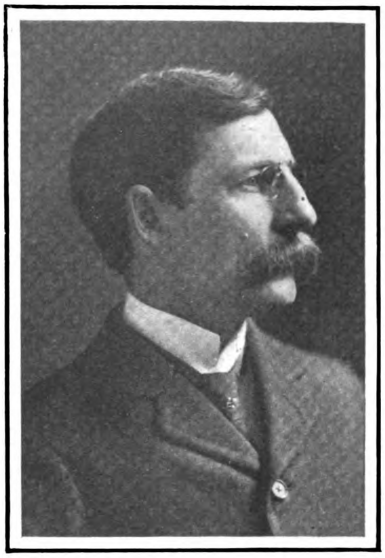
Frank Julian Sprague

FRANK JULIAN SPRAGUE, electrical engineer and inventor, born in Milford, Connecticut, July 25, 1857, son of David Cummings and Frances Julia (King) Sprague. Early education in common schools, North Adams, Massachusetts.

In 1874 won competitive appointment to Naval Academy, Annapolis, and graduated with honors in 1878. Started on cruise around the world, joining the *Richmond*, and writing for Boston *Herald* of General Grant's visit to the East. Built his first motor at the torpedo-station, Newport, and later was naval representative at Electrical Exhibition, London, 1882. Resigned from navy, and after a year as Edison's assistant formed Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, to develop stationary motors and electric traction.

In 1886 commenced experiments on Manhattan Elevated, and in 1887 took contracts for electrically equipping street railways, one being at Richmond, Virginia.

In 1889 the Edison General Company absorbed the Sprague Company, and soon after Sprague took up elevator work and began a bitter struggle for the supremacy of the electric against the hydraulic elevator, resulting in a combination after the electric elevator had been established. Its progress in the United States was supplemented in 1897 by the largest contract of its kind ever given,—namely, that for forty-eight elevators for the Central London Railway.



Frank Julian Sprague

In 1897 Sprague took the contract for changing the equipment of the South Side Elevated Railway of Chicago into an electric railway on a new plan, which he called the "multiple-unit" system, in which individual cars are wholly or in part electrically equipped in such manner that they can be made up into train combinations at any length, and controlled from any desired number of points.

The "multiple-unit" system has now become the standard, being adopted in Chicago, Brooklyn, New York, Boston, and London, and the control of the Sprague Electric Company recently passed into the hands of the General Electric, over $1,350,000 being paid for patents and patent rights alone.

Mr. Sprague's work has been essentially constructive. He was a pioneer in the stationary-motor business, built the first successful modern trolley railway, developing most of the essentials, invented the modern method of motor suspension, built the first electric-locomotive car and the first large electric locomotive in this country, built the first high-speed electric elevator and the largest electric-elevator plant in existence, equipped the highest office-building in the world, and originated and first reduced to practice the multiple-unit system. He has given much time and thought to the study of the rapid-transit and terminal problems in New York city, and is an authority on the subject.

Colorado Fuel and Iron Co.

AMONG the important and most flourishing industries of the State of Colorado is the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, which was incorporated at Denver, October 21, 1892. The corporation was formed by the merging of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company and the Colorado Fuel Company, which was started in 1887. This organization controlled the Denver Fuel Company, the Grand River Coal and Coke Company, and the Huerfano Land Association. The combination formed one of the most important corporations in the West, and the properties merged included twenty-eight coal-mines in Colorado and Mexico, 3000 coke-ovens, steel and iron mills, at Minnequa, Colorado, near Pueblo, large mines of iron ore in Wyoming, Mexico, and Colorado, and the control of the anthracite coal-fields in western Pennsylvania. In August, 1896, the company leased the coal properties of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, with a capacity of 600,000 tons of coal, and in 1899 it still further increased its mills and furnaces, until to-day the capacity of the steel-works alone is 550,000 tons of finished products a year, and 45,000,000 tons of coal and coke. The capital stock is now $40,000,000. It employs 15,000 people regularly, and it provides for ten per cent. of the families of the State of Colorado.

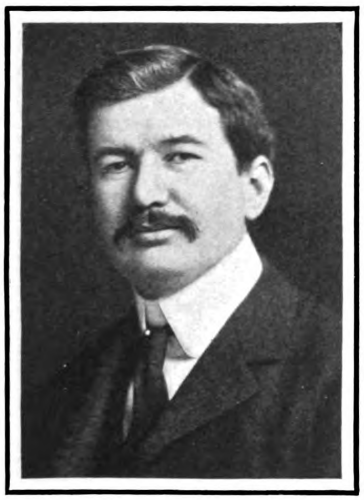
The company manufactures steel rails, track fittings, all sizes of commercial steel and bar iron and cast-iron water-pipe. With the completion of the mills now under construction the corporation will add to its manufacture all sizes of wire, plates, tin plate, sheets, nails, and structural steel. The wire-mills at Minnequa are the largest in the world, and it has more than trebled in capacity and production during the last decade. It produces all its own raw materials for the manufacture of steel, all the coke, mine-ore, and limestone required, and there is nothing west of Chicago equal to it for production and importance. In fact for scope of territory and power of production it is the only steel company west of the Mississippi. The territory is unique, and it has no competitors; it ranges from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from British Columbia to Mexico. It wields immense power in the most growing section of the United States, the demands for its products are daily increasing, and it is now branching out beyond the Pacific coast to the Orient. The officers of this great and wealthy corporation at the present time are—president, J. A. Kebler, of Denver; first vice-president, A. C. Cass, of Denver; chairman of the Board of Directors, J. C. Osgood; secretary, D. C. Beaman; and treasurer, John L. Jerome. The main offices are at Denver, with a branch establishment at No. 71 Broadway.

The *deus ex machina* and guiding star of this giant industry is John C. Osgood, who has been at the head of the corporation since its inception. Mr. Osgood has been out in Denver from his youth, and has studied its wants and its products. No man is better fitted to control an institution which is bound to add to the importance and prestige of the great West. Mr. Osgood comes of an old English family, whose pioneer, Christopher Osgood, came to America in 1634 and settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts. The family increased in numbers and importance, and has given many good and patriotic citizens to the country for the last three hundred years. John C. Osgood, its present representative, is a dual citizen of Denver and New York. He is a member of the Manhattan, Lawyers', Players, New York Athletic, and Atlantic Yacht clubs of this city, is a patron of the American Museum of Natural History, and he resides at No. 142 Riverside Avenue. In Colorado he lives in Denver, where he is a leading citizen.

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William Hill Hunt

WILLIAM HILL HUNT, president of the International Bank and Trust Company of America, has become prominent in the financial world as a leader in the development of American activity in international banking. Since the Spanish war, two strong international banks have been established in the United States. Mr. Hunt organized the first. It was called the Mexican Trust Company. The Mexican Trust Company had $5,000,000 capital. It opened in June, 1901. Sixteen months later the success of the experiment became manifest in the consolidation of the company with the Corporation Trust Company. The capital of the combination was fixed at $10,000,000, and an extraordinary liberal charter was obtained in Delaware, empowering the corporation to transact every form of foreign and mercantile business. The new bank starts business with agencies already established in New York city, Chicago, the City of Mexico, and eight other cities in Mexico. Branches will be shortly established at Havana, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, and Managua, Nicaragua. Associated with Mr. Hunt in the conduct of the bank, as officers or directors, are J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, New York; ex-Congressman William Astor Chanler, of New York city; Silas B. Dutcher, of Brooklyn; W. J. Hilands and Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago; Julius C. Birge, of St. Louis; Dr. L. C. Mitchell, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; William T. Watson, former Governor of Delaware, and James



William Hill Hunt

L. Wolcott, of Dover, Delaware; the following New York city men—Charles Francis Phillips, J. W. Hinckley, Frank B. Robinson, John H. Maughan, Joseph G. Deane, W. L. Sawyer, Frank L. Torres, and Russell Whitcomb; R. M. Nelson, of Baltimore; C. F. Carrier, of Elmira; F. R. Crocker, of Chariton, Iowa; and Isaac M. Hutchison and J. O. Rice, of Mexico City. Mr. Hunt was born in Alabama, May 10, 1864. He had a common-school education, and started in business as a clerk in a grocery store in Selma, Alabama. At twenty-one he had organized a savings institution. It was exceedingly prosperous, and rapidly developed into what it still is, one of the solid financial institutions of the South. The first Pan-American conference met in Washington city in 1889, and that body recommended the establishment of a Pan-American bank. Impressed with the importance of such a project, Mr. Hunt went to Mexico in 1892 to investigate personally the prospects of such an institution. Since then he has devoted himself steadily to planning such an institution, as has now become a reality in the International Bank and Trust Company of America.

John M. Mack

JOHN M. MACK, promoter and contractor, was born in Philadelphia, August 15, 1852. He is the son of John and Mary Mack, and is a descendant of an old Irish family. He was educated at the public schools, and began life as a contractor in 1876. His business was a success from the start, and the name of Mack soon became a synonym in the contracting field for the best work, carefully executed within the specified time. No detail was too small for him to look after and no contract too large for him to undertake. The genius of Mr. Mack as an organizer was speedily recognized, and he rose surely and steadily in the business world. He founded and managed the Mack Paving Company, the Pennsylvania As-

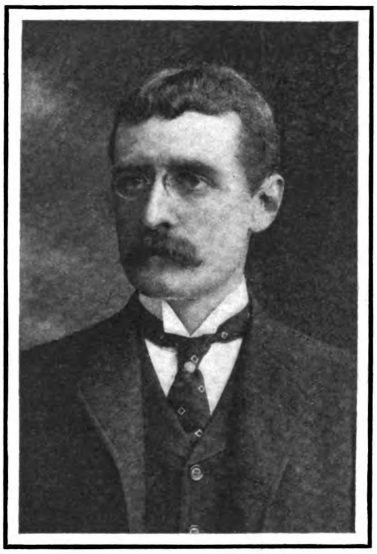


John M. Mack

phalt Company, and the Southern Electric Light and Power Company. He subsequently formed the Mack Manufacturing Company of Pittsburg, and he reorganized the various asphalt companies into the Asphalt Company of America. The greatest deal Mr. Mack ever engineered is the merging of the entire street railway system of Philadelphia into one company, and he is now a director and chairman of the executive committee of the consolidated companies, and a director of the new Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. By reason of the growth and immensity of his contracting business he has become a strong factor in the public life of Philadelphia, although he has always kept modestly in the background. He is a stalwart Republican, but has never taken an active part in politics. Mr. Mack's advice, however, is frequently sought by the leaders, and his influence among the prominent citizens is very great. He has done much work and is well known in Pittsburg, Allegheny and Cleveland, and is to-day a wealthy man. He resides on South Broad Street in Philadelphia, and he has a handsome country residence called "Oaklands," near Torresdale, covering an area of over 400 acres, which is his favorite home. Mr. Mack is a thorough sportsman, and he dearly loves a horse. He has a large stable and many valuable thoroughbreds and fast horses, besides Jersey cattle, and his stock farm is one of the largest and most valuable in the State. His steam-yacht is known on the Delaware River all through the summer, and he takes frequent yachting cruises down South and to Newport during the season. Mr. Mack impresses one at first sight as a real man of affairs. He has that quiet and resolute eye which Emerson says denotes the successful man.

Edwin Strange Hooley

EDWIN STRANGE HOOLEY, broker and financier, was born in Jersey City, November 9, 1863. He is the son of Abraham and Lucy Hooley, of Macclesfield, England, and is descended from an old Saxon family. Abraham Hooley was a highly respected New York merchant on Broadway, and was a leader in business circles. Edwin Strange was educated at the Hasbrouck Institute, and on his father's death his family removed to Plainfield, New Jersey, where the boy was sent to the High School in that town. In 1879, when only sixteen years old, he started out to make his fortune, and he came to Wall Street, selecting that as the arena on which he would fight the battle of life. His first venture was as a clerk for Pomeroy, Cox, & Smith, and he worked hard in that position for three years. At the end of that time he was sufficiently experienced to take a higher position, and in 1882 he became cashier in the firm of Rolston & Brothers, bankers and brokers, Broad Street. After six years of hard and unremitting labor Mr. Hooley was taken into the firm as managing partner, and in 1900 the name of the firm became Rolston & Hooley. In July of the same year the firm of Rolston & Hooley was succeeded by that of Edwin S. Hooley & Co., the partners being Edwin S. Hooley, Frank E. Bromley, and Norbert Heinsheimer. Mr. Hooley has attained success beyond his most sanguine



Edwin Strange Hooley

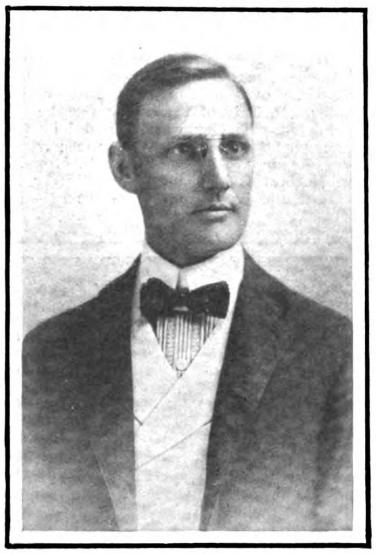
expectations, and he has firmly taken his place among the leading financiers of his time. Although not yet forty years of age, he has assisted in the reorganization of more railroads than any man of his age in Wall Street. He is aggressive, and has the courage of his opinions, and that he is a fighter has been proved by the manner in which he obtained the control of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad; and, again, this year, in connection with W. L. Stowe, when he acquired control of the Des Moines and Fort Dodge Railroad. Mr. Hooley is president of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad, the Evansville and Indianapolis Railroad, and the Evansville Belt Railroad. He is a director of the First National Bank of Plainfield, the Plainfield Traction Company of New Jersey, the Guardian Trust Company, and the Maiden Lane Safe Deposit Company of New York. Mr. Hooley is known intimately by all the ruling spirits of Wall Street, and he is looked up to as one of the smartest business men in America. He resides at Plainfield, New Jersey, and he is a member of a large number of clubs and social organizations.

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Alfred Milton Napier

ALFRED MILTON NAPIER, builder, and president of the Tide-Water Building Company, was born in New York city, February 13, 1870. He is the son of Robert and Eliza (Carlisle) Napier, of New York city.

Mr. Napier was educated at the public schools, and he took a mechanical course at the College of the City of New York. His first business position was in the office of McKim, Meade, & White, the great architects, where he remained for ten years. He made a special study of the constructive, practical, and artistic branches of his profession. He was selected by Colonel John Jacob Astor to superintend the erection of the Astoria Hotel. After the completion of the Astoria, the Tide-Water Building Company was formed, Mr. Napier becoming its manager. After three years Mr. Napier and his colleagues bought out the Astor interests.



Alfred Milton Napier

The Tide-Water Building Company, of which Mr. Napier is president, was organized in 1897 by a coterie of builders and contractors, to carry out important building operations. They are all practical men, and at the top of their profession. They superintend every branch of the work personally, and that they have succeeded is assured by the long list of buildings completed and now in course of construction, which include the Vincent Building, at the corner of Broadway and Duane Street; the Collier Publishing Building, on Little West Twelfth and Thirteenth streets; the Republican Club on Fortieth Street; the pioneer sky-scraper in Columbia, South Carolina, for the Columbia Real Estate and Trust Company; a row of private residences on 130th Street and Fifth Avenue; a residence, No. 3 East Sixty-ninth Street; a six-story warehouse at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirteenth Street; the High-School Building at Naugatuck, Connecticut; a foundry building for the Naugatuck Malleable Iron Works at Union City, Connecticut; buildings at Richmond Beach Park, Staten Island, for Charles M. Schwab; and extensive alterations for the trustees of William Astor in various parts of the city. Mr. Napier's associates are S. Fischer Miller, vice-president, who has been in the iron and steel business in New York city for over fourteen years, and was contracting manager of the American Bridge Company, now merged with the United States Steel Corporation; Joseph P. Ranny, secretary and treasurer; and H. Stevenson, general superintendent. They are all young men, but of great experience and proved ability. The offices of the company are at No. 25 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York city.

Security Warehousing Co.

To meet the conditions of commercial confidence, with the means for creating assurances on which credit may be based, is to add to the wealth of the world. With this idea in mind Alexander Greig, the head of the Trust Company of the Republic, founded the Security Warehousing Company, with offices at No. 364 Broadway, New York city. The system established by the company is as follows: It issues assured and negotiable receipts on raw or manufactured products, however stored or situated, whether on the owner's premises or in the storehouses, no matter where located. Property so held may become at once appreciable, reserving all advantages of property interests, and possessive rights, and by means of such receipts establishing negotiable evidences of values, on which may be predicated strictly business arrangements, commanding confidence, credit, or cash. To realize on assets had, in anticipation enhances the capital of a business. The company offers a practical business means to a business end; it offers a form of collateral, attainable anywhere and at any time, and which may be perfected without delay. By placing products under the receipts issued by the company, which are negotiable and transferable by endorsement, a business finances itself and becomes self-sustaining. The receipts so issued are commercial assurances, credited anywhere, under the guarantee of the National Surety Company of New York, with which company all receipts are registered, and guaranteeing, through said company, the "quantity, quality, care, and delivery," of the product so represented; thus creating an instrument of credit, and which, under the endorsement of such surety company, the owner is entitled to pledge, without detriment to his commercial standing. Alexander Greig is a genius, and he has made the system flourishing, and a benefit to the average merchant, by working it in conjunction with the Trust Company of the Republic.

Farquhar J. MacRae

AMONG the leading certified public accountants in this city may be mentioned the firm of Farquhar J. MacRae, of No. 68 William Street, who have been established for the last ten years, and who have during that period built up a large business.

Mr. MacRae is a Fellow of the Institute of Accounts, and was secretary of that organization at the time when the question of legal recognition of the accounting business in New York State was first mooted. He was one of the five charter members in the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants, and is first vice-president of that society, having been elected to that office for three successive terms.

Member of the New York Athletic Club, Heights Club, and St. Andrew's Society.

Good work, quick service, personal supervision of every detail, reasonable charges and fair dealing.

The firm employs a staff of assistants expert in every branch of Industry, Insurance, Banking, Stock-broking, Corporation, Commercial and Legal Accounting, and make a specialty of installing modern labor-saving office systems and Factory Cost Accounts.

Among the many leading concerns for whom they have done business may be mentioned the following:

Corn Exchange Bank; Hanover National Bank; Franklin Savings Bank; Broadway Savings Bank; H. B. Hollins & Co.; Blair & Co.; Probst, Wetzler, & Co.; Lehman Brothers; Hoadley, Lauterbach, & Johnson; Bowers & Sands; Pryor, Mellis, & Harris; Smith & Martin; Edward K. Jones; Stetson, Jennings, & Russell; Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company; The Home Insurance Company, of New York; Havana Commercial Company; Universal Tobacco Company; Woodstock Iron Works; National Stamping and Enamelling Company; Rogers Locomotive Works; Raritan Woollen Mills; J. B. King & Co.; Brokaw Brothers; A. J. Cammeyer; French Plate Glass Company; German Mirror Plate Association; Estate Marcus Dale; Metropolitan Street Railway Company; A. B. Farquhar & Co.; N. K. Fairbanks Company; Frank Tilford, of Park & Tilford; Louis Stern, of Stern Brothers; Miller & Maltbie.

Charles T. Wills

FOR over a quarter of a century one of the most active spirits in the transformation of New York city has been Mr. Charles T. Wills, who, in combination, as builder, with the great architects, has effected the change in the appearance of the city to such an extent that the returning citizen feels unfamiliar with the new aspect of things, after an absence of a few years. Beginning as an indentured apprentice to a master builder of prominence, he early became an important factor in the craft, and has been leading in the improvements of the methods of conducting large works to such an extent that the erection of the great structures around us in such remarkably short time no longer causes our surprise.

No portion of Manhattan Island is without an example of his skill and energy. Nor is it displayed only in the great office buildings, but in the large numbers of the costliest dwellings, club-houses, churches, and edifices of monumental character. Among his notable works which attract attention and command admiration both for their beauty and stability of workmanship, are the American Surety, Johnston, Bank of Commerce, Gillender, Singer, New York Life office and printing-house buildings, United Charities, Presbyterian, Townsend, Tower, Delmonico, and Simpson-Crawford buildings, as well as the University Club building, Spence School, All Angels Protestant Episcopal Church, and First Church of Christ, Scientist.

The offices of the New Jersey Central Railroad and its terminal at Communipaw, Appellate Division Court House, as well as some of the leading residences of the city, such as Andrew Carnegie's, E. C. Converse's, J. E. Nichols's, Morris K. Jesup's, Grant B. Schley's, E. J. Berwind's, Dr. Herter's, and Dr. Dunham's.

At present the large structures under construction include the Stock Exchange, Hanover Bank, Chamber of Commerce, extension to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Knickerbocker Trust buildings, as well as the magnificent residences of Captain De Lamar, Messrs. Jas. A. Burden, Jr., and John H. Hammond.

Kean, Van Cortlandt, & Co.

A STEADY-GOING, substantial, and high-toned financial firm is that of Kean, Van Cortlandt, & Co., of No. 26 Nassau Street. The firm was established by Hamilton Fish Kean and R. B. Van Cortlandt. The business is a general banking business, handling the accounts of large corporations, placing securities, and forming companies. In 1896 G. Louis Boissevain was taken into partnership. The senior partner, Hamilton Fish Kean, is descended from an old English family whose pioneer ancestor, Josiah Kein (or Kean), came to America in 1665, settling at Duxbury, Massachusetts. Mr. Kean is related by marriage to many distinguished New York families. His father was John Kean of New Jersey, and his brother is United States Senator for New Jersey at the present time. On his mother's side Mr. Kean is a descendant of Governor Livingston. Mr. Kean is a director of the Calumet Canal and Improvement Company and of the Federal Trust Company.

Robert B. Van Cortlandt is descended from the old Knickerbocker family which came to New Amsterdam in 1637. The pioneer ancestor, Olof Stevense Van Cortlandt, was Burgomaster of the old city in 1655, and since then the family has given two Mayors to New York city. Pierce Van Cortlandt was first Lieutenant-Governor of New York State with Governor George Clinton. The Van Cortlandt manor at Westchester is one of the oldest historic mansions of the country, and was originally granted to the family direct from the Indians. Mr. Van Cortlandt was born in Yonkers in 1862, he was educated in Europe, and graduated from Columbia College in 1882. He learned the financial business in the house of J. Kennedy Tod & Co. He is a director of the Westchester Trust Company and of the Detroit United Railway Company.

G. Louis Boissevain, the junior partner, also comes from an old Dutch family.

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G. A. Fuller & H. St. F. Black

THE originator of the iron-frame sky-scraper and the man whose genius inspired the present real-estate merger was the late George A. Fuller, who unhappily died before his wonderful ideas had come to fruition. Mr. Fuller was born at Templetown, Massachusetts, in 1851. His education was conducted at Worcester, Baldwinsville, Massachusetts, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and when only seventeen he graduated from Andover College. He was first employed in the office of his uncle, J. E. Fuller, an architect in Worcester, Massachusetts. He then studied his profession with Peabody & Stearns, of Boston. At twenty-five he was taken into partnership by the firm, and given full charge of the New York office. In 1880 he went to Chicago, and went into the contracting business with C. E. Clark, of Boston, and in 1882 Mr. Clark left, and the George A. Fuller Company was organized. Mr. Fuller was the father of the sky-scraper. The first great steel building, the Tacoma, at Chicago, was erected by him, and the Fuller Building, at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, was the last, and he has left behind him more monuments to record his genius and his industry than any man in the last century. Although a comparatively young man, Mr. Fuller had erected and designed magnificent structures of marble and iron in every great city in the United States, and he was struck down with paralysis in the prime of his life, and at the beginning of his great career. Mr. Fuller died at Mamaroneck, after five years' illness, December 14, 1900. He left a widow and one daughter, and the man who was destined to carry out his advanced ideas was



George A. Fuller

HARRY ST. FRANCIS BLACK,

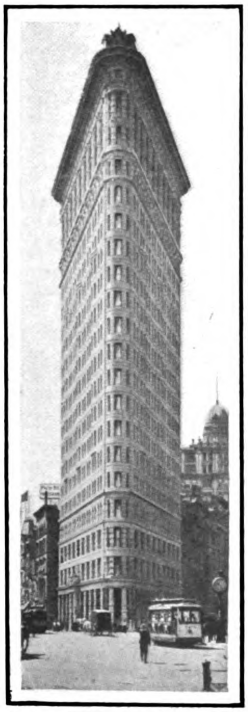
his son-in-law, who was born in Coburg, Ontario, Canada, August 25, 1863. His father was Captain Thomas Black, paymaster of the Sixty-sixth Regiment, British army. He was educated in the schools of his native town, and started his business life in a general store. Then he joined a surveying party which explored the Northwest and the Pacific coast. In 1882, in Chicago, he entered the employ of a wholesale woollen house, and for ten years was a commercial traveller along the Pacific coast. Then he went into the banking business. He established two financial houses in the State of Washington, and subsequently became a merchant, with stores at Menominee, Michigan, and Tekoa, Washington, the firm being known as that of Black & Bell. His attention was called to the big iron-frame buildings, and in 1896 he joined the George A. Fuller Company. After his marriage to Mr. Fuller's only daughter, Allon Mae, he threw all his energies into the contracting business, and he helped to establish it with his father-in-law. He became vice-president of the company of which Mr. Fuller was president, and he has lived to carry out the great designs which the latter had projected during his lifetime. The greatest of them all is now an established fact, and that is the great combination known as the United States Realty and Construction Company, which was formed by the merging of the George A. Fuller Company, the Central Realty Bond and Trust Company, the New York Realty Corporation. The capital of this great concern is $66,000,000, and Harry St. F. Black

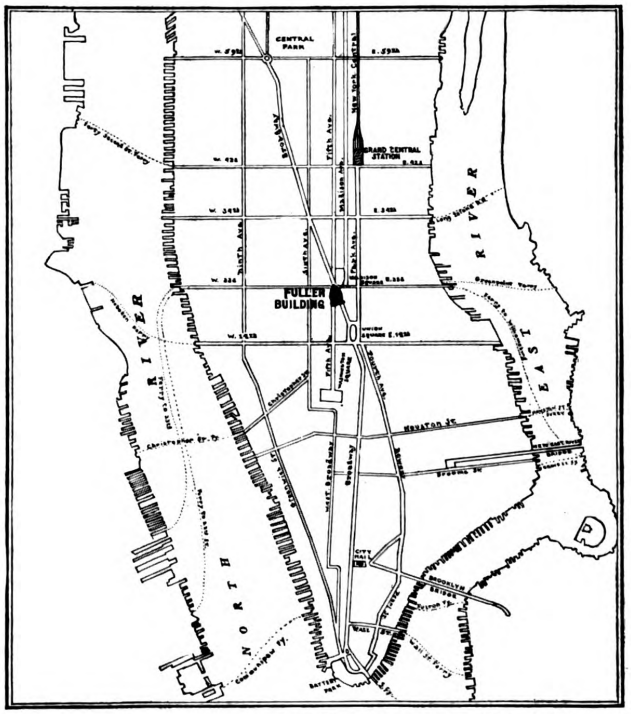


Harry St. F. Black

is now the chairman of the board of directors. Mr. Black lives at the Holland House, and he is a member of the Metropolitan, Manhattan, Lawyers', and Larchmont Yacht clubs of New York, and the Chicago of Chicago. He is vice-president and director of the Broad-Exchange Company, president and director of the George A. Fuller Company, and director of the North American Trust Company.

THE CENTER OF NEW YORK

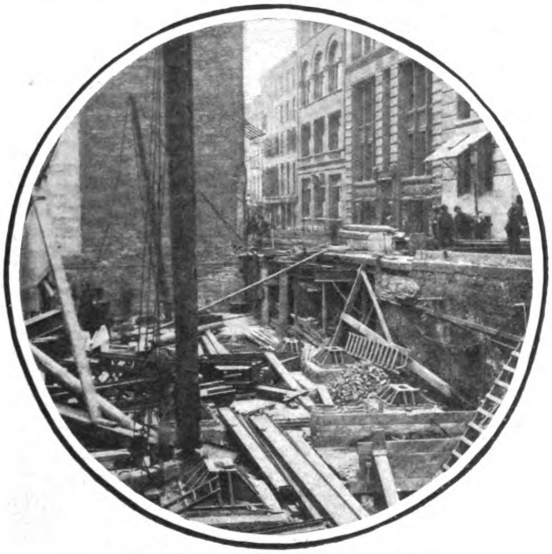




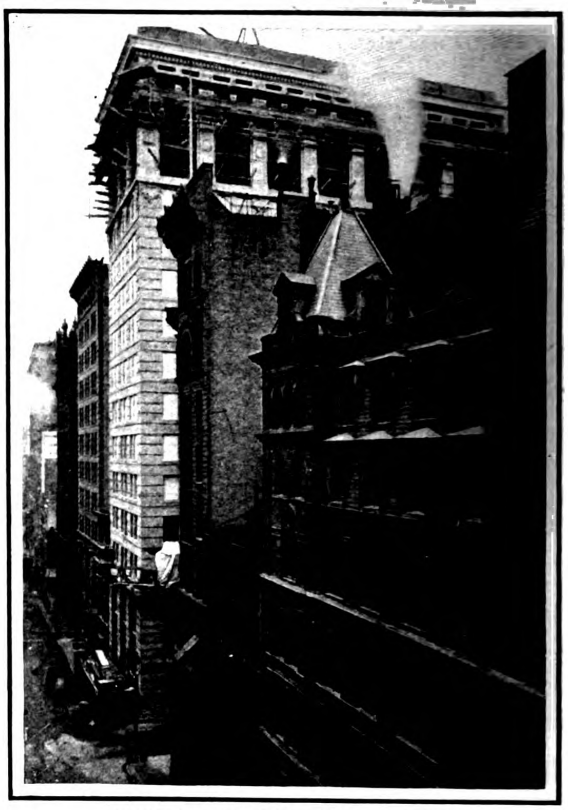
FULLER BUILDING
Constructed by Geo. A. Fuller Co.
D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects

RENTING AGENT { **GEORGE R. READ**
1 Madison Ave., 60 Cedar St.
On the Premises

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PICTURE TAKEN NOV. 8th, 1901



PICTURE TAKEN JAN. 10th, 1902

Two Months' Work
ON A SKYSCRAPER

The two pictures shown here were taken on the days indicated, and they show the amount of work accomplished in TWO MONTHS and TWO DAYS on one of the buildings we erected recently

THOMPSON-STARRETT COMPANY NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURG

A New Banking-House

CORNELIUS P. ROSEMON, who has occupied the position of cashier of Blair & Co. since the organization of that house in 1890, severed his connection with that firm September 30, 1902, and the following day opened offices at No. 33 Wall Street, to conduct a general domestic and foreign banking business.

Mr. Rosemon entered the employ of Kountze Brothers in 1871, immediately upon graduating from the College of the City of New York, at the age of eighteen years. He spent fourteen years in the employ of that firm in positions of the highest responsibility and trust. In 1886 he entered the employ of John Munroe & Co., resigning his position with that firm to accept the cashiership of the new banking-house of Blair & Co.

He is widely known, not only in New York, but throughout the country, as a banker of broad experience. Mr. Rosemon has associated with him as cashier, F. W. Carlisle, formerly assistant to Paymaster of the United States navy, and son-in-law of Judge John B. Cotton, of Washington, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

Mr. Rosemon is an enthusiastic yachtsman, a member of the New York Yacht Club, as also of the Brooklyn and Knickerbocker Yacht clubs, and owns the steam-yacht *Telka* and sloop *Elsie*. He is identified with the church and charitable interests of Brooklyn, in which borough he has resided since 1886. His home is at Bensonhurst, overlooking Gravesend Bay.

He is a member of the Canoe Club. Mr. Rosemon is one of the best-known men on Wall Street. His talents for finance and his reputation for honesty and integrity have made him a leader, and one of the most popular men in financial circles. As a banker, his character for ability is acknowledged in Washington and all over the country.

Lawson, Arnold, & Co.

AMONG the Boston firms of bankers and brokers with offices on State Street that of Lawson, Arnold, & Co. occupies a position of prominence. The finely appointed offices of this firm occupy the best part of three floors of the Worthington Building, at 33 State Street, corner of Congress Street, and are just across the way from the Boston Stock Exchange. The firm of Lawson, Arnold, & Co. was established in January, 1900, but its members had personally been identified with the financial interests of commercial Boston for many years. The firm was organized to carry on a general banking and brokerage business, and its members are Thomas W. Lawson, Allen Arnold, and Henry H. Arnold. The house has a very large clientele throughout the New England States, and the brokerage feature of its business is that to which the major part of its effort is directed, private wires to New York, and all the aids to the modern brokerage business being at the disposal of its customers. The firm occupies a prominent position among the members of the Boston and New York Stock Exchanges, of which Mr. Allen Arnold is a member.

Mr. Allen Arnold was elected a member of the New York Stock Exchange on September 14, 1899.

In all public movements in Boston the firm of Lawson, Arnold, & Co. takes a prominent part, and their opinions are eagerly sought, and generally followed in matters relating to the welfare of their city.

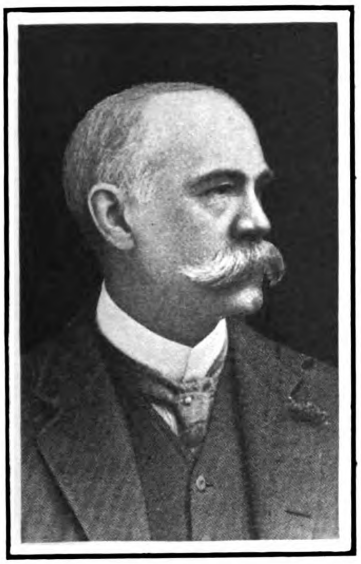
The head of the firm is Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, who is well known all over the country as one of the copper kings, and for the lavish way in which he spends his money. He is celebrated all over the world as an enthusiastic sportsman and yachtsman, and he is the owner of the famous Lawson pink, which is the admiration of all floriculturists.

A Record-holding Express Train

IT is not so very long since the great Eastern trunk lines were making boast of their "twenty-four hour" trains from New York to Chicago. Quietly, without any boasting, one of the great express companies is running a twenty-four hour train from New York to Chicago, carrying not a single passenger or an ounce of mail—nothing but car after car of "express packages," as that class of small freight has come to be known. From the Lackawanna Station in Hoboken it begins its swift journey at 9.45 every night but Sunday.

Twenty thousand packages in a night warrant the twenty-four hour train of the United States Express—not only warrant it, but make it necessary. Each night eighty big red wagons take turns backing up at the doors of the big oblong warehouse in Hoboken, and discharging their freight. Fifty porters separate the local from the through matter; weighmen seize the latter and drop it on the scales; "thirty pounds, Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, collect," calls the weighman in a monotonous voice; the swift pen of the clerk in the adjoining booth fills in the facts on a slip, of which the original goes with the package to Chicago, and the carbon copy remains in Hoboken, to be sent to the auditor; off the scales the package is hurried to a truck, the truck is wheeled along the outside platform to the car whose sign marks Chicago as its destination. Meantime, in the big square office, strong-armed clerks ceaselessly drop smaller packages on smaller scales, and monotonously write the weight on each; they pass to the way-bill clerk, and on to a big wooden chest marked for their destination, where they are packed away to save them from the wear and tear of constant handling. At 9.45 the last stray packages are thrown hurriedly into the car, where the messenger and his short-barrelled gun guard the two heavy safes and the money shipments. In a minute more they begin their run to Chicago.

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Colonel R. M. Thompson

ROBERT MEANS THOMPSON, chairman of the board of the International Nickel Company, is of Scotch and Scotch-Irish descent. He was born March 2, 1849, at Corsica, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania.

His father, Judge John J. Y. Thompson, was for many years a lay judge of the Jefferson County Court, Pennsylvania. Robert Means Thompson was educated in the local schools of his native place, and at Elder's Ridge Academy, in Indiana County, Pennsylvania.

In 1864 he received an appointment as midshipman, and was ordered to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, for instruction, graduating with distinction in 1868, standing tenth in a class of eighty. He was at once detailed to duty in the navy, and saw his first duty in West-Indian waters. In 1869 he was commissioned an ensign, and in 1870 a master. In 1871 he served on the *Wachusett* in the Mediterranean, and in October of that year resigned his commission.

Returning home, he decided to enter the legal profession, and, after some study in a law office, was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar in 1872; and was graduated in 1874 with the degree of LL.B. from the Dana School of Harvard University.

Mr. Thompson began legal work in Boston. For a time he was assistant reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and practised his profession at the same time. He became interested in politics, and in 1876, 1877, and 1878 was a member of the Boston Common Council. His most important business work was done as the manager of the Orford Copper Company.

He is a resident of New Jersey, and held the position of colonel and aide-de-camp on the staff of the Governor. His summer home is in the village of Southampton, Long Island. He organized the Naval Academy Alumni Association of New York, and has been its president since its formation.

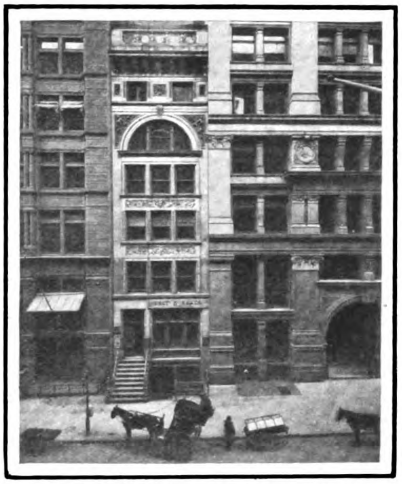
He has been the most potent member of the Navy Athletic Association from its foundation. The present series of football contests between the Naval and Military academies was brought about largely by his efforts, and the teams are now playing for the "Thompson Cup," a five-year trophy, presented to the two academies by Colonel Thompson and his brother-in-law, Major Theodore K. Gibbs.

The annual fencing and baseball contests between these two national schools are wholly due to his efforts. That his labors in this field are appreciated is shown by the fact that whenever he visits Annapolis, the battalion of cadets couple their corps cheer with his name.

He married Miss Sarah Gibbs, a daughter of William Channing Gibbs, of Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have one child, a daughter, Sarah Gibbs Thompson.



McCREADY BUILDING
141-147 Fifth Ave.
New York

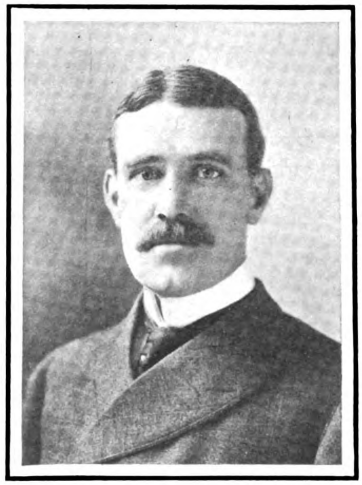


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General Eugene Griffin

EUGENE GRIFFIN, soldier, engineer and electrician, was born at Ellsworth, Maine, October 13, 1855. He is descended from an old Welsh family. Mr. Griffin entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1871, graduating in 1875. He was made second lieutenant of the Corps of Engineers in 1875, serving with the Engineer Battalion at Willetts Point, New York, until 1878. He was assistant engineer on the Geographical Survey west of the one-hundredth meridian, and then he was appointed on General Hancock's staff at Governors Island. He was quartermaster of the Engineers at Willetts Point, and became a first lieutenant in 1879. After serving on General Hancock's staff from 1880 to 1883, he was made assistant professor of Civil and Military Engineering at West Point, and in 1886 was promoted captain of the Corps of Engineers and senior aide to General Hancock. He was also chief engineer of the Division of the Atlantic and the Department of the East, and was subsequently assistant engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia. Captain Griffin resigned in 1889, and took up the business of electrical engineering as general manager of the Thomson-Houston Electric Company of Boston, becoming second vice-president in 1891. He is now first vice-president of that corporation; first vice-president of the General Electric Company; president of the Thomson-Houston International Electric Company; director of the British Thomson-Houston Company, and director of the Cie. Francais pour l'Exploitation des Procedes Thomson-Houston, Paris, France, 1893. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he organized a brigade of engineer troops. He was appointed Colonel of the First Volunteer Engineer Regiment, and he served in Porto Rico in 1898. The regiment was mustered out in 1899, and he returned to business as a Brigade-General of Volunteers.



Henry R. Wilson

The Lincoln Trust Company

IT is apparent that the so-called up-town district is becoming a recognized factor in the financial world of the metropolis, if one is to judge by the establishment of banking institutions on upper Broadway. A recent notable addition is the Lincoln Trust Company, with a banking-house, at 208 Fifth Avenue. It is a beautiful building, with entrances on Fifth Avenue and Broadway, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that ten years ago hardly any of the men identified with the company would have risked their money in the enterprise. The active management of this institution is confided to Henry R. Wilson, the president, who is well known in the financial world. Mr. Wilson, although a young man, the youngest trust company president in the city, has a large experience in corporation and financial undertakings. Mr. Wilson's executive is a guarantee that the corporation will be conducted in a safe and conservative manner, and it is already considered among the important financial institutions up town.

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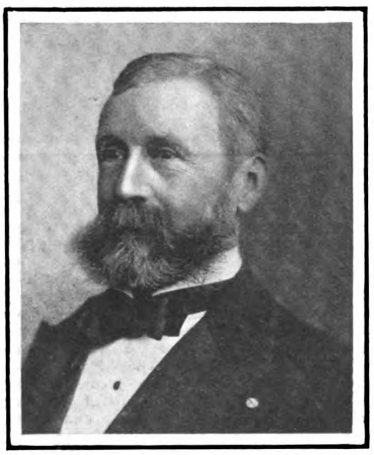
RESIDENCE OF DR. J. J. LAWRENCE, OF ST. LOUIS

Northeast Corner of Fifth Avenue and 89th St., New York City

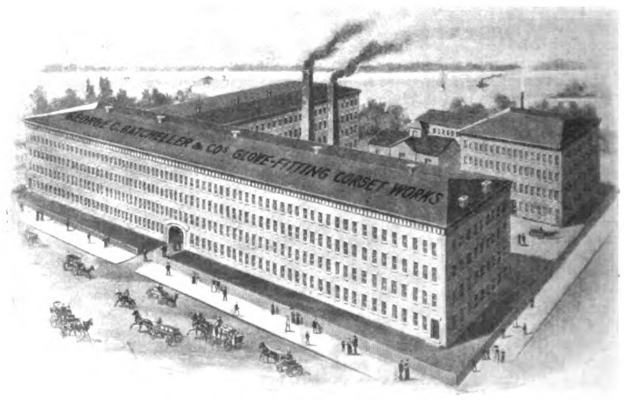
One of the handsomest residences in New York

George Clinton Batcheller

THE head of the great importing and manufacturing firm of G. C. Batchellor & Co. is now classed among the leading merchants of New York city. The first factory was established in 1865, in France, but the French government took possession of it during the Franco-Prussian war, and it was removed to London. Mr. Batcheller was then a junior member of the firm, which was styled Thomson, Langdon, & Co. Later the business was brought to America, and the house was known as Langdon, Batcheller, & Co. In 1878 Mr. Thomson retired, and in 1892, when Mr. Langdon retired, the sole owner of the business became George Clinton Batcheller, and the firm styled G. C. Batcheller & Co. The factories are at Bridgeport, Connecticut, Newark, New Jersey, and in London. The house now employs 1000 hands in the different factories, and can turn out 6000 corsets daily. The chief brands are "Thomson's Glove-Fitting Corset," the "Bias-Gored Militant," "Habit Hip," and "Grand Duchess." The chief headquarters in this country are New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, with smaller branches in Boston and Philadelphia. A large army of travelling salesmen are offering the firm's goods in every State in the Union, and business is done through the London office with every foreign country in the world. All business is done direct, and the firm has no agents. Mr. Batcheller is the guiding star of this great business. He was born at Grafton, Massachusetts, and was educated at the Grafton Grammar School and the Barrie Academy, Vermont. He began his business life when a very young man, and he has steadily advanced himself by industry and integrity until he is to-day at the head of one of the most reliable commercial houses on the two hemispheres. Mr. Batcheller is interested in many other large corporations. He is president of the Crown Perfumery Company of London, Paris, and New York; president of the Connecticut Steel and Clasp Company, of Bridgeport, and he has only recently made a visit to England and the Continent in the interest of the Automatic Needle Loom Company of the United States, which is a company formed for the purpose of weaving silk fabrics without shuttles or bobbins. The inventions which this company control will practically revolutionize the manufacture of silk fabrics, such as dress goods, ribbons, etc. He is a member of the Merchants' Association of the City of New York; he resides at No. 237 West Seventy-second Street, and he belongs to a number of clubs and social organizations.



George Clinton Batcheller



George C. Batcheller & Co.'s Factories

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Business Education

(Continued from page 1705.)

wants to know is business; and that, if he is born to it, he will learn in some fashion or other, school or no school. But he will learn it to immensely greater and worthier advantage, an advantage that will be to his self-interest, and will at the same time exalt him as a man and a citizen, if his youthful studies shall have familiarized him with the broad principles and the rules of business, and with the customs and maxims of the business world. Theoretical and practical economics, in their commercial and financial aspects; organization and conduct of enterprises, and methods of procedure in given cases; accountancy and the establishment and oversight of great systems of accounts; transportation; commercial history; commercial geography; commercial ethics;—these and many related subjects, and their innumerable details, unknown to the old classical or professional or technological training, are to be digested into a body of learning, and are to form the curriculum of the new education.

In facing the problem of the higher business education our American universities will be confronted, as European institutions of learning have been confronted, with a thousand and one questions of theory and practice, and about as many objections. These questions will find their solution, and objections will disappear, as our leading educators and men of affairs shall come together in friendly consultation upon the common ground of a disposition to advance the public good.

The Old New York Bank

THERE was a trifling fire not long ago in the time-honored building of the Bank of New York, which was a sky-scraper when reared to the height of two stories in 1857. The Bank of New York has stood at this same corner of Wall and William streets since 1796. The United States began borrowing money from it in 1794, when this, the first bank on Manhattan Island, had been doing business just ten years. A fire no more serious in August, 1784, would have threatened the second financial institution in the United States, the first bank of the city of New York. Banks are the very foundation-stones of the great city, as we know it; so, nothing, after all, is trifling which has to do with the corner-stone of New York's financial supremacy. This the Bank of New York can justly claim to be. It was organized June 9, 1784, in the Walton House, in Queen Street—then called St. George's—as it is now Franklin Square. Beautiful gardens stretched from the Walton House down to the East River, in whose splendid stream richly laden ships from Amsterdam, L'Orient, London, Philadelphia, and Lisbon lay at anchor. Custom-house entries formed the bulk of business, and the directors of the bank—Roosevelt, Low, Maxwell, Randall, Waddington, Constable, Franklin, Sands, Verplanck, Edgar, Bowne, and Murray—discounted the paper of the merchant princes of that day, so that they might pay their customs dues. Even then there had been a custom-house for sixty years. Its officials were distinguished, by-the-way, for a fine courtesy, which made the transactions of the tariff a pleasure as well as a duty. There is not a coin, not a note in circulation to-day in Wall Street which circulated there when the bank opened for business. The cashier had to value each coin and each denomination of the paper money of the new States and the foreign countries with which we did business. But integrity was the guiding principle then as now. The bank had the confidence of the government, to which it extended powerful financial assistance through a long series of years. "Heaven take care of good men and good views," wrote Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, to his friend the cashier of the bank. Heaven does still.

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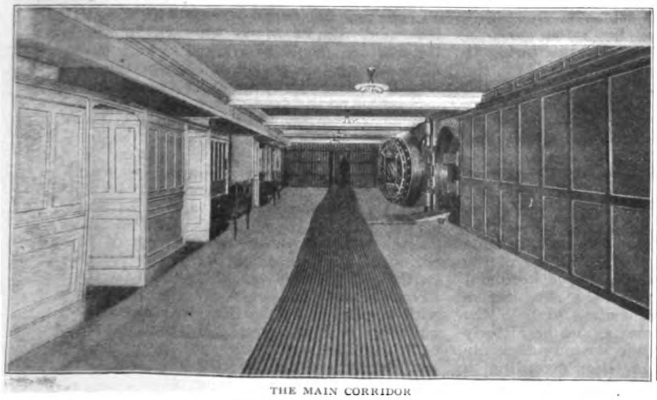
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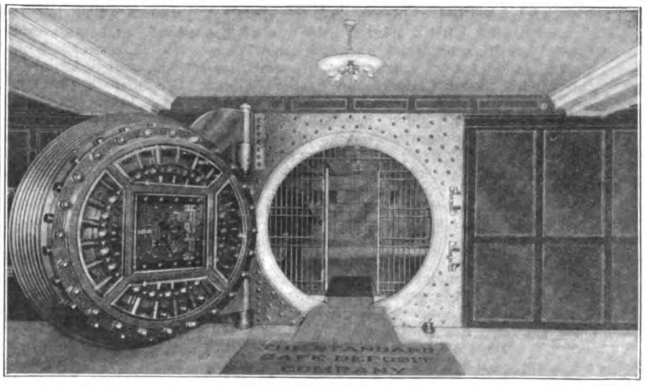
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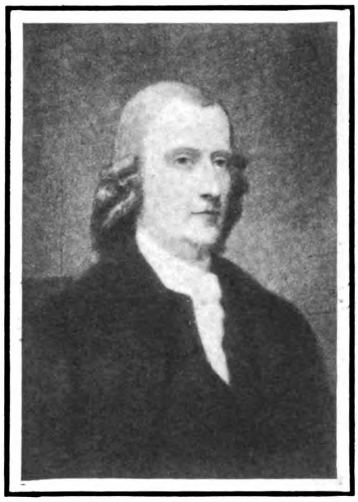
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The Chamber of Commerce of New York

IT was on the first Tuesday, being the fifth day of April, 1768, that twenty representative merchants of New York met at Bolton & Sigell's Tavern, occupying the building still standing on the southeast corner of Broad and Pearl streets, to organize the New York Chamber of Commerce. During the first year of its existence the meetings of the Chamber were held in the place of its organization, which was afterwards known as Fraunce's Tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers on December 4, 1783. By permission of the Mayor and Corporation the Chamber began, in 1769, to hold its meetings in a room over the Merchants' Exchange—a building constructed on arches across the foot of Broad Street, on a line with Water Street. Ten years later, when New York was in possession of the British troops, the Chamber resumed its monthly meetings, which had been interrupted for four years, in the Merchants' Coffee House, on the southeast corner of Wall and Water streets. After the Revolution, the Chamber, duly incorporated by special act of the Legislature under the title of "The Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York," continued to meet at the Merchants' Coffee House, and there it remained until 1817, when another move was made to the Tontine Coffee House, on the northeast corner of Wall and Water streets. In 1827 there was another change of the place of meeting to the newly constructed Merchants' Exchange, which occupied the site of the present Custom House. After the destruction of that building by fire in 1835 the Chamber found accommodation for its meetings during twenty-three years in the directors' room of the Merchants' Bank, 42 Wall Street, and it was only in 1858 that it again secured rooms of its own at 63 William Street. Thence, in 1884, it moved to the quarters which it has since occupied in the Mutual Life Insurance Building, 32 Nassau Street. The completion, after 134 years of nomadic existence, of the fine building at 65 Liberty Street, as a permanent home for the Chamber, is an event which has this week been celebrated in a manner worthy of its importance.

The comparatively narrow range within which the migrations of the Chamber have taken place is an evidence of the historic continuity of the business centre of New York. The very wide range which the activities of the Chamber have described is significant of the profound influence exerted on the history of the country by the merchants of the great emporium of its foreign trade. Founded in the eighth year of the reign of King George the Third, while New York was still a British colony, the history of the Chamber covers the long period between the first manifestation of the spirit of American independence and the development of the United States into one of the greatest of commercial and industrial powers. It was two years after its organization that John Cruger, the first president of the Chamber, presented on its behalf to Cadwallader Colden, the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Province of New York, a petition praying that the society might be incorporated as a body politic. He declared himself and his associates to be "sensible that numerous inestimable benefits have accrued to mankind from commerce; that they are in proportion to their greater or lesser application to it more or less opulent and potent in all countries; and that the enlargement of trade will vastly increase the value of real estates, as well as the general opulence of our said colony." About the last thing that could have occurred to his Majesty George III., when he expressed his willingness to further, in the matter of this charter, "the laudable designs of our said loving subjects," was that officers and members of the institution then and thus founded should be welcomed by his great-grandson as representatives of the trade and finance of a vast and powerful republic, known as the United States of America.

The founders of the Chamber were, to a man, loyal British subjects, and at least half of them, believing in the possibility of settling the dispute with the mother-country without recourse to arms, refused to participate in the Revolution. But among these same loyalists of the Chamber were found the boldest and most aggressive assailants of the colonial policy of Great Britain. It was in 1764 that George Grenville, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, asserted for the first time the right of Parliament to tax the colonies. The act for the imposition of imperial stamp duties in America was passed, in spite of the unanimous protest of the colonies, in 1765. Three weeks before the date on which the Stamp Act was to take effect—November 1, 1765—there assembled in New York the First Congress of the American Colonies. Though the immediate call for this convention came from the



John Cruger
First President of the Chamber of Commerce

Legislature of Massachusetts, the proposal to hold a congress originated with a Committee of Correspondence of the New York Assembly, composed of John Cruger and Robert L. Livingston. It was John Cruger who was the author of the luminous "Declaration of the Rights and Grievances of the Colonies," issued by the Congress of 1765, and it was he who, as Mayor of New York, demanded and received from Lieutenant-Governor Colden the surrender of the obnoxious stamps which had been sent over from England, and were lodged for safekeeping in the Governor's house within the fort. It was when Cruger was President of the Chamber of Commerce and Speaker of the New York Assembly, in 1769, that he was directed by the latter body to signify their thanks "to the merchants of this city and colony for their patriotic conduct in declining the importation of goods from Great Britain at this juncture,—and until the acts of Parliament, which the Assembly had declared unconstitutional and subversive of the rights and liberties of the people of this colony should be repealed." Another of the founders of the Chamber and its last colonial president, Isaac Low, was the most active and resolute of the promoters of both the non-importation agreements, and he bitterly resented the failure of the Boston merchants to observe the second of them, according to agreement. Yet both of these men, and in this a majority of the early members of the Chamber were with them, believed that the wrongs of the Colonies could be redressed without separation.

Historically speaking, the first period of the existence of the Chamber covers the seven years from its origin to 1775. In the last year of that period little or no business was done, but the first six years were marked by well-sustained activity. The subjects treated of ranged from the vexed question of the rates at which the paper currency of Pennsylvania and New Jersey should be accepted, to methods for the improvement of the quality of New York flour; from questions of charges on protested bills of exchange to the award of premiums for the encouragement of a better supply of fish in the New York markets. The Chamber had an arbitration committee appointed from month to month, for the hearing and adjustment of commercial disputes, which seems to have worked to general satisfaction. The social element was not lacking at its meetings, for, from the beginning till well into the present century, the treasurer was obliged to provide bread and cheese, beer, punch, pipes and tobacco, the expense of which was paid by the members present, "but not to exceed one shilling apiece." In order to obtain a full attendance, the rule was that members not attending the monthly meetings were fined two shillings each.

The second period of the existence of the Chamber is covered by its sessions from 1779 to 1783, during the British occupation of the city. Isaac Low had been elected president at the last annual meeting of the undivided Chamber, in May, 1775, and in June, 1779, "at the request of many members," he summoned a meeting at which, in addition to the president, vice-president, and secretary, twenty members appeared. The meeting addressed a letter, signed by all present, to Lieutenant-Governor Daniel Jones, Esq., which begins in this way: "We beg leave to inform your Excellency that the subscribers are members of a society known by the style and title of the Chamber of Commerce, which before the present unnatural rebellion assembled under certain regulations," etc. The Lieutenant-Governor approved very highly of the reassembling of the Chamber, and at a special meeting, held July 12, the Superintendent of the City asked the co-operation of the Chamber in some efficient scheme for cleansing the city and keeping it clean. The Chamber was also asked to express its opinion as to the expediency of regulating the price of butchers' meat, and the markets generally. The Chamber replied that though the business of street-cleaning did not come within its proper sphere, as not appertaining to trade, the task was, nevertheless, cheerfully accepted. No new plan was recommended for cleaning the streets, but simply the due execution of that formerly in practice, under which, they say, "the city was once as remarkable for its cleanliness as it is now for the contrary." As to regulating the price of butchers' meat, the Chamber replied that experience justified the apprehension that the remedy might prove worse than the disease, and it contented itself with suggesting some rules as to the time within which the markets should be allowed to keep open. Even during this period of accentuated loyalty the independent spirit of the Chamber was by no means dead. Occasion was found to memorialize Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-chief, regarding the burdens illegally laid on the imports of New York, and a spirited remonstrance was addressed to Admiral Arbuthnot against the lack of protection afforded to the commerce of the port by his Majesty's ships of war. On the whole, however, during most of the period of the occupation of the city by the British, from 1776 to 1783, the Chamber seems to have co-operated very zealously with the British authorities, both naval and military, and they, on their part, appear to have relied very much upon the influence and exertions of the Chamber to render their rule of the city easy and acceptable.

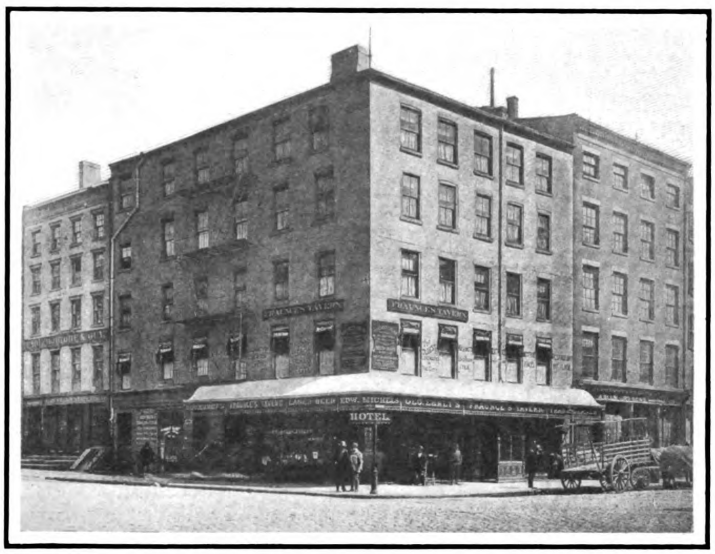
With the return to the city of the members who had left it when the British came in, there arose a natural desire to resume the meetings of the Chamber. But first it was deemed necessary to petition the Legislature for a confirmation of the charter of the corporation, lest it might be held to have been forfeited by reason of the assumption of its powers by the members who

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had acted under the patronage of the British commanders. The first president of the Chamber under its duly confirmed charter and enlarged title was John Alsop. The choice was no less a tribute to the high character and standing of Mr. Alsop than it was an evidence of the large-minded toleration which had survived, among the merchants of New York, the passions engendered by the war. For while Mr. Alsop had been among the foremost in the struggle for colonial rights, he had also been the steadfast advocate of a policy of moderation, and, in a letter to the Provincial Convention, of New York, in 1776, he had emphatically expressed his disapproval of the course of the Continental Congress in closing the door against reconciliation with Great Britain. The first regular meeting of the reorganized Chamber, now known as "The Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York," was on May 4, 1784, and with it began a period of somewhat fitful activity, terminating in 1806 with a long interruption of the meetings of the Chamber. The discouraging condition in which the war had left the commerce and currency of the country was felt nowhere more acutely than in New York. The usual quack remedies were proposed to relieve the existing distress, and the State Legislature, at its session in 1786, had under discussion a scheme for issuing paper money and making it a legal tender. The Chamber promptly stamped this project as indefensible on any principle of morality or public utility, and it added, among other equally vigorous remarks, that "it would be by law to undermine all the principles of private credit, private faith, and private honesty." The Legislature liked this language so little that it refused to print the memorial.

The commercial relations of the new republic with Great Britain became a burning question while the Constitution was still in process of being framed. In May, 1785, there came an appeal from Boston bearing on the necessity of a commercial treaty between the two countries, and calling upon the Chamber for an immediate application to the State to vest Congress with such power as shall be competent to the great and interesting purpose of placing the commerce of the United States upon a footing of perfect equality with every other nation. On the occasion of the appointment of John Jay as minister to England, in 1794, the Chamber adopted resolutions, of which the following was one: "Resolved, That if, nevertheless, this Embassy should fail to preserve to us the blessings of Peace, yet we persuade ourselves it cannot fail to convince all nations of our justice and moderation to unite our own sentiments and efforts, and render an appeal to arms more honorable to us and formidable to our enemies." The differences between the United States and the French Republic engaged the attention of the Chamber in 1798, and resolutions were adopted, "estimating our rights as an independent nation far above any considerations of inconvenience, which may attend the means of maintaining and preserving them."

In the opening years of the nineteenth century interest in the work of the Chamber seems to have become more and more languid, or divisions of opinion in regard to the commercial policy of the country, as manifested in the non-importation and embargo acts, became so acute that for months in succession it was found impossible to procure a quorum. In 1806 the meetings ceased altogether, and was not resumed till 1817. There were hard times in New York during the years preceding the war of 1812, and while that commercially disastrous struggle was in progress, and it took several years for the port to recover its lost ground. It was on the summons of Cornelius Ray, the president elected in 1806, issued at the request of several members, that the Chamber was again organized on March 4, 1817. From this time the Chamber entered on a career of sustained and beneficent activity which has continued in steadily increasing breadth and vigor to the present day. From the date of its reorganization to the outbreak of the civil war the Chamber had but little to say in regard to the great questions which divided the nation. It did, however, memoralize Congress in 1819 against the repeal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, albeit there was no apprehension of loss to the citizens of New York from a reduced value of the stock, since very little of it was held by them; nor was it moved thereto by private opinion, "for they (the members) have had no control over, neither do they approve the general administration of the affairs of that institution." In 1820, delegates were appointed, at the suggestion of the Chamber of Commerce of Philadelphia, to meet in that city, with delegates from all the commercial cities, to take measures to defeat the proposed tariff bill. William Bayard, president of the New York Chamber, was chosen president of the convention, which adopted resolutions setting forth that revenue was the legitimate purpose of legislation, and that the abolition of drawbacks and the imposition of cash duties should be resisted as alike injurious to commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. Further, in 1822, the Chamber discussed and adopted resolutions, which were ordered to be sent to Congress, against the repeal of the laws prohibiting trade in British vessels from the colonies, while the colonial system of Great Britain was maintained against our navigation. Still later, in 1829, a memorial was presented by the Chamber to Congress, dwelling upon "the calamitous results of the tariff of 1828," and asking for a reduction of duties. But these were questions whose relation to commerce was more vital than their bearing on politics, and though the Chamber was never without a strong protectionist element in its make-up, its general bent has always been on the side of facilitating commercial exchanges and promoting foreign trade. Its efforts to bring about a reciprocity arrangement with Canada began in 1852, and have continued to the present time, accompanied by a consistent support of most, if not all, of the reciprocity treaties proposed or negotiated with other countries.



Fraunce's Tavern, where the Chamber of Commerce was organized on April 5, 1768

As early as 1786 the Chamber passed favorably upon the proposal of one Christopher Collis to connect the Hudson by artificial navigation with the Lakes, and when De Witt Clinton's great enterprise took shape, its success was largely due to the zeal and earnestness with which William Bayard, who became president of the Chamber in 1820, entered into its promotion. All through its history the Erie Canal has filled a large space in the deliberations of the Chamber, and all the weight of the influence of that body has been thrown on the side of the successive schemes for canal improvement. The deepening of the approaches of New York Harbor, the regulation of pilotage, the bankrupt law, the usury laws, the protection of sailors, quarantine fees, State and municipal taxation, and the establishment of a Court of Commerce, were among the subjects which constantly appear in the proceedings of the Chamber between 1817 and 1861. In April, 1854, the Chamber took a position in regard to warfare on private property on the sea, and privateering, which the necessities of eight years later moved it to modify. At the meeting of August, 1858, the Chamber recorded its sense of the world-wide importance of the successful laying of the first Atlantic cable, declaring "that in this successful enterprise commerce has given to the man of science the practical solution of his problem, as it will aid Christianity's best development, by making peace and concord the common interest of all nations."

The life of the cable ended almost as soon as it began, and the hopes of peace and concord which it evoked were destined to be soon blasted. In the period of stress and strife on which the nation was about to enter the Chamber bore its part nobly. A week after the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter a special meeting of the Chamber was held in the rooms at 63 William Street, which were crowded as they had never been before. The venerable Pelatiah Perit, who had been president of the Chamber since 1853, occupied the chair, and made a brief address, referring to the extraordinary emergency which had brought the members together, and ending with the significant remark, "There can be no neutrality now—we are either for the country or for its enemies." Mr. George Opdyke presented a series of resolutions, which were adopted with acclamation, declaring, among other things: "That this Chamber, forgetful of past differences of political opinion among its members, will, with unanimity and patriotic ardor, support the Government in this great crisis; and it hereby pledges its best efforts to sustain its credit and facilitate its financial operations." Mr. James Gallatin followed with a resolution naming a special committee, "to procure subscriptions for the balance of the stock of the United States authorized to be issued under the act of February 8 last, amounting to about $8,000,000, and communicate with the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject." That the members of this committee had their heart in the work was shown by the fact that before adjournment the entire $8,000,000 of stock was subscribed, and the Treasury Department duly notified. Mr. William E. Dodge then offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to collect funds to be used in aid of the enlisted volunteers

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and their families. The subscription lists to this fund were opened while the business of the Chamber was in progress, and over $40,000 was subscribed. The subscription thus opened was continued until it reached the sum of about $170,000, and became merged in the more enlarged organization known as the Union Defence Committee.

This memorable meeting of April 19, 1861, was the first outward manifestation of the great uprising of the Northern people in support of the national cause. The Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, to whom the resolutions of the Chamber had been sent, lost no time in submitting them to the President, and transmitted the following as Mr. Lincoln's reply: "He directs me to assure the Chamber of Commerce that he has read the resolutions with the highest appreciation of the loyalty, patriotism, and liberality of that body; and to the end that they may find a just place in the history of this, the most important crisis, save one, that our country has been called to meet, I have deposited the resolutions in the archives of the government."

All through the long and trying struggle the Chamber lost no opportunity to declare its undeviating support of the national cause. In September, in view of the unexpected magnitude of the contest, the Chamber deemed it a duty to renew its pledge to the government of earnest sympathy and support. In the dark days of 1862, at the meeting of July, its sentiments were reaffirmed in regard to the duty of loyal citizens of the United States to sustain the government in its efforts to suppress "a wicked and injurious rebellion." In February, 1863, the Chamber was moved to declare "that the spirit of party, which stifles love of country, is too manifest at the present time, and through the divisions it creates and the animosities it awakens, is to be feared and deprecated as the ally of rebellion, and it should be rebuked, discouraged, and banished from our midst."

The depredations of the Confederate privateers formed the subject of a long series of indignant protests against the inaction of the British government and of appeals to the mercantile sentiment of Great Britain to pronounce against "this war on American commerce, carried on by ships built and manned in Great Britain." For the services of the friends of the cause of the Union in England, the Chamber had the liveliest appreciation. At the meeting of March, 1862, there was recorded, amid enthusiastic applause, "its grateful sense of the intelligent, eloquent, just, and fearless manner in which Mr. John Bright, of Birmingham, has advocated before the people of England and in the British Parliament the principles of constitutional liberty and international justice for which the American people are contending." The death of Richard Cobden, in 1865, elicited from the Chamber resolutions of respect for his memory in which occurs the statement "that in him the American republic loses one of its ablest and truest friends, ever ready to defend it against the calumnious assaults of the class who hoped to see it overthrown by civil war."

In reply to the resolution of the Chamber, Mr. Bright had made it plain that he believed the class thus referred to be a minority, since he accepted the tribute of the Chamber "as a manifestation of friendly feeling to the great majority of my countrymen, whose true sentiments I believe I have not mistaken or misrepresented, when I have spoken on the side of your government and people."

This belief was evidently shared by the members of the Chamber, or, if it was not so, the action of appointing a committee to co-operate with citizens towards the relief of the suffering Lancashire operatives were the more magnanimous. The work of this International Relief Committee was certainly a notable evidence of disinterested humanity in the presence of conditions well calculated to blunt all charitable impulses. To quote the words of Mr. George Wilson, the present secretary of the Chamber: "The result of this subscription entered into by the merchants and others of New York afforded a noble instance of disinterested public spirit and generosity of feeling, in favor of a portion of the inhabitants of a distant country. The sum, $125,000, invested in provisions and other necessaries for the unemployed cotton-spinners of Lancashire, forwarded free of all charges for freight or transportation, by the American ship *George Griswold*—a name worthy of so good a deed—testified to the world that commercial munificence was not to be restrained by any questions which affected international differences."

In the period which divides us from the close of the war the varied activities of the Chamber have been a reflex of the commercial necessities of New York, of the attitude of its leading merchants toward questions of local and national importance, and of the rapid expansion of the trade and industry of the United States. The conservation and improvement of the harbor, the development of the dock system, the incidence of State and local taxation, the enactment of a national bankrupt law, the promotion of the policy of reciprocity, the restoration of our merchant marine, the enlargement of the Erie Canal, the abolition of the railroad differentials against New York, the reform of the city government, the provision of a rapid-transit system, the protection of American interests abroad, the reform of the consular system, and the promotion of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, are among the subjects which have most frequently engaged the attention of the Chamber during the generation which fitly closes with its entrance into its new and stately home.

The record would not be complete without a reference to the charitable side of the work of the Chamber. As early as July 17, 1783, a committee was appointed to procure subscriptions in aid of the fugitives from San Domingo, who, flying from that island in consequence of the disasters and horrors of the servile war, had arrived and were arriving in the United States; and reference has been made to the share borne by the Chamber in raising the Lancashire relief fund eighty years later. All through its history the Chamber has never failed to make a response, as prompt as it was liberal, to the cry of human distress. As Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, formerly president of the Chamber, once said: "No matter what may be the nationality of a community in distress, or what its creed, or what its past traditions, this body has always stood ready to help, on the common ground that we are human. In matters of commerce and industry this association is bound by its traditions to promote good laws, to amend imperfect ones, and to defeat bad ones. In matters of relief we are equally bound by our consciences, which, I am glad to say, have done much for the fair name of this organization, to do all that we are able for our fellow-men. For the purpose of relieving sufferers by famine, fire, and flood $2,500,000 has passed through the hands of our treasurer within the last half-century." Galveston, Jacksonville, and the West Indies have come in since that time to swell the total which, reckoning over the last eighty-five years, cannot be far short of three millions of dollars.

I dream of a society in which women would be the mistresses in their own household, and would figure in public affairs only through the intermediary of their fathers and their husbands. I should like to sacrifice myself for woman, but not to obey her. I repel her domination, but I crave her influence.—*Jules Simon.*

An intellectual man can see himself as a third person; therefore his faults and delusions interest him equally with his successes. Though he wishes to prosper in affairs, he wishes more to know the history and destiny of man; whilst the clouds of egotists drifting about him are only interested in a low success.—*Emerson.*

Every spirit builds itself a house; and beyond its house, a world; and beyond its world, a heaven.—*Emerson.*



Lewis Nixon

MR. NIXON was born at Leesburg, Virginia, in 1861. After receiving a common school and academic education he was appointed a cadet midshipman at the United States Naval Academy by General Eppa Hunton, member of Congress, and graduating first in his class at the end of the course. He was then sent to the Royal Naval College of Greenwich, England, the highest technical school in the world, to take a post-graduate course in shipbuilding, engineering, and ordnance. After having been given unusual opportunities to study the best shipbuilding and ordnance plants of Europe, he was transferred to the construction corps of the navy in 1884, with the rank of lieutenant. In 1885, after completing the three years' course at Greenwich, he was ordered home and to duty at Roach's shipyard, Chester, Pennsylvania. This put him in touch with the beginning of our work on the new navy. After serving on numerous technical boards and commissions, he was ordered by Secretary Whitney as inspector of the *Baltimore*, *Yorktown*, and *Vesurius* at Cramp's shipyard. Later he served at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and in June, 1890, was ordered to the Navy Department by Secretary Tracy, and entrusted with the design of the battle-ships *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*, accomplishing this great work in ninety days. In November, 1890, he resigned from the navy, and accepted the position of superintending constructor with the great Cramp Shipbuilding Company, of Philadelphia, where he remained while they built the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Brooklyn* for the United States navy, the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* for the American Line, and numerous other vessels. In 1894 he resigned this position, and went to New York, acquiring the Crescent shipyard at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Here he built one hundred vessels. In 1902 he organized the United States Shipbuilding Company, acquiring the Union Iron Works, Bethlehem Steel Company, Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, Bath Iron Works, Hyde Windlass Company, Samuel S. Moore & Sons Company, and Crescent Shipyard Company. He is president of this company. He is also president of the United States Long-Distance Automobile Company, and a director in the International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Company. He was elected leader of Tammany Hall in the fall of 1901, resigning that position in about [illegible] months. Under Mayor Van Wyck he was president of the New East River Bridge Commission, and by appointment of Governor Odell is the Democratic member of the St. Louis Exposition Commission from New York. He is a member of the executive committee of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

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Jc. A. Hobson

MR. JOHN A. HOBSON, the English sociologist, who is now making a six months' lecturing tour in this country, and is due to arrive in New York on November 21 to lecture at the Cooper Institute, the League for Political Education, and elsewhere, was described in a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* as "the most subtle, clear-sighted, and penetrating of living economists, either here (England) or abroad."

He belongs to the Carlyle-Ruskin school of political economy, which has done much

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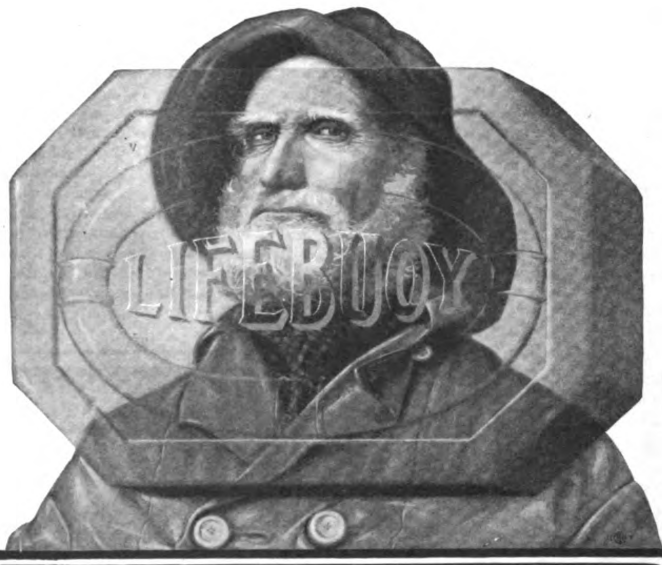
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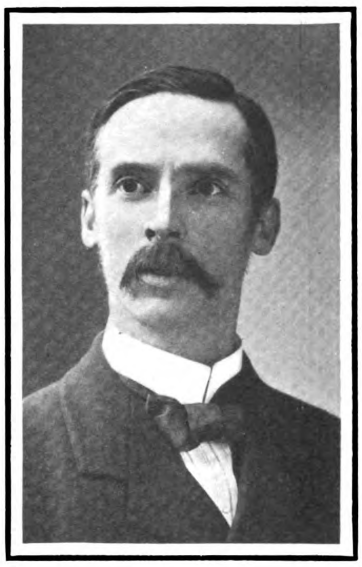
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to reanimate the dry bones of what used to be called, rightly enough, the "dismal science," and has infused into it the poetry and vivid interest that belong to human life as a whole; for it denies the broad title of political economy to the narrow branch of the science hitherto prevailing which has concerned itself solely with that mythical creature, "the economic man,"—with man as a buying-and-selling machine merely. Mercantile economy, these writers insist, is a more appropriate title for that department; but the broader science must take into account all the possible motives and influences that govern man's life and



John A. Hobson

work, as these are many and various, and as there are other kinds of wealth he craves besides material wealth. A recent book of Mr. Hobson's, *The Social Problem*, is perhaps the one that best explains the distinctions between the new political economy and the old.

Mr. Hobson's disciples maintain that he has materially advanced the science by expounding what has been called after him, "Hobson's Law"—*i. e.*, the law of the dependence of the production of wealth upon its consumption, instead of the other way round, as the earlier economists had it.

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This law explains, among other things, why (to quote the writer in the *Fortnightly*) "the more labor got, as in America, the more all other classes got as well; the less it got, as in Turkish Pashadom, the less, instead of more, did the other classes receive"; this, in contradiction to the opinion of the older school who believed that the less labor got, the more there was left for the other classes.

Mr. Hobson, being so unorthodox and advanced in his theories, is still looked upon with distrust and suspicion by the academic economists of Britain, although, also, his experience has been that of other prophets, with little honor in their own country; that the ideas he stands for have met with acceptance and furtherance among economists in America and on the continent of Europe, and he has more than once been cordially invited to settle in this country. Mr. Hobson, however, who is an Oxford University man, finds a fair enough field at home for promulgating his doctrines as a university extension lecturer, as a constant contributor to the leading reviews, and as the author of numerous books. On his present tour he has been invited to lecture at most of the universities, from Harvard and Yale, to Lincoln, Nebraska.

He was sent to South Africa by the Manchester *Guardian*, just before the war broke out, to investigate the causes of the discontent there, and as he has ever since been ardently "pro-Boer," his unpopular views have brought him into disfavor with not a few of his own countrymen. Mr. Hobson, always independent and uncompromising, has given reasons for the faith that is in him in his books, *The War in South Africa* and *The Psychology of Jingoism;* also in his just published *Imperialism: A Study.*

Among his other works are *The Physiology of Industry* (written in conjunction with A. F. Mummery, a keen business man, also noted as an Alpine climber); *Problems of Poverty; The Evolution of Modern Capitalism; The Problem of the Unemployed; John Ruskin, Social Reformer,* and *The Economics of Distribution.*

Mr. Hobson is tall, spare, and of delicate health, one of those ardent spirits enthusiastic for work even beyond his strength, as if the sword were wearing out the scabbard. Like many other intelligent Englishmen, he has married an American woman, a Miss Florence Edgar, of New York, and lives "the simpler life" in his pleasant country home, near enough to London to command the society of a clever and interesting circle of friends.

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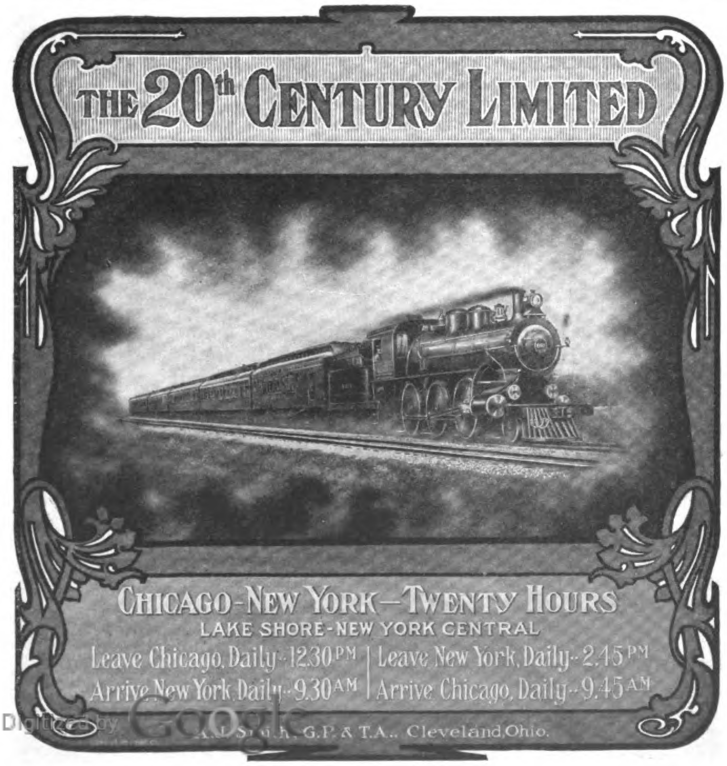
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Collections

AND so another collector has presented his precious gathering of "valuable stones" to a museum. Quite right!—that is the proper place for them—and I dare say he is enchanted to be rid of them too.

We are all collectors at one time or another in our lives. Don't you remember your own stamp-album, and the cases full of butterflies (which were always getting in the way)? Or did your tastes bend towards birds' eggs and coins? It is of no particular consequence, however; one day you grew sick of them all. You hated the sight of a bird's egg, and were ready to smash the cases of carefully assorted moths. Of course you resisted the temptation to destroy, and nobly presented the collection to Tommy Jones, patting yourself on the back for your own generosity. Or perhaps you were worldly-minded enough, even in those early days, to make a swap with him, receiving in exchange for your stamps (which you loathed) Tommy's coveted tin soldiers, or something equally necessary, just then, to your own perfect happiness.

The plain truth is that collections are *bores*. It makes very little difference what is collected (and what will people *not* collect!), sooner or later the owner finds his treasures an obsession. They overfill his house, and, if they are of commercial value, keep him worried lest they be damaged by careless servants or any other enemy to "objects of bigotry and virtue." Then, too, come heart-burnings and jealousies. Have you a genuine Raphael? Well, Tommy Jones buys one a little more genuine, and pays a longer price for it; whereupon you run Tommy's picture down, and waste time and breath in trying to convince your common friends (who don't care a rap for Raphaels, their hobbies being china, bronze, or door-knobs) that *your* picture is *really* better than Jones's.

I remember being shown, some years ago, a most beautiful pair of ormolu andirons, so beautiful in form and workmanship that I was fain to get down on my knees and examine them. At first their owner seemed pleased with my enthusiastic admiration; but only for a moment. His face darkened, all the pleasure fading out of it, as he remarked, bitterly, "Oh yes, these are all very well; but you ought to see a pair that Rothschild has!"

The Japanese, who are an older, and therefore, in some ways, a wiser people than we, carefully conceal their collections from even themselves. One piece at a time is brought out into the light. The exquisite vase, or painting, or whatever it may be, is placed exactly where its beauties may be seen to best advantage, and there it is left until the eyes have become dull to its perfections; then it is removed, and something else is brought from the godown to take its place. Thus there is never any confusion or distraction—the certain results of a mass of objects, no matter how beautiful, being shown all jumbled together. "Toujours perdrix," partridge every day and all day long, pall upon the palate. Mere human eyes cannot see things in great quantities with any appreciation of their worth. Witness the weariness which ensues from wandering through the endless galleries of sculpture and paintings in foreign lands. Nine persons out of ten turn away from the Louvre or the Pitti with relief, while registering a mental vow "never to do it again." If anything could cure a miser, obliging him to live in a room full of coined gold would do it.

Now just think of the horror with which a private collector finds himself obliged to explain, over and over again, to his visitors this or that morsel of porcelain, telling the same old fables (not to use a stronger term) about its production, history, and acquisition. Think of the sickening suspicion

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which arises in his soul when some "expert" who, by chance, really knows about armor or jade or whatever it may be, casts the faintest doubt on the age or authenticity of a cherished object! Of course he is swindled lots of times, and at last gets disgusted with the whole thing, just as he grew tired of stamps and birds' eggs, and is ready to sell or swap (but it is more difficult now) or, finally, to "donate" his bothersome toys to a museum, receiving in exchange (besides the gratifying sense of having made "a princely gift") the praise of all the press and everybody who reads the papers.

Little by little, all the large collections will gravitate towards public institutions. American citizens are not, and, I fancy, never will, be "outfitted" in such a manner as to be able to keep them at home; for collections have a tendency to make any house uninhabitable and drive the inmates to the woods. One must either build a place in which to put the things, like Mrs. Gardiner, or turn them over to museums already in existence.

It is well that our rich compatriots should have a taste for collecting, and for outdoing each other in the matter, too; for the public will eventually benefit by their extravagant emulation.

The hoarding of only one thing seems never to become burdensome. From numismatist to amateur of stocks and bonds is but a step. I have heard a very old gentleman declare that "cutting off coupons is a pleasure which never failed"—and he has outlived very many others.

It is said that Mr. Carnegie finds it extremely difficult to divest himself of even the income resulting from his valuable specimens of the above-mentioned engravings. Perhaps (since he has announced that to die rich is to be disgraced) he contemplates turning the entire lot over in a lump to—what? Of one thing he may feel reasonably certain, at any rate: the collection will not be refused, no matter how hard he chooses to make the conditions of acceptance!

The Spinster's Lament

WHERE are now the gay lads gone
  Who my partners were of yore?
At the dance I sit alone
  Once the lightest on the floor.

Chits I dandled on my knee
  Fling me many a scornful glance,
Wonder withered girls like me
  Show their faces at the dance.

Where are all the gay lads gone
  Who my partners were of old?
Many a one lies under stone,
  Under stone, the night is cold.

Saucy girls they pass me by,
  Toss their topknots and their curls,
Twenty lovers once had I,
  So take warning by me, girls!

Willie lies in Cloonagad,
  Jack sleeps sound in Kilnaree;
Patrick was a coaxing lad;
  Patrick's quiet under sea.

Joe and Jim and Valentine
  All are gone the selfsame path,
Play the music, pour the wine,
  But the fiddler's name is Death.

Where are now the loves I lost—
  Tim and Jerry, Bob and Dick?
At the dance I sit, a ghost,
  Count the dead and not the quick.

Count the dancers who are gone,
  Brown and black and golden head,
At the dance I sit alone,
  Telling rosary of the dead.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



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Dr. John V. Shoemaker, M. D., LL. D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.* See *Medical Bulletin*, July, 1902. Gives full clinical notes of nine cases of **Albuminuria of Pregnancy** and three cases of **Puerperal Convulsions** in which **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was systematically used with gratifying results, and adds: "The habitual use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** by women who are enceinte is a commendable precaution against the occurrence of **Puerperal Convulsions.**"

Dr. Cyrus Edson, A. M., M. D., *Health Commissioner, New York City and State, President Board of Pharmacy, New York City, Examining Physician, Corporation Council, New York City, Etc., writes:* "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with great benefit in **Bright's Disease.**

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CONSUMPTION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, November 22, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2396

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Photograph by Chickering & Co.

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XVII.—JOHN L. BATES, *AET.* 43

See page 1749—Editorial Section

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The New White House

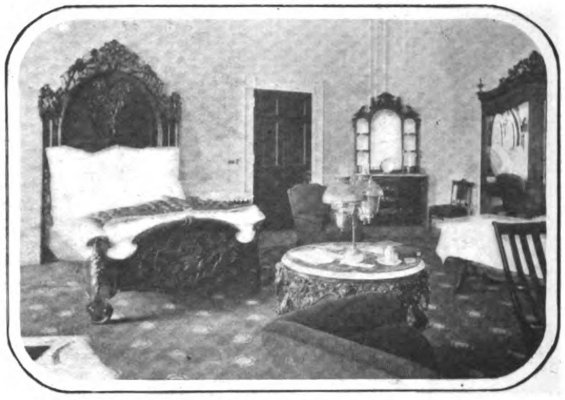


The Rear of the White House, showing the new Executive Offices

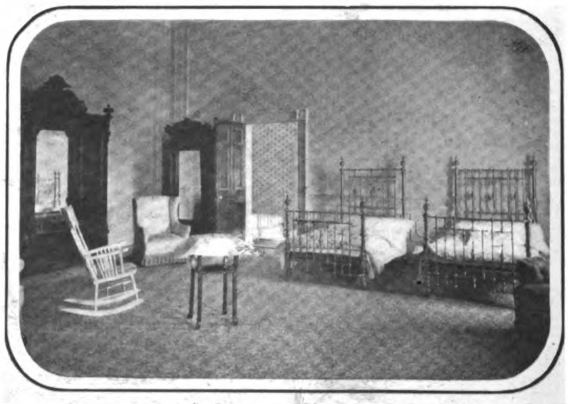
THE White House has entered upon a new era in its history. When the improvements being made to it are completed, it will be a home for the President's family, and not a combined lodging house and office building. The lower floor is a scene of desolation, the floor is littered with lumber, paint, and plaster, the walls stripped of their hangings for redecoration, and not an apartment fit for habitation. Everywhere the mason, the carpenter, the electrician, and the decorator are creating the chaos that such people can create, and from morning until night the sound of hammer and saw arises in the clouds of lime dust and other dirt. The members of the family, meanwhile, are confined to the upper floor, and the servants to the basement and attic, while the knights of labor are doing their utmost to make it interesting on the first floor.

The Executive Building, however, has been completed, and the Cabinet dedicated it with an inaugural meeting on November 6.

The main office of the nation represents but a portion of the $556,000 appropriated for the "White House improvements," as they are officially termed. Including furniture it cost $60,000. The porte-cochère and approach to the east wing of the White House will cost $95,000, while the alterations and decorations of the house itself will cost nearly $300,000, yet nearly all of this is being expended for the benefit of the "masses," and not so much for the occupants of the presidential mansion as might be expected. The basement of the east wing has been changed from a huge lumber and store-room into what some might call a public-comfort building, as it contains several large apartments for women, as well as cloak-rooms where the wraps of 3000 people can be cared for while they are greeting the host and hostess at receptions. In the past public receptions meant standing in rows three or four blocks long, for as many hours or more, often exposed to rain and snow, until one at last found shelter in the main entrance, and an hour or so later shook hands with the Chief Magistrate and passed out. To relieve this crowding and discomfort, especially to women, the guests in future will approach the receptions through the basement passageway now being completed which will shelter fully a thousand people if not more. Their wraps will be checked by attendants, and they will pass on to the reception apartment by two stairways—one for members of official circles such as the diplomatic corps, members of Congress, military and naval officers, etc., and another for the general public, large enough so that the human current can flow along rapidly and easily. After leaving the reception they can reach the cloak-rooms by other passages and rest themselves in the retiring-rooms, or depart at once. To sum it all up, those who appreciate the honor of the invitation which is extended the people at large to pay their respects to the head of the nation, will no longer be treated like a mob assembled on the street, but will be shown the courtesy that is accorded guests at any American home — whether they are miners from Alaska, bankers from Wall Street, or lumbermen from the piney woods of Maine.



The President's Bed-room



One of the Renovated Bed-rooms

Photographs copyright by Clinedinst

The approach and porte-cochère on the east will, of course, correspond in design to the west approach which forms the connection with the office building. The contractors are required to finish it by February 1, as well as the alterations in the mansion itself. Here, again, the comfort of outsiders has been more considered than that of the presidential family. The principal change is in the main staircase leading to the second floor. A massive stone structure replaces the former passage. It is more spacious, and will be one of the attractive features of the building, in addition to forming an effective egress from the upper floors in case of fire. The President will continue to occupy the same sleeping chamber. Miss Roosevelt retains her former apartment, although both of these have been redecorated. Sixteen additional rooms have been provided, however—eight in the main building and eight in the wings. Of these eight situated in the second story will be devoted to guests, and the others to the servants' quarters. More toilet-rooms have been provided, as well as a new steam-heating plant located in a sub-basement.

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General Wilson Commissioner Wright E. E. Clark Judge Gray (Chairman) E. W. Parker Bishop Spalding T. H. Watkins

THE PRESIDENT'S ARBITRATION COMMISSION IN SESSION

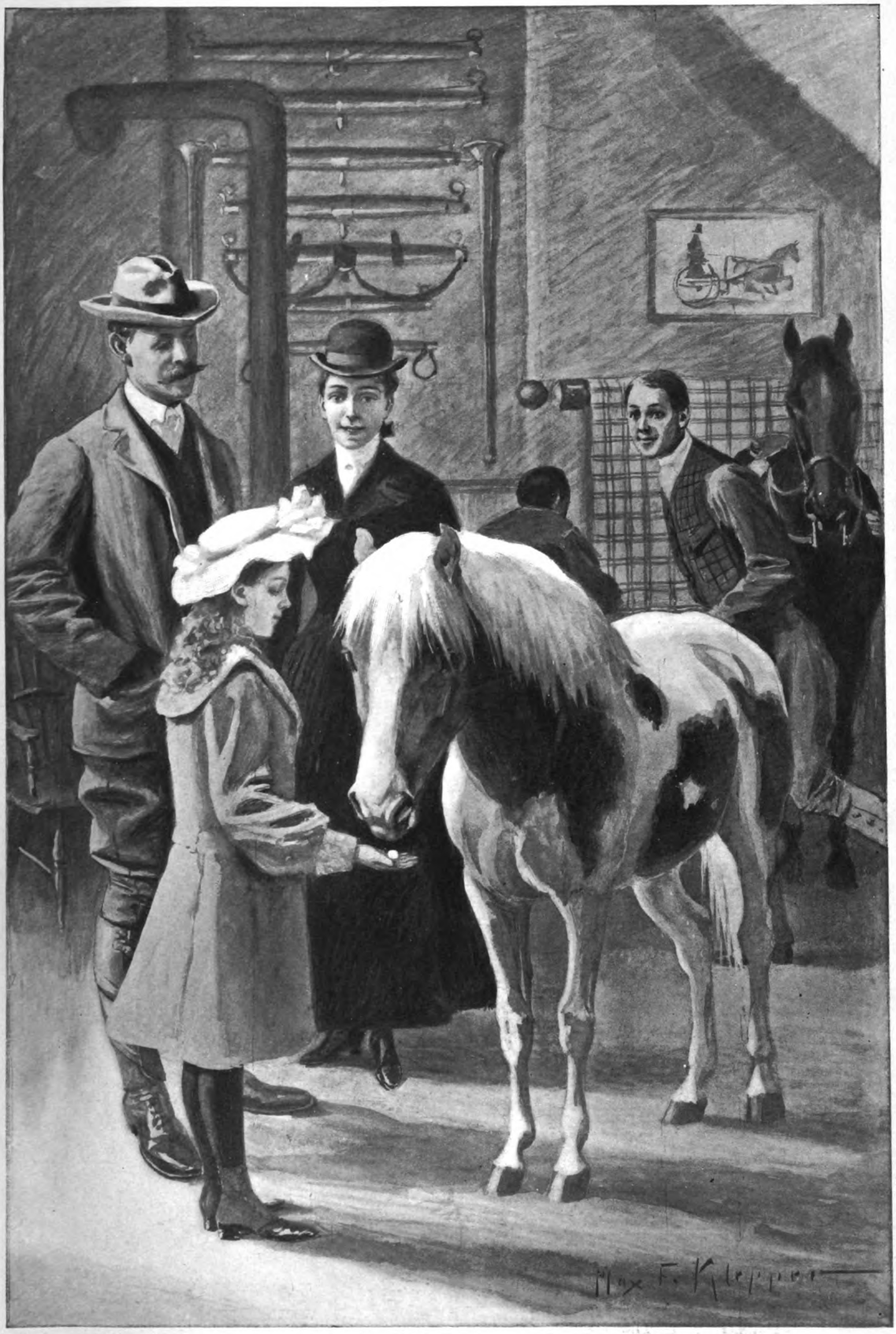
The Commission has been moving from point to point in the coal district, holding its meetings and securing information from the miners in a club car which has served as a board-room

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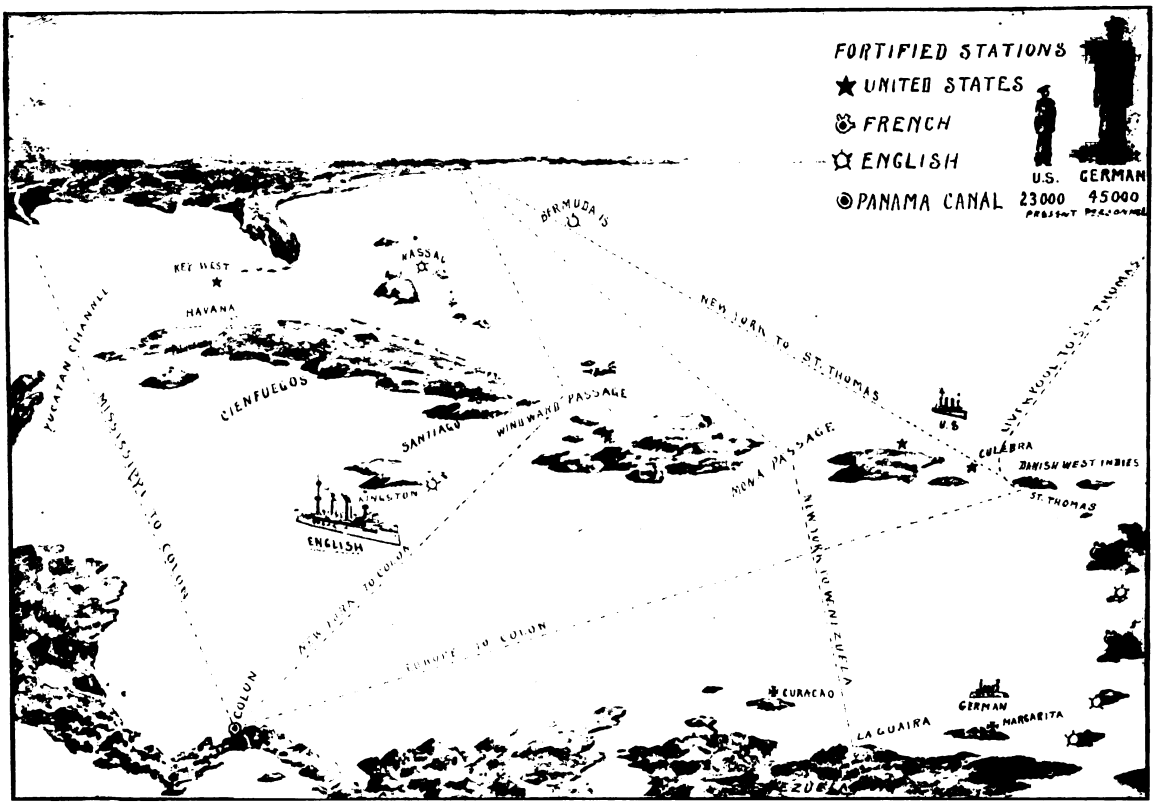
ELEONORA DUSE IN D'ANNUNZIO'S PLAYS, "LA CITTA MORTA" AND "GIOCONDA," AS SKETCHED BY E. M. ASHE

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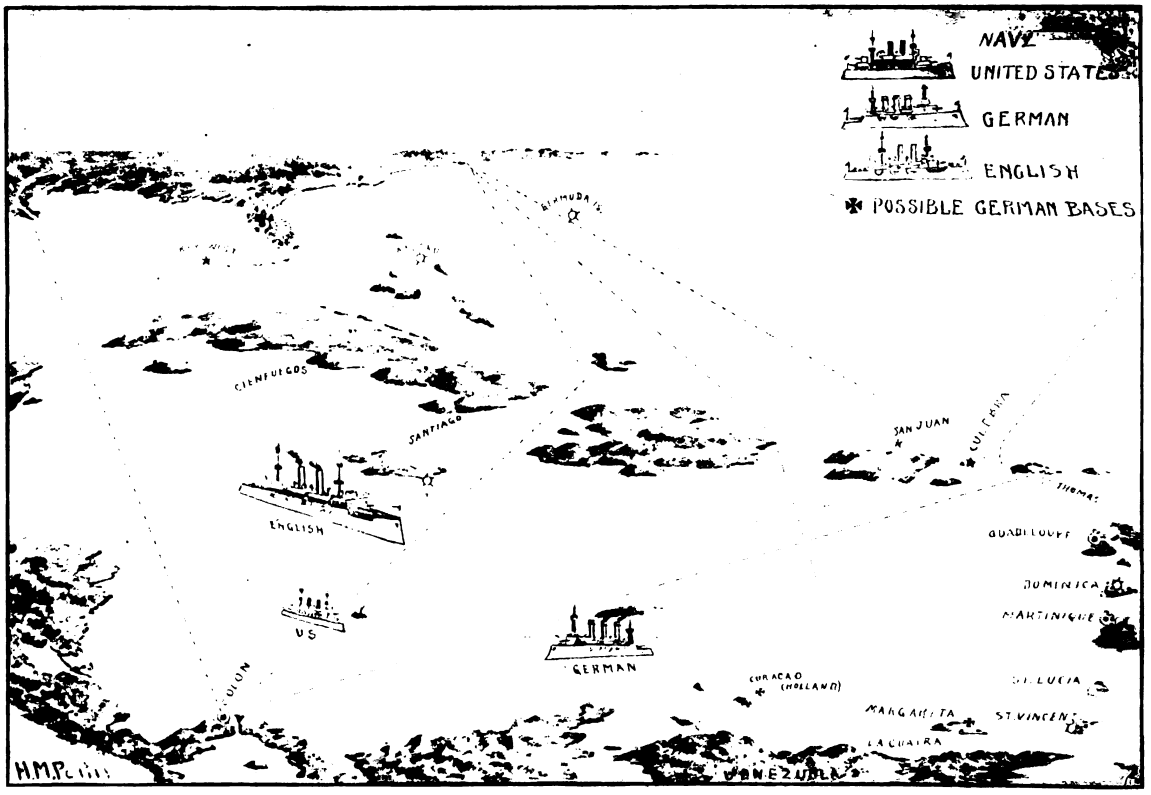
SURE OF THE BLUE RIBBON—THE LAST PRIVATE VIEW BEFORE THE HORSE SHOW

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The Caribbean Naval Situation in 1902

This picture shows the relative strength of the naval forces available for duty in the Caribbean to-day of England, Germany, and the United States, as well as the naval stations of the United States, France, and England



The possible Caribbean Naval Situation in 1906

In contrast to the above this picture shows what the naval situation may be in 1906 if Germany, England, and the United States carry out their several naval programmes, and if Germany succeeds in securing a West-Indian naval base

DOES GERMANY AIM TO CONTROL THE CARIBBEAN SEA?

For a graphic statement of this important question the reader is referred to an article on page 1761 of this issue

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"After the Bath"
By John La Farge



"An Old Habitant"
By Miss C. McChesney



"Rain"
By Charles C. Curran

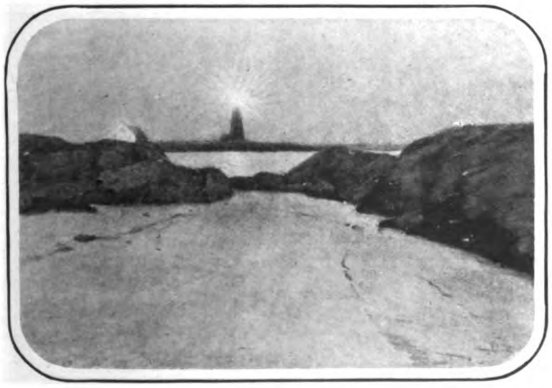
The New York Water-Color Club Exhibition

THE thirteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water-Color Club which opens on November 22, in the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-Seventh Street, will be given in the large Vanderbilt gallery where, for the first time, the pictures of the club are shown against a suitable background. Heretofore, the club's water colors have struggled with indifferent success against the deep-red walls of the smaller galleries and the shade of greenish fawn against which the pictures are hung this year is a factor in the exhibition not to be despised by future hanging committees. It is an advantage, also, to assemble the paintings of the exhibition in one room, instead of scattering them as in previous years. An important and welcome feature of this year's exhibit is a group of pictures by Winslow Homer, contributed by his friends from their private collection. Mr. John La Farge is represented by studies in the South Seas, and there are other agreeable contributions in the familiar work of members of the club, some of which are reproduced in this number of the WEEKLY. Not Mr. La Farge alone has "'eard the East a-callin'." A pleasant and profitable study might be made in the present exhibition of the influence of Japanese art upon the work of our own water-color painters. Compare, for example, the serious, straightforward draughtsmanship and the open air realism of Winslow Homer with the elusive sentiment of Mr. Daingerfield, and the charming fancy of Mr. Curran, as shown in the examples of their work reproduced on this page. Mr. Daingerfield knows, beside the value of low color tones, the mystery of trees and the poetry of the night, and has contrived to catch their spirit in his drawing. Mr. Curran has steeped himself in Japanese art, and the color of his "Rain" is as delicate as April foliage, while the sentiment of his work shows distinctly the influence of the land of the cherry-blossom.

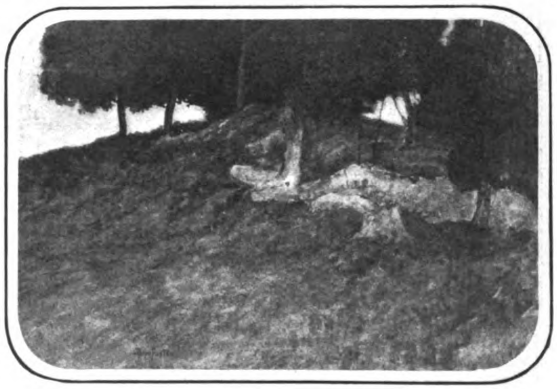


"Mysterious Night"
By Elliott Daingerfield

Of the work of John La Farge, who has made Japan and the South Seas his own, and has discovered their charm to all lovers of art in America, little need be said except an expression of regret that the present exhibition does not contain more examples from his brush. The public has learned to expect galleries of drawings and paintings by Mr. La Farge, the quantity of whose work is as unusual as its spirit and coloring. The fine example reproduced in this number is a study from the South Seas. One cannot but hope that the pages of the poet and novelist of the Islands of the Pacific may some day be illuminated by the artist who has worked under the same spell as the author of "The Ebb Tide." Of the other paintings shown here, it may be said that they are characteristic work of the younger water-colorists. Mr. Snell's "Sunrise at Newcastle" shows a bit of rocky coast and sand with a lighthouse and a stretch of blue. Mr. Foster's "Autumn Moon," also shown on this page is a bit of serious work rich in color and fine in feeling. Miss McChesney's spirited study, "An Old Habitant" is one of several drawings made last summer in Canada.

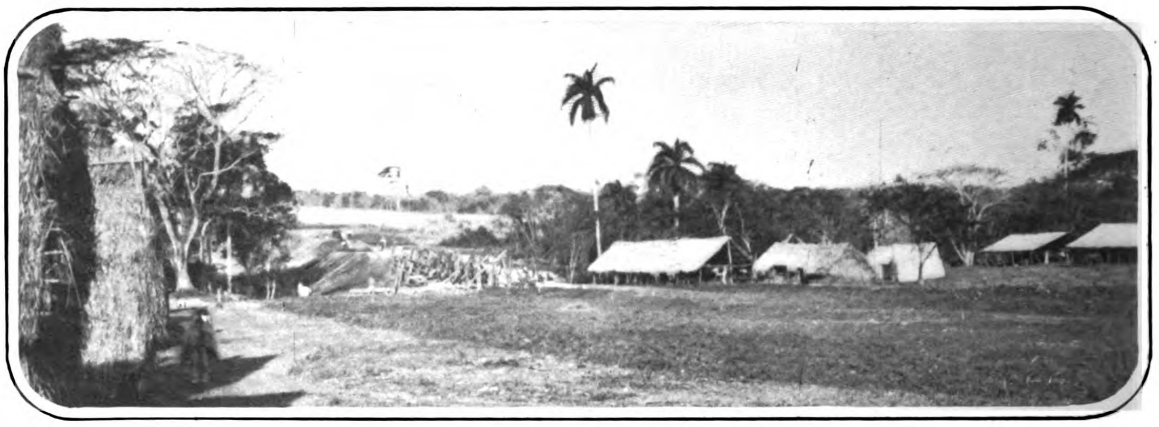


"Sunrise at Newcastle"
By Henry B. Snell



"The Autumn Moon"
By Ben Foster

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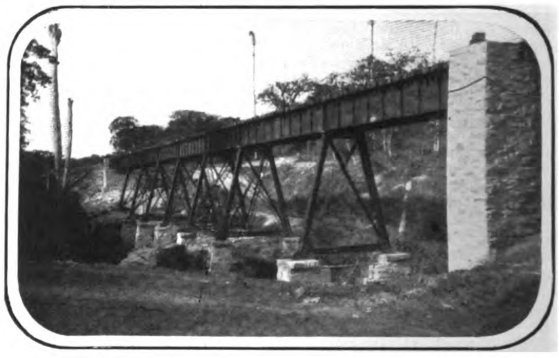
The Railway entering a Native Cuban Village, which will be wakened into Modern Life by this Connection with the Outside World

The Opening of the new Cuban Railway

THE completion of the new Cuban railway is an event in the history of the West Indies which must not only have inestimable influence upon the development of Cuba directly, but also affect the commercial and social interests that gather about the Carib Sea. The trunk line from Santa Clara eastward will bring Santiago de Cuba into direct communication with Havana, and sleeping-cars will some day soon be slipping through once impenetrable jungles, carrying merchants and tourists across the little continent. But this line which subtends so great a stretch of coast will not merely bring remote ports, once reached only by tedious voyages, within easy journey of the metropolis, and so nearer to the rest of the busy world, but, what is even more important, it will, with its branches, become a great tree upon which the fruits of the newer civilization will grow. The country along the way will be developed under the policy which Sir William van Horn and his associates have undertaken, and the island's productive and nourishing capacity immensely increased. But the mails follow the lines of commerce, and new ideas and methods will crowd in when these go. What Sir William van Horn's enterprise is to do for the island a brief article which we print in this issue suggests, with a map shown on page 1755. The value of the railroad will undoubtedly be multiplied if it finds reciprocity at its termini.



A Cutting through the Cuban Jungle



Modern Steel Construction in all Bridge Work



Natives at Work on the Railway in the Forests

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Opera Again



Emma Eames
Photograph by Aime Dupont



Lillian Nordica
Photograph by Aime Dupont



Marcella Sembrich
Photograph by Aime Dupont

THE circling months have brought us to the threshold of another season of opera according to Mr. Grau, and on the evening of Monday, November 24, M. Alvarez, Madame Eames, M. Journet, and Signor Scotti will mark the event with an exposition of the tragic fortunes of *Otello* and his *Desdemona*.

The prospectus announces sixty-eight subscription performances,—embracing fifty-one evenings and seventeen matinées,—together with the customary Saturday evenings at popular prices. As to the company, one notes regrettable absences: Calvé, the superlative and incalculable, is not to return, nor the exquisite *Isolde* and *Elizabeth* of recent seasons, Milka Ternina, nor Plançon, nor Ernest Van Dyck, —subtlest of *Loges*,— nor that incomparable master of them all, Jean de Reszke, who seems definitely to have decided that, for the future, he can exist in quite comfortable independence of our honors and our awards. On the other hand, we are assured of the return of Madame Sembrich, Madame Nordica, Madame Eames, Madame Melba (for a few performances only), and Madame Schumann-Heink. Alvarez, David Bispham, Van Rooy, Scotti, Campanari, and Edouard de Reszke will again be of the company, and Mr. Grau has engaged four new singers of whom he promises admirable things: Georg Anthes, of the Dresden Opera, who will share the tenor rôles of the Wagner répertoire with Emil Gerhäuser, of Munich and Baireuth, and Alois Burgstaller,—also boasting a reputation achieved at that temple of truth and rectitude; an Italian tenor, Carlo Dani; and Madame Kirby-Lunn, an English contralto of note. Caruso, unfortunately, is not to come until the season of 1903–4. The full list announces, further, such familiar names as Gadski, Fritzi-Scheff, Reuss-Belce, Bauermeister, Bridewell, Homer, De Marchi, Scotti, Journet, and Blass. Much is expected of Herr Alfred Hertz, the new conductor to whom will be intrusted the interpretation of the Wagner scores, and who is said to be a musician of temperament and authority. M. Flon and Signor Mancinelli return to assume the direction of, respectively, the French and Italian répertoires.

The season is not, it appears, to be so rich in new works as was that of last winter, which yielded us Mr. Paderewski's "Manru" and Mr. de Lara's "Messaline," of detested memory: Mr. Grau announces a single novelty—"Der Wald," an opera by a Miss Smyth, an English woman, which failed lamentably at its première in Berlin, but achieved success at Covent Garden. We are promised, however, revivals of certain unfamiliar operas of Mozart and Verdi,—"Cossi Fan Tutti" and "Il Seraglio," and "Ernani" and "Un Ballo in Maschera,"—together with Ponchielli's "Gioconda" and, possibly, Humperdinck's delightful "Hänsel und Gretel."



Emil Gerhauser
As "Siegfried"



Alfred Hertz
The new Wagner conductor



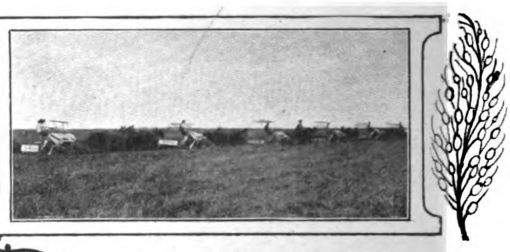
Georg Anthes
As "Tristan"

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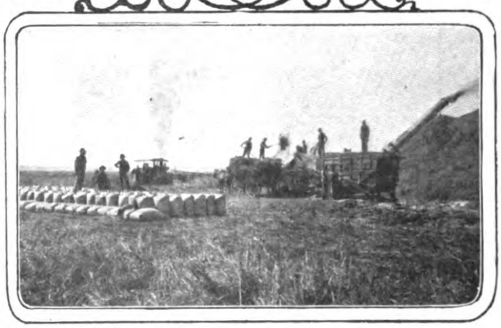
Rice-Culture in the United States



The First Step—Ploughing



The Second Step—Harvesting



The Last Step—Threshing

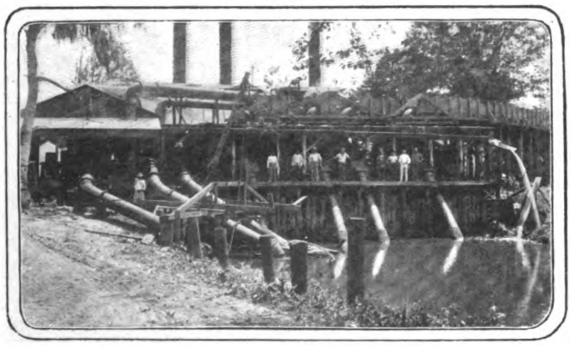
A NEW era has dawned for rice-culture in the United States, and it may be said with perfect consistency that in no field of activity are the prospects for future expansion and development more flattering. The new conditions have been produced largely through the instrumentality of the United States Department of Agriculture. The officials of this branch of the national government came to the conclusion some time since that there were latent possibilities in rice-culture, and took steps to foster and restore what was generally regarded at that time as a waning industry.

Dr. S. A. Knapp recently spent eight months in a trip to Japan as an agricultural explorer for the United States government, and made a successful importation of Kiushu rice. The experiments with this rice in the Gulf States during the past season indicate that it is fully twenty-five per cent. more productive than Honduras rice, the variety heretofore grown chiefly in Louisiana, and that its superior milling quality reduces the customary losses by from one-fifth to two-fifths. At a conservative estimate this means a saving to the rice-growers of that State alone of more than $1,500,000 per year. This will give an effective impulse to rice-culture in the United States, particularly to the new system which has lately been developed in southwestern Louisiana.

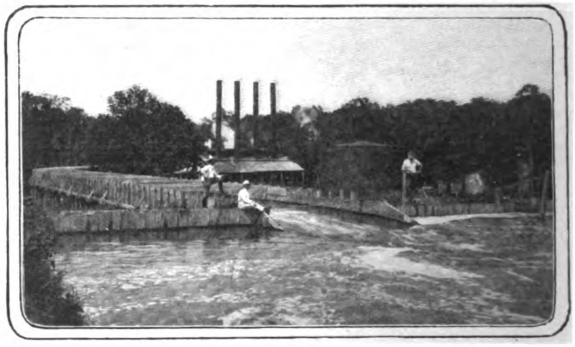
Another distinct advance is found in the new and improved methods for the irrigation of rice. The discoveries in this direction resulted also from investigations undertaken by the Department of Agriculture in order to overcome difficulties which have up to this time obstructed the progress of the rice industry in this country.

During the past half-century rice production in the United States has grown but little, the crop of 1850, as given by the census of that year, being almost as large as the maximum crop reported since that time, and considerably larger than the average crop of the last ten years. While rice production, as a whole, has remained practically stationary, there has been a decline in the South Atlantic States and an increase in the western Gulf States. Within the past few years the raising of rice in Louisiana and Texas has developed into one of the leading industries of that region, and has given great value to lands heretofore used only for grazing, and to water resources which had been allowed to waste into the Gulf of Mexico.

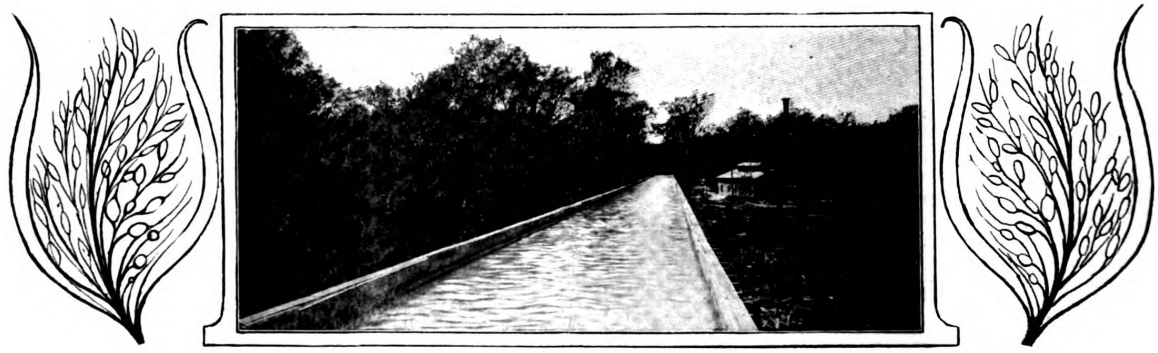
In this new Eldorado the rice-fields are being handled like the bonanza wheat-farms of Dakota, and fortunes are being made upon comparatively meagre investments. Irrigating canals were started in a small way in Acadia Parish, Louisiana, but development was rapid, and there are now nine separate canal systems in this one parish, one of which, the Crowley Canal, is thirty-five feet wide and eight miles in length, and has ten miles of lateral lines.



Raising Water for Irrigation



Discharging raised Water for the Fields



Elevated Canal for transporting Water to Rice-Fields

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending November 22, 1902

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COMMENT

THERE is one point of view from which the outcome of the recent election must be regarded with satisfaction by sound-minded men, whether they are disposed to sympathize with the Republican or with the Democratic party. We refer to the effacement of the Free Silver and Populistic element of the Democracy. That effacement was brought about partly by State conventions and partly by the people at the ballot-box. In Massachusetts, George Fred. Williams and other representatives of Bryanism were sent to the rear by the Democratic State Convention, and the result was that the normal Republican majority in that commonwealth was signally cut down. In Rhode Island, the Bryanites were thrust aside, and the result was that the State was actually carried by the Democrats. In New York, the platforms framed at Chicago in 1896 and at Kansas City in 1900 were studiously ignored by the Democratic State Convention; the result was that Governor Odell's plurality was reduced to about 11,000, and would have been annihilated, as we have elsewhere shown, had a more acceptable candidate been named, and had not many conservative Democrats been alienated by the ridiculous assertion that, through a pretended right of eminent domain, the Federal government had authority to invade a State and confiscate its lands against its will. In Pennsylvania, the doctrines associated with Mr. Bryan's name were repudiated by the Democratic State Convention; the result was that the Democrats made great gains in the rural districts, and, perhaps, might have won, had not the Republican President been credited with the settlement of the coal strike. The same thing may be said of New Jersey. In Ohio, where Bryanism dominated the State Convention, constructed the platform, and named the candidates, the Republican majority was notably increased. Finally, in Nebraska and Colorado, where Mr. Bryan has still retained control of the Democratic machinery, the Republicans were victorious. In the face of so much cumulative testimony, there is no longer much reason to fear that Mr. Bryan and his friends will be able to command a third of the delegates to the next Democratic National Convention. Should they fall short of a third, they will not be strong enough even to veto the selection of this or that particular candidate for the Presidency. It has long been evident that they could not hope to secure the majority needed for shaping the platform. These deductions are warranted by the facts that we have mentioned: we may say with confidence that Bryanism would play no figure in the contest for the Presidency if the election were to take place a few months hence. It is possible, of course, that the economical situation of the country may be profoundly changed before November, 1904. In that case, nobody can predict what course the people will pursue. All signs fail in time of drought.

The contest for the Speakership in the next House of Representatives has already begun, although, unless an extra session shall be called after the 4th of March next, the new Congress will not meet until December, 1903. The most conspicuous candidates thus far put forward are Mr. Cannon of Illinois, Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Mr. Babcock of Wisconsin, and Mr. Littlefield of Maine. What makes the contest unusually interesting to the American community is the fact that if either of the first two candidates should be chosen, his success would be construed as a victory for the high-protectionist wing of the Republican party, which is opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's policy of tariff revision. With Mr. Cannon or Mr. Dalzell in the Speaker's chair, there would be little likelihood that any substantial changes would be made in the tariff before the next general election. The selection of Mr. Littlefield, on the other hand, is improbable, because it would mean a triumph for the most outspoken critics of the Dingley tariff, and the most aggressive opponents of the trusts that can be found within the ranks of the Republican party. Mr. Babcock, who, at the outset of his canvass, is believed to have behind him the votes not only of Wisconsin, but also of Iowa and some other Northwestern States, would be much less objectionable than Mr. Littlefield to the extreme protectionists, yet there is no doubt that he is a sincere advocate of tariff revision, and that he would use the large powers of his office to further Mr. Roosevelt's wishes in this respect. Thus far the President has refrained, and no doubt will continue to refrain, from any overt attempt to influence the choice of the House of Representatives, but common-sense will suggest that he cannot desire to see an avowed opponent of his revisionist programme in the Speaker's chair. In view of all the circumstances, we should not be at all surprised if Mr. Babcock were to prove the successful candidate.

While Republican members-elect of the next House of Representatives are discussing the merits of the candidates for the Speakership, it behooves the Democratic members-elect on their part to consider carefully which of their number is best qualified to act as leader of the minority during the first and eventful session of the new Congress which will precede the contest for the Presidency. It is true that the minority party cannot be held responsible for legislation, but not on that account is it relegated to a rôle of indiscriminate criticism and of blind obstruction. Its duty is twofold: first, to withstand such proposals, and such proposals only, as it sincerely believes would prove detrimental to the public welfare; secondly, to convince the American people that it is fit to be trusted with the exercise of the law-making power. It is not the business of a minority to resist a legislative project, good upon its face, merely because the enactment of it would reflect credit on the Republican majority. It should seek rather to divide the credit of measures the wisdom or beneficence of which commends itself to the country at large. Neither should it confine itself to an expectant and judicial attitude, but it should, at times, take the initiative,

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and, so far as the rules of the House will permit, propound solutions of its own for the problems upon which attention is fixed. If our system of party government is to continue workable, the Democratic minority in the new Congress must convince the voters that it has in it an alternative mandatory worthy to be trusted with the task of legislation and administration. Only by such enlightened tactics and such farsighted strategy is a minority able in normal times to transform itself into a majority. We say normal times, because the Democracy should be ashamed to pin its hopes exclusively on the recurrence of an industrial catastrophe, and thus to merit the disgraceful name of a panic party. There is no doubt that, during the present Congress, the Democratic minority in the House has been inefficiently led by Mr. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. So patent has been his inefficiency to Democrats themselves that it is no secret that had they obtained a majority in the next House, they would not have accepted him for the Speakership. For that place, it is generally admitted in the ranks of the minority that Mr. David A. De Armond, of Missouri, or Mr. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, or Mr. Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, would be better qualified. What Democrats ought to recognize is that in the session of Congress immediately preceding a contest for the Presidency, the leadership of the minority in the House is clothed with an importance second only to the Speakership itself, and that, consequently, they should pick out their very best man for the post. In the winter of 1903-4, the leader of the Democratic minority should have aims more elevated and capacious than those which Mr. Richardson has disclosed, and apply himself to work more momentous than the scheming for a share of appropriations or the trammelling of Republicans in the petty details of legislation.

We pointed out a week ago that, during the canvass, the astute Senator Quay had a committee appointed for the purpose of drafting a definite scheme of ballot reform, which scheme Republican candidates for the Legislature were to pledge themselves to carry out, the pledge to be given, of course, in advance of the election. We also pointed out that the committee failed to report in time for any such pledge to be given. That is probably the last that we shall hear of the committee: it is certain that we meet with no allusion to its labors in the Republican newspapers of Pennsylvania since November 4. Completely forgotten also seems to be the proposal put forward by a Republican politician in the same State for the adoption of the Referendum and Initiative, which are practised with satisfactory results in Switzerland. It is an interesting fact that on election day in Boston an offer to apply the Referendum was rejected. The question put to the electors was whether the city should be divided into districts corresponding to the former towns and municipalities now consolidated in the Greater Boston, and whether each of those districts should be permitted to say at a local election whether it would authorize or prohibit the sale of liquor. The proposal was vetoed by a majority of upwards of ten thousand. The result shows that the people of Boston do not want the Referendum if it is to be applied to fractions of a municipality. They would be perfectly willing to accept it if it were applied to their municipality as a whole.

The immense majority obtained by Mr. Coler in the Greater New York has naturally raised the question whether Mr. Croker will return to this country before the next Mayoralty election and resume control of Tammany Hall. There is much vociferation to the effect that he will not be permitted to reoccupy his old place at the head of the organization. It is certain, however, that the faction opposed to him was overwhelmingly beaten in the recent contest for the leadership, and that Mr. Murphy, the present leader, has always been looked upon as one of Mr. Croker's most trusted and most faithful lieutenants. We view, therefore, the declarations that Mr. Croker is out of politics with a good deal of scepticism. We shall not be surprised to see him reseated in the place of authority in Tammany Hall, but we shall be very much astonished if he does not prove to have profited by the lessons which he received in the defeat of Judge Van Wyck for Governor and in that of Mr. Edward M. Shepard for Mayor. He will be careful hereafter how he sets aside the claim of a veteran and eminent jurist to continuance on the bench, and he will recognize more clearly than ever the necessity of putting forward a candidate for Mayor whose integrity is undisputed. There could be no greater mistake than to suppose that Mr. Coler's immense majority should be credited to Tammany Hall. That majority was due partly to anti-Tammany Democrats, and partly to the abstention of many Republicans from voting. The number of independent Democrats, and, for that matter, of independent Republicans, is growing rapidly in the city of New York every year.

Mr. Shaw has once more come to the disturbance of the money-market. In the first place, he violated the law by offering to take securities for government deposits—a bad law, perhaps, but the law. The banks of New York, for the extension of whose loaning power principally the offer was made, declined to join in the doubtful operation. Finally, the offer itself was withdrawn when Mr. Shaw thought, in his wisdom, that the money-market had been sufficiently relieved, and he at once became the target for criticism. Whatever merit there may have been in this criticism, the action of the Secretary during the past summer illustrates the folly of a system which gives to this officer, whoever he may happen to be, the power to stop or stimulate the heart of the business and financial system of the country. The simple ultimate cause of this power is that the government's income is in excess of its needs, and even of its extravagance; in other words, the government is taking too much money out of the channels of circulation, and is, consequently, taxing the people too heavily. The Treasury statement for October illustrates the condition of things. The available cash balance was $206,421,878 30. Besides this, the Treasury held $150,000,000 in gold on account of its reserve fund. Of this available cash balance, $139,487,590 17 was deposited in banks, and, therefore, loanable. United States disbursing officers had to their credit $7,397,422 32, leaving the great sum of $145,494,171 81 locked up. These items of account show the reason why the Secretary is called upon to relieve the money-market, and why any one who happens to be Secretary may play with the delicate machinery of business, perhaps to its great danger.

It will be remembered that the owners and operators of the anthracite coal mines, on the one hand, and the union mine-workers, represented by Mr. Mitchell, on the other, pledged themselves to abide for a period of three years by the decision of the commission appointed by the President. Nobody doubts that if the decision is favorable to the strikers they will abide by it. But how if the decision should be unfavorable? Is there any reason to suppose that the miners of the anthracite region, many of whom are Slavs unable to speak the English language, will show themselves more faithful to their word than are English-speaking workmen in New Zealand, or than the coal-miners in the northeastern departments of France? It is well known that in New Zealand, where compulsory arbitration has been established for some years, everything went on swimmingly so long as the prices of commodities were advancing, and so long as the demands of labor for increased compensation could consequently be granted by the arbitration tribunals. Now, however, that the prosperity of the islands has been checked, the courts of arbitration are declining to raise wages any further. The result is that the workmen rebel against the decisions, and are beginning to advocate the suppression of the whole system of compulsory arbitration. A similar state of affairs exists in France, where the course pursued by Mr. Roosevelt found an imitator in Premier Combes, who persuaded the owners of coal-mines in the two northeastern departments to refer to arbitration their dispute with the mine-workers. Had the arbitrators supported the demand of the miners, they would have been acclaimed as Daniels come to judgment. As a matter of fact, they declined to sanction it, the result being that the miners have refused to abide by the decision, and it has been necessary to call out troops to avert assaults upon life and property. In view of these precedents, we can hardly look forward with equanimity to the outcome of the judgment to be rendered by Mr. Roosevelt's commission, provided that judgment shall be unfavorable to the strikers' claims. We cannot forget that the temptation to strike in 1904, amid

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the stress and anxiety of a Presidential campaign, will be far greater than it was this year.

Two redoubtable champions of the old-fashioned American notion that a man has a right to work where he pleases, when he pleases, and for whom he pleases have come to the front—Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, of Brooklyn, and President Eliot of Harvard University. Dr. Hillis has recently visited the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania, studied the plight of the non-union miners, and has returned to Brooklyn, convinced that they are the men to whom the sympathy of the American public needs to go out in largest measure. President Eliot, with his own zest for toil in mind, and aware of the joy of labor as seen among educated men such as are found in a university town, vigorously combats the Old-Testament notion that labor is a curse and to be abbreviated as much as possible, a notion which he thinks organized labor has made a fetich. He condemns in round terms the inhuman attitude of the trades unions, their limitation of hours of labor, of the number who shall learn trades, of the output of the worker; and as for their treatment of the "scab," he pronounces it brutal and wicked, and himself considers the "scab" as a hero, battling for a principle which, when once it is given up, will imperil the republic. President Eliot is an individualist by temperament and conviction. He is an individualist in religion and in politics, and has been the great protagonist in America of a theory of education making for individualism. It is not surprising therefore to find him taking the position he does with respect to trades-unionism. Dr. Hillis's attitude is proof that he can flock by himself, and stand alone. Most of the clergy have either overlooked or undervalued the principle for which non-union labor has stood in the recent coal strike.

We imagine that Mr. Roosevelt does not feel particularly grateful to the *Youth's Companion* for publishing at this late date a more or less perfunctory article on "The Presidency," which, at the request of that periodical, he wrote some two years ago. We imagine also that he is at once amused and annoyed by the seriousness with which the London *Spectator* and other foreign newspapers discuss an article which, in substance and in form, bears unmistakable marks of haste and immaturity. Let us glance, for instance, at some statements of fact which are either incorrect or obviously inadequate. In his first paragraph Mr. Roosevelt says: "In the republics of France and Switzerland the President is not a very important officer, at least compared with the President of the United States." The writer of that sentence must by this time be alive to the absurdity of comparing the Presidents of France and Switzerland as if they were on a level in respect of executive powers. The President of Switzerland is merely the presiding officer, elected for one year only, of an executive council, the members of which divide executive functions between them. As for the President of the French republic, his office is in some respects more desirable than is that of the President of the United States. In the first place, he is elected for seven years, and there is no bar to successive re-elections; M. Grévy, for example, was re-elected. In the second place, he has the power, denied to our Chief Magistrate, of dissolving Parliament, provided he can gain the assent of the Senate; this power was exercised by President MacMahon in 1877. In the third place, his salary is just five times that of an American President. In the fourth place, the exclusive responsibility of the Premier to the Chamber of Deputies is by no means explicitly announced in the French Constitution of 1875, and there is but very little doubt that in the autumn of 1877, when the Chamber of Deputies declined to approve the ministry headed by the Duc de Broglie and M. de Fourtou, the President could have relied upon the army to aid him in effecting a *coup d'état*. All these things may be known to Mr. Roosevelt, but nobody would guess it from the sentence which we have quoted from his article. In another paragraph he says: "We have never had one [President] concerning whose personal integrity there was so much as a shadow of suspicion." Has Mr. Roosevelt never read the record of the Credit Mobilier exposure in the House of Representatives, wherein Mr. Garfield was conspicuously involved? or, if he has read it, will he say that no shadow of suspicion ever attached to Garfield's integrity? As to the style of the article, we read: "This is merely another way of stating that in any office the personal equation is always of vital consequence." Now everybody knows that in the equation between opportunity and achievement there is a personal *factor*, which must not be overlooked. But what, in the name of the *pons asinorum*, is meant by "the personal *equation*?"

Although a treaty between the United States and Newfoundland has at last been signed by the British ambassador at Washington and by our Secretary of State, it will not, of course, become operative until it has been confirmed by two-thirds of the United States Senate. The text of the treaty has not been published, but it is believed to be substantially identical with that of the Blaine-Bond convention, negotiated in 1900. The chief features of that convention were the concession to American fishermen of the right to obtain bait in Newfoundland, and the reciprocal concession to Newfoundland fishermen of the privilege of selling fish in the United States. Some opposition to the treaty may be encountered on the part of New England fishermen, but it is not believed that this will prove strong enough to prevent a confirmation of the agreement by the Senate. The objections to the conclusion of the treaty which were raised by Canada twelve years ago seem either to have been waived, or to have been overruled by the British Foreign Office. At that time the Ottawa government contended that the conclusion of a treaty between Newfoundland and the United States would lessen the desire of our State Department to enter into a reciprocity treaty with Canada, which otherwise might be attainable; and, secondly, that it would operate to postpone the entrance of Newfoundland into the Dominion. Events have deprived both objections of validity. A reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States seems further off to-day than it was twelve years ago, and Newfoundland is quite as reluctant to join the Canadian confederation as it was then. The inhabitants of Newfoundland are convinced that they have much more to gain through intimate commercial relations with the United States than they would have through similar relations with Canada. The benefit which we ourselves would derive from the treaty is not confined to the facilities for procuring bait that would be granted to our fishermen. It is believed that the imports of United States products into Newfoundland, which last year but slightly exceeded two million dollars, will be augmented in proportion to Newfoundland's increased ability to pay. The prosperity which Newfoundland expects to enjoy under the new treaty arrangements may prove an object-lesson to Canadians.

It was to be expected that Secretary Hay's note respecting the treatment of Jews in Roumania would be criticised in certain European capitals on the ground that our government, not being one of the signatories of the Berlin Treaty, had no right to request the enforcement of that compact. We never supposed, however, that objections to the note would emanate from Jews themselves. As a matter of fact, however, in several parts of the United States, notably in Philadelphia and San Francisco, representatives of our Israelite fellow-citizens have expressed disapproval of Mr. Hay's note, for the reason that, instead of welcoming the outflow of Roumanian Jews to this country, he complained of it on the score of their indigence and of the likelihood that they would become a burden on the American community. These critics say that the request embodied in our State Department's note should have been based exclusively on humanitarian, and not at all upon self-protective grounds. Let us look at this assertion for a moment. If Mr. Hay had based his request exclusively on humanitarian grounds, he would have laid himself open to the retort that his sympathies seemed to be reserved for Jews alone, and to be withheld from his Christian coreligionists, seeing that our government had never arrogated the right to protest against the atrocities committed upon Bulgarian Christians in 1876, or against the massacres to which Armenian Christians were subjected a few years ago. Sympathies so tardily awakened, and so rigorously confined to a single sect, might not unreasonably be taxed with insincerity. This was so plain to Secretary Hay that he recognized the necessity of seeking some other basis for his remonstrance against the treatment of Roumanian Jews. He found a basis in the indisputable fact that the civil disabilities and the active persecution to which Jews are exposed in Roumania have the effect of rendering them undesirable emigrants. If his note

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has any effect at all, those disabilities will be to some extent removed and the persecution will be abated, in which event the Jews will be able either to remain in their Roumanian homes, or, if they emigrate, to do so under auspicious circumstances. On the whole, it seems to us that the Israelites who criticise Mr. Hay's note are lacking in good taste and common-sense. They are looking a gift-horse in the mouth.

Mr. Secretary Chamberlain is getting together his South-African outfit, and will soon be borne across the tropics by the white wings of the *Good Hope*. He is taking with him, amongst other things, a halo and an olive branch; and he daily sets aside an hour or two to practise his new rôle of angel of peace and messenger of loving-kindness. He finds much difficulty as yet in managing the olive branch and the eye-glass at the same time, and the halo still sits uneasily on him. When his eye-glass becomes temporarily displaced, he must choose between laying down the olive branch while he adjusts the monocle, and risking to knock the halo off if he keeps the branch in his hand; and sometimes all three fetch loose together, causing utterances unfitting to his angelic rôle. We must charitably attribute to irritation with this trying state of things his recent outbreaks in the House of Commons; or perhaps the cause lies deeper, and is to be sought in other things. What can be more trying to a great man and a great patriot than to have carried his war to a kind of conclusion, and then to find that no one is willing to pay the bill? Obviously, no money is to be expected from the Boers; on the contrary, their Continental tour has forced the hand of Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, compelling him to increase the sum allotted to them by fifteen million dollars. If the Boers cannot pay, the British will not; every time Mr. Chamberlain says "corn duties" his party loses a seat. Then what could be more harassing to an honest gentleman than the stand of the Johannesburg miners —those poor, oppressed Outlanders, for whom Mr. Chamberlain's tender heart bled. They were the real cause of the whole quarrel; they are the first and only people to benefit by the war. They have gold-mines and quartz-reefs to burn. What more just, then, what more equitable, than that they should help to pay the bill? But do the Outlanders see it in that light? Do voluntary contributions in the form of nuggets and pay-dirt pour in from the reefs of the Rand? Alas, no. Quite otherwise. Those unconscionable miners, far from contributing freely, in fulness of spirit, are actually wild with indignation that the question should be raised at all. They talk of insurrection, of Boston tea parties, and other historic matters calculated to make good Mr. Chamberlain's hair stand on end. What wonder, then, if he is tempted to hammer Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with the olive branch? What wonder if that confounded halo topples off his saintly head?

The greatest of all the Hohenzollerns has been paying a visit to Uncle Edward, in Uncle Edward's Norfolk home. There was something wonderfully Kaiserlike in the whole expedition, with its gorgeous stage settings, and its protagonist playing many rôles. His Imperial Majesty began as a British admiral,—a plain admiral in undress uniform. Warships lined up at Sheerness to receive him, and his Imperial Majesty paraded the deck of the *Hohenzollern*, listening to the cheers that greeted his coming. In the next scene he was an English colonel of dragoons, careering on a white charger through the rain, as his gallant and dripping regiment went through their evolutions before him. Then from a mere fighting-man he became an orator, a cordial host, a generous dispenser of beneficence. A closed carriage next wafted the Great Personage to a special train, which hurried him north to the arms of Uncle Edward. The good King, in his frock-coat and silk hat, must have felt the prose of his own life, compared with these kaleidoscopic exploits; and as he kissed the greatest of the Hohenzollerns on both cheeks, we can imagine him saying, with a somewhat rueful smile, "Willie, Willie, what a boy you are!" Then came the quiet drive to Sandringham, when the two monarchs exchanged coronation stories, and, perhaps, gossiped of that awful declaration of Uncle Edward's family physician, who says that British ladies are taking to drink. Finally, at the Sandringham house party, the head of the Hohenzollerns hid his majesty in the simple garb of an English country gentleman, chatting on equal terms with Uncle Edward's invited guests. It is whispered that the precepts and example of Brother Henry have contributed to this, and it is affirmed that shaking hands with waiters and coachmen is becoming an accepted part of the Hohenzollern manner. Disguised as a plain country gentleman, the Kaiser talked gayly to Secretary Brodrick of army reform and military training, concealing with artful courtesy his sense of the other's civilian limitations; then he chatted gayly with Mr. Arthur Balfour on the responsibilities of great office, the reconciliation of traditional theology with philosophic doubt, the advantages and disadvantages of having a slow-going uncle, and the latest strokes at golf. And, finally, turning to Mr. Chamberlain, he gave that worthy many points on the wearing of halos; in all cases tempering the specialist's easy mastery with the nonchalance of the true man of the world.

Kaiser Wilhelm has evidently established a reputation for Odysseyan guile and Machiavellian diplomacy, if we may judge by the comments the English papers are making on his visit. With one accord they have warned his Majesty King Edward and all his trusted ministers to beware, to watch well lest the gentleman from Germany entrap them with subtle craft, to their own and the nation's undoing. It is pointed out that the bevy of ministers, Balfour, Chamberlain, and Brodrick, did not go to Sandringham merely to see his Teutonic Majesty murder the Norfolk pheasants in his uncle's preserves; but the ministers themselves are lavish in their assurances that it is merely a pleasant birthday party, and nothing more. The English press is made only the more suspicious by these disavowals, and looks forward with dread to finding that King Edward had bestowed part of Australia, or the crown-jewels, or England's sphere of influence in China, or London Bridge on his gifted nephew, merely "to secure the good-will of Germany," as the phrase went, when Heligoland and Samoa were alienated from the British crown possessions. This time, they say, it is South Africa that is to be given away, or at least a part of the territory nominally ruled by Portugal. And rumor says that Germany will take the northern half, while England is to receive Delagoa Bay, the failure to hold which was such a loss and danger to England through the Boer campaign. Incidentally, it is added that Portugal agrees to this, and, in the person of that modern Nimrod King Carlos, is to receive many shekels in consideration of the deal. There is something pitiful in this bartering of almost the last remnant of Portugal's once mighty colonial empire, which once included half the world. To the Portuguese we owe our knowledge of much of Africa, and all southern and eastern Asia; and a son of Portugal was the first to sail around the world. Vasco da Gama, Magellan, and Camoens will shudder among the shades at the deed of King Carlos, who thus expunges the name of their country from the map of the wider world, and closes one of the great historic romances of all time.

Konstantin Pobyedonostseff will at last withdraw from affairs of state, we are told, owing to the growing burden of years. The stern Procurator of the Synod has long passed the Psalmist's limit, and the tremendous moral and intellectual energies of his life have made him weary and willing to lay his burden down. Of him much evil has been spoken, and much good. His enemies have called him a modern Torquemada, the incarnation of bigotry and iron-hearted persecutor, the foe of light and life. For more than twenty years, they say, this narrow, hard old man, with his iron will, has crushed the life out of every liberal thought and hope generously conceived and daringly entertained by progressive and growing Russia. For more than twenty years, as representative of the Tsar in the supreme council of the Orthodox Church, he has stood for tyranny in religion, crushing the Catholic Poles, the Lutherans of the Baltic Provinces, the Stundists, and dissenters from the Russian Church. For more than twenty years, as representative of the Church in the councils of the Tsar, he has stood for bigotry in politics, crushing out the instincts of freedom, fostering absolutism, turning all the force of a vast intellect to the discrediting of the constitutional principle, the spirit of democracy, the theory of representative institutions. Thus for his enemies. On the other hand, his friends see in him a mighty champion of the Slavonic and, above all, the Russian genius, the Rus-

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sian world-concept, so radically different, so diametrically opposed to the world-concept of the Teuton, the genius of the Anglo-Saxon. The Teuton, they say, stands for the centrifugal tendency, under which men are mutually repelling atoms, each one a centre of force, a sovereign citizen, with inalienable rights against others, which he incessantly asserts. The Russian, on the other hand, is centripetal. He stands not for the individual, but for the race, for unity, for the collective consciousness, and the autocrat as representative of that collective consciousness. The Russian stands also for the invisible world, as against the worldly materialism of the Anglo-Saxon. And that Russian genius, they think, was incarnated in the great man who guided the hearts and minds of two emperors, and who now withdraws and lays his burden down.

President Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, is, in a startling way, the incarnation and justification of Pobyedonostseff's principle of autocracy. It is a wonderful coincidence that the resignation of these two despots should be rumored on the same day. The Mexican President is but three years younger than the Russian statesman; both at one time studied theology; both were jurists and professors of law. If Diaz made and unmade Mexican rulers, Pobyedonostseff formed and dissolved the councils of Tsars. One fought with the sword, the other with the mightier pen; but in both the real motor was a vast intellect, guided and used by a tremendous will. In their ways both were apostles of absolutism, and both made violent and bitter enemies. Yet, absolute as he was, Diaz nevertheless firmly believed in many things the great Russian feared and abhorred: free schools, a free ballot, free thought, and free speech. Diaz was a despot from expediency, through circumstances, for the good of his country, rather than against his will; Pobyedonostseff was a despot from deep religious conviction, because he profoundly disbelieved in freedom and dreaded commercial prosperity. In their likeness and unlikeness, these two men were dominant powers in the life of nations for a full quarter-century.

President Cipriano Castro is becoming almost as versatile as the only supreme head of the Hohenzollerns. In his large and philosophic mind he has evidently been going over the whole Venezuelan situation and his own future prospects, and has decided that the revolutionary business is somewhat too strenuous and exacting for a peaceable and contemplative spirit. It seemed to him expedient to find some nice, genteel occupation which would afford due scope for his talents without unduly disturbing his contemplative calm. He has finally decided that the post of sensational special correspondent would suit him admirably, and, getting hold of the telegraph operator in Caracas, he has been practising for his new profession. We all know that the essence of successful special correspondence is to start a beautiful story one day, and circumstantially contradict it the next, as the little crocodile in the poem gathered honey all the day and ate it in the night. As a result of President Castro's début, we have had alternating stories of victory and defeat, the rebels absolutely wiped out one day, only to reappear the day after in such force that only the wild personal daring of President Castro availed to stem the tide. Then, in quick succession, come further despatches announcing that the victory of the government was complete; that it was nothing of the kind; that the rebels are advancing; that they are retreating; that President Castro has disappeared; that he is fighting hand to hand with the revolutionists; that he is quietly resting in his palace of Miraflores; that he has imported several million cartridges from Germany; that he has just made arrangements, in the interests of art, to receive an entirely new corps de ballet at his own home, with a view to establishing high æsthetic standards for Venezuela; that the revolution is once more booming, and that General Matos is approaching the capital with an overwhelming force. We have all been reading these lively despatches with growing perplexity, and it is a considerable relief to learn their true origin and source. Meanwhile President Castro keeps his gripsack packed, and the despatches continue to pour over the Caribbean cables, their rapid alternations doubtless contributing to the seismic disturbances in the Antilles. There is a possibility that the President may ultimately decide on professional draw-poker as a more congenial occupation, in which case we shall at last have an opportunity of learning what is really going on in Venezuelan revolutionary circles, and who is to be the new despot of Caracas.

The age of South-American chivalry is doomed. The time draws nigh when it will be no longer possible to earn an honest living as a belted knight like General Herrera or General Matos; when Orlando Furiosos like General Uribe-Uribe will have vanished along the corridors of time; when Don Quixotes full of the chivalric tradition of the Latin races, like General Firmin or President Cipriano Castro, and bold freebooters such as the pirate admiral of the *Crête-à-Pierrot*, will have melted to a gorgeous memory before the onset of Anglo-Saxon prose. We are full of sentimental regret when we learn that the Bolivian syndicate still marches forward on its triumphant way. What chance has the Latin-American heroic tradition when brought face to face with men like these: "William Lee, American, president; James Pitt, Englishman, second director; and Dr. David Edet, Englishman, physician"—as the Brazilian cable quaintly phrases it? Is there not something fatal in their mere names to the golden glow of military adventure, of imaginative and chivalric daring? How can Cipriano Castro or General Uribe-Uribe, whose mere titles are epic poems in little, flourish side by side with James Pitt and William Lee? It is Pegasus and the plough-horse once more; and, as usual, the poor winged steed of the heavens gets the worst of it. We should like to write the dirge and epitaph of that vanishing heroic age. No more will the daring soldier-man, with his reluctant band of terrorized Indians, be able to march boldly to revolutionary triumphs; no more will the president of yesterday be the dungeon-haunting victim of to-day, and perchance the glorified hero of to-morrow; no longer will it be possible for the minister of finances of some southern republic to decamp in the gathering twilight with the cash balance of the state in his valise, while the new incumbent of the office comes whooping in at the opposite railroad station, willing and able to float a new issue of government paper at a twentieth of its face value; no longer will the common herd be able to get its throat cut in a large and promiscuous way, as a willing contribution to the renown of some splendid military hero; no longer will it profit to shoot honest gentlemen by the score against some crumbling wall, while the hearts of the victors glow with triumph for the cause. And what do the Anglo-Saxons offer in exchange for all these splendors? Work, mere work, the heritage of fallen Adam. Is there any so dull that he cannot recognize the pathos of it, and, recognizing, can fail to sigh over this eclipse of the Latin genius?

One of the most interesting government documents lately published is the annual report of the General Superintendent of the Free Delivery System of the Post-office Department. The remarkable feature of the report is the exposition of the results of extending the delivery system to rural districts. The amount appropriated for this purpose, which in 1898 was only $50,000, has been increased in the current fiscal year to $7,000,000. During the interval the number of rural delivery routes has been expanded from 148 to 11,650. The area covered by rural-delivery carriers now comprehends 300,000 square miles, and contains 7,000,000 inhabitants. The whole area to which the Post-office Department intends ultimately to give rural delivery embraces a million square miles, and the cost of such service is computed at $24,000,000. From that cost, however, must be deducted the additional revenue. How considerable an income may be counted upon from this source will be evident when we point out that last year, while the increase of receipts in the rural regions generally was only 2.4 per cent., there was, on the other hand, in those sections which enjoyed a full rural-delivery service, an increase of receipts amounting to 10 per cent. Neither is the income derivable from the sale of money-orders and the registration of letters by rural-delivery carriers to be overlooked. Last year nearly 115,000 letters and packages were registered by carriers in isolated farming communities. In view of these figures, it is certain not only that rural deliveries render a material service to farmers, of which hitherto they have been deprived, but also that such deliveries tend to become self-supporting. Last year, although the rural deliveries had been in operation on a continually increasing scale since 1898, the postal deficit

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had shrunk from $11,000,000 in 1897 to a little over $2,000,000. It is calculated that no fewer than 20,000,000 inhabitants of the United States are interested in the extension of free deliveries to the rural districts.

From Chicago comes constantly fresh proof of the fact that in that seething centre of cosmopolitan population the great problems of society are attacked in a more radical and daring spirit than anywhere else. The latest instances have to do with the public-school system. They are certainly interesting and startling, and may well be alarming to the conservative. The first instance involves 150 small pupils of the Andrew Jackson public school who have added to "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," a fourth R— rebellion. Miss McKeon, teacher in one of the rooms in the building, was suspended on complaint of the principal of the school, William Hedges. Forthwith all the pupils in Miss McKeon's room went on "a strike," and refused to return to their books until their favorite teacher was reinstated. Nor did they stop with merely protesting. They formed a mob outside the school, and threw stones, shrieked, and threatened until the police reserves were called out. It was even necessary to furnish an escort of six stalwart policemen to insure the safety of Principal Hedges while he was walking from the school-house to the street car. Inspired by their example the pupils in the Hammond School also went out "on strike," because of some change in the ranks of teachers which they did not approve of. These strikers, it should be noted, are children of twelve and fourteen years. At the Andrew Jackson school, especially, they have been backed up by the residents about the school, and to some degree by their own parents. The second development in the public-school situation, and by far the more important of the two, is the action taken by the Teachers' Federation, an organization which includes in its membership a majority of all the teachers in the public schools of Chicago. At the suggestion of Miss Jane Addams, the head of the well-known social settlement, Hull House, the federation has passed by a unanimous vote a resolution asking that it be admitted into the Chicago Federation of Labor, the central body of organized union labor. It was understood, beforehand, that the request would be gladly granted. In other words, the work of teaching in the public schools of the city is to be "unionized." Teachers may be expected to carry "union cards," and there is possibility of "strikes of teachers and other fearsome complications." The reason given by the organized teachers for their action is their desire to get larger wages and to secure other "reforms." The "strike" of the pupils of the public schools may be dismissed with the statement that a properly applied shingle would be the right answer to their demands. The action of the public-school teachers, on the other hand, is a departure so radical and so potentially important that it demands the attention of all thoughtful people.

We have not at hand the debates which led to the final decision on the part of the Teachers' Union to take this step, but it must be assumed that the teachers present at the meeting did not reach their determination without an intelligent discussion of the advantages to be derived from so radical a move. What the precise advantage the teachers themselves will gain by allying themselves to the larger body of workers, whose field of operations is so far removed from their own sphere of activity, we do not know, but if they are the kind of discriminating and forceful persons they ought to be we apprehend that the larger body will gain much by their co-operation. They should prove a steadying influence, and by their conservative attitude toward moving factors in their new environment have an opportunity to render a real public service. If, for instance, a general strike of the sympathetic kind were ordered for the purpose of giving moral support to a small body of striking tailors, an intelligent apprehension of the wrong and futility of such an act on the part of the school-teachers might serve as a deterrent. "Why," they might ask, "should we who are engaged in directing the character of your children stop that work, and thrust your youngsters out upon the streets because these tailors can't manage their own affairs satisfactorily? Must education cease, and the young of the land, who have not any too much time in which to fit themselves for the duties of manhood and womanhood, be kept out of school for six months because there is a strike in the Pennsylvania coal-fields?" And so on by a process of intelligent reasoning based upon the importance of their own functions in life it might very well happen that arguing by analogy these individuals could do much to give pause to the radical elements too frequently influential in the councils of organized labor. Viewed in this light, the act of these Chicago teachers is to be commended, though from any other point of view that we can see or have seen advanced we cannot discover over-much of reason in the resolution. If it be true, as Dr. Eliot recently intimated, that the strikes of to-day are due to the inefficient teachings of the public-school system, perhaps the men and women of the Chicago schools have taken the most practical step to correct the evil condition. Perhaps not. Time alone will demonstrate the wisdom or the unwisdom of the act, by showing just how far individuals who should be disciplinarians of the first rank in the schools can maintain their authority in the presence of the older, and often less tractable, body of strivers.

We are horse poor—not as some people are land poor, because they have too much land—but horse poor because we haven't enough horses. Our neighbor, the *Scientific American*, has been complaining about it. After the civil war we found ourselves short of horses of the bigger types, and began importing them for breeding purposes. We imported them to good purpose and in very large numbers, and greatly improved the quality of our stock. When electricity began to haul street cars, the market for the commoner kinds of horses fell off, and farmers didn't breed so many. When the automobiles began to appear and were heralded as machines that must supersede the use of carriages horses, the breeders of the better class of horses took fright. For years after '93, too, thousands of people who wanted horses could not afford to have them. But with the return of prosperity the demand for good horses began to grow again, and breeders bred more of them. But it takes about five years to raise a horse that is fit for the market, and the breeders got behind. The demand has outrun the supply; the price of good horses has increased very greatly, and imported stallions are said to be worth nearly ten times what they were ten years ago. The South-African war took a great number of horses out of the country, including many worthless ones, but the business of horse-breeding has revived so much that we shall soon have again a reasonably full supply. Enterprising farmers nowadays breed good horses. It pays, and breeding poor horses doesn't pay. We import horses from Europe for breeding purposes, and from Canada for use, but of late we have exported far more than we have imported, and we are likely to keep on doing so. The annual horse show in New York, which seems on its surface to be a frivolous spectacle, really holds a highly important relation to one of the great industries of the country. It is the parent of all the American horse shows, and with them, constantly measures, stimulates, and directs the country's progress in the breeding of fine horses. There are about 13,500,000 horses in our land, of an estimated value of $604,000,000. The improvement of that much stock is a pretty important matter, especially in these days, when Europe is horse poor too, and ready to take from us any surplus supply of good horses that we may come to have.

The public has been regaled during the past fortnight with interesting items of news indicating the undoubted existence of a new kind of German industry having the United States as its field of operation. Two or three distinguished and patrician names of the German Empire have been mixed up in the ventures of a certain matrimonial bureau whose openly avowed object it has been to secure the hands of American heiresses for Teutonic nobles rich only in ancestry. Proofs are not lacking that an organized effort has been made to "float" pauper barons, princes, margraves, and all sorts of interesting titled things in the American market, and in one case it seems to have been definitely shown in a suit at law in a German court that one noble lord of high degree was actually financed on a commission basis by Berlin money-lenders in his quest for a $3,000,000 American wife. Making all due allowances for the possibility of blackmail in enterprises of this nature, there is enough evidence in plain sight to convince

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an ordinary jury that an organized effort is being made to invade the American matrimonial market, and without any remarkable degree of scrupulousness as to methods, either. By direct statutory acts we have no especial way of reaching and discouraging the organization of such floating companies, and we do not know, on the whole, that we should care to see these institutions punished under any circumstances. Every man to his own trade is quite as authoritative a phrase as *Chacun à son goût*, and the bureau that embarks upon the mere project of bringing the two factors of a successful combination together is not necessarily to be reprehended. What is clear, however, is that in the contest for the hand that possesses wealth we, in this country, are beginning to be subjected to a foreign competition which to some degree will serve to impoverish ourselves without bringing to us any measurable corresponding advantage, and against which we are entitled to some protection. We would suggest, therefore, that the tariff experts of Congress take this matter up, and see what can be done, first, toward putting a tolerably high duty upon unmarried foreign noblemen entering our ports, and, second, toward the placing of a heavy export duty upon our heiresses. The Quest of the Golden Girl, as it appears to be carried on to-day, may be made somewhat profitable to ourselves if it be understood that every titled bachelor from other climes coming to this country shall pay a sixty per cent. duty into the treasury of the United States, or, failing to do this, shall be sent back home again at his own expense; and if after the wedding ceremony the fortunate bridegroom is required to pay an export tax upon his bride of forty-five per cent. before being permitted to start on his honeymoon, under penalty of having his marriage declared null and void, we shall not be without consolation in the hour of our woe.

Oxford lends itself hospitably to the carrying out of the plans of Cecil Rhodes. Professor Parkin of Toronto, organizing agent for the trustees of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships, has been to Oxford and consulted the various college and university authorities there as to what they are willing to do, what number of students they would receive annually, and under what conditions; what examinations would be required, what rooms the Rhodes men could have, and whether or not they must be prepared to take up post-graduate work. He has had favorable and satisfactory answers to his inquiries, and reports his pleasure in the way all the colleges discuss the best plans for working the Rhodes students into the university system. There are twenty colleges at Oxford, and from eighty to two hundred undergraduates in each college. Each college proposes to take from two to five Rhodes men each year. The bequest will provide for about seventy-five men the first year, as many more the second year, and about thirty the third year. This would mean, apparently, that there will be eventually about one hundred and eighty Rhodes men in residence at Oxford.

Some stir was raised not long ago by a letter in the London *Times* which purported to be written by an American mother, whose son was about to enter Oxford after four years at Harvard, and who complained, obstreperously, of the "extraordinary discomfort" of Oxford college-rooms. She represented them to be ill-kept, ill-furnished, shabby, and dirty. She was shocked at their condition, and protested that it was too bad, and that, though discomfort and rigid simplicity might be salutary, she did not believe in the discipline of dirt. It was replied that the furnishing of the Oxford man's rooms was his own concern, and that he could suit his taste about it. There is no reason to fear that the Rhodes men will suffer in Oxford lodgings, or repine at the lack of running water, radiators, bath-rooms, and other details of modern American buildings. Thirty years ago almost all the rooms in American college buildings were quite as austere as, and less comfortable and picturesque than, those at Oxford. Our newer buildings are more luxurious because they are modern and built with modern accessories. They may be healthier than the old buildings, but the old rooms were healthy enough. The Oxford rooms are seasoned and have an atmosphere. They stir the imagination and invite the soul (at least they ought to), and for young men of college age that is far better than plumbing or steam-heat. We ought to hope—and doubtless we *can* hope with entire confidence—that the Oxford rooms will not be modernized before the Rhodes men have tried the taste of them. Our young men need flavor more than they need wall-paper, and if there is one thing that Oxford has, it is flavor. Let them get all of it they can, no matter if there is some little dirt mixed in with it.

It is a great detective story that has been coming in daily instalments from Boston. The "Jack the Slugger" who has terrorized Middlesex County in Massachusetts for three months past has become the chief topic of thought and talk in the Boston district, and until he is caught the minds of the Middlesex folk cannot rest easy. He killed Clara Morton in Waverley, on November 1, and Agnes McPhee in East Cambridge a month earlier. He has made murderous assaults on many other women in Cambridge, Somerville, Brookline, and Arlington, his method being to jump out of some dark place on a passing woman and strike her from behind with a weapon. The arrest of Alan Mason, a young man of education and highly respectable family and social position, on suspicion of being the assassin, has been watched and followed with the liveliest interest. The arrest seemed to be warranted, though the facts that connected Mason with the crimes were very inconclusive, and the alibi which tended to clear him was strong. The subsequent discovery of watches belonging to both the murdered women in pawn-shops and the arrest of the negro boy who pawned them were much surer steps towards the detection of the criminal. With this lad, Perry, in jail, the detectives are getting near their quarry. Now they think that a second negro has been concerned in the case, and they are after him. It is an agitating chase. The record of it is doled out in short daily chapters, and as we can't turn over to the back of the book and see how it worked out, our interest is kept at a high pitch. In the absence of proof connecting Mason with the murders he has been discharged from custody, all indications now pointing to the boy Perry and probably another negro not yet caught as the murderers.

Our distinguished Italian visitor, Signor Mascagni, seems to have taken his arrest in Boston with more philosophy than his friends in Rome. They said, the cable tells us: "What would have been said in the United States if Mark Twain had been arrested in Rome for law-breaking through ignorance?" The answer to that is that in the case suggested the eminent victim would doubtless have expressed himself so exhaustively on the spot, that it would not have mattered much what was said at home. But Boston is not responsible for Mascagni's arrest, which involved no indignity, and was a mere step in a civil process. The composer's managers sued him for breach of contract, and the arrest of a debtor who is about to leave the State is permitted by Massachusetts law. Mascagni brought a counter suit for arrears of salary; both sides gave security, and the composer was soon at liberty to leave the State at his convenience. It seems now that his tour will be resumed. He has suffered some inconvenience, but no loss of public esteem or sympathy. We all hope he may yet carry home with him agreeable and duly gilded memories of the United States.

There are few States in the Union of which one would rather be Governor than Massachusetts. The old Bay State has ever been jealous of the quality of its chief magistrates, and, despite the shock of Ben Butler's pyrotechnic accession, no commonwealth can show a more creditable line. It goes without saying, therefore, that Mr. John L. Bates is to be congratulated upon his recent election. He is of a different type from many of his predecessors, particularly from the stand-point of Puritan aristocracy, being a Methodist, and probably the most democratic Republican ever placed under the gilded dome. He owes his success chiefly to his cleverness as a politician in getting back of him religious, fraternal, and like organizations already formed and peculiarly loyal to one of their own number. On the whole, we are disposed to think that Mr. Bates more accurately represents the mass of the people than, say, Mr. Lodge, who may have to look sharp before so very long if the new Governor makes the most of his opportunities. Mr. Bates is 43 years old.

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President and Party

Now that the smoke has cleared away and it has become possible to scrutinize the details of the political contest which ended on November 4, various views have been propounded as to the bearing of these data on the more important election to be held two years hence. Where many competent observers differ is as to the significance of the victory gained by the Republicans in the struggle for ascendency in the next House of Representatives. Mr. Edward M. Shepard thinks that, notwithstanding the continuance of Republican preponderance in the popular branch of the Federal Legislature, the decided lessening of the preponderance indicates that the Democrats have a chance of success in 1904, provided, in their formulation of measures and their selection of candidates, they abjure partisan motives and are at pains to commend themselves to the enlightened and sober judgment of the independent voters who hold the balance of power. It is certainly true that a Democratic national convention might as well save itself the trouble of meeting in 1904 if it is to commit the follies by which the New York State convention this year threw away its opportunity. Turning to the *Springfield Republican*, we find our esteemed contemporary drawing from the returns the deduction that the American people do not care in the least about tariff revision. A precisely opposite conclusion is reached by Mr. Babcock of Wisconsin, chairman of the Congress Campaign Committee of the Republican party, who personifies the revisionary tendencies of that State and of Iowa. He holds that it is just because the American people desire to see the tariff revised as quickly as possible that they refrained from giving the next House to the Democrats, who, whatever might be their desires, could accomplish nothing. The voters upheld the Republicans in the control of all three branches of the law-making power because, so Mr. Babcock thinks, they confided in Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that tariff revision is needed and should be promptly effected.

It seems to us that, while in a few States the result of the contest may be ascribed to the personal popularity or unpopularity of candidates, the Congress elections, considered as a whole, demonstrated that if the coal strike had not been settled till after November 4 the Republicans would have lost control of the House of Representatives; and, secondly, that the political revolution observed in a number of far Western States must be attributed to the faith put in Mr. Roosevelt's tariff-revision and anti-monopoly promises. That is to say, the general election, viewed as a whole, was a triumph for the President rather than for the Republican party. It is certain that he received all the credit for the settlement of the coal strike, just as, in the future, he will have to bear all the responsibility for the precedent established by his interposition in that matter. Under the circumstances, no man who regarded a quick supply of anthracite coal at a reasonable price as a thing of more importance than the maintenance of the right of mine-owners to manage their own property, or the right of the non-union miners to work, was disposed to deal a blow to the Republican party, which, as he was told, and as he believed, would be a blow against Mr. Roosevelt.

That thought unquestionably shaped many a vote in those Middle and Eastern States which were affected by the dearth of anthracite. In the far Western States, on the other hand, to which we would now invite attention, the anthracite-coal strike played no part, except indirectly, through the sympathy felt by all union workers for Mr. Mitchell, with whose demand for arbitration President Roosevelt secured compliance. It is in these States that Mr. Roosevelt is perhaps more cordially liked than he is in any other part of the republic, and it is in these that he is credited, not only with admirable intentions as regards the revision of the tariff and the curbing of monopolistic trusts, but also with a power to carry out his intentions, which, probably, he does not possess. The States to which we particularly refer are South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Utah. Every one of these States was carried by the Democracy four years ago, and every one of them now figures in the Republican column.

In Nebraska, where Mr. Bryan lives, the former Democratic majority of 2700 is transformed into a Republican majority of 5000; Colorado, which was Democratic by 43,000, is now Republican by 6000; Montana converts a Democratic majority of 11,700 into a Republican majority of 9000; Idaho, which was Democratic by 5600, is now Republican by 7500; a corresponding change has taken place in Utah. In South Dakota, instead of a Democratic majority of 370, we encounter a Republican majority of 19,600. In Iowa, in Minnesota, in North Dakota, in Kansas, in Wyoming, in Oregon, and in Washington the Republican majorities of 1898 are signally increased. There may have been co-operative reasons for what the facts recited justify us in calling a political revolution, but in our opinion the principal reason, or what the logicians call the *causa causans*, was Mr. Roosevelt's signal popularity, a popularity based partly on his personal qualities, but mainly on the belief that he not only means to fulfil his promises, but will be able to do so.

We think that the chief cause of the political revolution in the States mentioned, to wit, the widespread belief not only in Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity, but in his ability to control his own party and to shape events, would have survived the election of 1904, and might have determined that election, had the Democratic party gained control of the next House of Representatives. In that event it is probable that nothing would have occurred to shake the faith in Mr. Roosevelt.

In the popular mind the whole responsibility for his failure to perform any of his promises would have been saddled on the Democratic party. The President's reputation for will power and intellectual capacity, as well as for good intentions, would have remained intact. In view of the Democratic obstruction offered in one branch of the Federal Legislature, men would have said that Mr. Roosevelt had never had a fair trial and a free field, and they would have resolved to give him one in 1904.

Under such conditions, we doubt if even the occurrence of a severe industrial crisis, and of the consequent reaction against the party in power, could have prevented Mr. Roosevelt from obtaining a nomination and an election to the Presidency.

As things are, the situation is less auspicious for Mr. Roosevelt. Ordinary voters who are not wont to look beneath the surface will take for granted that they have given the President all that he required. They have given him majorities in both branches of the Federal Legislature, and they will hold him to a corresponding accountability. Ostensibly he will be all-powerful during the next two years, but nobody knows better than Mr. Roosevelt, since his experience with the Cuban reciprocity business, that things are not what they seem.

The Speakership

THE contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-eighth Congress has begun more than a year before the Congress itself will assemble. Such an early opening of the campaign, as it is called, is not unusual; indeed, it is in accordance with the custom which prevails whenever a new Speaker is inevitable. Of recent years no Speaker has been supplanted by the will of the majority, so long as his party remained in power. Mr. Reed surrendered the chair of his own volition, and his example has been followed by Mr. Henderson. It is now, therefore, for a second time during the rule of a Republican majority as if there had been a change of party control; a new Speaker must be chosen, and the campaign begins as soon as the new House is chosen.

The office of Speaker is now important in a way that quite differs from the way of twenty years ago. Then the Speaker was indirectly the most powerful officer in the government; now he is, or may be, directly the most powerful. As President Roosevelt truly says in his recent article on the Presidency, everything, or nearly everything, is dependent on the personal equation. This, however, is another way of saying that a strong man, a competent man, will take advantage of his opportunities. Now, the opportunities of the Speaker of the national House of Representatives are greater than those of any other officer of the government. Twenty years ago, he was third in the line of succession to the Presidency, but that was of small account, either historically or according to the doctrine of chances. His real strength came, as it still comes, from his power to mould legislation. He appoints the standing committees. This probably means very little to the uninitiated, but it means everything to those who understand the business of law-making at Washington.

The Speaker has the power to determine the fate of any measure or of any policy. He can nearly always absolutely destroy, although he can never put through, legislation against an adverse majority. Mr. Carlisle, for example, twenty years ago prevented Congressional agitation of the silver question by so making up the Committee of Coinage, Weights, and Measures that no bill on the subject could possibly be reported by it. Mr. Bland was, by traditional courtesy, the chairman of the committee, but he found it impossible to move; he was bound hand and foot by a majority composed of both Democrats and Republicans. When Mr. Randall was made Speaker by a tariff-reform House which had previously elected Mr. Kerr on the tariff issue, he so composed the Ways and Means Committee that the will of the majority was defeated as absolutely as if its policy had been voted down by the House itself. The Speaker has material enough in the large membership of the House to prevent any action on legislation to which he is opposed. He may not be able to secure the enactment of that which he favors, for once a bill is before the House the Speaker's power, though not his influence, ceases to be operative. He can be defeated, as was Mr. Henderson at the last session on more than one occasion; but when he is deeply concerned, he can so constitute his committee that no report on the subject will be made. Nothing less powerful than a public demand, of which both he and his party are afraid, can compel him to grant a hearing to a measure which he opposes.

Until the adoption of the Reed rules, the Speaker had the power to kill in committee any bill or any policy to which he was opposed. He had only to be careful

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in the composition of the committee having jurisdiction of the subject. Since the adoption of the Reed rules, the Speaker has a larger power. Perhaps without the intention of the author, the rules have built up a committee which has complete power over all presumptive or possible legislation. This committee — the Committee on Rules — is composed of members of both parties, but the members of the majority party are the Speaker's chosen counsellors. They are his nearest friends, and are bound to carry out his policy, or the policy upon which he and they agree. He is chairman of the committee. He and his majority members only decide upon the questions before it. The minority members are not invited in until the other members, with the Speaker, have reached a conclusion. This small, select body determines what bills shall be considered, how long debate shall run, what amendments shall be permitted, and when the vote shall be taken. As a rule, it knows about what that vote will be.

In a word, the Speaker of the House of Representatives has the power to prevent the consideration of any bill to which he objects. More than that, of all the party measures before the House, all of which would probably go through if they could be brought to a vote, and of all other measures in favor of which the majority is likely to vote, the Speaker has the power to select those upon which the House may vote. His patronage also enables him to turn the scales for or against a doubtful measure. A weak man, of course, will fail to accomplish all that he desires, but even a weak man may do infinite harm or some good.

From the President's point of view, there is no one among the candidates for the Speakership of the next House who is satisfactory. Mr. Cannon might possibly agree with the President as to "trust curbing," but he is probably the most conservative man in the House, and would not consent to touch the sacred Dingley bill without a special mandate from his own district. He is also a stern economist, opposed to the President's irrigation schemes, and he always contends vigorously against additional appropriations for new war-ships or an increased force of officers and men. He is not moved by the President's pleas for Cuba, and holds the merit system in supreme contempt. Mr. Dalzell is earnestly opposed to the President on the trust issue, and he would not assent to any diminution of the tariff rates of the Dingley bill. Heretofore he has been an opponent of Senator Quay, but the latter is aiding in his campaign, and if Mr. Dalzell wins and is grateful he must stand by Quay as a general demoralizer of the public service in Pennsylvania. Mr. Dalzell represents fully every single practice, theory, principle, and tendency to which the President is opposed. Mr. Babcock is to be taken seriously because he puts himself forward as the representative of the liberal movement in the West, a movement towards larger peaceful relations with the world through the extension of commerce by lowering our Chinese tariff wall. In this movement the President sympathizes, but, unfortunately, Mr. Babcock is wholly opposed to the President's Cuban policy. He has also been in favor of abolishing all protective duties for trust products. Mr. Littlefield is opposed to the President's policy in the Philippines and to jingoism and imperialism generally, and is, moreover, a much more rigid protectionist than the President.

The outlook cannot be agreeable to the President, for among all these candidates there is not one in whom he can confide implicitly, nor on whom he can depend to aid him in carrying out his own policy, as Mr. McKinley could depend on Mr. Henderson.

Adjutant-General Corbin's Report

THE annual report of the Adjutant-General of the army has just been made public at the War Department at Washington. It is an interesting and comprehensive document, not only for the comment which it contains upon the work of the department for the past year, but for the suggestions it makes for the future.

It appears from what General Corbin says that the detail staff system recommended by Secretary Root and adopted by Congress, concerning whose operations at the time of its adoption there were certain misgivings in the minds of some critics, has worked to the entire satisfaction of the department. It has materially reduced the friction which has annoyed the present Secretary and some of his predecessors, and which at times became almost a scandal in the public eye, and in the view of the Adjutant-General offers the best solution of difficulties of this nature that has yet been devised.

Concerning the propriety of the early marriage of young officers General Corbin has very positive ideas, which we fancy are not likely to endear him to his youthful subordinates, although in view of existing conditions there is much common-sense in what he says. Among other things, the General observes on this point that "the early marriage of the younger officers, many of whom are entirely dependent upon their pay and allowances for support, is greatly to be deplored and should be discouraged. A young officer should have but one allegiance, and that should be to the service. Those without private means must necessarily divide their pay between the demands of their office and those of their family.

"The pay of a second lieutenant," General Corbin adds, "is $116 67 per month, a sum only sufficient for subsistence and equipment; in fact, it requires prudence and care to keep within this sum, and particularly is this true of officers of the mounted service, who must provide mounts. A considerable number are required for service in the Philippines, where living is expensive, and the accomplishment of this tour of duty results in actual hardship to officers with families."

Instead of recommending an increase of pay so that the young soldier can safely embark upon the enterprise matrimonial, General Corbin thinks the latter should not consider the proposition at all until he has reached the rank of major, which he may reasonably hope to do at the age of thirty-two, at which time he receives a salary of $2500 a year, $500 longevity pay, and an allowance of $422 for quarters, in the event of the government not being able to provide him with a suitable dwelling-place. These views General Corbin appears to have derived from his recent visit to Germany, where similar ideas are entertained by those who have made a special study of the subject.

A suggestion somewhat novel to us in this country is that vocal music should be taught to all soldiers as a matter not only of entertainment, but of discipline.

"Every man in a post must sing," says the General, commenting on this part of his report. "The poorer a singer he is, the greater amusement for his comrades. It is the best form of entertainment for the men. It is a part of every man's military duty."

He adds that "every regiment should have its marching song." Frequent practice in singing, particularly during the long winter evenings, he believes would do much to make our men satisfied to remain in quarters and away from the baleful influence of the bar-rooms that exist in too great numbers in the vicinity of all our military posts. These bar-rooms are under the protection of license laws of the several States, and are beyond the control of the military authority."

What the Adjutant-General has to say regarding the work of military attachés abroad should receive early consideration from Congress, in view of recent American inroads into the diplomatic councils of the powers. The important part of his comment in this connection is as follows:

"While the number of military attachés abroad has been reduced, the character and quality of the information received from that source have continued to improve. This is due in a large measure to the reciprocal relations established between the War Departments of the several foreign governments at which we have military representatives and our own, whereby information which is regarded as confidential or secret is freely given upon official application of the military attaché to the proper office.

"Attention is again invited to the recommendation contained in several preceding annual reports for increased rank and pay of our military attachés abroad. This appears a small matter here at home, but to the attaché abroad, where rank and precedence govern, it is a matter of very great importance."

Referring to the efficiency of the National Guard as an auxiliary reserve, the General calls attention to an obvious shortcoming which should call for speedy rectification. Upon investigation of the number and kind of arms in the hands of the National Guard in the various States, he has found lamentable deficiencies of equipment. There are less than 4000 United States magazine rifles in their possession, and the balance represents a heterogeneous mass of guns that in time of need would seriously impair the effective military service of these various bodies of citizen soldiers. This point is thus strongly emphasized:

"This heterogeneous collection of obsolete arms is a very serious detriment to the efficiency of the entire National Guard, which, in organization, drill, instruction, etc., assimilates closely to the regular army, and should be armed with the same arms as the latter. If called into service under this deplorable condition much trouble and vexatious delays are involved in providing the different kinds of ammunition required, and in urgent or unforeseen contingencies may lead to disastrous results."

Much is said as to the recent manœuvres, and it is claimed that a deal of valuable information was the result of this somewhat picturesque episode in the army history of the last year. The General also comments upon the artillery defence of our forts, reviews the statistics of the past year in the matter of deaths, desertions, retirements, and dismissals; discusses the canteen question at some length; recommends the authorization by Congress of paymasters to act as savings-banks, and to accept the deposits of officers on an interest basis of four per cent. —a wise and helpful suggestion; and gracefully urges legislation providing that Major-Generals Merritt, Brooke, and Otis, now on the retired list be awarded the rank of lieutenant-general.

Altogether the Adjutant-General's report is excellent and informing reading, and, unlike most official reports, it is presented in such a fashion as to be quite as agreeable to the lay mind as to the technical. It is impossible in the brief compass of a summary of this nature to deal with the General's arguments as fully as they deserve, but to say that it is in the main a sound, sane, and able paper is altogether proper, and in fact only justice to an officer who has in the past come in for a fair share of adverse criticism for his official acts.

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Fashion and Horses

As a companion the horse still beats the machine. The horse has emotions, affections, feelings, moods. The locomotive engineer comes to have a sentimental regard for his locomotive. It is *she* to him, not *it*. Whether the automobilist ever attains to a like sentiment for his automobile has not yet transpired; at least the story-tellers have not told us of it. In so far as we know, the automobile is an impersonal thing, which interests and pleases its owner, to be sure, and gratifies him when it goes well, and disgruntles him when it doesn't, but leaves his affections pretty much untouched. When he gets through with it he is ready to sell it to any one who will pay the price, for any use to which the purchaser may care to put it. There are people who do the like with horses, but there are others who look to it that a horse that has served them well shall have peace and plenty in his declining years.

The affection and personal interest that a good horse inspires in folks is one of the forces that keep good horses in request, and make successful horse shows possible. Another force working to the same end is the human liver. The outside of a horse is still one of the best things known for the inside of a man. The bicycle is pretty good, and it is cheap and does not eat. The automobile does what a horse cannot do. It overcomes distance in a way that no horse can rival. Asphalt pavements and hard macadam roads—so bad for horses' feet and legs—are health and happiness to the rubber tires of the automobile. The horse takes time: the automobile saves time. Give the automobile its due. It is a wise, efficient machine, but it is not a horse. It has no history, no traditions, no ancestors, no literature. There is no Pegasus and no Bucephalus behind it. Interest in an automobile show is purely intellectual. Interest in a horse show is both intellectual and affectionate. It is traditional, too. For thousands of years it has been the habit of the races from which the Americans are sprung to be interested in horses, and that makes horse shows come easier to us.

The horse is interesting. New York is also interesting. So are clothes; so are people. A show that brings together people of fashion from all parts of the country is bound to be a great show, no matter what it gathers about. Wise people who have country houses stay in them all through October. It is the best month in the year, and the month of which the good qualities are hardest come by in a great city. We sometimes have good October weather in New York, but we don't have the smell of the woods and the rustle of the leaves, and the charm of the late autumn weather when it is good just to be alive. Through October and far into November—for November, when its weather happens to be good, has great charms—the astute people who arrange matters so that they can do as they wish, stick to the country. But there comes a day when the roads have begun to be muddy, and the habit of being raw has begun to fix itself on the air, and then—as Mr. Howells says—the asphalt begins to call to them. And then comes the horse show, and puts its mark across a whole week of the calendar, and Fashion comes to town in time for that week, to look at itself in the glass and to be seen of men, and to see the horses.

There is no affectation about the alliance of fashion and horses. It is well founded and sensible; profitable to both parties, but especially to fashion. To love a horse is one of the easiest of all the virtues, and it is one that is patronized by a good many persons for whom the common run of virtues have less attraction than they should. It is compatible with good or bad morals, with wisdom or folly, with youth or age, with petticoats or trousers, with almost anything but poverty, and all that makes it incompatible with poverty is the difficulty a poor man has nowadays in getting and keeping a horse that is worthy of his love. It ought always to be an ennobling sentiment, and usually it is, though it has been known to come between men and duties, which, according to our standards of opinion, had a better claim on their attention and their purses. It is not a jealous virtue either; that is one of the good points about it. You are not restricted to the love of one horse, if so be it that your heart goes out to others. There are many restrictions nowadays on men's desires that are more or less inflexible. To own slaves is forbidden. The harem, though respected in patriarchal times and still honored in the Orient, is very sternly and adversely regarded in Christian countries. But all the horses that the heart of man delights in he may have if he can get them, and maintain and use and enjoy without scandal. No wonder they are the fashion.

Some people go to the horse show to show horses. More go to see them. More still go to see the people who go to see the horses, and to observe their clothes and manners and appearances. The horse attracts society, and society attracts a crowd, and the prospect of a crowd seems to attract still more observers. The Western cities and the Eastern cities contribute to the entertainment. Discerning people of mature years when they see a crowd avoid it, but a great many people, some of whom are not yet sensible, when they see a crowd, argue that there must be something worth looking at. Robust young people, with the world still before them, rather like crowds, and they, after all, are the main reliance of all great shows. If the show-going population was not constantly recruited from the ranks of the young and of the inexperienced, all the shows would suffer, and a great many of them would shut down. People who have life in them and a little money in their pockets are not disposed to get all their knowledge of this world by hearsay and the newspapers. As far as is convenient they want to see for themselves whether things are as represented, and so many of them as come within reach of the New York Horse Show make it their business to inspect it.

It is worth their trouble. The spectacle leaves a picture in their minds to which they will often turn back. They may come away without important increase in their knowledge of horses, though it is hard to watch a succession of fine horses go through their various exercises without arriving at a suspicion at least of what makes a good horse good. But they certainly ought to add to their knowledge of men and women, for the horse-show crowd is one of the most interesting crowds that gathers in New York, and the nature of the place and of the show makes it particularly easy to inspect it. Moreover, women say that it is an admirable place to study dress, and it is told that dressmakers come from distant towns in horse-show week and go to the show repeatedly to discover what manner of gowns the leading metropolitan dressmakers are making and the leading metropolitan dressers are wearing. It may seem absurd to go to a horse show to see women's dresses, but, after all, women do wear new and pretty gowns to the horse show, and they must wear them to be seen of men and women and dressmakers, for, so far as we know, horses have little discrimination about clothes. That is one of the good points about them.

The Horseless Horse Show

Horses short, and horses tall;
Ponies stout, and ponies small;
Hackneys strong and lithe of limb;
Hunters full of verve and vim;
Cobs for carts, of chunky build;
Wheelers trained, and leaders skilled;
Saddle horses trim and sleek;
Dray-cart nags of manners meek;
Mounts with nostrils scenting war
Ready for the army corps;
Good old Dobbins stanch and true,
Ready any work to do;
Tandem teams with champing bits,
Eager almost unto fits—
Every kind of horse, indeed,
Man has ever thought to breed!

These, 'tis said, are to be seen
At the Horse Show, ever green;
But i' faith, if they are there,
Or if not, why should we care?
For the Horse Show, to my mind,
Is not for the horse designed,
But to show us how our "bloods"
Sport the very latest duds.

Is there tooling in the ring?
Not of that do Muses sing.
But of Madame This or That,
In her brand-new Virot hat.
Are there tandems being shown?
What care we, up by the throne.
Who can see young Tarbell D'Hote
In the latest driving coat?
Hath the hunter cleared the rail
At a height to turn us pale?
We care not his praise to lilt
When we see young Asterbilt
Striding by us, pro and con,
With his pea-green ulster on.
What care we for leaders there
Showing off their talents rare,
When in Box Ten-Forty-Two
Sits Miss Rich, in velvet blue,
Trimmed from dimpled chin to toe
With the gems so rich of glow,
That to all eyes she appears
Like a dozen chandeliers?
Why should we at hackneys stare
When Miss Bullion's sitting there
On the public looking down
In a million-dollar gown—
More or less, it matters not
If I've guessed it to a dot.
It would bankrupt you and me
If 'twere sent home C. O. D.

Gad! 'Tis clearer every year
That the Horseless Horse Show's here.
Horses, it is true, there be,
But they're not put there to see,
But to make the wheels go round
For the people richly gowned:
For the chappies full of oats,
Showing off their wondrous coats;
For the maidens and the dames,
Crêmest of the De La Crêmes;
And the ribbons, blue and red,
Sought by horses, richly bred,
Will be given not to steeds
Of the finest equine breeds,
But to youths and ladies fair,
Who are most resplendent there;
Not for "points" that prove the nags,
But for those whose gladsome "rags,"
As the public passes by,
Dazzle most the watching eye.

Poor old horse! Thy day is o'er.
Human folk now have the floor—
Naught is left, alas! for you,
But to seek some handy Zoo,
There to wait the trumpet call
That takes you to your Heavenly stall

John Kendrick Bangs.

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The Lord Mayor and the Jews

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *November 4, 1902.*

THE new Lord Mayor of London is a Jew. Unlike a great many of the Chosen People in England, Sir Marcus Samuel is also a practising Jew, proud of his race, publicly devoted to his faith. The Lord Mayor is not the all-powerful official he is thought to be on the Continent. He is not the Mayor of all London, but only of the City of London, and the "City" is but a fraction of the whole. Greater London has, roughly, a population of six millions, but in the six hundred and fifty acres that comprise the "City" there is a resident population at night of only 38,000, and by day of little over 300,000. It is as though Mr. Seth Low ruled New York only from the City Hall to Wall Street, and some other authority looked after the rest. And even within this area the powers of the Lord Mayor and of the twenty-six Aldermen and the two-hundred-odd Common-Councillors are by no means autocratic. Much of what used to lie within his and their province has been taken over by the London County Council. In fact, the average Londoner never thinks of the Lord Mayor as an edict-making, law-giving official. He stands altogether apart, in the popular mind, from questions of rates and assessments, schools and police. Very few people could say what legislative functions, if any, he fulfils. They may have heard that he is the Chief Magistrate of the Courts, but beyond that their knowledge of his precise duties does not stray. It is the social and decorative side of his position that impresses the public. The Lord Mayor is never without his badge, and rarely without his robes and chains of office. He rides abroad in a magnificently gilded coach with outriders, powdered coachmen and footmen in cocked hats and silk knee-breeches, sending a gleam of gold through the dirty drab of London. Whenever there is a public procession, there you will find the Lord Mayor's coach, or sometimes the Lord Mayor on horseback, holding his sword of state before him, a glittering and resplendent figure. The Lord Mayor's Show on November 9 is one of England's few annual pageants, and, uncouth as it is, has a warm place in the hearts of the populace. And, besides all this, he has some rights and privileges of four hundred years' standing. No troops may pass the City boundaries without his leave. The Sovereign himself has to ask for permission to enter the City walls, just as he has to ask for permission to enter the House of Commons. The Lord Mayor shares with the officer and sentries on duty at the Tower the day's password, and thus has a partial responsibility for the safeguarding of the crown and royal insignia. He is the first to be informed of any great public event that has happened. But it is as the host at the famous Guildhall banquets that his name is widest known, and it is in this capacity that he best represents the metropolis. Princes, statesmen, distinguished foreigners, sometimes the reigning sovereign, are continually being entertained within its halls. The annual dinner to the cabinet ranks as one of the great political events of the year. On such occasions you get public hospitality at its best. For taste and magnificence there is nothing in Europe to equal a banquet at the Mansion House, with its heralds and marshals of antique cut, its wondrous gold plate, and the passing of the famous loving-cup. Next to dinner-giving, the chief function of the Lord Mayor would seem to be that of money-raising. Hardly a year goes by in which the Mansion House is not called upon to open a subscription list on behalf of some public object, and as the opening of such a list is a guarantee that the object in view is a good one and that the money will be well spent, colossal sums are quickly raised. During the last Indian famine all but $3,000,000 was subscribed to the Lord Mayor's Fund in six weeks. London is really too big to have any corporate life, but so far as it has a public centre at all, that centre is to be looked for in the Mansion House. Even though he is not elected by the people and rules only a fraction of the metropolis, the Lord Mayor on all public occasions stands for London. It is an exacting and in many ways a difficult post to fill. It is also an expensive one. Though he only holds office for a year and is allowed a salary of $50,000, a Lord Mayor leaves the Mansion House anywhere from $10,000 to $30,000 poorer than he entered it.

And just because his official duties are so largely social and ornamental, it is all the more interesting that the Lord Mayor for the coming year should be a Jew. Sixty years ago no Jew could have risen to such a height. Sixty years ago they were prevented from being Aldermen or even members of the Common Council. A Jew could not hold any office, civil, military, or corporate. He could not follow the profession of the law as barrister or attorney; he could not be a public-school master, or sit in the House of Commons, or even exercise the elector's franchise, if called upon to take the elector's oath. The oath to all these offices, professions, and rights included the words "on the true faith of a Christian." The words, curiously enough, were not aimed at the Jews or at any one. They are a specimen of the blundering way in which the English Parliament sometimes does its work. They were intended to throw open to all Christians the offices and privileges that had hitherto been reserved for members of the Church of England. Their object was to abolish the disabilities of the Dissenters, not to impose fresh disabilities on the Jews. But their effect was to shut the Jew up in a sort of political and social ghetto, and it was not until nearly 1860 that the last of the restrictions was done away with, and Jews were legally admitted to sit in the House of Commons. To-day there is no office, except that of Lord Chancellor, who, as the "keeper of the sovereign's conscience," must be a Protestant, to which Jews and Catholics are not equally eligible. No one dreams of protesting against Sir Marcus Samuel's elevation to the Lord-Mayoralty on the score of his religion. Moreover, almost all the social prejudice against Jews has vanished. They have come to occupy a position in England such as they have nowhere else attained to. They are more respected here, less ostracized, and more merged in the mass than in any other country, not even excepting the United States. The comic papers do not live to caricature them; no hotel-keeper would dare to refuse them admission; and from comparatively few clubs, and these mostly provincial, is it a rule to exclude them. Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of Jews in England. There are the patrician Jew, the middle-class Jew, and the Jew of Whitechapel and Houndsditch. The patrician Jew, of the Rothschild, Hirsch, and Worms type, is almost unrepresented in America or in Russia, and though known on the Continent, has no social standing there. One of the Barons Rothschild was, indeed, received by the Austrian Court a few years ago, but it was on sufferance merely. Nobody who is anybody in Vienna will consent to be intimate with a Jewish family, and intermarriage is never even thought of. The same conditions prevail in Berlin and Paris. But in England the Jew aristocrat is not only a welcomed member of society, but a leader of it. There are at least half a dozen Jewish houses in London where invitations are sought as eagerly as a presentation at Buckingham Palace, and where the receptions skim the cream of London society. In these houses fashion and politics, finance and literature, diplomacy, art, and science meet and blend with a perfection that few Gentile hostesses are able to compass. No doubt King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, had a great deal to do in giving the Jewish aristocracy its present position. But a stronger agency has consolidated it. The patrician Jews encourage their daughters to marry into the English nobility, and the English nobility —witness Lord Rosebery—is no more averse to wedding an English Jewess than an American heiress. It is intermarriage that has made the aristocratic Jew in England the social force he is. The common complaint of "the exclusiveness of Israel" has no application to him. He is as thorough an Englishman as any cockney of them all, as devoted to the country, as public spirited, and only to be distinguished from his Christian peers, when he can be distinguished at all, by a more cultivated mind and a larger and usually wiser benevolence. England has gained enormously from the presence of this class, and hardly less so from the second class, the bourgeois Jew, the Jew who throngs the professions and the world of business. These differ from the patrician Jew only in their refusal to permit their daughters to marry Christians. Otherwise they are excellent and valued citizens, completely identified with the life around them, and more zealous than the average Englishman in the discharge of public duties. Between them and their Christian neighbors there is, generally speaking, free social intercourse. It is to this class that Sir Marcus Samuel, one of the great merchants in the Anglo-Japanese trade, belongs; and it is a class of which it is hard to speak too highly. The Anglicized Jews of the fourth or fifth generation, perfectly mannered, highly cultivated, maintain in their home life a standard of refinement and moderation that one often looks for in vain in a middle-class English household. As a rule, they have a keener pride of race than of faith, go to the same schools and the same universities as their Gentile friends, live in all ways the ordinary life of a well-to-do English family, paying possibly more attention to the things of the mind than of the body.

Unhappily, to this same class belongs the Jew of a type more familiar in Johannesburg and New York than in London—the flashy, bediamoned, vulgar, cosmopolitan Jew, usually of German origin. It is he and his manners and the prominence he gives to them that are the cause of whatever unpopularity attaches to the race. This class of Jew is not at present a large one in England, but it is exceedingly conspicuous and wholly material. It fills the stalls of the fashionable theatres, and dines regularly and loudly at the best restaurants. Pleasure is its final goal, and neither the sort of pleasure it affects nor the way in which it pursues it is a recommendation to the "man in the street." The Jew of Whitechapel and Houndsditch, the poor immigrant Jew, stands in another category altogether. He is an economic problem, and beginning to be felt as such, and may eventually drive the government to copy American example and apply some rigorous restrictions on this influx of undesirables at the ports of entry. But, on the whole, one may say there is no Jewish question in England. Anything like the fury with which M. Lueger in Vienna or MM. Rochefort and Drumont in Paris have abandoned themselves to anti-Semitism would be quite impossible here.

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The Threatening Aspect of the Servant Problem

"I HOPE you are satisfied now," said the temperamental pessimist, approaching us with the morning paper in his hand, "with what you have done in giving away the facts of the domestic situation," and he sat down to see us suffer as he thought we ought from the perusal of the article which he put before us with his thumb on the place. It was the report of a meeting of ladies, called together by the gravity of the affair, to consider what could be done about getting other ladies to do their kitchen, chamber, parlor, and laundry work for them. The ladies accustomed to do it were no longer coming from Ireland, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Afro-America, and the other sources of supply in sufficient numbers to meet the demand, and those already here were putting up the rates beyond anything, and apparently asking privileges which gave at least some of the employers bad consciences, and affected them all with gloomy forebodings. They foresaw that if they were to get such ladies to serve them as before, it must be on different terms. They must not only pay them more, but they must not lodge them in holes and corners, or ask fifteen hours' work of them, or forbid them the pleasure of seeing their friends in comfortable rooms and going out to meet them more than once a fortnight. They must treat them as of much the same make as themselves, with the same passions, susceptibilities, and aspirations.

"Well, what is so bad about all this?" we asked, as hardily as we could under the withering eye of the pessimist.

"Don't you see," he demanded, "that by such articles as 'The Appeal to Women,' you and others like you have put ideas into servants' heads? Of themselves they would never have supposed that they were underpaid or over-worked, or ill-used or ill-lodged, or restricted in their privileges. By the fleering insinuations of that article you have helped to destroy their traditional subordination, to undermine their content, to poison their minds and inspire them with question of the rights of their mistresses, who are as divinely set over them as the great coal operators were set over the coal miners—till they were overset by the miners' union. If we are now confronted by a famine of domestic service, you have yourself largely to blame for it."

We saw that with the temperamental pessimist in this state it would be useless for us to say that we had safeguarded the implications of that article, which was written solely in the interest of the superiors of the inferiors, by all the ironic arts we were masters of; that we fully accepted the sociological canon that there would never have been any discontent in this best of all possible worlds if the oppressed had been left to feel it through their hard conditions; that the social unrest of our day was the creation of sentimentalists who put themselves in the place of the under-dog, and then whispered the under-dog how he ought to be suffering, when otherwise the under-dog would think he was just having a good romp. The pessimist had decided that if those carefully masked confidences of ours had not somehow reached the inferiors, the superiors would not now be dismayed with the situation that confronts them. It would be useless to contend with him that there must be some way out of the maze, and we touched a bell, and bade the answering messenger to send us the office-optimist.

He appeared, radiantly smiling, while the pessimist sat gloomily silent to see what would come of our interview. "Do you know," we began by asking, "that a number of the women of New York have just met, and decided that unless they treat their servants better, they will not have any to treat badly, and that it seems to be coming to that, anyway, no matter how they treat them? That the way things look now, the American home is going by the board, and that the American hotel is sailing round, ready to fish up the fragments?"

"Yes, I have read all that in the morning paper," said the office-optimist, undauntedly.

"And what have you to suggest?"

"Why, it is not so bad as it seems. In the first place, the American home is not based on domestic service, in ninety cases out of a hundred. In all these cases the work of the house is done by the mothers and daughters, just as the livelihood of the family is earned by the father and sons."

"Oh, but come!" we protested. "You don't expect us to consider people like those?"

"They are the people who elect our Presidents," said the office-optimist.

"But you never meet them in our best society. They are commonplace people, who will probably get to heaven in considerable numbers, but cannot be taken any account of in a polite study of social phenomena. Here is a condition that is convulsing a tenth of our people, from the highest of the plutocracy down to the very bottom of the upper middle classes, and we do not want you to talk to us about the only sort of Americans who are still in the safe enjoyment of the American home. Now, go on!"

"Well," the office-optimist resumed, "the plutocracy can be always left to take care of themselves. They can duplicate their domestic service indefinitely, and house them luxuriously, and let them go out every afternoon and evening in the week, by relays. I own that with the middle classes there is apparently a pinch. But let them reduce the number of their servants, and the American home will be as fully secured to them as it is to the richest or the poorest in the land. The ordinary equipment of the American home, among a tenth of the tenth of the American families in which the mother and daughters do not do the work, is a cook and a waitress-chambermaid. Now let each of these families send away the cook. Then the waitress-chambermaid can have a room to herself, and the kitchen to see her friends in, or perhaps even the dining-room when the family is not using it; and can go out several afternoons in the week, when the family can lunch out or dine out—"

"Oh," the pessimist interrupted, sarcastically, "perhaps you would like to have the family go out for all its meals, as you have left no provision in your fine scheme for cooking them at home."

"Not at all," said the office-optimist, cheerfully. "I would have their meals brought in to them. There is no reason in the world, with our inventiveness and gift for organization, why there should not be not only in New York and the large places, but in the small places, down to the smallest village, a system of catering which should forever displace the wasteful, stupid, cruel, private kitchen which is now the curse of the American home. Why, under heaven, should every house, every wretched flat, no matter how small, have that altar of sacrifice to the infernal gods?"

"Did you ever happen to have your meals sent in?" asked the pessimist.

"In Europe, yes, where they were delightful, and in America where they were detestable. But they were detestable here because they were not generally wanted. If they were generally wanted, there is no question but they would be far better in material, better cooked, and more attractively served than the meals cooked in the vast majority of the tenth of the tenth of the American homes where a cook is kept to spoil victuals. How could they possibly be worse? On any large scale they simply could not help being better, for nothing could be so bad as the cooking in most of American homes. Personal gift could be richly paid for in the art of cooking them, foreign education could be interested, the provisions could be bought at wholesale rates, and an immense system of thieving between butchers and cooks abolished, together with the abominable retail profits we now pay."

"And what prevents the introduction of this benign system?" we asked, rather sceptically.

"Nothing but the ignorant and wrong-headed obstructiveness of the women who have been wearing their lives out with their cooks, and are now basely ready to get down on their knees to them."

"Oh, come," we said, "you mustn't talk like that."

But here the pessimist had an immense surprise in store for us: "There is a great deal in what he says on that point," he growled, and the two went out together.

The Poe Family in Football

FOOTBALL in America apparently runs in the blood, judging from the number of families who have produced experts in the game. At the head probably stand the descendants of the famous poet, Poe, who have probably done more to give the Tigers their reputation on the oval than any other set of men who have passed and kicked. For nearly twenty years the Princeton team had a Poe upon it, the only gap being three years between 1884 and 1887. Johnson, the oldest brother, entered the university in 1880, and his skill immediately attracted attention to this name. Edgar Allan, the second brother, played quarterback, and acted as captain in 1889 and 1890, John P., Jr., being the next brother to go upon the oval in 1895. Princeton was fortunate in having two Poes, John and Neilson, upon its eleven in 1894. Then came Arthur in 1898, Gresham wearing the colors in 1901.

The Poes inherited a part of their kicking proclivities, for their father still enjoys a laugh over the days when the game simply resolved itself into the question as to who could drive the ball the farthest with his foot. The elder Poe confined his exploits principally to the commons in and around Baltimore, forming one of what would now be called a "scrub" team, and little attention was paid to numbers. When Johnson began playing on local teams, the Rugby method was popular in Baltimore. It was introduced by Tunstall Smith, who brought it from Oxford. As Mr. Poe says, there was little or no organization, each man being practically independent of the other. The Rugby method was also used at Princeton for a time, but before his college career closed the elevens were playing the association game.

There are no giants in the Poe family. In fact, several of them are under the average size, Arthur and Gresham, the younger brothers, being the tallest, five feet seven inches, and averaging between 138 and 150 pounds in weight. Johnson Poe was but five feet four inches in height when he played with Princeton, Edgar Allan, five feet five inches, and Neilson, five feet five. They credit their skill largely to quickness of motion, all of the brothers being noticeable in this respect. Johnson, who has done much to develop the other brothers by coaching them, believes that wrestling is one of the best exercises to develop the football expert, and thinks that the skill of several of the brothers in this sport has been a reason for their success.

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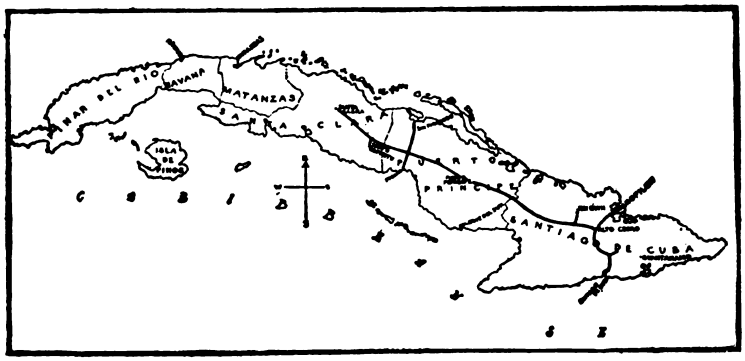
Cuba's New Railroad

See page 1740

CUBA is already rapidly undergoing a prompt and practical ordeal of modern Americanization, and to all appearances under such favorable auspices as portend very promising political and economic prospects for its early future prosperity.

Prior to the cession of the island to America, in August, 1898, only the western portion—comprising barely one-third of its area—enjoyed railroad facilities. Within a very short space of time after the signing of the protocol of peace, Mr. Robert P. Porter, who was deputed by the late President McKinley to inquire into and report upon the industrial, commercial, and financial condition of Cuba, pointed out *(inter alia)* the urgent necessity of providing railway communication throughout the vast and undeveloped eastern regions, at the same time expressing his doubt as to such an undertaking being profitable for many years to come.

Undaunted by this guarded warning, Sir William Van Horn, with a few kindred enterprising railway magnates, decided to act upon the suggestion contained in Mr. Porter's report, and at once sent out a body of competent men to make a preliminary survey of the country, and in less than a year afterwards the whole area was completely surveyed, the route mapped out, and the constructional works actually begun. Within less than three years the entire line of railway, extending over 400 miles in length and covering an area of about 30,000 square miles, has been finished, and is now about to be formally opened for public traffic.



Map of Cuba, showing the Route of the New Railway

The main object of the new Cuba railway is stated to be "for the development of the eastern and larger part of the island of Cuba." It begins and is connected with the existing railway system at Santa Clara, and runs in a southeasterly direction through the very heart and centre of the island *viâ* Puerto Principe, down to Alto Cedro junction; here a crescent-form branch is to run from north to south, connecting Nipe Bay with San Luis, Macuriges, and Santiago de Cuba. Another branch line extends from the main trunk system on to Sancti Spiritus junction, and a 'cross-country railway runs between Jucaro and San Fernando. Later it is proposed to establish a railway connection with Holguin.

The new railroad is of standard gauge, and its bridges are of steel and masonry; its equipment will be similar to that of the best American railways, and it is intended to run through sleeping-cars between Havana and Santiago de Cuba. The new line will add largely to the many attractions Cuba offers to capitalists, settlers, and tourists, for it will open out and make easy of access many important, valuable, and interesting places and districts which have hitherto been difficult to reach and to explore.

Cuba is described as "the Pearl of the Antilles" and the key of the Gulf of Mexico, and is not only the largest and most populous, but the most important and the wealthiest, island in the West-Indian archipelago. Its full length is 900 miles, and at the greatest breadth about 120 miles from sea to sea. Its total area is estimated at 44,000 square miles. The country is rich in hidden minerals, and it is authoritatively recorded that "there is every probability that thorough prospecting will discover great mineral wealth." The vegetable products are varied, plentiful, and valuable; there is an abundant supply of good water, and around the island are to be found numerous excellent harbors. The climate, for the tropics, is a very tolerable one, and the island will soon be rendered more healthy by proper irrigation, drainage, and an improved system of sanitation. At present the towns are nearly all without proper drains, and the inhabitants, who as yet are unacquainted with the hygienic laws, are generally very unclean in their habits. Though the population of the island is now stated to be a little over a million only, there are resources and room enough to maintain ten times this number; so far but a comparatively small portion of its area is populated.

As in most other similar countries, care should be exercised by those seeking permanent homes in Cuba, and intending settlers should visit the island and make their own selection. Land titles in the unoccupied and in the newly settled parts of Cuba are, in many cases, defective. The government has recently taken steps towards the perfection of titles, but at present intending purchasers would do well to consult reputable lawyers before parting with their money, and the areas should be verified by a competent and reliable land-surveyor. There are no obtainable government lands there; practically all the lands are held by individuals, and in the eastern half of the island—in the vicinity of the new railway—they are usually held in large areas. No systematic land survey has yet been made, and the large areas are mostly in irregular forms, and their boundaries are, as a rule, defined by water-courses, roads, or natural objects, and in some cases the boundaries are doubtful.

The Cuba Company, it appears, has acquired considerable areas of land, chiefly in the province of Santiago, with the intention of dividing them into small farms or units, and offering them on reasonable terms to actual settlers. Persons wishing to acquire farms, however, or to acquire large areas of land should have little difficulty in finding what they want outside of the company's holdings, and in finding as good in every way and as favorably situated as those of the company, and probably at lower prices.

There are already a great many Americans in Cuba, who, within the last fifty years have established themselves there, chiefly as planters, merchants, and storekeepers, and they seem thoroughly happy and to enjoy as good health as they did at home. There are also not a few English people there, mainly concerned in the old railway systems and tobacco estates belonging to British capitalists. Both the American and English live on the friendliest terms, and have their principal settlements at Cardenas, Havana, Cienfuegos, and Santiago.

Some idea of the encouraging outlook in Cuba, stimulated greatly by its railway development, can be gathered from the statement made the other day by Mr. J. White Todd, chairman of the Cuban Central Railways, when he remarked: "The new government inaugurated in Cuba under American auspices is proceeding most satisfactorily; perfect quiet and confidence prevail. Assuming the passage of the American reciprocity bill, coupled with the favorable influence of the Brussels Sugar Convention, there is every reason to expect a general business revival in Cuba and an era of great prosperity." Speaking of railroads in particular, Mr. White Todd concluded by stating that "the American authorities have shown every disposition to act fairly towards the vested interests of the railroads, and the revised laws are not only not prejudicial, but constitute additional protection and assurance."

Picture and Poem in Music

WE have lately heard from the Boston Symphony Orchestra—which returns to us this season as incomparably fine an instrument as ever—two works, one of them quite new, whose juxtaposition on the Orchestra's programmes suggests comparisons which seem to us to furnish a highly profitable subject for meditation.

Mr. Gericke had chosen for performance, with what was, for our immediate purpose, a singular aptness of contrast, a new symphony by the Swiss composer, Hans Huber,—in which he has imagined a tonal translation of the artistic personality and the paintings of his late compatriot, Arnold Böcklin,—and Richard Strauss's familiar tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after Lenau). We have long been upon fairly intimate terms with Strauss's profound and impassioned conception—an intimacy which breeds only wonder and delight in its ardor of inspiration, its superlative eloquence, its revealing verity and strength. The Huber symphony is fresh out of Europe, the one-hundred-and-fifteenth work of its author. In its intention, we have said, it is an impressionistic musical paraphrase, a glorification in tone, of the work of Arnold Böcklin. The finale—a "Metamorphosis, suggested by pictures by Böcklin"—is a group of variations, each one of which bears the title of a particular painting: thus we are to hear in the orchestra "The Silence of the Ocean"; "Prometheus Chained"; "A Hermit fiddling before the Statue of the Madonna"; "The Elysian Fields"; "The Dawn of Love." No one, surely, would quarrel with so amiable and right an application of the programmatic idea: the intention, *quâ* intention, is unimpeachable. Our objection, however, is that it is all intention—the thing quite fails to come off. The music proceeds with dignity, with sensitiveness—and wholly without eloquence: wherewith we come to our point: Herr Huber has forgotten that, in translating musically a pictorial or poetic or dramatic conception, you may be as apt, as vivid in imagery, but you must also be, in the most obviously abstract sense, musically eloquent. Lacking that mere magic of phrase, all else is barrenness.

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Books and Bookmen

MR. ANTHONY HOPE, who is very much in the public eye again through the success of his clever novel *The Intrusions of Peggy*, has evidently no desire to make a secret of his literary methods. Here is his record of a day's work. "Let us suppose," he says, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45, and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.
10.3. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.
10.15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)
10.45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.
11.15. I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!
11.45. Hullo! Will that do?
12. Hang it, that's no use!
12.30. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.
12.40. Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)
1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.
1.30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)
2.15. Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh yes, I *do!* Good! That's not so bad.
3. One, two, three—three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?
3.15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!
3.40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1200 words, and I want 2000. What the deuce shall I do?
3.50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.
4. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.
4.15. Oh, confound it!
4.45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!
5. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.
5.3. It's not so bad, though, after all.
5.11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.
5.15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.
5.20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.
5.25. Pretty smart ending!
5.30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!
5.35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I sha'n't touch a pen again to-day.

"There it is—How a Story is Written. By One who has done it. . . . That remark about the 'dozen men in England' represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion."

In answer to a request to tell his readers how he worked, Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose new book, *The Little White Bird*, has just been published, wrote the following on a crumpled piece of paper that had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism

2 pipes	1 hour
2 hours	1 idea
1 idea	3 pars
3 pars	1 leader

Fiction

8 pipes	1 ounce
7 ounces	1 week
2 weeks	1 chap
20 chaps	1 nib
2 nibs	1 novel

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book, *Paul Kelver*, seems to be enjoying a greater popularity in England than in this country. Mr. Jerome is a favorite among his literary and journalistic brethren in London, and in consequence his book has come in for a good deal of indiscriminate and effusive praise. Mr. Jerome has done some clever work as a humorist; his *Three Men in a Boat* is all but forgotten now, but it was very amusing and deservedly popular for a long time. *Paul Kelver* is a fairly good novel, but it scarcely "places him in the front rank of English novelists." He has lived the ideal life as he regards it: clerk, actor, journalist, schoolmaster, editor, playwright, theatrical manager, novelist—everything almost except publisher, which does not seem to enter into his scheme of an ideal life. As a dramatist—witness "Miss Hobbs"—he has achieved his greatest success so far. About the time he



left off schoolmastering and sent a paper to *Home Chimes* called "On the Stage and off," he met Mr. Barrie, who had just come to London, and was also writing for the same magazine. In Mr. Jerome, Mr. Barrie encountered the *nakoda*, as the Japanese have it, who was to introduce him to the lady who is now his wife. When "Walker, London," by Mr. Barrie, was about to be produced, the author wrote to Mr. Jerome inquiring if he knew of "a really charming girl who could really act." Miss Mary Ansell had been playing in Mr. Jerome's "Woodbarrow Farm," and he recommended her, with the happiest results to the play and to its author. Mr. Jerome was recently the subject of a "kind caricature" in the London *Sketch*, reproduced above.

Colonel Higginson contributes the latest volume to the "American Men of Letters" series. The subject is Longfellow, and the editor of the series may be congratulated on the result. Colonel Higginson, while enjoying the advantage of having known Longfellow intimately in his late years, has not depended on these personal resources for any value that might attach to his biography of the poet. More than any other writer on Longfellow, he has closely studied the early years of the poet, and it is in what he has to say about this period of Longfellow's life that the book is of distinctive value to the student of the poet's work and character. Not only so, but almost for the first time in any biography of Longfellow, we begin to see the real personality of the man. Colonel Higginson has given life to his narrative. He has also had new material to draw upon, especially the manuscript letters and the girlish library of the first Mrs. Longfellow, who was married in 1831, and died four years later. Colonel Higginson, we notice, differs with Hawthorne and Howells in their judgment of *Kavanagh*, which he regards as unworthy of its author's genius.

A few days ago we picked up a volume of Longfellow's poems, published in 1889, which still perpetrates a curious blunder the poet made in one of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," but which was corrected in the handsome subscription edition of his works published about twenty years ago. In "The Monk of Casal Maggiore" Longfellow wrote originally:

Then her two favorite pullets and her last
Were put to death at her express desire.

But upon calling the poet's attention to the fact that pullets were "young hens," and that he had spoken of them in a later stanza as "chanticleers," he changed the lines to read:

Then her two barn-yard fowls, the best and last,
Were put to death at her express desire.

There is a very popular Year-Book, by-the-way, which has run through successive perennial editions covering tens of thousands of copies, which has continued unblushingly to parody a quotation from Browning's "Christmas Eve." Browning says:

> For I, a man, with men am linked,
> And not a brute with brutes.

But harken to the Year-Book:

> For I, a man, with men am linked,
> And not a brick with bricks.

A dramatization of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer* had its première last week at Hartford, Connecticut, the author's birthplace, and has proved a successful spectacular entertainment. Unfortunately, Mr. Clemens was unable to be present at the performance on account of his wife's illness.

TO TOM SAWYER

["Most of MARK TWAIN's characters were taken from life. *Huckleberry Finn* is MARK TWAIN himself. *Tom Sawyer*, now seventy-five years old, is the proprietor of a prosperous drinking-saloon in San Francisco."]

And are you nearing seventy-six?
I held you as a deathless boy.
And do you dexterously mix
The drinks that give your nation joy?
A bar! how poor a lot for you!
Yet *Mr. Dooley* keeps one too.

And MARK, how oft does MARK drop in
To talk old Mississippi days,
And join you in a whiskey-skin,
And backward glance with wistful gaze
To those young times ere law was made,
And Injuns lurked in every glade?

My present drink is ginger beer,
So void our taverns of delight.
But ah! if your saloon were *here*,
How would I doff the Rechabite!
How would I quaff, and bless my luck,
The while you yarned of JIM and HUCK!

—*Punch*.

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Finance

At last the stock-market has awakened from its apathy. This was not accomplished, however, without financial injury to hundreds of misguided optimists, and to a few daring spirits that were unable to read certain conditions properly. After a hesitating market for weeks, dull and indeterminate, the speculative community was treated to a severe spasm of liquidation and the inevitable violent decline in prices. That quotations should be lower did not of itself astonish Wall Street. The mere speculators rather expected it, and the bankers were not averse to it if it succeeded in curing certain highly speculative cliques of dangerous recklessness. But what disturbed professional Wall Street was the suddenness with which the liquidation developed. At this writing the average speculator in stocks is inclined to believe that there must be something not known to the community at large which has forced the extensive selling of securities by belated pools and overloaded "plungers." So widely held was this assumption that as a matter of course all manner of disquieting rumors circulated. Ordinarily such gossip would not be taken seriously; but after a violent decline, stock speculators are more prone to believe the talk of the rumor-monger.

The decline was apparently due to no new development in the situation. On broad grounds, there was no more reason for the break than existed a fortnight or even a month ago. The unfavorable factors did not become more threatening overnight. It was owing to this absence of a fresh "reason" that the downward movement was inexplicable to many. The effect of such serious losses in quoted values as were made these past few days is always to befog the minds of those whose market commitments have suffered, and to affect speculative sentiment generally to an extent disproportionate to the change in the situation. For that reason we hear much more of the "unfavorable conditions," though these conditions are no more unfavorable than they have been this long time. They remain as enumerated in this column two weeks ago. The contagion of example is potent, and in the speculative district fear spreads even more quickly than optimism. That there was a bear party more powerful than had been suspected, and that the preliminary decline in prices encouraged on their part more aggressive operations for the fall may be admitted. But it was not merely a bear raid that caused the demoralization which was noted later. There was genuine liquidation of long holdings, not only by a few Western plungers, but by hundreds of smaller speculators throughout the country. For one thing, it was shown that the "public" held more stocks than even the acutest observers of the speculative markets had believed. Of course, had the volume of the securities thus held been still greater there would have been a stock-market panic of very fair dimensions; but, as it was, the Street did not feel any too easy. Obviously, however, the principal selling came from a coterie of speculators of large calibre, whose efforts in the direction of manufacturing a bull market at an unseasonable time were successful in creating only a dangerous technical condition of affairs in the stock-market, for which, incidentally, they have been blamed severely by the financial writers these many months. Stocks were thrown over by the tens of thousands of shares. To be able to protect certain "pets," or to carry through plans of more vital importance to them, there can be no doubt that certain large operators were compelled to dispose, as best they could, of merely speculative lines acquired in the vain hope of making a neat market "turn." That the stronger interests in the world of finance did not deem it necessary to prevent this sacrifice was clear. Indeed, there is foundation for the belief that not a few of the Chicago operators believed themselves safe in their bull position for no other reason than the theory that the strong interests in question would not permit a very serious setback in the stock-market. It was assumed that the great leaders were themselves committed to the bull cause, and therefore would be hurt by a reactionary market even more than the speculators pure and simple. But the situation demanded caution and conservatism, and the best, indeed the only way to impress this upon heedless stock-gamblers was by precisely such a lesson as they have now had. With the country suffering from no abatement in the general prosperity, with the railroads showing increases in their earnings over last year's large figures, with no check to confidence anywhere outside of the stock-market, and no more threatening monetary conditions than have prevailed for months, there was no reason why investors should be frightened. But the over-optimistic speculator might do harm if not sobered by what the Street is apt to style euphemistically a healthy reaction.

Perhaps the price tendency received its first push in a downward direction from the report that one of the trust companies found itself overburdened by its participation in the underwriting of one of the latest combinations. At first, naturally enough, the Street heard vague but most alarming whispers. These were enough to shake confidence, and there was a selling movement which became more general as prices went lower. When the announcement was made that a strong syndicate had been formed and had taken over the trust company's load, there was a general feeling of relief, which was increased by the official statement of the State bank-examiner that the condition of the trust companies of New York was sound. Notwithstanding this, the fact remained that the trust companies, with but few exceptions, have of late years been doing a strictly banking business without the safeguards to their depositors which the law exacts from the banks.

It is to be presumed, from what happened on the days following, that certain individual participants in some of the more recent underwritings were called upon to strengthen their position with banking institutions, and that to be able to do so they were obliged to sell securities in the open market. That they did so at financial losses of no mean magnitude is in all probability true. Further than that nothing can be said. As a matter of course, many innocent suffered with the few guilty. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the unloading process of the week, however painful it may have been to some, will prove beneficial to the community in averting the far greater troubles toward which Wall Street was drifting.

The Christmas Magazine

Perhaps in no single number of any other periodical has so notable a list of contributors been brought together as that which appears on the index page of the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine. Here are some of the names set down in the order in which they appear: Algernon Charles Swinburne, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Mary E. Wilkins, Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Robert W. Chambers, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sarah Jeannette Duncan, Amélie Rives, Margaret Deland, André Castaigne, Howard Pyle.

The opening article, by Mr. Swinburne, is a brilliant estimate of Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear," in which he ventures the statement that had Shakespeare written no other plays in addition to "Lear," he would still be the greatest man that ever lived. Mr. Swinburne's paper is accompanied by four full-page pictures by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. The first, which appears as a frontispiece in color, is a masterly oil painting of the old King's faithless daughters, *Goneril* and *Regan*.

Mr. Swinburne's article is followed by a short story by Mark Twain, entitled "Was it Heaven? Or Hell?" The question of the justifiability of telling a lie is the *motif* of this story, and not since "The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg" has Mr. Clemens given us a story of such power.

Mr. Howells is represented in the Christmas number by a poetic dialogue, "The Mother." It is a conversation between a young father and mother at the birth of their first-born. Mr. Howells has handled his subject with infinite delicacy and charm, and has produced a work of wonderful beauty.

Next on the list of notable contributors is Mary E. Wilkins, who contributes a New England story; then Mrs. Wharton, with "The Mission of Jane," a story in which humor and pathos are curiously mingled; and after Mrs. Wharton, Booth Tarkington makes his first appearance outside of fiction in his article on "The Middle West," a delightful study of a society with which he is thoroughly familiar. Robert W. Chambers is represented by a mystical love-story, told with much charm, and Sarah Jeannette Duncan tells in her delightfully humorous way of her visit to the widows of the former kings of India.

A particularly interesting feature of this number is the reappearance in it of Amélie Rives as a story-writer. The first part of her story, "The Mocking of the Gods," gives evidence that her writing has lost none of its charm. This is the first story which the author (now the Princess Troubetzskoy) has written for a number of years. Another important feature is a new "Old Chester Tale," by Margaret Deland. In it Dr. Lavendar, the kindly old clergyman, shows himself the master of an intricate situation. The last story in the number is "The Man and the Boy," a strikingly original story of rare spiritual quality.

Of the pictures in color which appear in this number as much may be said as of the text. Mention has been made of the pictures by Mr. Abbey which open the number. The artist's beautiful illustrations for the comedies of Shakespeare will be recalled, and the announcement that the drawings in this number are but the first of the pictures illustrating Shakespeare's tragedies is a welcome one. Of almost equal importance with Mr. Abbey's pictures are the four paintings in color by Howard Pyle, illustrating an extremely interesting paper in defence of Captain Kidd. These pictures, in their brilliant colors, are admirably representative of the best printing in color that has been done. The daintier color paintings by E. M. Ashe, which accompany Mark Twain's story and "The Mission of Jane," Mr. Christy's painting, and the two full-page pictures in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green, which close the number, give variety to the art-work comparable only to that shown in the letter-press. There are twenty-five separate contributions in the number, of which nine are short stories. The special articles cover the fields of history, literature, science, art, archæology, and travel.

The cover, an exact reproduction of tree-calf leather stamped in gold, is original and novel, and it is an artistic triumph.

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(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

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The Fiji Islands and the New Cable



A Native Settlement in Fiji



The House of a Fiji Chief



A Mansion of the South Seas

THE land of the cannibals is now connected by cable! The last section of the British Imperial Pacific Cable was laid at the Fiji Islands this month, when a test congratulatory message was sent to King Edward. The cable will be open for public use about the end of this month.

These islands, though a British dependency, are more likely to prove of greater commercial value and utility to the United States than to the mother-country. Great Britain, in fact, has exhibited very little, if any, commercial interest in the Fiji archipelago. Her main object from the outset has been of a strategical character, and even in this regard the British government does not, at any time, appear to have shown a keen inclination to be burdened with their acquisition. It was just possible that some fifty years ago these islands might have become an American possession.

In the year 1849 a considerable amount of damage was done to the property of the American consul, in consequence of which a very heavy claim was made against the leading chief, Thackombau, by the United States government. This claim was far beyond the means of the cannibal chief to liquidate. Acting on the advice of, it is said, some missionaries, Thackombau, in the year 1858 offered the sovereignty of the islands to Great Britain, on the condition that he be allowed to retain his rank as chief and that the American claim be paid. As a set-off to the payment, he offered to convey to the British government, if necessary, the absolute freehold of 200,000 acres of land. On receipt of this offer, a special commissioner (Colonel Smythe) was sent out to Fiji to investigate and report, more especially upon the prospective advantages of the islands as a naval and coaling station, and, secondarily, as a place for cotton-growing. Colonel Smythe's report was not a favorable one, and acting on his advice the offer of sovereignty was rejected in 1862. As it happened, the following years brought a considerable increase to the white population of the islands, cotton-planting being stimulated by the American war. In the year 1868 a body of enterprising Australians—alive to the commercial value of these islands—formed themselves into a company for the purpose of taking over the American debt on the terms already submitted to the British government. Local feeling was strongly opposed to this mode of hypothecation, and preferred rather making a further and more pressing offer of cession to Great Britain. The terms of the proposal were this time referred to Sir Hercules Robinson, the then governor of New South Wales, who ultimately reported favorably, and sovereignty was finally accepted by Great Britain in October, 1874.



Samoan Fishermen



Warriors of the Solomon Islands

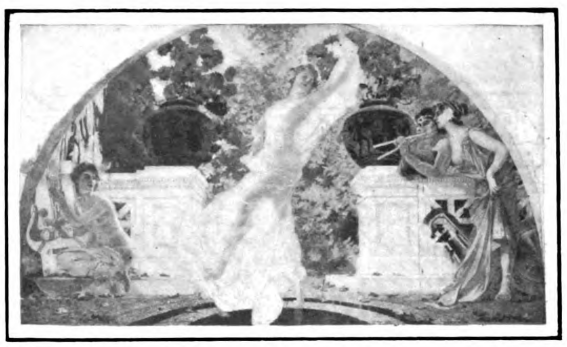
The Fiji, or Viti Islands are about 250 (including islets), of which eighty only are inhabited. They are about 1000 miles from New Zealand, 1700 miles from Sydney (New South Wales), and 4700 miles from San Francisco.

The islands are famous for their good harbors; water is abundant, the soil rich, and the climate fairly healthy. These harbors will certainly be more utilized in the event of the Panama Canal being successfully carried out, as the islands lie not very far out of the direct route between Australia and Central America.

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The Greek Dance



Music

Mr. W. de L. Dodge's Paintings for the new Majestic Theatre in Boston

A Novelty in Theatres

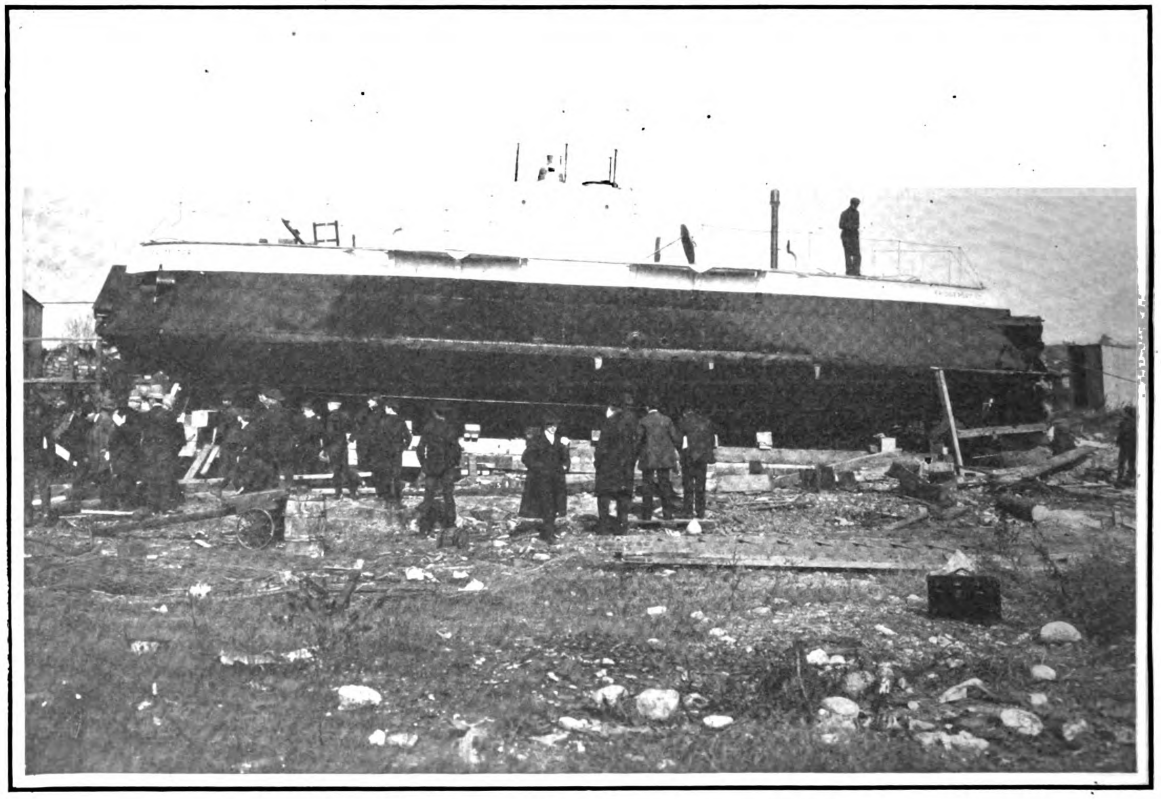
THE Majestic Theatre in Boston, which its owners expect to open soon to the public, embodies some original and interesting ideas in its construction. After the safety of the building, it is most important in a theatre that every patron shall hear and see all that takes place on the stage. Mr. John Galen Howard, the architect of the new Majestic, conceived the idea that the perfect theatre would resemble in shape a gigantic megaphone, and he has adapted this idea to the construction of the new playhouse.

The usual break between the top of the proscenium arch and the ceiling of the auditorium is wanting. Instead, the auditorium extends from the proscenium in sweeping curves, so that any line, following wall or ceiling from the stage to the rear of the theatre, would form an arc of a circle, while a cross-section of the ceiling would show an arc of an ellipse. The balconies are supported on box girders spanning the whole building, so that no column intercepts the view, even from the space reserved for standing room, and it is believed that from every one of the seventeen hundred chairs the actors can be seen and heard without effort, whatever their position on the stage. If results approve the faith of the architect, he will have made an important and desirable innovation in theatre-building.

The interior of the new theatre will be richly ornamented. The ceiling will be of stucco in high relief, showing a lattice with vines and grapes in gold against a background of turquoise blue. The same blue will appear elsewhere in the decoration of the interior, though fawn color will predominate. The hangings and upholstery will be of old-rose, and the drop-curtain of old-rose velours, heavily embroidered with gold and turquoise. Much pains have been given to lighting, heating, and ventilation, which are believed to be as nearly perfect as engineering can make them.

The large lobby of the theatre will have a vaulted ceiling overlaid with gold, a high wainscot of Numidian and black-and-gold marbles, and a sculptured frieze designed by Mr. Howard and executed by Martiny. In the lunettes formed by the arches of the ceiling will be placed a series of paintings by Mr. W. de Leftwich Dodge, whose mural decorations are familiar to visitors to the Congressional Library at Washington. Two of these paintings for the new theatre, "Music," based upon an Egyptian theme, and "Dancing," with Greek figures and accessories, are shown here.

The new theatre is in the style of the French Renaissance of the period of Louis XIV. The entire front is of buff terra-cotta in one tone, with a base of granite. The building stands at Tremont Street and Van Rensselaer Place, in the heart of Boston, and its owner is a public-spirited citizen who has not been interested, hitherto, in theatrical ventures.



Launch of Simon Lake's new Submarine Boat

The particular feature of this boat is that it not only is run under water, but that it has an attachment with wheels which will enable it to run on land, either at the bottom of the bay or sea, or over the land between rivers

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Does Germany Aim to Control the Caribbean?

See page 1738

THE menace offered American supremacy in the Caribbean Sea by the accelerated German naval programme is far more real than most laymen realize. Our naval officers are, however, keenly alive to the dangerous position into which we have drifted through the failure of Congress to adopt, without curtailment, the war-ship construction programme proposed by the Naval General Board.

Even the most prompt and energetic measures which can now be employed will fail for several years to come to neutralize the great lead already attained by Germany. Do what we will, this cannot be accomplished short of 1906, when Germany's battle fleet will outnumber our own more than two to one. Should hostilities occur to-day the opposing squadrons would be of about equal power, with the advantage slightly favoring the American force by virtue of its proximity to a base of supply. This advantage would, however, immediately disappear should Germany seize a West-Indian naval base.

During the entire period between the present and 1906, Germany's naval power will increase at a far more rapid rate than ours; to-day's ratio of about 1 to 1 changing to 2.23 to 1. She has adopted a definite and consecutive plan for augmenting her fleet.

(Continued on page 1763.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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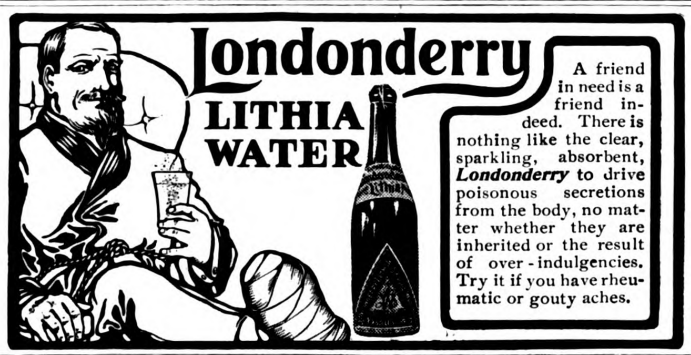
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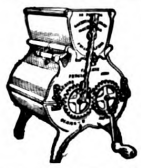


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Henrietta Crosman in "The Sword of the King" at Wallack's



Chauncey Olcott in "Old Limerick Town" at the Fourteenth Street

ONE can begin to guess now what shows in New York are likely to stand the test of time. Two of these, now fully established in their popularity, but widely different in their types, are "A Chinese Honeymoon" and "Old Limerick Town." The "Honeymoon" is filling the theatre night after night more than ever, and bids fair to keep up the name of the Casino for long runs. This week it has passed the two-hundredth-night mile-stone, and the chorus has been so well trained that the piece moves forward with a snap only known in American shows. Like "The Rounders," like "Florodora," it is worth seeing again and again, because the songs are full of melody, because the staging is admirably executed, and because the evening is filled with pleasant and amusing entertainment. "Old Limerick Town" is the most successfully put on play that Chauncey Olcott has yet produced. It may be that the kitchen is well represented in the audience, but that does not alter the genuineness of the applause nor the good qualities of the play itself. There is no mystic significance to the drama, as it moves on for four acts. Nor any mixing up of husbands and wives. It is the good old style of story which ends with marriage, instead of beginning with it. The villains ought to be hissed, as they are, for they rob in the good old elemental way right before the audience, and the hero ought to be cheered, as he is, because he changes his gambling ways when the wild-oats time has passed, and becomes an honest lace manufacturer—and because, too, he is the good-looking Chauncey. One point, too, is worthy of especial mention, and that is Harry Ogden's costumes for the players. For once the heroine, *Norcen Burke*, is really a pretty girl dressed just as she should be, in dainty gowns and pretty hats, and she admires her singing lover all the way through, as she used to in novels that were written at the time when he and she lived. There is no complication that requires expert knowledge of psychology or the artistic temperament. There is no work for you to follow the plot, no worry, nor any bad taste in your mouth when you are done.



"A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino

Mr. Fitch has produced another reflection on social life and conditions to-day in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" that is interesting and fully up to his already high standard. It cannot fail to interest audiences, because, while the plan in its skeleton is old, the individuality of the playwright has made the treatment of an old theme new and original, and because, too, Miss Mannering is able to make any well-conceived part charming and effective.

In "Mary of Magdala," the story of Mary Magdalen, Judas Iscariot, and the rest of the Bible tale, is laid before the play-goer in dramatic form. Mrs. Fiske, in her dealing with *Judas* and *Flavius*, her two lovers, and in her final turning to the voice of the Christ, brings out in her strong, effective way the realities of the ancient tale of illicit love and reform.

The case of Henrietta Crosman, who has just finished a six weeks' run at Wallack's Theatre in "The Sword of the King," is one of the most interesting in latter-day theatrical annals. Three years ago nobody had heard of her. Suddenly, in one night, the theatrical world was ringing with her name. The sensation it made linked with "Mistress Nell" is yet fresh in the memory. Miss Crosman's impersonation of the dashing young girl lifts the play beyond commonplace, and by her sheer personal charm blinds one to the defects of the drama which she supports, instead of being supported by it.



Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala" at the Manhattan



Mary Mannering in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" at the Garrick

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(Continued from page 1761.)

which insures a steady yearly increment of both material and personnel. The expansion of her navy having been inaugurated, proceeds automatically, and is not dependent, as is our policy, upon the sporadic efforts of an ever-changing political body of non-experts.

The German Navy Act of 1900 provided for the construction, by 1915, of the following vessels: battle-ships, 38; large cruisers, 14; small cruisers, 38; torpedo-boats, 96.

It also secured such an increase in the personnel that Germany now has 45,000 men in her navy to our 23,000. Despite the rapidity of this increase, it was too slow and too meagre to satisfy Emperor William, and it has therefore been added to, and the rate of construction so advanced that thirty-three of the battle-ships are already built or building, and the entire number originally determined upon will be provided by 1906. The past year has witnessed the launch of five battle-ships from German yards, against two in the United States.

For the purpose of comparison, it will suffice to consider battle-ships only. Vessels of this type have heretofore determined the naval strength of nations, but the development of the high-speed, heavily armed, armored cruiser, with a four-inch protective deck over her vitals, necessitates a modification of the rule. In the present instance, however, it will have to answer, for the reason that Germany has lately decided to increase the number of fast cruisers contemplated by the programme.

We now have in commission nine first-class battle-ships, while Germany has ten, and will soon have more. In the respective number of third-class battle-ships and coast-guard vessels, the disparity is even greater, the United States having seven, of which six are monitors, against Germany's fifteen.

When the German programme shall have been completed, all of the old coast-guard vessels will have been replaced by first-class battle-ships. The Naval Act provides that upon each ship reaching the age limit of twenty-five years a new one shall be substituted.

Congress was guilty of a fatal mistake when it made no provision for the increase of the navy during 1901. This lapse has placed upon us the handicap which we cannot now cut down, and from present indications we will not have the services, by 1906, of our latest creations—the *Louisiana* and *Connecticut*. Unexpected difficulties encountered in preparing the ways for the latter at the Brooklyn Navy Yard will seriously retard her completion. Omitting from our calculations these two vessels, we will possess in 1906 *seventeen first-class battle-ships*, against Germany's *thirty-eight*. Should Emperor William select that date for an argument upon the Monroe doctrine, he could retain a force in the Baltic for home defence, and still oppose the battle fleet of *eleven* ships which we could spare for service in the Caribbean, with *twenty*.

In 1906, when the isthmian canal will be well under way, thus increasing to a maximum the temptation to attack us, a naval reverse in the Caribbean would be fraught with such dire consequences to our future development that the faintest possibility of it should rouse the latent patriotism in our most penurious Congressman, and shame him into placing the country's naval needs above those of "Mosquito Creek."

President Roosevelt struck the key-note of the situation when he said that foreign nations will respect the Monroe doctrine just as long as the United States is able to enforce it. Since they will respect it not one moment longer, the arrival of that instant when our most probable foe may challenge it with impunity must be to us of paramount importance. If our interpretation of that principle is to be questioned, it had best

(Continued on page 1765.)



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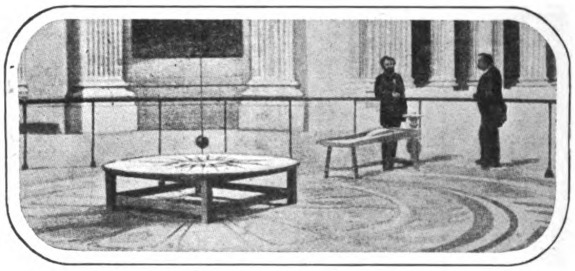
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Foucault's Pendulum again in Motion

THE Société Astronomique de France has re-established in the Panthéon in Paris one of the most impressive experiments ever made to prove that the earth turns daily on its axis. It has set up in that building what is known as Foucault's Pendulum. This pendulum swings in such a way as to mark its course in sand. A constant deviation in the markings is noticed, and what is known as the plane of oscillation makes a complete revolution in 31 hours 48 minutes, sidereal time.

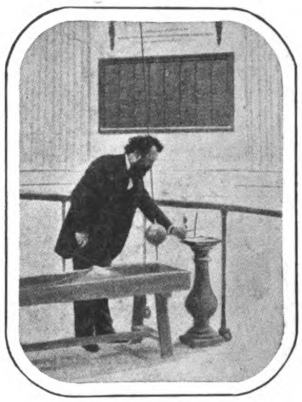


The Foucault Pendulum in the Pantheon, Paris, for demonstrating the Earth's Rotation on its Axis

In plain language, the earth, as it turns from west to east on its axis, slips out from under the pendulum. The observer is unconscious of the earth's motion, and sees the markings of the pendulum in the sand going steadily toward the west at the rate of more than eleven degrees an hour. It is the earth, and not the pendulum, that is turning, for one of the most conclusively proved laws of physics is that a pendulum never changes its plane of oscillation, even though the point from which it is suspended is turned.

Newton first conceived of proving the earth's rotation by this method. As the earth turns, a point high above the surface must revolve faster than one on the sea-level. The high point is further from the centre of the earth than our own on the ocean's surface. If, now, a heavy weight should be dropped from a high altitude and should retain the velocity through space that the high altitude has, it should strike the earth a little to the east of a true vertical line. It is turning a little faster than the point which is at the base of the vertical line. It is the same truth which is involved in the Foucault Pendulum experiment.

If a pendulum were hung at the north pole, the string or wire being practically an extension of the pole, and if the pendulum were set to swinging, the observer, at a marking of the end of the swing, would notice that the plane would seem to be turning slowly from east to west, and that it would require twenty-four hours to complete the circuit. The observer would be really turning slowly with the earth around the pole from west to east. If he were at the south pole, standing with his head directly in an opposite direction from that occupied at the north pole, the movement, as marked in the sand, would seem to be from west to east, because of his changed position. Directly on the equator there would be no movement, the observer retaining the same relative position to the point from which the pendulum is suspended at all times.



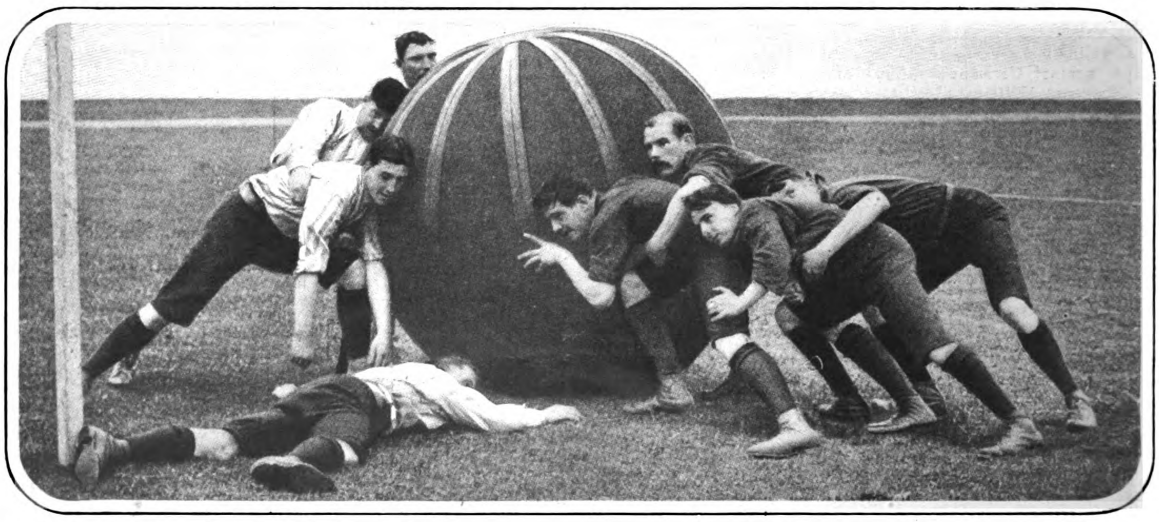
M. Flammarion burning the Thread
Which sets free the Foucault pendulum

Between the pole and the equator the situation is different. The fixed point from which the pendulum is hanging travels with the earth, and is not stationary, as at the pole, and the pendulum shows the rate at which the earth is slipping away from under it by the markings in the sand toward the west.

Foucault began this experiment in the Panthéon in 1851, but the *coup d'état* in December of that year stopped it all. To Camille Flammarion, the eminent French scientist of to-day, was delegated the present work. He uses a copper ball for a pendulum, weighing sixty-six pounds, and hung on a fine steel wire two hundred and twenty-four feet long. At the bottom of the ball is a protruding knob which slowly wears away two mounds of sand near the end of the pendulum's swing, and exhibiting a slight change of course with every swing. A graduated card also shows the change in degrees. The time of a single beat is eight seconds.

In an experiment of this kind it is absolutely necessary at the outset to swing the pendulum straight. There must be no side movement. To secure a straight swing M. Flammarion drew the pendulum to the extreme end of the swing, and tied it with a thread. When it was entirely at rest he burned the thread, and set the pendulum in motion. It oscillated for several hours, the resistance by the air gradually reducing its beats. But it traced one of the greatest laws of astronomy in the sand, and made plain to the human eye one of the greatest elementary truths of the universe.

An experiment of this kind has a popular fascination. In the days when Foucault first set up his apparatus in the Panthéon large crowds assembled in the galleries, and watched him at his work. No trace of that work is now left except the railings over which the populace peered at the great scientist at work. The interest of the masses has been just as keen in Flammarion's test. To produce a perfect demonstration of the great truth revealed by this immense swinging pendulum, a perfect vacuum should be provided. Of course it is absolutely impossible to provide even a partial vacuum — if one can speak of such a thing — for a pendulum two hundred and twenty-four feet long to swing in. If the vacuum could be secured, however, the pendulum would swing interminably. Flammarion kept the pendulum in motion for sixteen hours at a stretch.



The So-called American Game of Pushball

England is interested in a new game of ball. It consists of pushing a huge ball seventeen feet in circumference over a goal-line or between goal-posts. There are four periods of ten minutes each, and the ball is either pushed forward or raised aloft by team-play of the contestants

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come now, when we are in a relatively better position to meet the issue than we will be in the immediate future.

As an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, it would seem advisable to at once formulate a policy designed to remove the tempting excuse for foreign interference in the affairs of the Central and South American countries offered by their failure to meet their financial obligations. If we permit the Latin-American states to pursue their present course, in their international dealings, it is only a question of time, and a short one at that, before we will be compelled to choose between tamely witnessing the permanent occupation of some near-by territory, or war with a European power. One solution might be the application of the plan now in force with Cuba, namely, the control by the United States of the country's power to contract foreign debts.

Venezuela is now more deeply in Germany's debt, and consequently in her power, than ever before. The principal financial institutions are in the hands of Germans, and German commercial interests dominate all others. The Grand Railroad of Venezuela, known as the "German Road," was built under a concession sold by Guzman Blanco to Herr Krupp for $2,000,000. Six years ago, when the payment of the seven-per-cent. interest upon the cost of construction, with which the Venezuelan government was saddled, was three years in arrears, Emperor William threatened to collect it with a fleet. Temporary settlement was made by a new loan raised in Germany, and another link was thus forged in the chains enslaving Venezuela. This situation would seem in itself sufficiently indicative of Germany's aims, but considered together with certain recent sinister moves, it becomes pregnant with portent. About a year ago, as surreptitiously as possible, the German cruiser *Vineta* made a complete survey of Margarita Island, lying close to the Venezuelan coast. Germany is also reported to have cast covetous glances toward Curaçao, the little Holland possession in the Caribbean seventy-five miles from Venezuela. Curaçao has one of the finest and most easily defended harbors in the West Indies, and is peculiarly tempting to Germany as a naval base. Within the last few weeks the dignity of the German naval force in the Caribbean has been increased by assigning an Admiralty staff-officer to the staff of Commodore Sheder, and giving it the title of West India Naval Station. The word "station" presupposes a permanent abode, where the vessels may go for coal and repairs. Germany owns no such place at present. The acquisition of one would be a violation of the Monroe doctrine. What will Germany do? Will she grab Margarita, or will she attempt an exchange for Curaçao or the Danish West Indies?

Germany's naval ambitions, as defined in Emperor William's speech on the Navy Act, have a deeper significance now than when they were uttered. He said: "Under the existing circumstances, in order to protect Germany's sea trade and colonies, there is one means only, viz., Germany must have a fleet of such strength that, even for the mightiest naval power, a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardize its own supremacy."

At the risk of seeming inhospitable we are forced to conclude that the order for an American-built yacht, its christening by Miss Roosevelt, and Prince Henry's visit, were but a part of the Emperor's campaign to create such a maritime sentiment throughout Germany as would insure large naval appropriations. One of the most potent factors in the successful passage of the Navy Act was the work of the German Navy League. In addition to more than three million books and pamphlets distributed by

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the league during the campaign, 3600 lectures were delivered. Prince zu Wied, the president of the league, announced at the annual meeting last January that during the year the number of members had increased from 246,967 to 599,141, and the number of branches from 286 to 1010. So rapid has been the league's progress that there is now scarcely a town throughout Germany so small that it does not contain a branch.

We need not assume that Germany will attack us in the Caribbean through sheer pugnaciousness, but the one point which we cannot ignore is Germany's plain intention to maintain, by means of her navy, markets for her manufactures. The dangerous inroads already made in her home market by the American invasion will drive her, as soon as her armament suffices, to secure by force, if necessary, the lucrative trade of South America.

Unfounded as the sentiment seems to us, there nevertheless exists throughout Germany a deep-rooted hostility toward both United States and Great Britain. Germany's evident desire to thwart the growing cordiality between the two English-speaking nations is perhaps prompted by the fear that its outcome will mean a new tripartite alliance, composed of the United States, England, and Japan, and capable of overwhelming the Dreibund.

All experts agree that our present navy is inadequate to properly protect our new possessions and our newly created commerce. In view of this weakness and in the face of Germany's definite and determined naval policy, the failure of Congress to provide for a liberal and continuous increase of our navy will be simply inviting disaster.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite:
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.
—Shakspere.

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true:
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!
—Tennyson.

Wisdom is a science whereby we distinguish things that are good for the soul from those that are not. It is the science of sciences, because it alone knows their value, their exact importance, their true use, their dangers, and their purpose.—*Joubert.*

Only by repeatedly awakening the appropriate *emotions* can character be changed. Mere ideas received by the intellect, meeting no response from within, are quite inoperative upon conduct, and are quickly forgotten after entering into life.—*Herbert Spencer.*

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A Horse Show of Horses

THE lights were out, the men were out, the women gone! The scene
Had changed, and there were horses where Society had been,—
All panoplied in armor some, as when the lists along,
They crashed in mimic battle before a breathless throng;
And some with streaming mane, and eyes with nameless terror wide,
As when with Pharaoh, the King, they drank the Red Sea's tide;
And some of fire, as if to swing in triumph o'er the stars
The Chariots of Israel, the Prophet's funeral cars;
And one all pale, bestridden by a shapeless thing, apart,
That seems to wear a kingly crown and shake a dreadful dart.

Black Agnes brings the Queen of Scots—ill-fated Mary, fair
As when she went by Bothwell's side, a-Maying, on her mare;
Here's Bevis, with Lord Marmion up, and here's the charger bore
The Blind King of Bohemia, when he returned no more;
Lo, Bavieca bears the Cid as proudly as of old,
And here's old Don Quixote on Rosinante bold;
Bucephalus is taking snuff, that he may "snuff afar
The battle," as when Alexander rode him to the war,
And Pegasus—he seems inclined to fold his wings in shame—
Oh, Pegasus, what sins have been committed in thy name!

Here comes the nag that threw Sir Richard Calmady, atrot,
With Balaam's Ass, and Shanks's Mare—as if he'd ne'er been shot!
Black Bess, Dick Turpin's favorite, curvets behind the three,
With a wave of whinnying laughter—horse-laughter, in their lee;
So, all the horses that have had a name and fame appear
Here in the Garden, where there's been a Woman Show each year,
And thunder round the tanbark, and sport until the hour
When they're needed at the Power-House to furnish the horse-power
For the trolleys, lifts, and dynamos of commerce, great and small,
And the very automobiles—unkindest fate of all!

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

It is certain that every man in power thinks himself wiser than every man out of power; and the getting into it seems a sort of warranty for the surmise. Yet it may so happen that those who look over the chairs, and have no seat themselves, shall see somewhat more of the game and of its chances than the gamesters can. Others may be cooler and more disinterested, who do not climb the ladder with the hod upon their heads, but stand at the bottom of the building and look up and round.—*Landor.*

The world is young: the former great men call to us affectionately. We too must write Bibles, to unite again the Heavens and the earthly world. The secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know; in the high refinement of modern life, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose; and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use.—*Emerson.*

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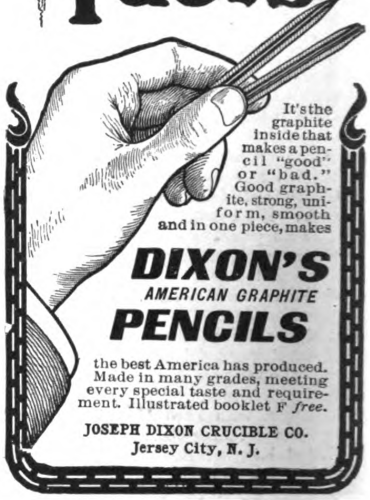
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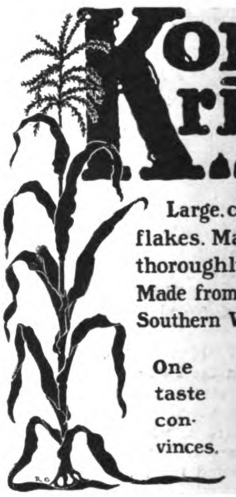
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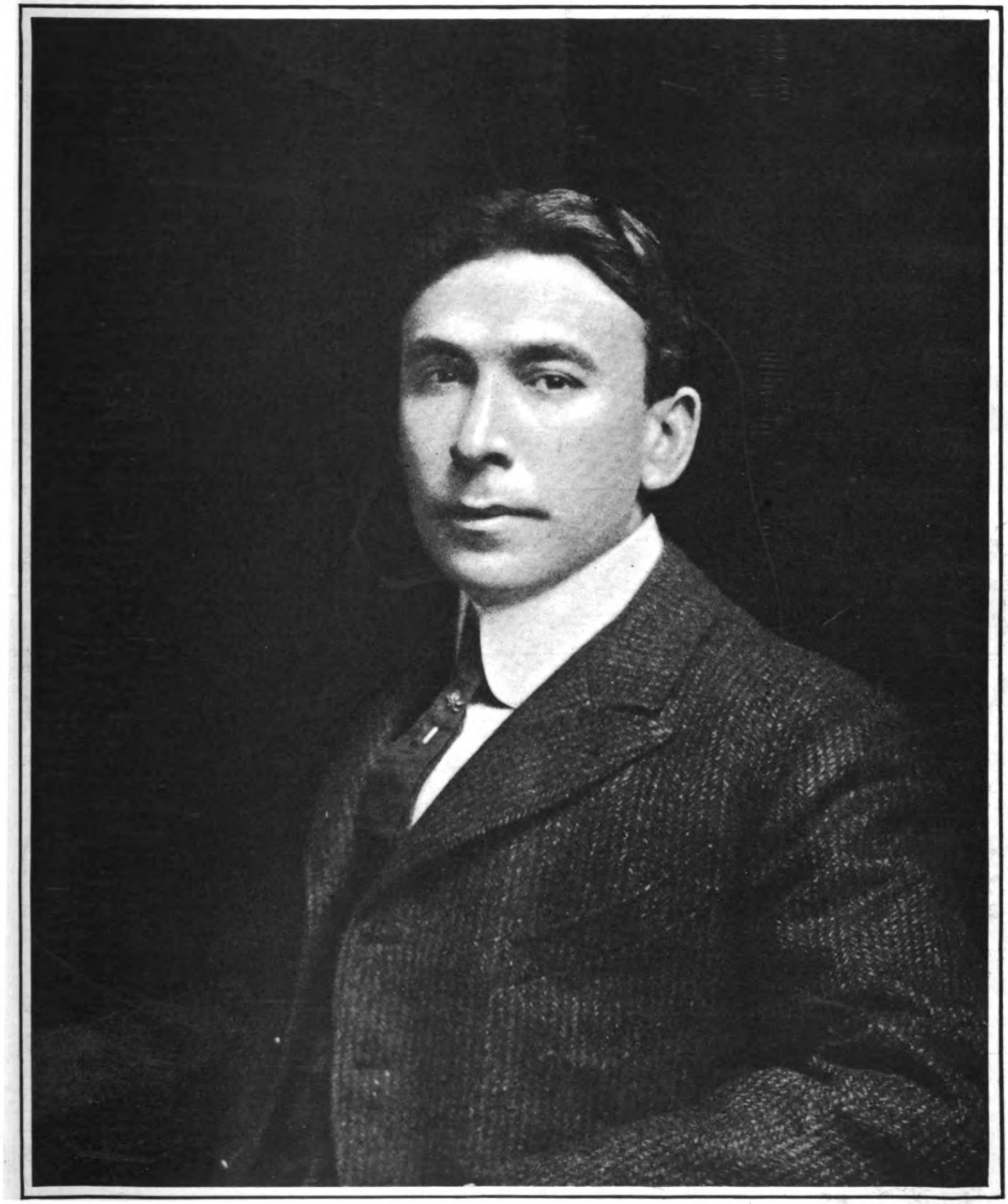
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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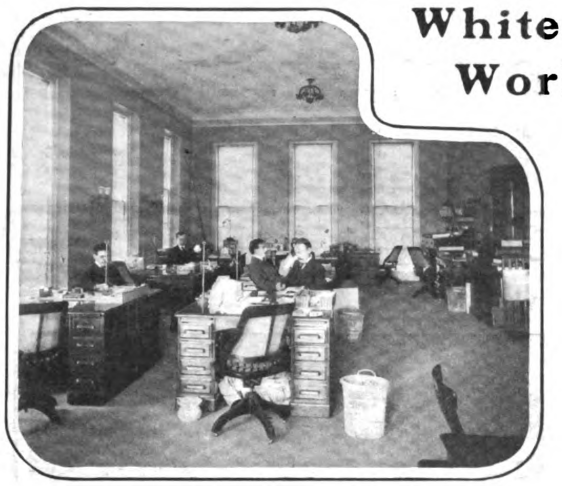
AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XVIII.—NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON, *AET.* 33

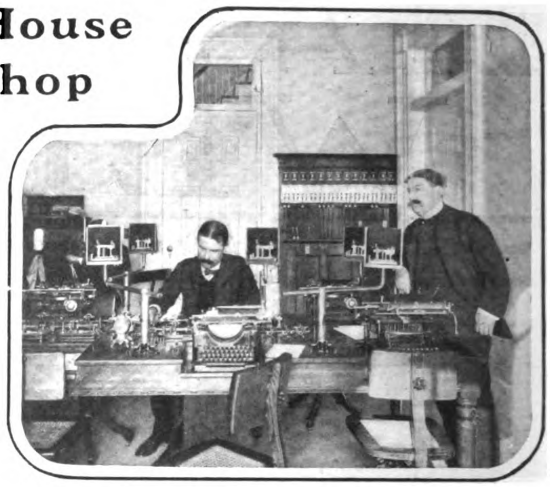
See page 1787—Editorial Section

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White House Workshop



The Clerks' Offices

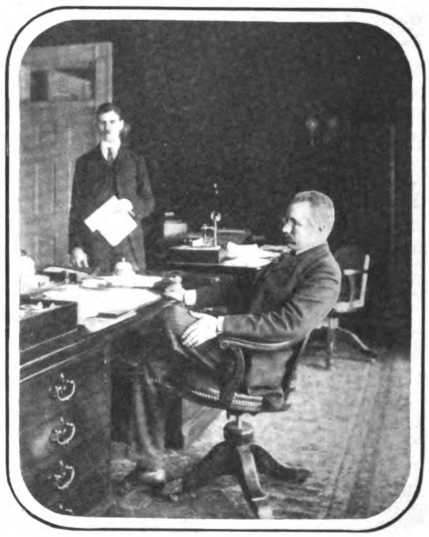


The Telegraph Room

FOR the first time since the United States has been a nation the head of the nation does not live in his shop.

The work done in the White House office is perhaps the most important of any branch of the government. Few persons have any idea what that work means. Mr. Cortelyou, the President's secretary, who is a genius in executive ability, and possesses a talent for organization and easily disposing of business, handles on an average not less than 500 letters a day, and frequently during busy times or after some great event, as, for instance, the effort made by the President to terminate the great coal strike, the mail will be five times as large.

The bulk of the correspondence Mr. Cortelyou is able to answer without bringing it to the attention of the President, but letters that need his personal attention are laid aside, to be shown to him at a convenient time. Mr. Cortelyou has put into operation a system that it is believed is found in no other office in this country. Every clerk in the White House is a stenographer, and every stenographer must use one of two stenographic systems and be able to read the notes of every other clerk. The result is that any clerk can take the stenographic instructions given to any other, and put them in proper form. The White House office consists of five principal rooms, all on one floor. In the western end of the building is the cabinet-room, and communicating with it is the President's private office, which opens into a small reception-room. From the President's room is a private staircase leading to the terrace which connects the White House workshop with the White House, so that the President can go back and forth between his office and his residence without being observed or interrupted by the persistent office-seekers or the inquisitive camera-equipped tourists, who always swarm in Washington. The President's private reception-room communicates with Mr. Cortelyou's office, in which is also a desk for Mr. Barnes, the assistant secretary. Adjoining Mr. Cortelyou's office is the telegraph-room.

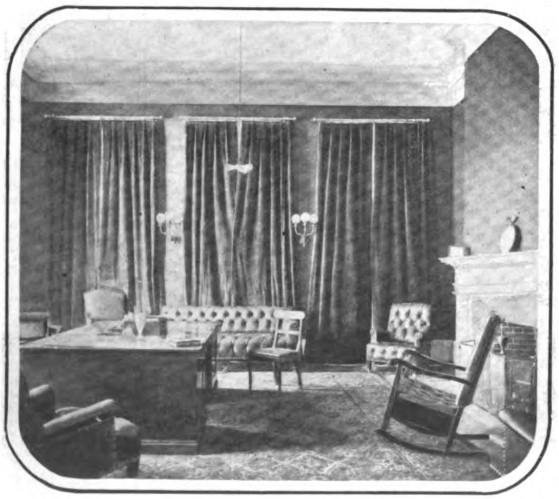


Secretary Cortelyou at his Office Desk

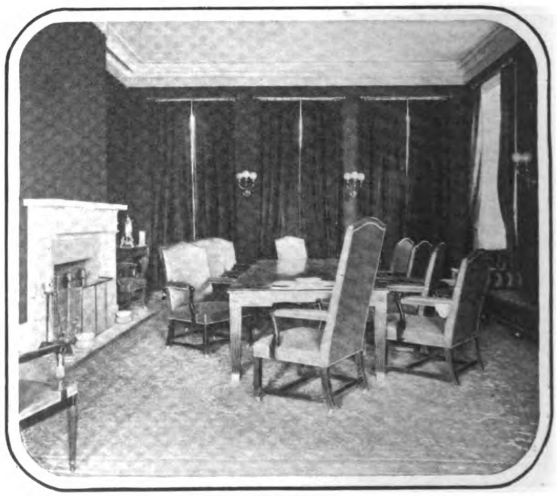
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All despatches received at and sent from the White House now pass through the hands of Colonel Montgomery, chief of the telegraph force. Sixty-five telegraph wires and twenty-five telephone cables run into the White House switchboard. It is possible for the White House to be connected with any point in this country reached by telegraph service, and whenever the President is absent from Washington a direct wire is always made up, so that he is in instant communication with the White House.

The President has his own private cipher code, and when he is away from Washington all important telegrams are sent to him in cipher, and translated by one of the clerks who always accompanies him. These cipher messages, instead of going over a branch wire from the White House to the main telegraph-office in this city and sent to the point of destination, are sent direct by one of Colonel Montgomery's assistants over a through line.



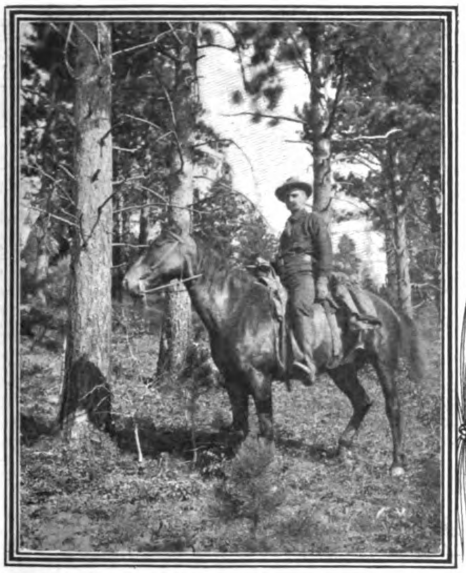
The President's Office



The Cabinet Room

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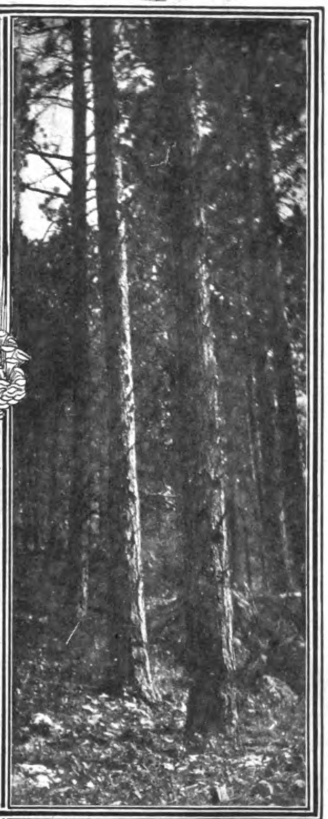
The DESTRUCTION of TIMBER upon WESTERN FOREST RESERVES



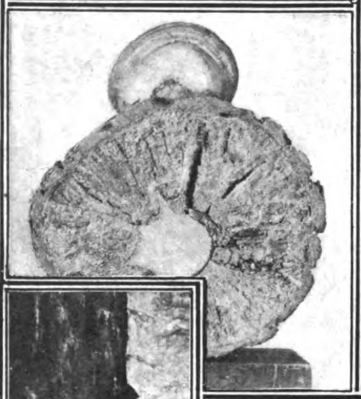
Captain Seth Bullock, Forest Supervisor



Partially destroyed Dead Tree



Heavy Growth of Reserve Timber



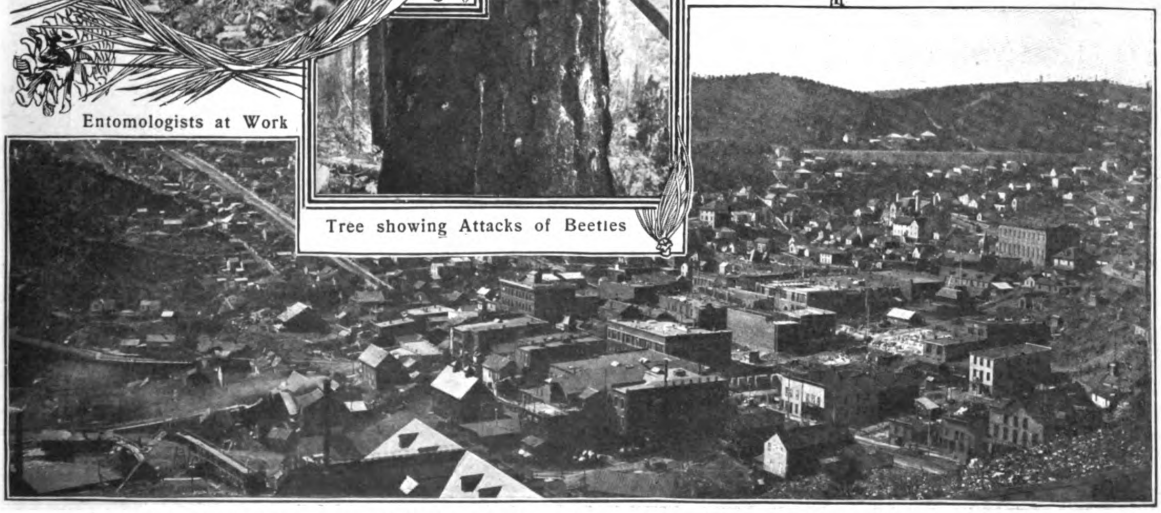
Tree destroyed



Entomologists at Work



Tree showing Attacks of Beetles



Lead City, South Dakota, one of the Towns whose Prosperity is threatened by the Pine-destroying Beetle

For an exhaustive account of this important subject the reader is referred to page 1801 of this number

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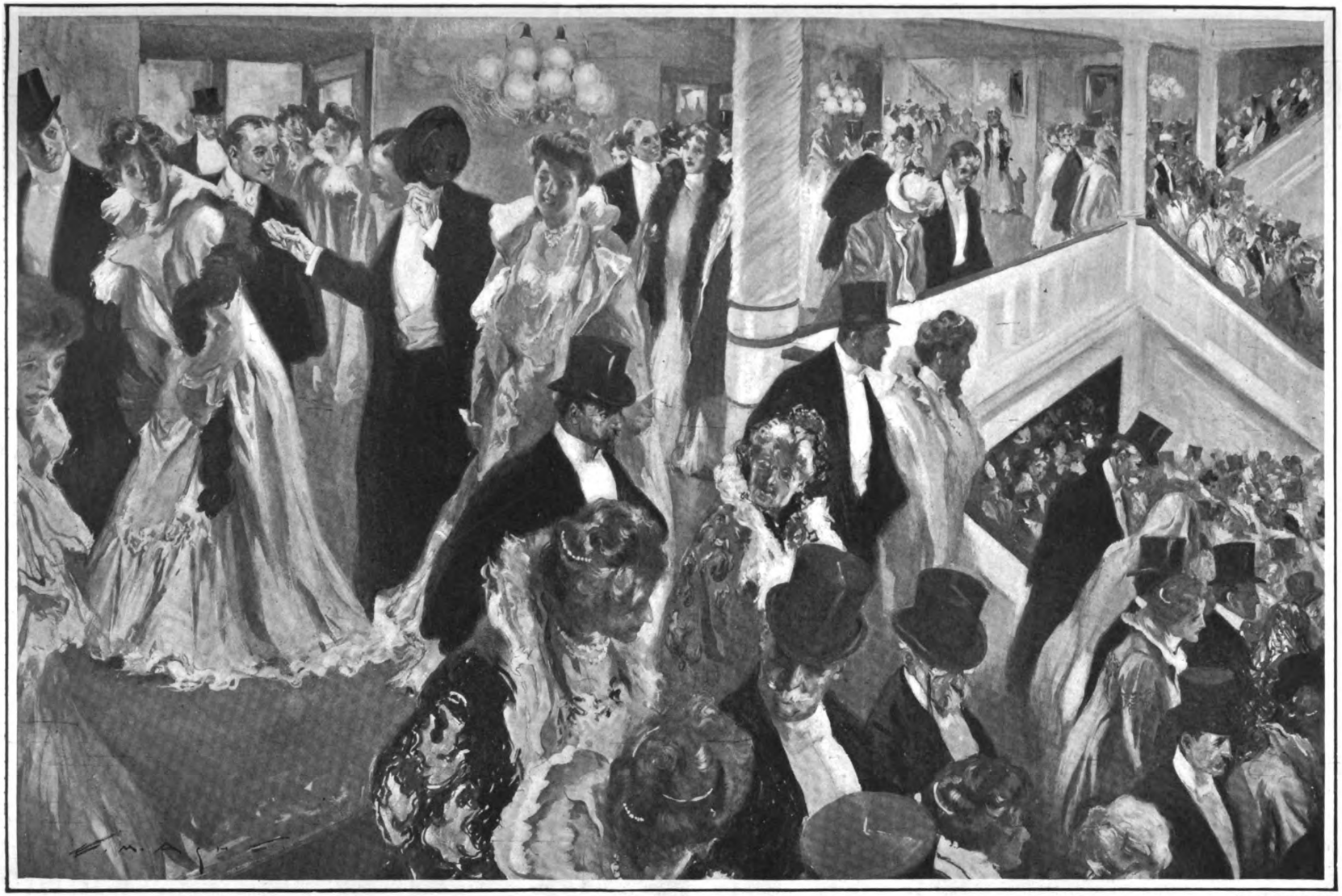
AN AUTUMN DRAG-HUNT WITH THE MEADOWBROOK HOUNDS

These runs of the Meadowbrook Club are becoming famous in the eastern part of the United States for the reason that they include the two best horsewomen in this country

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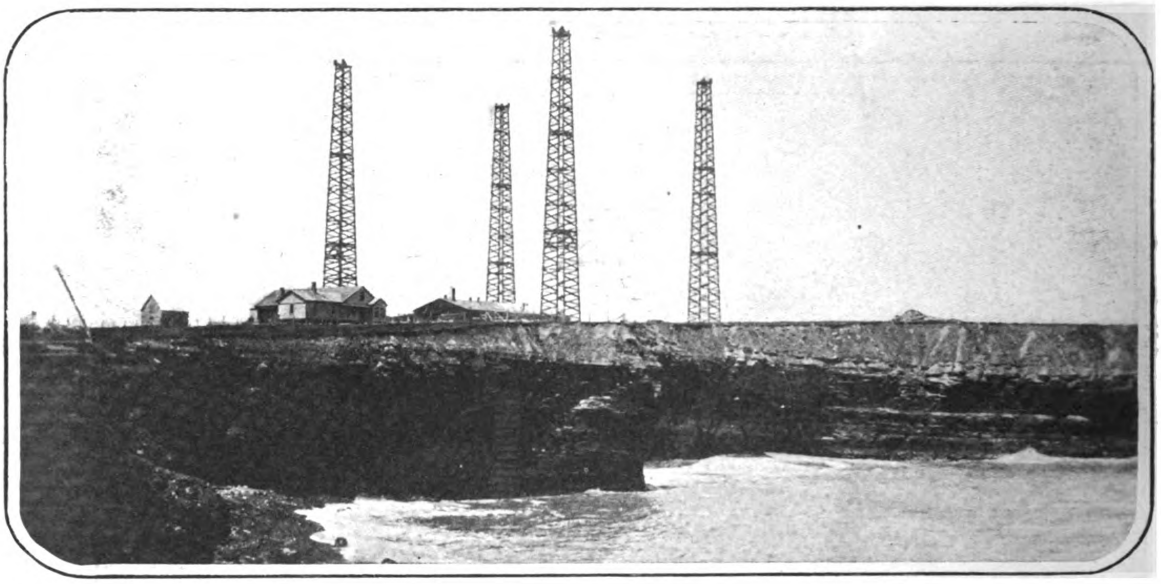


Drawn by E. M. Ashe

"FIRST NIGHT" AT THE OPERA

Last Monday evening the Metropolitan Opera House gathered together, for the first performance of the season, singers on the stage, and men and women whose names and whose social and financial positions are known the world over. This season promises to be the greatest in the history of opera in America

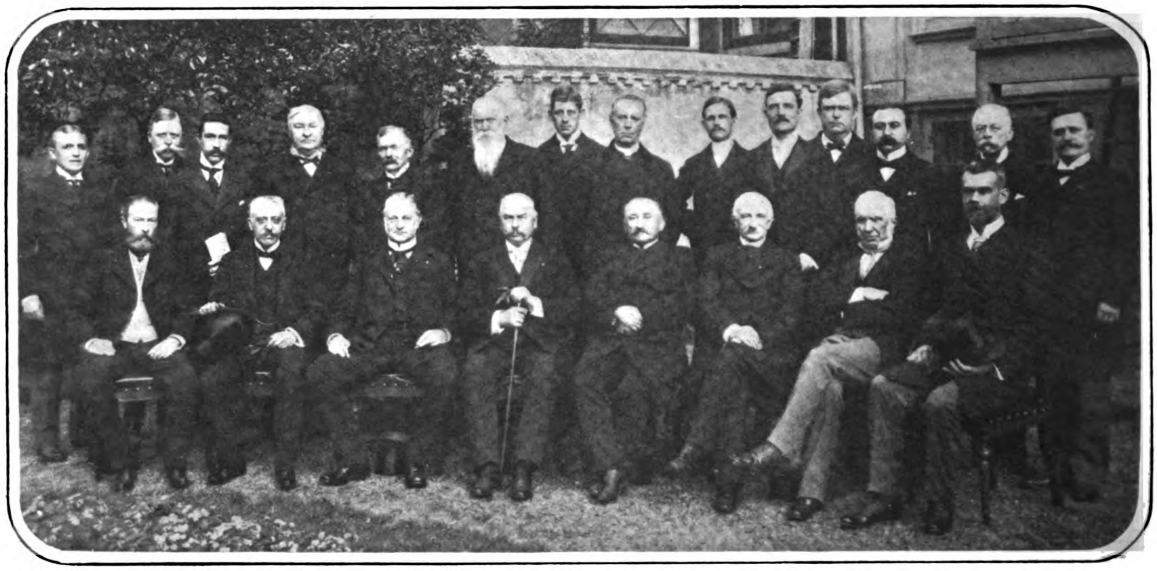
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Marconi's Glace Bay Towers

THIS photograph shows Marconi's new station at Glace Bay, Cape Breton. Its construction was decided upon after his successful experiments in transatlantic signalling at St. John's, Newfoundland, last December. The Canadian government pays $80,000 of the cost, the remainder being paid by Marconi's company. The location is a level promontory, known as Table Head, seventy feet above the sea, and fronting the wide ocean, with no obstruction, save the southern part of Newfoundland, between it and his first high-power station at Poldhu, Cornwall. From that station the signals were transmitted to him at St. John's.

This will be sufficient, according to Marconi, to send messages to Cornwall, or even to Cape Town, with the improved apparatus he has devised in the past few months. His proposed experiments now are being undertaken to establish the feasibility of his sending commercial messages across the ocean, in competition with the cables.



The International Arbitration Board at The Hague

The Pious Fund Case at The Hague

THE first case referred to arbitration under the provisions of the Hague Peace Convention of 1899 has just been determined at The Hague arbitration tribunal in favor of the United States, all of the American contentions, except the one with regard to the kind of money in which the payment should be made, having been in effect categorically sustained by the determination of the tribunal.

The accompanying photograph represents all who were officially connected with the case at The Hague, except Mr. Descamps, who addressed the court on behalf of the United States. Those represented as seated, naming them from left to right, are Mr. L. H. Ruyssenaers, Secretary-General of the Permanent Court of Arbitration; Mr. Emilio Pardo, Mexican agent; Mr. Savornin Lohman, Professor de Martens, Professor Matzen, Mr. Asser, and Sir Edward Fry, judges, and on the extreme right, Mr. Jackson H. Ralston, American agent. Those standing, running from left to right, are Mr. Walter S. Penfield, American secretary; Mr. Louis Pardo, Mexican secretary; Mr. Röell, assistant secretary of the Permanent Court; Mr. Beernaert, former Prime Minister of Belgium, and of counsel for Mexico; Mr. W. L. Penfield, Solicitor of the State Department; Senator William M. Stewart; Mr. W. T. Sherman Doyle; Archbishop Riordan, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Mr. H. B. Armes, of the State Department; Mr. Charles J. Kappler, attorney; Mr. G. W. McEnerney, one of the American counsel; Mr. Delacroix, of Belgium, one of the Mexican counsel; and Messrs. Danby and Decaisne, stenographers.

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The Doukhobors



Typical Doukhobor Farmer



Thatched Hut built by Doukhobors



A Doukhobor Mother

AMERICA has contained many varieties of religious sects, fanatical and otherwise, but it is doubtful if any have created more excitement during the period of time they have been in this country than the Russians who were induced to migrate into Manitoba a few years ago by the Canadian government. As is well known, they come from among the small farmers of the Russian Empire, and in their religious belief might be called the Quakers of Russia. For this reason they were subjected to persecution not only by the government, but by their neighbors, who found that they could abuse them without any danger of retaliation.

The hardships which they endured formed one of the principal reasons for the exodus of the Doukbhoris, or Doukhobors, as they are also termed, from the mother-country to the New World. They were carried in special trains from the seaport where they landed to Manitoba, and placed upon extensive land grants which comprise some of the most fertile territory in the Northwest, principally through the efforts of the immigration agents of the Canadian railroads.

It was generally supposed that the government had secured a prize in the way of settlers. They were thrifty, industrious, temperate, and evidently were good farmers, although they were compelled to convert the uncultivated prairie into fields and gardens.

True to their religion, the entire colony was notable for its peaceable disposition. Plans were considered for securing more of the Doukbhoris, when a Russian preacher appeared in their midst and turned them into a community of fanatics. He represented himself as a sort of prophet, and predicted all kinds of evil if they continued to use animals in any way as beasts of burden. It is a part of their religion to abstain from wearing clothing made from wool or other products of an animal or to eat meat. They are strict vegetarians, but when they first located in Manitoba they ploughed their fields, hauled their crops to market, and did other work with horses and oxen. To aid them in settling the country the Canadian government donated several thousand head of live-stock through its agents for this purpose.

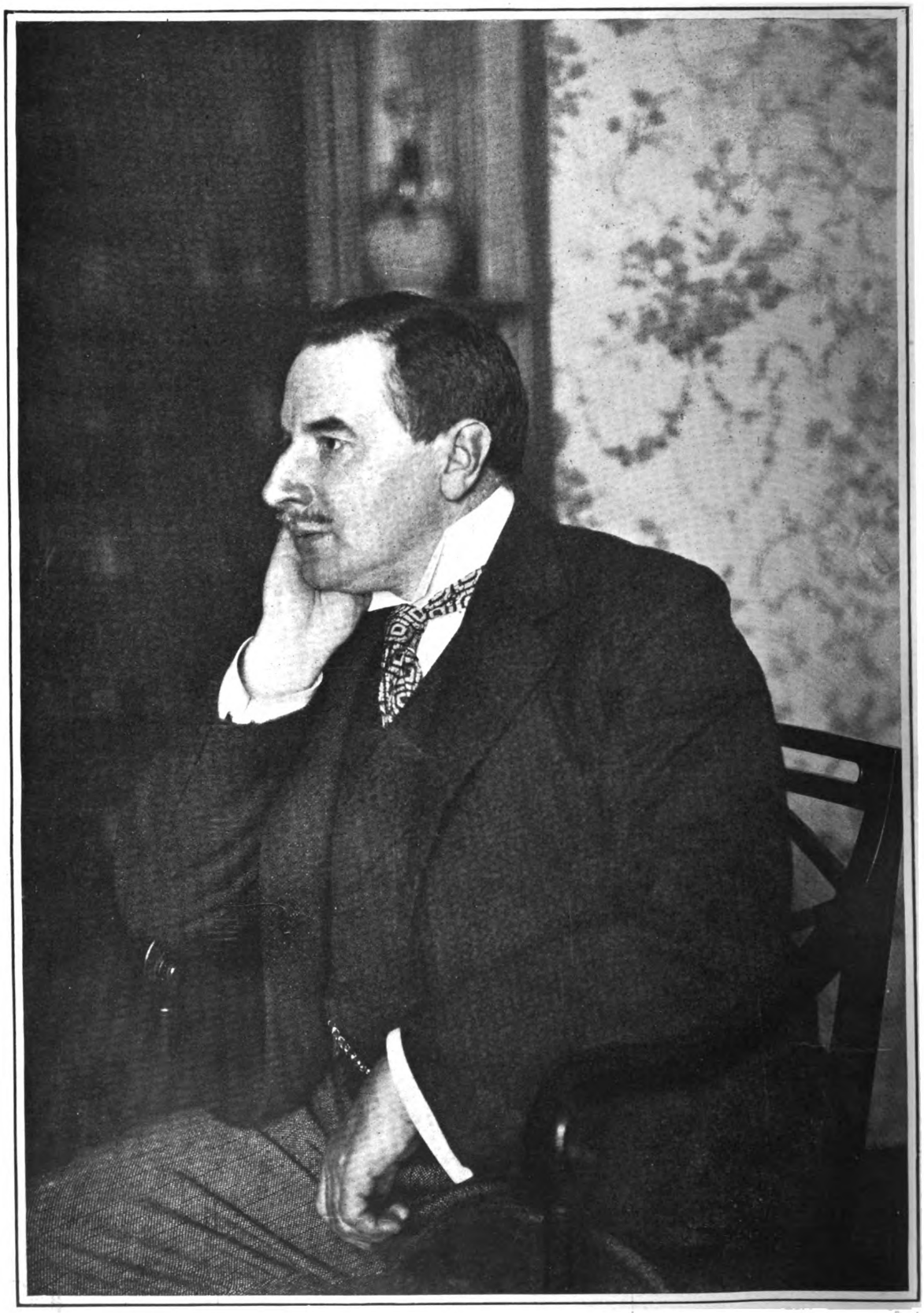
Shortly after the preacher appeared in the colony, its members turned loose all of their beasts, driving them out on the prairie, where many which were not rescued by other settlers starved to death. Not only men, but women, took their places before the wagons and ploughs, and it was a common sight to see a "team" of a dozen or a score of women, ranging from girls fifteen and sixteen years old to gray-headed grandmothers, pulling a plough through the stubble of the prairie, driven by a man. The big wagons which carried their wheat and other products to the neighboring towns were drawn by men and women literally harnessed together, and although the distance to be covered was frequently twenty-five and thirty miles, really representing an entire day's journey, these human brutes went through it without a murmur, believing that in this and other forms of labor they were doing penance for their sins. Government agents have tried to induce them to go back to their former custom of using horses and oxen, and have tried to show them that the fanatical priest was an impostor, but they have turned a deaf ear to the agents, and in the entire colony, which comprised nearly 10,000 people, not a dozen horses can be found.

The same preacher is responsible for another mania which has recently developed and which threatens serious harm to the people. He has led them to believe that they should make pilgrimages in search of the Messiah, who, he claims, will be found in some portion of Manitoba. To this end he has exhorted them to give up their work and travel from place to place barefooted to find the Messiah, who will make himself known to them by certain signs.



Doukhobor Women Hauling a Plough

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ST. LEO STRACHEY

Mr. Strachey, who has recently arrived in this country for a short sojourn, is the editor of the London "Spectator," and one of the ablest of Great Britain's literary men

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Showing the Stroke

Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker at Pear-Tree Cottage, Overstrand, Norfolk, England



Going to the Meet



A Good Thing in "Harper's Weekly"



Sir Gilbert and his Favorite "Jumbo"



Tea on the Lawn—"Bobs," the Illustrious, at Lady Parker's Feet

SIR GILBERT PARKER AT HOME

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Parisian Types
From etchings by Helleu

Etched with a Diamond Point

WHEN Sargent comes over to this country early in December he will not be alone. With him will come "the etcher of beautiful women," Paul Helleu. It will be M. Helleu's first visit to this country, but his work and his fame long ago preceded him. He is an intimate friend of Sargent's, and when the latter was painting his frieze of the Prophets for the Boston Public Library, the American asked his handsome, black-haired, dark-skinned, Oriental-looking friend to pose for Malachi. The prophet, as he now looks down from the Boston frieze, is an admirable likeness of Helleu, so his friend, Frederick Keppel, to whose courtesy the loan of the etchings here reproduced is due, tells me.

Helleu, whose etchings I have characterized before as "snap-shots at the grace of women," not because they are photographic, but because of his marvellous economy of line, received a thorough training as a painter, passing with striking success through the Ecole des Beaux Arts. A chance incident turned his attention to dry point, in which he now can express more in a single line than others are able to do in fifty. He happened to see his friend Tissot at work on a dry-point plate, and had some curiosity to try it himself. The result was so successful that the famous painter not only taught the younger man all he knew about dry point, but also gave him a small point of diamond fixed in a handle. Practically all his work has since then been done by Helleu with this diamond point, which he carries with him as a porte bonheur, every coat he wears having a narrow inside pocket for his mascot.

Another mascot is his wife, who is the subject of many of his etchings—"that dear model," writes de Goncourt, "who fills all your compositions with her dainty elegance." Helleu rarely gives a definite title to his etchings. In their totality they constitute a rare tribute to the charm of woman. Helleu never, at any price, etches an unattractive woman—whether he shows one of his sitters leaning on the back of an arm-chair, or peering at us, her dainty chin resting in her hands, over the cushions of a sofa; or reading while "one lock of hair strays down her cheek, her tip-tilted nose assuming a questioning air as she reads, her lips, barely parted, seeming to interpret what she sees in the book; or sleeping, her head sunk in the pillow, showing vaguely the line of her shoulders, her profile lost save for a glimpse of her pretty nose, and her eye closed beneath its dark curved lashes."



"Madame M——"
From the etching by Helleu

Helleu makes only a few impressions from each plate—sometimes only two or three. Then he destroys the plate. This process makes his prints rare and expensive as well as beautiful. All his plates are portraits, and many of them are paid for as such by the sitter, who receives perhaps the right to make a selection from the prints. The Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt) has sat for him, but could not secure control of all the prints, a few of which still are on sale at the print-shops.

This, too, is the reason he rarely gives a definite title to any of his work, except to portraits of public characters, like actresses. Unless, for instance, for the likeness, no one who had not seen the Duchess of Marlborough and was familiar with her features would know that was she in the charming etchings (there are several poses he has made of her) to be found in very limited number in the print-shops.

The same is true of all his portraits of private sitters. "Mlle. X." is about as far as he will go in disclosing their identity. Aggravating in a certain sense, in another it adds the fascination of uncertainty to these plates. Who is this lovely woman? one asks; and possibly a little guessing or some investigating may solve the riddle.

Hardly another artist, who does not set himself up as a "society" portraitist, has so exclusive a clientèle as Helleu. This is due to his good reputation as a family man.

The plates he makes of his pretty wife and graceful daughter still are among his most happily inspired. It only is necessary to look at them to note their wholly spontaneous merit, and to be convinced that his family devotion is no mere "pose."

A portrait of a man by Helleu is rare—so rare, that although I know there are one or two, I cannot recall them; and a writer who regards himself as an authority on Helleu once told me there were none.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending November 29, 1902

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COMMENT

AGAIN has a twelvemonth rolled around since the American people got down upon their knees to render thanks for the blessings that the year had brought them. For most of us, in taking the account of stock for the year past, Thanksgiving day this year will be happier than its forerunner of 1901. We were standing then in the shadow of a great national tragedy, and at the helm of State was one who had won rather more of our admiration for his personal qualities than of confidence in his administrative abilities or attributes of leadership. To-day the tragedy, while by no means forgotten or any the less deplored, does not enter into the account, belonging on the pages of the book we closed a year ago; while in the twelve months that have passed since last we looked in the face of Prosperity to see what she had accomplished for us we have seen the man of whom much was ultimately hoped and feared measuring steadily and surely up to the requirements of his great office, doing much that showed him strong, big, and properly self-reliant, and tolerably little that justified the misgivings of the fearful. The blessings of the past year have been many for ourselves. Within our own borders we have been free from great and memorable disasters. While other nations have suffered serious troubles, and neighboring islanders have been swept into the maw of an awful cataclysm, it has been our own good fortune to march steadily along in the paths of peace and prosperity. The year has brought us freedom from direct responsibility for the government of the little republic to the south of us, and in the East, while all is not yet settled, the light is breaking, and much that perplexed us a year ago is now gradually becoming clear and certainly easier of solution. Without the substantial establishment of peace in the Philippines, we may at least claim that reasonable strides in that direction have been taken. We have had opportunities in many ways to show the broad, quickening sympathy of our people in the distress of others. In the disasters of St. Pierre and St. Vincent we have found the blessing of helpfulness to neighbors in the shadow of death. In the poignant distress of the British over the perilous condition of their monarch's health, we have enjoyed the pleasures of a silent sympathy needing only occasion to make it material. In the rejoicements of the world over the cessation of the war in South Africa we have been permitted to share; while in our own land an impending conflict, that bade fair to visit with misery and death almost every home in the country, by wise counsels has been averted. The general prosperity is great. The wheels of commerce and of industry are everywhere moving swiftly and profitably. Many of the irritating attritions of life have gradually softened, and we start the new "fiscal year of blessings" with less friction among ourselves and greater hope for the future than at any time in the memory of this generation. There are problems to be settled, of course, and here and there are radical differences of opinion on questions of vital import, but it cannot be denied that, on the whole, we are a better tempered people than we were a year ago, and are finding the rough corners of national life growing fewer and fewer with the passing of each day. For this reason Thanksgiving day, 1902, should prove a memorable one, and in the especial function for which it is designed we trust and believe that it will be observed more universally and with a greater real appreciation of benefits received than any of its forerunners for more than a decade.

The proceedings of the Anthracite Commission are watched with lively interest all over the United States, because it is hoped not only that the award will be accepted by both capital and labor in the anthracite region for a period of three years, but also that some definite and influential pronouncements will be made concerning the rates of wages, the hours of labor, and the rights of non-union workers, pronouncements that will help to enlighten public opinion, even if they do not directly tend hereafter to minimize disputes between employers and the employed. It is certain that, while the Commission is not a body authorized by law, has no power to compel the attendance of witnesses or to punish for perjury, and no means of enforcing compliance with its specific award, much less the general adoption of the principles which it may propound, the parties to the present controversy are estopped from denying the moral validity of its decisions. The competence of the Commission on the score of intellect and of integrity has been universally acknowledged, and, except through the future production of strong evidence cannot be successfully impeached.

It is evident from the course pursued in the examination and cross-examination of Mr. Mitchell that the Commission recognizes itself to be primarily a jury, brought together for the purpose of determining certain questions of fact. It may be remembered that the mine-workers demanded a 20-per-cent. increase over the wages paid before the strike. Mr. Mitchell was asked if he knew what those wages had been, but he was unable to answer. It will further be remembered that one of the assertions made by Mr. Mitchell during the strike was that the present earnings of the mine-workers are insufficient to maintain the American standard of living. To the question what proportion of the miners are American-born, and accustomed to the American standard of living, Mr. Mitchell was unable to reply. He also did not know, he said, whether it was or was not true that the earning capacity at home of the foreigners now working in the anthracite mines had been only a third of the wages received in the United States. Another thing which he did not know was whether a large number of the foreign miners in the anthracite region have no intention of residing permanently in this country, but aim simply to amass a considerable sum with which to return home. To inquiries made by Commissioner Gray and by Commissioner Watkins why a miner should not be permitted to employ three laborers if he could blast and throw down enough coal to employ them, Mr. Mitchell made

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it plain that he approves of the socialist plan to discourage superior energy and industry, and to keep down the product of labor to the capacity of the average man. As regards the expediency of reducing the hours of labor, there was a conflict of evidence, Mr. Mitchell claiming that a reduction would increase the intensity and efficiency of work, whereas estimates were submitted from employers to the effect that a loss of as much as thirty per cent. had been suffered in some cases owing to the reduction in hours from ten to eight. To the question whether any industrial community had been successful in competing for the markets of the world on the basis of an eight-hour day, Mr. Mitchell replied vaguely that he thought the most prosperous and highly civilized nations had the shortest hours of labor, but he did not attempt to explain why British manufacturers attribute their growing inability to cope with German and American competitors largely to the fact that the eight-hour day prevails much more generally in England than in Germany and in the United States.

Mr. Mitchell was ultimately pinned down to the statement that he considered $600 a year the minimum average wage for a miner working eight hours a day. He further admitted, what he could not well deny, that if the present aggregate sum paid yearly in wages to the anthracite miners is $60,000,000, an advance of 20 per cent. would mean an addition of $12,000,000 to the cost of production. To the question whether the $12,000,000 is to come out of the pockets of poor consumers, Mr. Mitchell opined that it might be deducted from the profits of the operators. Met with the counter-statement that in many cases there are no profits, many of the anthracite mines being unable to pay any dividends, Mr. Mitchell fell back upon the vague assertion that if an industry cannot pay what its employees deem living wages, it is of no benefit to the country, and had better be abandoned. This means, if it means anything, that if poor consumers are unable or unwilling to pay the 20-per-cent. increase in wages demanded by the mine-workers, or any further increase demanded in the future, they must renounce the use of anthracite altogether. That is to say, the mine-workers, if Mr. Mitchell is a faithful interpreter, are determined to exploit a public necessity to the uttermost. Another interesting point was brought out by Mr. Wilcox, counsel for the Delaware and Hudson Company. Mr. Mitchell has at various times had a good deal to say about the so-called Coal Trust, and about trusts in general. In his opinion, they ought to be relegated out of existence. He was asked what he thought of a statement made by Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, at the trust conference held in Chicago three years ago, when Mr. Gompers said that any trust legislation which did not especially exempt organized labor from its operations would meet with inflexible opposition from all the labor forces. Mr. Mitchell replied that organized labor would not look with favor upon any law that would legislate them out of business, or, in other words, abolish a labor trust. Trusts were good for labor, but ought not to be tolerated on the part of capitalists.

Still another very important question was put to Mr. Mitchell. His attention was directed to the fact that a labor union in Schenectady, New York, had caused one of its members to be discharged by his employer because, as a militiaman, he had taken part in the enforcement of public order. The ground practically taken by this labor union was that no man who belongs to the State militia shall be allowed to earn his living by manual labor. That is to say, this labor union set itself above the law of the State, which makes all male citizens of military age liable to military duty, and, consequently, liable to be enrolled on the order of the commander-in-chief. If the course pursued by the Schenectady labor union were followed throughout the Empire commonwealth, all union workers would, in the event of the Governor's directing a general enrolment, have to leave the State. It is obvious that a labor union has no more right to deprive a workman of his job for rendering militia service than it has to impose upon him a like penalty for serving upon a jury before which a case involving a dispute between capital and labor may be tried. Asked what he thought of the Schenectady incident, Mr. Mitchell replied that he had no personal views to offer on the subject of members of the union joining the National Guard, but he felt that they should enjoy the same rights and privileges that every one else does in that respect. Precisely so. It is the duty of every man of military age in New York to perform military service if called upon, and, that being his legal duty, it is also his right to perform it without being deprived on that account of a chance of earning a livelihood. There is yet another question which is of manifest moment, and upon which Mr. Mitchell, as representative of the United Mine Workers, should be able to throw some light. Would American workers in general, and the anthracite miners in particular, like to see introduced in the United States the system of compulsory arbitration which exists in New Zealand? Under that system, the United Mine Workers would be compelled to abide by the award of the official arbitrators, whether they liked it or not; whereas nothing binds them to accept the decision of the unofficial anthracite commission, and it remains to be seen whether they will do so, provided the decision does not conform to their demands.

For a resuscitated city Schenectady does remarkably well as a news centre. Twenty-five years ago it had about eleven thousand inhabitants, and was a sleepy, respectable town of Dutch ancestry, chiefly noted as the seat of Union College. Both Union College and Schenectady seemed, in those days, to have hard work to keep alive. But the General Electric Company chose Schenectady as its chief factory site, and that made a difference. The city's population has tripled in twenty-five years, so that, though the town was settled in 1661, and has been incorporated since 1798, two-thirds of it is very recent, and behaves like a young city. All its new population was attracted by the growth of manufacturing industries, and includes a remarkably large proportion of skilled mechanics, so that it is natural enough that the trades unions should be exceptionally strong and active there. So far as the distant observer can judge, the officers of the Schenectady Trades Assembly have been spoiling for a fight for some time, and all that has hindered them from radical action about something important has been an exasperating dearth of valid grievances. Things must be going very well with the union men in Schenectady when they are driven to such demonstrations of activity as to expel a man from his union because he is a member of the National Guard, and to declare a boycott on a street railway because a contractor who did work for it employed some non-union carpenters. The boycott, it appears, has the secondary purpose of compelling the employees of the street railway to organize a union. They don't want to, and their company doesn't want them to, but the Schenectady Trades Assembly sees in these unorganized railway employees a defiance of its power. At this writing the boycott seems to be a dead failure, and probably it will be discontinued. It does not vitally concern persons outside of Schenectady, but it has been watched with lively interest by the whole country. People want to know what sort of government a trades assembly will give a city in which it is all-powerful, and how far the officers of such a body can count on the support of the members. The 12,000 working-men who are back of the Trades Assembly of Schenectady are, presumably, of a high average of intelligence. Through their organizations they have great power in local matters. The question is whether, having so much rope at their disposal, they can get along without hanging themselves.

A number of good people are justly indignant because the President seems to have gone out of his way to please Mr. Addicks. He has reappointed Mr. Byrne as United States District Attorney in Delaware. Mr. Byrne resigned his office, to which Mr. McKinley appointed him, in order to run for Congress. He was an Addicks man, and is, therefore, a bad man in politics. A very acceptable person had served in his stead during the campaign, and the bar wanted him to keep the place, but when Byrne was defeated, the President gave him back his office, and immediately it is stated that he has recognized the Addicks faction as the regular Republican organization of the State. Notwithstanding such recognition, however, the news from Delaware points to another defeat of Addicks, who is still trying to break into the United States Senate, having selected Delaware, it is said, as his constituency because the size of its Legislature made it a comparatively cheap purchase. There are, however, in the new

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Delaware Legislature eight Republicans, as there were seven in the last, who, it is announced, will not vote for Addicks for the Senate, no matter whether the President recognizes him and his faction or not. Delaware politics is so disgustingly corrupt that mild-mannered criticism of any one consenting to have anything to do with Addicks is almost impossible. Still, it is not true that Mr. Roosevelt has made an alliance with Addicks, or that he has recognized the Addicks faction to the exclusion of the other and decenter Republicans. The appointment of Byrne is not a change of policy on his part; it is the carrying out of a policy which he has always professed. He has never recognized either faction, but has invariably declared that, in each instance, he would appoint the better of the two candidates presented by them for a place. It will probably be found that there was some promise made to Byrne that if he resigned in order that a bad Republican might to elected to Congress in the place of a good Democrat, he could have his office back in case of his defeat. A great deal of sincere compassion (not anger) should be manifested towards the President on account of the company which partisan necessity sometimes compels him to keep.

The political farce entitled, How the Tail tried to wag the Dog, has now been played for some years in Delaware, with the scandalous result that one of the original thirteen States has been left without any representation in the Federal Senate. We have no intention of commending vote-buying or legislator-buying methods, whether these are imputed to Mr. Addicks in Delaware or to Senator Clark in Montana, or to other Senators whose names are on the tip of everybody's tongue. At the recent election of members of the State Legislature in Delaware money seems to have been used lavishly on all sides for the corruption of voters, and since the pot called the kettle black no more ridiculous outcry has been heard than the indignant clamor with which Mr. Addicks's superior resources are denounced by his opponents. What we wish to point out is the gravity of the actual and prospective injury inflicted, not only on the State, but on the United States at large, by the refusal of the Delaware Legislature to fill the vacancies in the United States Senate. It is nothing short of monstrous that an American commonwealth should be left for a long period without any spokesman at all in that branch of Congress which shares not only the legislative but the executive power of the Federal government. It is a state of suspended animation, of temporary suicide, to which Delaware is condemned when her Legislature adjourns without providing her with representatives in the United States Senate. The framers of our Federal Constitution never dreamed that such self-immolation would be deliberately and continuously practised by any member of the Union. Nor is it Delaware alone that suffers by the elimination of her voice from the Senatorial chamber. It might well happen six or even five years hence that the votes of Delaware would turn the scale when some question of supreme national moment should come up for decision in the Senate. It is to be hoped that the discreditable deadlock in Delaware will be broken before such a crisis arrives, and that all three of the parties now apparently irreconcilable—the Addicks Republicans, the Democrats, and the so-called regular Republicans—will be forced by public opinion to recognize that among the principles to which they profess such inflexible devotion, one ought to be paramount above all others, to wit, the duty of not leaving Delaware unrepresented in the Senate of the United States.

The meeting of the Wisconsin Congress delegation in Milwaukee on November 15 was of more than local interest. We do not refer to the report that at this meeting the President's intention to convoke the Fifty-eighth Congress in special session early in March was announced, a report which has since been contradicted. What we have in mind is the fact that when the Wisconsin delegation offered its support to Mr. Babcock's candidacy for the Speakership, Mr. Babcock replied that he was no longer a candidate for the office, whereupon the delegation pledged its support to Mr. Cannon of Illinois. The incident is commonly looked upon as insuring Mr. Cannon's election to the post, and there is scarcely any doubt that he would be chosen Speaker if the next House of Representatives were to meet in the course of a few weeks. A good many things may happen, however, before December, 1903. Meanwhile, although Mr. Babcock protested that he was still in favor of a moderate revision of the tariff, his withdrawal in favor of Mr. Cannon will justly be regarded as a triumph for the anti-revisionists. Mr. Cannon's decided leadership in the race for the Speakership is only one of several signs that the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt within the Republican party is beginning to form its lines. Already representatives of the Republican machine in Alabama and North Carolina have put forward Mr. Hanna as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1904, and it is not improbable that a similar step will be taken by the Republican managers in other Southern States who resent Mr. Roosevelt's rebuke of the "Lily-white" movement. Of course, the influence exerted by delegates from the Southern States in a Republican national convention is by no means proportioned to their numbers; nevertheless, these delegates, if united, would constitute a nucleus of opposition which, if strengthened by the co-operation of large Middle and Central States, might constitute a formidable obstacle to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy.

It is evident that ex-Governor Hill feels the need of exculpating himself from the charge of causing the defeat of the Democratic party in the State of New York by putting forward a weak candidate. He has procured from Chief-Judge Parker, a statement that he, Hill, made known to the judge the existence of a general desire for his nomination on the part of Democratic leaders and newspapers. The judge goes on to say that he set forth the reasons for his unwillingness to accept a nomination, and urged Mr. Hill to discountenance the movement in his favor. He does not contradict, however, the assertion previously made by one of his intimate friends, that, had he been unanimously nominated by the State Convention, he would have deemed it his duty to bow to the will of his party. We do not see that Mr. Hill's position is much improved by Judge Parker's good-natured attempt to relieve the ex-Governor from odium. It remains certain that the Democratic State Convention would have given Judge Parker a unanimous nomination but for Mr. Hill's personal and resolute opposition. How did it happen that Mr. Hill was unable to recognize as distinctly as did other Democratic leaders the vital importance of Judge Parker's name to the success of the Democratic ticket? Did he foresee that Coler's election, if by a kind of miracle such an event should occur, would probably leave unshaken Hill's grasp upon the party machinery in the State of New York, whereas if Judge Parker should be chosen Governor, he would inevitably become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1904? What possible motive but self-interest could have prompted Hill to frustrate the wishes of the State Convention, and prevent it from bringing home to Judge Parker the duty of obeying the party which had honored him. This is not the only question which Mr. Hill will find hard to answer. Did he insert the preposterous coal plank in the platform for the express purpose of checking the inclination of Mr. Cleveland's friends and of other conservative Democrats to return to the party of their old predilections? Did he foresee that, if they returned, they would inevitably be invited by the rank and file to resume their old places of authority and influence at the Democratic council-board? What hope of retaining ascendency could Mr. Hill entertain if such men as Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Whitney, Judge Herrick, and ex-Senator Murphy should undertake the reorganization of the Democratic party in New York? There is no doubt that thousands of conservative Democrats were repelled by the coal plank from voting for the Democratic candidates. If this result was not foreseen and intended by Mr. Hill, he must be lacking in the shrewdness with which hitherto he has been credited.

The annual report of Major-General Adna R. Chaffee has been made public at the War Department at Washington, and should prove of interest to all who are, or have been, concerning themselves with affairs in the Philippines. The report closes September 30, 1902, upon which date General Chaffee relinquished his command in the Division of the Philippines, which he assumed upon the retirement of General MacArthur. It covers in some detail and with vigorous candor the much-discussed campaign of General J. H. Smith in Samar, and one is not surprised to find the commanding general courageously assuming the responsibility for the work of suppression carried on by his subordinates, and in some cases

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asking for a reversal of judgment which has been passed upon them by the public. He assures the department that he finds nothing in the written orders of the Samar campaign that "was not justified by the conditions there to be overcome," and as for the censure passed upon General J. Franklin Bell for the orders, circulars, and instructions which he issued while putting down the insurrection, he asks that this be removed wholly, since, in his view, General Bell acted solely in the line of his duty. To General Chaffee's plea on General Bell's behalf is added the testimony of General Wheaton, General Bell's immediate superior in Northern Luzon, that he himself fully approves the methods by which the insurrection in the provinces of Batangas, Laguna, and Tayabas was ended, averring that the humane code of the laws of war as published during the administration of President Lincoln was followed in all operations against semi-civilized insurgents habitually violating every law of war known to civilized nations, and treating their own people with every barbarity that can be inflicted upon the helpless.

General Chaffee vividly outlines certain of the difficulties by which the American government in the Philippines is confronted, and he calls for time, tact, and patience in dealing with these. That they cannot be overcome in a day nor handled with kid gloves is made clear, and General Chaffee bespeaks for his fellow-soldiers an approach to the confidence which he himself feels in their ability ultimately to bring order out of chaos. As to the general character of his command and the duty of the troops who constitute it, General Chaffee, in closing, speaks as follows:

> The officers and enlisted men of the army who have served in the division during the past year have faithfully and efficiently performed duty as it fell to their lot. A very considerable party have been dispersed by company or detachment to occupy stations for purposes of observation, and to give moral support to municipal authorities and municipal police. This duty has been performed without friction, so far as known to me, with but comparatively few exceptions. Some alleged wrongs done natives by soldiers it has been impossible to redress because of failure to identify the responsible party or parties, but when established, disciplinary measures have been enforced.
>
> The assumption and statement that the presence of soldiers in a community is very demoralizing with respect to the natives is not true as a broad proposition; in my opinion the opposite view is most worthy to be noted. An individual soldier here and there has no doubt wronged a native, or with threat of physical force compelled obedience to his demands, but these instances are exceptional, not the rule, so that unless the alleged demoralizing influence broadens so as to make the presence of the white race, as a race, demoralizing to the native races, the influence for evil by the soldiers is indeed small and undeserving of comment compared with their many virtues, which by precept and example are object-lessons for good.

Testimony of this kind will doubtless be regarded by many as *ex parte,* and will be set down as merely the view of a man, himself a soldier and man of war, defending other soldiers of warlike inclinations. But by others who know General Chaffee's record, who understand his capacity for administrative work along civil lines, and who are mindful of his very great and distinguished service to his country, and to humanity as well, it will be received with the respect and attention that is its due. In view of the great importance to all of us, of all that is done in the Philippine Islands, and the likelihood that our acts in those distant lands will be the subject of much fierce controversy in days to come, it would be wise for those who have access to the General's report to read it carefully, not so much in the hope of guidance, but merely for the sake of the information it contains, presented by a man of unusually keen powers of observation, clear judgment, and of unquestioned veracity.

The Kaiser, having slaughtered unnumbered pheasants in the coverts of Uncle Edward, has terminated his stay in England by a visit to his good friend Lord Lonsdale, whose Cumberland tenants will have the satisfaction of knowing that some seventy or eighty thousand dollars of their hard-earned rents will melt away in magnificence and pomp for the imperial visitor. The Kaiser's other dear friend, Mr. Chamberlain, has apparently taken the side of Newfoundland in the Bond-Hay treaty negotiations. We shall look with interest for the expressions of Canadian opinion which this is likely to call forth. Meanwhile an entirely new and altogether delicious sensation is being imparted to British politics by the apparition of what our papers describe as "a female *deus ex machina*" in the person of Lady Colebrook, who has taken the timid, halting, effervescent, incalculable Lord of Dalmeny in tow, and promises to do great things with him. Should this be really true, we are all to be greatly congratulated; and Lord Rosebery himself must have breathed a long sigh of relief when the gracious and gifted Lady Colebrook intimated to him that it would be her pleasing duty in future to make up his lordship's mind,—a matter which he has always found as hard as *Hamlet,* having also something of *Hamlet's* excuse, that he has a great deal of mind, or at least a great variety of minds, to make up. The "female *deus ex machina,*" or, to translate, "the goddess in the basket," Lady Colebrook, has many and great recommendations. To begin with, she has a high and unquestioned social position; she has great personal charm, and a singularly winning voice,—an excellent thing in woman; she has two almost, if not quite, as charming American sisters-in-law, one a daughter of Mr. William C. Whitney. Further, this paragon among women is a sport of no mean qualifications, plays the races, and stays with the great and portentous Duke of Devonshire for Derby day, and shines at Goodwood and the Oaks, and such like gatherings. This is, doubtless, an irresistible attraction for the horsey Lord of Dalmeny, who hopes once again to win the Derby, as he hopes once again to be Prime Minister of England. In a postscript we must add that the gifted lady also has Sir Edward Colebrook, a worthy, shy person, whose days are spent in poring over musty tomes and dust-covered records of the past. We feel almost inclined to steal this occurrence in entirety, and build on it an English political novel.

As lovers of the picturesque and sensational, we greatly regret that the reported engagement of the Crown-Prince of Siam to a princess of Japan is probably to be reckoned among the things which are not so. It is almost as fascinating a story, and about as disappointing, as the romance of the Queen of Spain, which we printed with enthusiasm and withdrew with sincere regret. In defence of the Siamese-Japanese love-story, it may be said that both hero and heroine are good Buddhists, and we do not see why the Buddhist monarchs should not enter the arena of sensational history, side by side with the Occidental potentates whose droll and bizarre doings we love to chronicle. It is true that the Buddhist scriptures, with grim and unconscious humor, expressly forbid the devotees to retail stories of "kings, robbers, and ministers of state," but then we are not devotees, and do not come under the prohibition. It would be more than interesting to see a marriage of union in the Buddhist political world; and, if Lady Colebrook's descent from the basket upon the Lord of Dalmeny tempts us to write a political novel, we are almost persuaded by the Siam-Japan rumor to commit a comic opera.

President Eliot, who has made an unusual number of public discourses of late, and put an unusual number of ideas into each of them, talked the other day to the Methodist ministers of Boston about the work of the Church. He felt it, he said, to be closely akin to the work of education, but he thought that in his lifetime the influence of the Church had visibly declined. He found that steady work seemed to be the greatest of civilizers. It lifted people out of want and misery, and he suggested that it was the greater necessity for labor in the temperate zones that had caused Christianity to travel faster in those zones than in the tropical ones. He thought that ministers might advantageously modify their methods by trying to get more personal exertion out of their congregations. He said he went to church twice on Sundays and twice on Thursdays, and probably heard more preaching among all denominations, from the Jewish to the Roman Catholic, than any other man in the United States, but he found that he was not called upon for personal exertion. He merely absorbed. The ministers worked, but he didn't. He thought there ought to be more laboratory practice in the lecture courses the ministers were giving. He doubted if stirring sermons were of any value unless they resulted in action. "I find it does me no good," he said, "to have my sympathies touched or my indignation stirred, unless I can do something about it." The point seems well taken, though as a church-goer Dr. Eliot's position is probably exceptional. Presumably he hears sermons chiefly in the chapel of Harvard University, where, by the necessities of the case, the

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preaching end of the minister's work is most cultivated. The pastors of the great churches in the great cities nowadays do try unquestionably to get work out of their congregations, and some of them have pretty good success. Take, for example, the report, issued about November 1, of St. George's Church in New York. The church has over 8000 members, and its annual expenditure is nearly $100,000. The rector, Dr. Rainsford, has four clerical assistants, a secretary, deaconesses, and volunteer lay-workers to help him. In that church there are thirty-nine organizations for getting work out of the members. The list includes a grocery department, a clothing department, an employment society, a boys' industrial trade-school, a sewing-school, a cooking-class, a millinery-class, and many others quite as much outside of what in old times we were used to think of as church work. There are many other churches in New York and elsewhere that work in this same way, and some of them to as great an extent. The "institutional church" is no longer a novelty, and its purpose seems to be this very one which Dr. Eliot commends,—to get work out of the members.

If one would conquer the world as a music-maker, one should be extremely careful to avoid being born a nobleman. Musical art has been poor in Byrons. Haydn was the son of a wheelwright; Handel's father was official barber to the ducal court of Saxony; Schubert was the son of a schoolmaster—his respected mother was a cook; the composer of "Tristan und Isolde" was the son of Leipzig's chief of police, and the sire of Antonin Dvorák kept an inn. So when Don Roffredo Cætani, son of the Duke of Sermoneta (of the Roman family of Cætani), set about the writing of the Symphonic Prelude which the Philharmonic Society performed at its first concert of the season, he should have considered that the circumstances clearly necessitated a superlative activity of inspiration. It was Huckleberry Finn, if our memory is not at fault, who graciously observed that "kings is kings, and you got to make allowances." No doubt potential dukes are entitled to the benefit of a similar generosity, and we are more than ready to make the proper allowances—dukes being dukes as assuredly as "kings is kings." But the noble Don goes too far: we think even that admirable humanist whom we have quoted would have hardened his heart in the presence of this product of the Muse of the Cætanis. If his Symphonic Prelude—it is his op. 8, the first of a group of five—is fairly representative of the Don's abilities, one wonders if it was really worth while for him to exchange the not very onerous occupation of merely being the son of a duke for the nerve-racking labors of composition. It is music of a peculiarly disheartening sort—forever seeming to be on the point of achieving some finely cumulative climax, and invariably stopping just short of the attainment,—with an effect curiously like that of a speaker elaborating what promises to be a side-splitting story, and then, at the crucial moment, forgetting the point. But let us be magnanimous. The nobility make a poor shift at composition; but after all—again to quote the unforgettable Huck—"it's the way they're raised."

There has been this fall a remarkable succession of orations on education. The installations of college presidents have given occasion for some of them, and on one occasion or another the heads of most of our great universities have defined their attitude to the various educational questions about which the doctors disagree. The detail which has been most discussed is the length of the college course. President Butler of Columbia, who had already argued in favor of giving the A.B. degree after two years' study in college, went over the subject again on November 14 in an address at Swarthmore College. He reasons that half the work that used to be done in college is now done in school, and that the A.B. degree, if granted at the end of the second college year, will still represent four years' work as truly as it did in those earlier times when it was a good deal more respected than now. He thinks the traditional American college is fast disappearing, and will sink out of sight in another generation or two unless the disintegrating influences are checked. What we shall have left, he thinks, will be "an agreeable finishing-school, or country club, for the sons of the well-to-do." To his mind the most active and dangerous foes of the American college today are "those who regard a secondary-school training as an adequate preparation for professional and technical study in a university, and those who insist that the course of collegiate study must be four years or nothing." Dr. Butler's plan for saving the college is "to recast and remodel the college course entirely on a two-year or three-year basis."

Teachers' College in New York owes $190,000. Mr. Rockefeller says that as soon as that debt is paid he will give the college $250,000 for an endowment fund. To endow it further he will duplicate all gifts for endowment made within two years up to $250,000. He stands ready, therefore, to give $500,000, provided other persons will give $440,000. Of this latter sum $55,000 had been promised at last accounts for the payment of debts, and over $100,000 for endowment. The trustees are appealing for the rest of the money. No doubt they will get it, for Teachers' College is a very useful and well-managed institution, and succeeds admirably in its mission. As most readers know, it was joined to Columbia University a year or two ago, and is now a part of Dr. Butler's great organization. The disbursements which Mr. Rockefeller proposes to incur for the benefit of the college are designed to be "a thank-offering to Almighty God for the preservation of his family and household on the occasion of the destruction by fire of his country home at Pocantico Hills." There is, therefore, a strong additional motive of a pious nature to make Mr. Rockefeller's offer good, for by the conditions of his gift it will take considerable co-operation to secure to his thankfulness a completely adequate expression.

Sixty thousand dollars is asked for for the coming year's work of The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The association's purpose is to help those who need help. Last year it aided over 3000 families and 705 homeless men and women. It is the only general relief agency in old New York. It has been at work for sixty years; its workers are trained and experienced, its officers are people whom everybody trusts. It maintains the Department of Relief, Hartley House in Forty-sixth Street, the People's Baths in Centre-Market Place, and a Fresh-Air Work on Coney Island. Last year it spent $8068 more than it had. It needs better support. Its president is Mr. R. Fulton Cutting. No sum is too small, or too large, to be sent to its treasurer, Mr. Robert Shaw Minturn, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

A conspicuous British invader at the moment is Mr. St. Leo Strachey, editor of the famous *Spectator*. No one who studies his portrait, printed elsewhere in this number, will question the strength of the character back of the countenance, but, to our mind, Mr. Strachey's most pleasing characteristics are his incisiveness and breadth. It goes without saying that his early education was neglected, because, forsooth, this is his first visit to America; nevertheless, he knows a deal more of our country than many of ourselves know, and, while viewing our idiosyncrasies with that amused tolerance which no true Britisher can hide and which, in turn, is amusing to us, he is the most conspicuous, consistent, and stanch friend of the United States to be found in London. He is also, in our judgment, the ablest of English journalists. It is well that he should come here and acquaint himself with our people, and it is fitting that we should express our pleasure at seeing him and our wish that he might remain longer.

Few people would know who Stephen G. Cleveland is; and yet that is the original name of our distinguished former President. So also Newton B. Tarkington has an odd sound, although Tarkington is not so common a name as Cleveland, and probably most people would detect the Booth represented by the middle initial, and recognize the gentleman from Indiana, who wrote *Monsieur Beaucaire,* that most fascinating of recent minor romances. We have not had time to read his latest story, *The Two Vanrevels,* but those who have say that, while less satisfying than its predecessors, it is very pleasing. Indeed, it may be doubted if Booth Tarkington could write badly if he tried. Just now he is going in for politics, having been elected a member of the Indiana Legislature, but we shrewdly suspect that his chief purpose is to acquire knowledge from experience for the subsequent delight of his readers, rather than to inflict additional laws upon his countrymen. If so, well and good; if not, we must recall to his mind the sage advice once given to a shoemaker. He is only thirty-three years old.

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Will the South Save the Democracy? A New Note

OUR contemporary, the *Springfield Republican*, draws from the recent elections the deduction that the radical, populistic, socialistic element has gained permanent control of the machinery of the Democratic party. If we believed this to be true, we should regard the Democracy as doomed. In our opinion, however, the deduction is not a sound one. It is true that in the State of New York, Mr. Hill, who framed the Democratic platform, endeavored, by the insertion of the coal plank, to outbid Mr. Bryan himself in the support of the Socialists. The result was that the Socialists cast a larger vote for a candidate of their own than they had ever cast before, a vote which easily would have made Mr. Coler Governor had it gone to him. On the other hand, it is certain that Mr. Hill, by his defiance of the Federal Constitution, repelled many well-informed and sober-minded Democrats, whose assistance would have assured the triumph of the Democratic ticket. It is also true that in Ohio, Mr. Tom Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Governor, personified the radical element of his party; but, as the returns have shown, he lost many more votes than he gained by his appeals to the mob. It is true, finally, that in Nebraska and Colorado, and throughout the trans-Missouri States, Mr. Bryan retained much of his former ascendancy in Democratic councils, with the result that not one of those States was carried by the Democracy.

It seems to us that these facts point straight to the conclusion that the radical element of the Democratic party has been allowed to go to the full length of its tether, and is now definitely and irreparably discredited. Alike in its general outcome and in its details, the last election should be recognized as an admonition that the Democracy can never recover preponderance in the nation until it commands the support of the large and growing independent vote, by resuming its traditional position of unswerving, though not unenlightened adherence to the Federal Constitution, as interpreted by a long line of cautious and far-sighted statesmen from Jefferson to Tilden. But, it may be asked, is not this a purely perfunctory suggestion, a mere counsel of perfection, the realization of which is unattainable? How can the radicals be ousted from their present coign of vantage; by what practical methods can their grasp be loosed from the machine, and a Democratic National Convention be prevailed upon to revert to the sound doctrines of an elder day? We answer that the actual strength of the radicals is grossly overrated; that, owing to the series of disasters brought upon the party by the radical, populistic, socialistic element of the Democracy, that element is incomparably weaker than it was in 1900, when in the committee of the national convention, to which the question was referred, it secured the endorsement of the Chicago platform by one vote only, and that the vote of a delegate from a Territory. Even then and there, but for the lingering and lukewarm support given to Mr. Bryan by the Southern States, his principles would have been repudiated in the platform framed by the Kansas City Convention. What the South might have done in 1900, and was already half-inclined to do, can be far more easily accomplished by that section in 1904.

There are, happily, many indications that the Southern States, which are essentially conservative, and which quickly recovered from an attack of populistic malaria, are becoming keenly alive to their duty and their opportunity. They are beginning to perceive that the hour is ripening for their reassertion of that predominance at the Democratic council-board which they retained for so long a period before the outbreak of the civil war—a period only partly interrupted by the Harrison-Tyler and Taylor-Fillmore administrations, for Tyler courted the Southern Democrats, and Fillmore the Southern Whigs. It was only the other day at Atlanta that Mr. Patrick Calhoun pointed out that, without the undivided support of the Southern States the Democratic party cannot possibly regain its old-time prestige and authority; and that, since the task of redemption must be performed mainly by the South, leadership in the shaping of the party's policy ought to be conceded to that section. Mr. Calhoun went on to say that the South, accepting the great part reserved for it, and resolving to play it worthily, ought to speak with one voice at the next Democratic National Convention, and there to insist on the abandonment of all populistic and socialistic issues, and upon a definite return to the teachings of the fathers.

The same illuminating and invigorating truth was lately brought home to his fellow-Southerners by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, a native of Virginia, and one of the most respected representatives of the Southern States in the city of New York. Mr. Ryan reminded his brethren south of the Potomac that they had the power, if they chose to exert it, to mould the platform of the next Democratic National Convention, to give sound guidance to the Democratic party, and to put it on the road to victory. What he meant by sound guidance he explained in a few words. He pointed out that all the interests of the South lie in the direction of a sound currency, and of that reform of the banking circulation which is still withheld by the Republicans. If the Southern Democrats would but cut loose from the socialistic element, whether in the East or in the West, and return to their former unwavering support of fundamental principles, the country, he said, would again be willing to entrust the direction of national affairs to the Democracy. The fundamental Democratic principles which he had in view were a strict adherence to the Constitution as it is; a firm resistance to encroachments on the rights of the several States, and to such extension of Federal power as has been proposed by Mr. Roosevelt; rigorous economy in administration and moderate taxation for public purposes. The assertion of such principles brought victory in the past, and a return to them will re-instate the Democratic party in the public confidence. Let the splendid new South again "unite" in fact and in earnest in support of the sound principles enunciated by such clear-sighted sons as Mr. Ryan shows himself to be, and it will not only regain control of the great party it created, but will render an inestimable service to the entire country.

The Attorney-General on Remedies for Trust Evils

IT is reported from Washington that the subject of trusts and the jurisdiction of the Federal government over them will form the leading feature of the President's forthcoming message. We cannot, of course, predict all the remedies that Mr. Roosevelt will suggest for the evils that are apparent to his mind. He will doubtless again urge publicity, but this is a vague and general proposition which cannot be discussed until we are informed as to the methods which are proposed for securing the information of trust operations, and, what may be more important still, until we know precisely what knowledge, in the President's belief, the public is entitled to demand.

In the meantime, it is well to consider a hitherto generally unnoticed feature of Attorney-General Knox's Pittsburg speech on "The Commerce Clause of the Constitution and the Trusts." It may be, indeed it is quite possible, that the President agrees with Mr. Knox. He has great respect for the attorney-general's opinion, and it is probable that the suggestion as to the character of remedy that is best, which we are about to consider, will be found in the message, or at least may be read between its lines.

Mr. Knox thinks that Congress has not exhausted its power in the Anti-Sherman Act, and this part of his Pittsburg speech has been sufficiently commented upon by the WEEKLY. It is with the question of how Congress ought to exercise its power that we are now dealing. In this part of his speech, Mr. Knox delivered a severe blow at the act, and, incidentally, revealed not only an evil inherent in efforts to control business and economic movements by legislation, but the fact that in its attempt to control monopolies Congress has already gone beyond the limits of wisdom. In the Sherman Act, it has undertaken to prevent *all* restraints of trade, and this is hostile to the reason and intent of the common law which is based upon considerations of public policy. As the attorney-general pointed out, the law does not, except as formulated in the Sherman Act and like statutes, declare all restraint of trade illegal, but only such restraint as is unreasonable or injurious. The courts, for example, have declared that the restriction in a contract of sale in which the vendor agrees not to engage in competition with the purchaser, is reasonable and, therefore, legal. The Sherman Act, however, has been held by the Supreme Court to forbid all restraints, whether they be reasonable or unreasonable.

However far the attorney-general would extend the jurisdiction of the Federal government by including corporations which now escape under the decision in the Knight case, however circuitously he would seek the power to strike by indirection, he would certainly greatly modify the Sherman Act in respect to the definition of the phrase, restraint of trade. He is opposed to any interference by government with reasonable restraint, and, therefore, in order to meet his view of what the law should be, Congress would be obliged so to amend the Sherman Act as to authorize the intervention of government only for the suppression of unreasonable and injurious restraints of trade. This modification would be of enormous importance, for by means of it a general rule leveled at all large corporations, the outcome of violent political agitation, the formulation of the outcries of the hustings, would be replaced by the temperate application by the courts of a rule of law already centuries old.

This part of the attorney-general's speech is a powerful argument in behalf of sanity in dealing with this troublesome and exciting question. Starting out with the proposition that the Sherman Act offends against the old rule of reasonableness, the attorney-general's contention leads inevitably to the conclusion that the common law, as interpreted and enforced by the courts, is sufficient to meet all the wrongs complained of by those who fear the trusts, and that it is the duty of Congress to pass an act withdrawing itself from the attempt to regulate, and authorizing the courts to apply the rules of the common law against unreasonable and injurious monopolies so far as they restrain inter-State commerce.

"A law which only covers contracts and combinations in restraint of trade as defined by the common law would exclude all

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hurtful combinations and conspiracies," says Mr. Knox; and he continues: "In the enforcement of such law each case as it arose would be considered upon its facts, and the rule of guidance would be as laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States; that is, 'public welfare is first considered, and if it be not involved and the restraint upon one party is not greater than protection to the other party requires, the contract may be sustained. The question is whether, under the particular circumstances of the case and the nature of the particular contract involved in it the contract is or is not reasonable.'" And again, speaking of the desirability of confining the prohibitions of the law to unreasonable contracts and combinations, and of the reason for making the courts the arbiters of their reasonable or unreasonable character, the attorney-general says: "The hard and fast extreme rule [like that of the Sherman Act] may work injustice in various instances where a moderate restraint is either not harmful at all to the general interests, or only slightly so in comparison with the importance of the freedom and sacredness of many contracts which public policy does not manifestly condemn; . . . the question of reasonableness, as in the common law, should be for the courts—surely the safest arbiter and reliance in human disputes—and . . . freer play would thus be given, and perhaps 'a way out' indicated, in the conflict between the important principles of free competition and combination."

Whatever may be said of the attorney-general's suggestion that the Federal government may steal into a State jurisdiction and accomplish there by indirection what it cannot do directly, the part of his speech on which we now comment is, without doubt, the most important contribution that has yet been made to the question of remedies. Practically, Mr. Knox's advice is that Congress abandon its attempt to control all combinations, and leave to the courts the duty of preventing whatever, in inter-State commerce, is unreasonable or injurious. If the President and Congress will adopt Mr. Knox's view, the danger of a politician's war on property and prosperity will be greatly diminished.

The President and Tariff Reform

THE report comes from Washington that the President is contemplating an extra session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. According to the rumor this session is to begin in the spring immediately upon the closing of the life of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and its task will be that of general tariff revision. Never was there so improbable a rumor set on foot. It is the work of Representative Babcock, and furnished him the excuse which he gave to his tariff-reforming friends of Wisconsin for his withdrawal from the campaign for the Speakership. Mr. Babcock retired to the advantage of Mr. Cannon, the rumor of the extra session for tariff revision resulting in a declaration in favor of the Illinois member by the Wisconsin delegation. Mr. Cannon is not a revenue reformer, and was one of the leaders who last winter dreaded any interference with the tariff lest it lead to general revision. There is no reason to suppose that he has changed his mind, and there is every reason to believe that his natural timidity will grow upon him once he is in the Speaker's chair and responsible for legislation.

The reason why an extra session is improbable is patent to every one who will stop and think for a moment. There is no hope of obtaining any tariff legislation from the Fifty-seventh Congress because the rebellious tariff-reform Republicans in the House of Representatives, plus the Democratic minority, compose a majority of the popular branch. Any measure providing for a partial reduction would be amendable by propositions for general revision, or for reductions or abolitions of duty not contemplated by Republican leaders, to some of which even the President would be opposed. In a word, in the language of the legislator, the slightest pressure on the hinges would throw the tariff door wide open. The fear of this was the main reason for last winter's delay in bringing into the House the bill for the relief of Cuba. It was also the occasion for that extraordinary ruling by Mr. Sherman, chairman of the committee of the whole, to the effect that the motion to abolish the differential duty on refined sugar was not germane. It will be recalled that this ruling was agreed upon in advance, and that Mr. Sherman was acting under the directions of Speaker Henderson and the other Republican members of the Committee on Rules. It was overruled by the House, by the very union which had been feared from the first, a union between the Democrats and the tariff-reforming rebels on the Republican side. Subsequent defeats of the hierarchy were prevented by securing an agreement from Mr. Babcock, Mr. Towney, and other "insurrectors," as they were denominated by the obedient, that they would vote to sustain the chairman when he ruled out the Babcock bill and other propositions which were sure to be, and actually were, offered by the Democrats.

What was and is true of the Fifty-seventh will also be true of the Fifty-eighth Congress. The Republican party has not changed its policy as to general revision. There are a few Republican Representatives, as there are a large number of Republican private citizens, who are not opposed to such legislation, but nearly all Republicans who do want to touch the tariff wish to touch it gingerly. They are willing to change the law so that certain protected interests which have all that there is of a home market can procure a foreign market for their goods. The President himself is not in favor of a general revision, and is inclined to avoid any possibility of tariff disruption by leaving the task of change and reform to a tariff commission, like the unfruitful body which we had twenty years ago in Mr. Arthur's time. On the other hand, Mr. Aldrich, who actually commands the Republican majority in the Senate on the tariff question; Mr. Hanna; Mr. Quay, who poses as the President's friend; Mr. Spooner, who is really the President's friend a good deal of the time—are, or were last winter, opposed to touching any schedule of the tariff. Mr. Spooner may have changed in view of his coming re-election, but the others whom we have mentioned are still of last winter's opinion. They dominate the Senate, and there can be no tariff legislation against their decree.

The situation, therefore, is clear. All factions of the Republican party and nearly every Republican leader in Washington are opposed to general tariff revision. Nearly every one of them dreads a general tariff debate. They will be more strongly opposed next year to a general movement than they were last year, because the politician is always averse to undertaking anything new in the face of a coming Presidential campaign. The President, indeed, is one of the few who would not hesitate to appeal to the people on this question, and he would be willing to enter the contest with a declaration in favor of lower duties.

As we have already said of him, the President is the one man in his party who is ready to face the future and to accept and perform the new tasks of a new time. His shadow is behind him. The powerful leaders of his party are, however, facing to the rear. If it were not for Mr. Roosevelt, and for the disorganized state of the Democratic party, their attitude would lead to the defeat of their party. Even Mr. Roosevelt would find it difficult to save it a second time. It must be recollected, however, that the President understands the attitude of the leaders of his party, the limitations which Congress imposes upon him, and the fact that the Fifty-eighth Congress will be even more unwilling to enter upon tariff legislation than the Fifty-seventh has been. Not only will the Presidential campaign hang its wet blanket over whatever enthusiasms they may have, but the Democratic minority will be more numerous than it is now, and the union between it and the Republican tariff reformers from the West will therefore be more effective.

We venture to deny, then, the accuracy of Mr. Babcock's report that the President intends to call an extra session in the spring with a view to obtaining tariff revision of any kind. As to the commission, he ought to be able to obtain it from the present Congress if he really desires it. The chances are, however, unless the commission plan is adopted, that Mr. Roosevelt will not succeed in obtaining any tariff legislation, or the ratification of any reciprocity treaties during his first term, and that he will not try very seriously. If he is re-elected, there may be a different story to tell of his second term. By that time, he may be so assured that he is really all that is left of the Republican party—that is, all that is of any value whatever—that he may then be willing to succeed in securing legislation with the aid of Democratic votes. At least this is all the legislation of this kind which we can now with reason anticipate.

The West-Indian Manoeuvres

See double-page Supplement

THE winter manœuvres in the Caribbean Sea are intended to be significant and impressive. Those who are carelessly or indifferently regarding them as navy drills, or squadron exercises, are not crediting the Administration with the serious intentions which it obviously entertains. The truth is, that it is the purpose of the President to convince the world that we insist upon being the dominant force in the West Indies, the imaginations of the people of the South and Central Americas is to be improved by our show of power, and Germany, or any other European government which dreams of establishing itself in our neighborhood waters is to learn that it cannot do so without reckoning with an aggressive policy on our part.

The informing spirit of the article on Germany's plans in West-Indian waters, published in the last number of the WEEKLY, is that of the men to whom we have entrusted the task of our own defence. The writer uttered the convictions not only of the President and of the Secretary of the Navy, but also of the officers of the navy, who are best informed as to Germany's preparations and as to the purposes of her Emperor. It is felt at Washington that the time is coming, unless we can prevent it by a show of force, or by so establishing ourselves in the confidence of the people over whom we have spread the protection of the Monroe doctrine, when the question of our sole power and influence on the southern continent will be questioned; when Germany's claim to a port, or naval station, which she has already asserted in name, must be tested. And when that day comes

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the Monroe doctrine itself will stand or fall.

If the winter naval manœuvres were to be merely the customary squadron drill, Admiral Higginson's North Atlantic squadron alone would be ordered to the Caribbean Sea. If they were merely to be made more extensive than they have been heretofore the fleet might have been enlarged by the addition of Admiral Sumner's South Atlantic squadron, in which the command of the united squadrons would have gone to the senior officer. But the Secretary of the Navy has assembled not only these two squadrons, but has added Admiral Crowninshield's European squadron. This is the largest fleet of actual war-ships we have ever had together, and Admiral Dewey himself is to be in command. Practically all our ships that are in commission, except those on the Pacific station, in China, and the Philippines, will be engaged in the war game among the West-Indian Islands.

Such a force, so commanded and so engaged, will necessarily be suggestive and impressive. It will be convincing, also, convincing of the belief and the purpose of the Administration — the belief that we may some day be obliged to defend our right to assert that the power of Europe shall not grow on this hemisphere, and the purpose to prevent its growth. The people of South and Central America are to learn that we are in earnest in our determination to protect them from hostile European powers; that they may lean confidently on us; and that it is best for their interests that they should be under obligations to us rather than to Europeans. The governments of Europe also are to learn that none of them can creep unnoticed and unresisted into our jurisdiction. The manœuvres are in the nature of preparation for our self-defence.

Exit the Parlor-match

THE parlor-match of sputtering, snapping memory, the smoker's friend, the small boy's delight, and the *bête noire* of the underwriter, is soon to become an outlaw in this and other cities of the land. A convenience and at the same time a menace to the safety of the public, investigation into its habits and peculiarities has resulted in the verdict that for the good of the community it must go into exile.

The edict of banishment, which goes into effect on January 1, is being received with mixed feelings of regret and rejoicement by the public. Freed from the stifling qualities of the sulphur-match of our fathers, and vastly more convenient than the safety-match of modern times, which must needs have a private box to make it a cheerful worker, the parlor-match, but for certain idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself, should have been the ideal. Time, however, instead of bringing about its improvement, has so attracted attention to its unredeemed evils that it may no longer hope to be *persona grata* in official circles, and in this respect we think the parlor-match is deserving of our sympathy rather than of universal reprobation. In theory it was a good match, convenient, and not an offence to the olfactory organ; but in its manufacture there were either economies or great carelessnesses permitted which were fatal to its success. Flimsy wood, for instance, was used for the sticks, and the little brown torpedo-shaped head which made it a potentially useful domestic article, was all too frequently placed upon a neck so brittle that the necessary friction to bring the match into action at the same time sent its blazing end flying off into dangerous places, a small but terrible instrument of disaster.

Many lives have been lost through the havoc its careless use and economical manufacture have created. Last year over 1300 fires were the direct result of its derelictions, and of how much minor suffering was the result of its shortcomings there is no record. Over thirty years ago it was roundly condemned by a horrified public, stirred into a furore of disapprobation by the frightful fate of a young lady of some prominence in New York, who was burned to death through having stepped upon one of them. To-day we find the same story repeated in less harrowing detail, and in the general rather than in the specific case. The strange feature of it all is that in these thirty years that have elapsed since the first notable disaster for which it was responsible, until to-day, there has been no apparent effort to improve the match, which even in its unpopular hour is by many regarded as the best in the market. It is still the same reprehensible thing it was three decades ago. While most other things have advanced, the parlor-match has stood still, and to-day is in danger of annihilation. We may, therefore, at the moment of its passing, while fully commending the wisdom of the authorities in their act of hostility to this useful domestic servant, record a simple word of regret that the parlor-match should not have received at the hands of those whose fortunes it has materially advanced that degree of attention which its fundamental virtues should have entitled it to, and that because of the neglect of those who should have guarded its honor it has in the end gone down into a disrepute which involves an inevitable annihilation. It has deserved a better fate.

Sir Gilbert Parker in Egypt

THE great reading public knows about the British Empire more from the books of the imperial story-tellers than from graver histories. One of the leaders among these story-tellers is Sir Gilbert Parker. His latest book, *Donovan Pasha*, is a collection of tales about Egypt and British labors there, and in the "foreword" of it the author has told something about himself and his own labors. It is only a few years since we came to know Sir Gilbert well. *Pierre and His People* introduced him to Americans as a Canadian writer who wrote about Canadians. The *Seats of the Mighty* and, lately, *The Right of Way*, have confirmed that impression of him, and readers of *The Battle of the Strong* wondered not a little how a Canadian came to write so familiarly about the island of Jersey. This "foreword" in *Donovan Pasha* explains. Sir Gilbert, born in Canada in 1862, and a graduate of Trinity College in Toronto, has gone much about the world and lived in remote places. *Who's Who* says he was associate editor of the *Morning Herald* in Sydney, Australia, in 1886, and travelled among the South Sea Islands and extensively in northern Canada. That accounts for what he says in this preface, that his first tales, written twelve years ago, were about Australia and the islands of the southern Pacific, where he had lived and roamed in the middle and late eighties. More stories, written in London, appeared in various English magazines, but have not yet been published in book form, though the Canadian tales which followed them were published in *Pierre and His People*. Attracted to the island of Jersey by the likeness of her people, in their origin, to the French Canadians, Sir Gilbert went, five or six years ago, to live for a time at St. Helier's, and the result of his stay there was *The Battle of the Strong*. Then Egypt, a newer sphere of British influence, attracted him. "The years went by," he says, "and four times visiting Egypt, at last I began to write of her. That is now five years ago. From time to time the stories which I offer to the public in this volume were given forth."

When a man tells a tale, particularly if it is a good tale and well told, it is natural to inquire how he knew it. The reader does not insist that the tale shall be true, but he wants to know whether it is substantially true to the life it purports to represent; whether the writer has seen and studied the people and the places he writes about, or merely made up his story out of books and his own head. It is less than twenty years since Sir Gilbert Parker got out of college. The first eight of those years, it seems, he spent in studying Australia, the South Seas, and northern Canada. Lower Canada he already knew. England is his present home, and he has studied Jersey and Egypt, and he does not say what else. He seems to have laid a broad foundation for the career as a novelist, which is now in full and successful progress, and his readers have cause to believe that he knows whereof he speaks.

Of *Donovan Pasha*, he says: "I shall be sufficiently grateful if this series of tales does no more than make way for the novel of Egyptian life on which I have been working for some years." It ought to do that, and more. The tales are lively tales, that give excellent entertainment, and also edify. There are fifteen of them, and twelve of the fifteen are more or less concerned with Dicky Donovan, English official, who comes presently to be English secretary to the Khedive, and chief keeper of the conscience of that remarkable ruler. It was the Egypt of thirty years ago, "of splendor and of primitive simplicity, of mystery and guilt, of cruel indolence and beautiful industry, of tyranny and devoted slavery." The land was taxed to the last extreme. The Khedive was busily incurring the enormous debts which were presently to bring Egypt into the hands of British masters. It was a picturesque time, and Sir Gilbert has brought out its color. Dicky Donovan is possibly somewhat too self-contained and resourceful and too invariably successful to be real flesh and blood, but his experiences are always worth following, and the background of tax-gathering pashas, camel-drivers, fellahs, dervishes, dancing girls, cholera, English officials, slaves, Turks, Egyptians, and British soldiers is vivid and impressive, and makes a picture that stays in the reader's mind. Egypt under the Khedive was certainly not Egypt for the Egyptians. Arabi's struggle of a later date to win back Egypt for her own went down at Tel-el-Kebir, under fire of British guns. Whether Egypt to-day, with the dam built at Assouan, and the British on top, is a better Egypt for the Egyptians, or merely better for their creditors, may possibly be gathered from the coming novel which Sir Gilbert has in hand. We would like to know. The world of the East is a strange world, and in what measure progress can be forced upon it is a question to which many experienced observers give conflicting answers.

The last three stories in the book have to do with later times than the rest,—the time of General Gordon's defeat and death at Khartoum.

Look out for the
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Correspondence

OBITUARIES OF MARK TWAIN

(20c ag line chg slc)

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y., *Nov. 20.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the issue of the WEEKLY for November 15, I note a statement by Mark Twain, in which he offers a prize for the best obituary of himself, which is suitable to be read in public. Considering the multitudes who would risk their very necks in order to receive anything from Mark Twain—even a moth-eaten postal-card, bearing naught but the initials "M. T.," scribbled thereon with a stubby pencil—considering, I repeat, the people who are eager for such a souvenir from such a source, it seems almost a waste of time for a humble, non-talented citizen to enter the lists. But I do so, nevertheless, in order to bring before mankind in general a great truth which has thus far escaped the notice of scientific investigators. And it is a curious fact, moreover, that no explorer of the unseen but actual universe, no savant, no philosophical adventurer, has happened even accidentally upon this remarkable phenomenon which, for sake of convenience, we call "Mark Twain," as the undetermined factor in mathematics is termed X—simply as a matter of habit which has become arbitrary through long usage.

In the first place, therefore, be it known once for all, that *marktwain* is not a being, a personality, much less a definite individual. On the contrary, it is an essence, a spirit; a mysterious, subtle influence which has pervaded this litle globule whereupon we spend a few years—this insignificant note in the grand chorus of Creation which we think of as the world—from time literally immemorial; in fact, from that far-off period when laughing breezes first set the tiny leaflets dancing, and caused the flowers to courtesy a responsive greeting. Then, a thousand cycles later, when one portion after another of this little world was prepared for mankind, that same joyous, light-hearted spirit—*marktwain*—entered the souls of our remote ancestors, making them merry one toward another, and tender to little children, and brave and true; until, step by step, savagery was trampled under, and from the enriched soil sprang forth God's most precious blossom—real civilization.

All this was not done in a day, nor in ten thousand, thousand years; the process is still going on, and will continue until the world shall have fulfilled its mission, until it shall have grown old and cold, and dies—as our moon, once a molten mass, grew older and colder, and finally ceased to exist as a living, pulsating organism.

I like to think of *marktwain* as it was manifested at different periods, and in different places—not merely as an outburst of humor, alone, but as something in addition which gives to humor a basis, solid and enduring, whereupon to rest. Was it not the *marktwain* in their natures which caused jubilant Aztecs of old to make rude pictographs celebrating their feats of arms? And who can refute the suggestion that the lusty youth David had this same grim humor, and this courage of his convictions when he stepped forth, single-handed, to face the giant of Gath? To be sure, the stripling had "something up his sleeve," as we would say nowadays—something in his sling, that is—but the Philistines didn't know it; and that is when the joke came in—for David, not for Goliath.

Again, it was the *marktwain* of self-reliance and determination which spurred on Columbus; how he must have chuckled when, after discovering America, he started homeward with a shipload of hitherto unknown Indians, birds, animals—living proofs of his discovery! So far as I know, C. Columbus, sometime of Genoa, is the only man in history who ever played such a stupendous joke on all Europe. And poor, old Ponce de Leon! He searched for the Fountain of Youth, undergoing danger, suffering, hardship; and finally failed because he thought it was located in unknown wilds of the new world, whereas he could have found it by his very fire-side at home; for the *marktwain* of our nature is the true fountain of youth.

But why multiply examples?

The present embodiment of this brave, sunny, kindly spirit is known—with Anglicized spelling and capital letters—actually as Mark Twain, although, of course, every one understands it to be but a pseudonym. He resides at Riverdale, and cultivates happiness for the people; and I reside a few miles to the eastward, and cultivate potatoes, although the important fact is probably unknown to him. It is mentioned here because if this obituarial verdict should win the prize I want said prize to consist of a visit from Mark Twain—the longer the better. And if he comes to see me, he'll get a quart-dipper of cider (pressed from the best York State apples), which is warranted to make his teeth ache.

A. O. FARMER.

P. S.—In case this doesn't take first prize, does he offer a consolation prize? I'd be quite willing to stand as "booby" alongside of Mark Twain. A. O. F.

OFFICE OF EDITOR
"EVERY ONE AND ANY ONE'S MAGAZINE,"
271 SHADY AVENUE, EAST LIBERTY, PA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—On being asked to make public the obituary notice of our valued friend, Mark Twain, we feel that we must revise and rewrite it in our "best ink." It has been lying for sixty-seven years in the same pigeon-hole with those of the Emperor William, and Mrs. Carrie Nation, for we felt that thus the typical representatives of different nations were not separated in twain. Each in their individual way has entertained us with post-prandial speeches, but even Mrs. Nation's efforts are not so *striking* as those of this noted man of mark.

We feel that to do him full justice we must divide his attributes under different headings;

Physical.—Of Yankee origin, he possessed a vigorous constitution, as shown by the strength of his backbone and the quality of his nerve; and though much of his life was fêted, yet his sterling integrity was shown in time of trial. He was sixty-seven years young, and because of the wonderful Clemency of his own nature, was able to withstand the inclemency of many storms.

Habits.—Hunting. This was his chief pleasure and occupation. He always found game wherever he was; keen for the cent, closely following the smallest print, his sharp ear listening for any report which would betray where he might secure a long-coveted tale. He confined many noted animals in his pen, while he himself was always seen surrounded by his many beautiful white hares, whose wild nature he never quite subdued.

Works.—His autobiographical sketches are found in his most famous books—"A," by H. (In no sense *a* broad, by Mark Twain), and his reminiscences of *The Arc.* As *Tom Sawyer* he tells us of his skill in fencing, and, like Cæsar, of his ability to do two things at once—such as playing hookey and baseball at the same time. He was also well qualified to give curtain lectures, an experienced hand at scene shifting and management of side-lights; but contrary to the custom of theatre or highway, he sometimes rode his hobby over the stage.

Disposition.—He had much of the nature of a lion, and created a roar wherever he went; and as we look back on his career, we feel that he was a perfectly good *lion*, just spoiled.

His last noted production was *Un Portrait par soi-même*, which, though we cannot consider a natural or speaking likeness, owing to the absence of the mouth, has taken the art world by surprise as a new evidence of a latent talent. It is much after the best portraits of Madame le Brun and Whistler.

EPITAPH.

Requiescat in Pace, his jacet Mark Twain.
Cujus caput nunc vacet, yet once fullum brain.
His fabulae endit in silens sublime,
Sed his operæ lasterunt per the rest of all time.
Itum, sed non oblitum.

Written November 17, 1835.
Rewritten November 17, 1902.
ALICE G. HOWLAND.

AS TO MR. OLNEY'S UTTERANCES

UNIVERSITY CLUB, 1510 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., *November 8, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are so accustomed to its broad views and sane treatment of public questions, that its attitude in the matter of the coal strike and kindred matters would be accepted as a matter of course, were it not for the fact that it occupies an almost unique position in this case.

Nearly all of the other periodicals and prominent newspapers, and all of the politicians, prominent and otherwise, have become a trifle hysterical over the woes of the strikers and the unheard-of arrogance of the mine owners in actually assuming that the laws of the land extend to the protection of their property and employees.

Permit me to congratulate you on your very able editorial on Mr. Richard Olney's recent utterances on the subject. When people of his position and intelligence can seriously make such reckless charges on so slight a foundation, and with so little regard to the history of the case, it is idle to expect from the masses anything but indiscriminate warfare on industrial enterprises of every kind. Yours very truly,

H. T. HARTMAN.

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Number Harper's Weekly

100 PAGES
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24 PAGES IN COLOR

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JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM
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City and Country in the Fall

A Long-distance Eclogue

By William Dean Howells

Morrison. Hello! Hello! Is that you, Wetherbee?
Wetherbee. Yes. Who are you What do you want with me?
Morrison. Oh, nothing much. It's Morrison, you know;
Morrison—down at Clamhurst Shortsands.
Wetherbee. Oh!
Why, Morrison, of course! Of course, I know!
How are you, Morrison? And, by-the-way,
Where are you? What! You never mean to say
You are down there *yet?* Well, by the Holy Poker!
What are you doing there, you ancient joker?
Morrison. Sticking it out over Thanksgiving Day.
I said I would. I tell you, it is gay
Down here. You ought to see the Hunter's Moon,
These silver nights, prinking in our lagoon.
You ought to see our sunsets, glassy red,
Shading to pink and violet overhead.
You ought to see our mornings, still and clear,
White silence, far as you can look and hear.
You ought to see the leaves—our oaks and ashes
Crimson and yellow, with those gorgeous splashes,
Purple and orange, against the bluish green
Of the pine woods; and scattered in between,
The scarlet of the maples; and the blaze
Of blackberry-vines, along the dusty ways
And on the old stone walls; the air just balm,
And the crows cawing through the perfect calm
Of afternoons all gold and turquoise. Say,
You ought to have been with wife and me to-day,
A drive we took—it would have made you sick:
The pigeons and the partridges so thick;
And on the hill just beyond Barkin's lane,—
Before you reach the barn of Widow Payne,—
Showing right up against the sky, as clear
And motionless as sculpture, stood a deer!
Say, does that jar you just a little? Say,
How have you found things, up there, anyway,
Since you got back? Air like a cotton string
To breathe? The same old dust on everything,
And in your teeth, and in your eyes? The smoke
From the soft coal getting beyond a joke?
The trolleys rather more upon your curves,
And all the roar and clatter in your nerves?
Don't you wish you had stayed here, too?
Wetherbee. Well, yes,
I do at certain times, I must confess.
I swear it is enough at times to make you swear
You would almost rather be anywhere
Than here. The building up and pulling down,
The getting to and fro about the town,
The turmoil underfoot and overhead,
Certainly make you wish that you were dead,
At first; and all the mean vulgarity
Of city life, the filth and misery
You see around you, make you want to put
Back to the country anywhere, hot-foot.
Yet—there are compensations.
Morrison. Such as?
Wetherbee. Why,
There is the club.
Morrison. The club I can't deny.
Many o' the fellows back there?
Wetherbee. Nearly all.
Over the twilight cocktails there are tall
Stories and talk. But you would hardly care:
You have the natives to talk with down there,
And always find them meaty.
Morrison. Well, so-so.
Their words outlast their ideas at times, you know,
And they have *staying* powers. The theatres
All open now?
Wetherbee. Yes, all. And it occurs
To me: there's one among the things that you
Would have enjoyed; an opera with the new—
Or at least the last—music by Sullivan,
And words, though not Gilbertian, that ran
Trippingly with it. Oh, I tell you what,
I'd rather that you had been there than not.
Morrison. Thanks ever so!
Wetherbee. Oh, there is nothing mean
About your early friend. That deer and autumn scene
Were kind of you! And, say, I think you like
Afternoon teas when good. I have chanced to strike
Some of the best of late, where people said
They had sent you cards, but thought you must be dead.
I told them I left you down there by the sea,
And then they sort of looked askance at me,
As if it were a joke, and bade me get ,
Myself some bouillon or some chocolate,
And turned the subject—did not even give
Me time to prove it is not life to live
In town as long as you can keep from freezing
Beside the autumn sea. A little sneezing,
At Clamhurst Shortsands, since the frosts set in?
Morrison. Well, not enough to make a true friend grin.
Slight colds, mere nothings. With our open fires
We've all the warmth and cheer that heart desires.
Next year we'll have a furnace in, and stay
Not till Thanksgiving, but till Christmas Day.
It's glorious in these roomy autumn nights
To sit between the fire-light and the lights
Of our big lamps, and read aloud by turns
As long as kerosene or hickory burns.
We hate to go to bed.
Wetherbee. Of course you do!
And hate to get up in the morning, too—
To pull the coverlet from your frost-bit nose,
And touch the glary matting with your toes!
Are you beginning yet to break the ice
In your wash-pitchers? No? Well, that is nice.
I always hate to do it—seems as if
Summer was going; but when your hand is stiff
With cold, it can be done. Still, I prefer
To wash and dress beside my register,
When summer gets a little on, like this.
But some folks find the other thing pure bliss—
Lusty young chaps, like you.
Morrison. And some folks find
A sizzling radiator to their mind.
What else have you, there, you could recommend
To the attention of a country friend?
Wetherbee. Well, you know how it is in Madison Square,
Late afternoons, now, if the day's been fair,—
How all the western sidewalk ebbs and flows
With pretty women in their pretty clo'es:
I've not seen them prettier than this year.
Of course, I know a dear is not a deer.
But still, I think that if I had to meet
One or the other in the road, or street,
All by myself, I am not sure but that
I'd choose the dear that wears the fetching hat.
Morrison. Get out! What else?
Wetherbee. Well, it is not so bad.
If you are feeling a little down, or sad,
To walk along Fifth Avenue to the Park.
When the day thinks perhaps of getting dark,
And meet that mighty flood of vehicles
Laden with all the different kinds of swells,
Homing to dinner, in their carriages—
Victorias, landaus, chariots, coupés,
Electric, steam, and naphtha motorbiles—
And every sort of thing that goes on wheels:
There's nothing like it to lift up the heart
And make you realize yourself a part,
Sure, of the greatest show on earth.
Morrison. Oh, yes.
I know. I've felt that rapture more or less.
But I would rather put it off as long
As possible. I suppose you like the song
Of the sweet car-gongs better than the cry
Of jays and yellowhammers when the sky
Begins to redden these October mornings.
And the loons sound their melancholy warnings;
Or honk of the wild-geese that write their A
Along the horizon in the evening's gray.
Or when the squirrels look down on you and bark
From the nut trees—
Wetherbee. We have them in the Park
Plenty enough. But, say, you aged sinner,
Have you been out much recently at dinner?
Morrison. What do you mean? You know there's no one here
That dines except ourselves now.
Wetherbee. Well, that's queer!
I thought the natives— But I recollect!
It was not reasonable to expect—
Morrison. What are you driving at?
Wetherbee. Oh, nothing much.
But I was thinking how you come in touch
With life at the first dinner in the fall,
When you get back, first, as you can't at all
Later along. But you, of course, won't care,
With your idyllic pleasures.
Morrison. *Who was there?*
Wetherbee. Oh—ha, ha! What d'you mean by *there?*
Morrison. Come off!
Wetherbee. What! you remain to pray that came to scoff!
Morrison. You know what I am after.
Wetherbee. Yes, that dinner.
Just a round dozen: Ferguson and Binner
For the fine arts; Bowyer the novelist;
Dr. Le Martin; the psychologist
Fletcher; the English actor Philipson;
The two newspaper Witkins, Bob and John;
A nice Bostonian, Bane the archæologer,
And a queer Russian amateur astrologer;
And Father Gray, the jolly ritualist priest,
And last your humble servant, but not least.
The food was not so filthy, and the wine
Was not so poison. We made out to dine
From eight till one A.M. One could endure
The dinner. But, oh say! *The talk was poor!*
Your natives down at Clamhurst—
Morrison. Look ye here!
What date does Thanksgiving come on this year?
Wetherbee. Why, I suppose—although I don't remember
Certainly—the usual 28th November.
Morrison. Novem— You should have waited to get sober!
It comes on the 11th of October!
And that's to-day; and if you happen down
Later, you'd better look for us in town.

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Extracts from "The Reflections of Ambrosine"

By Elinor Glyn

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

I HAVE wondered sometimes if there are not perhaps some disadvantages in having really blue blood in one's veins like grandmamma and me. For instance, if we were ordinary, common people, our teeth would chatter naturally with cold when we have to go to bed without fires in our rooms in December, but we pretend we like sleeping in "well-aired rooms"—at least I have to. Grandmamma simply says we are obliged to make these small economies, and to grumble would be to lose a trick to fate.

"Rebel if you can improve matters," she often tells me, "but otherwise accept them with calmness."

Grandmamma has given me most of my education herself since we came to England, and she has been especially particular about deportment. I have never been allowed to lean back in my chair or loll on a sofa, and she has taught me how to go in and out of a room, and how to enter a carriage. We had not a carriage, so we had to arrange with footstools for the steps and a chair on top of a box for the seat. That used to make me laugh!—but I had to do it—into myself. As for walking, I can carry any sized bundle on my head, and grandmamma says she has nothing further to teach me in that respect, and that I have mastered the fact that a gentlewoman should give the impression that the ground is hardly good enough to tread on. She has also made me go through all kinds of exercises to insure suppleness, and to move from the hips. And the day she told me she was pleased I shall never forget.

There are three things, she says, a woman ought to look—straight as a dart, supple as a snake, and proud as a tiger-lily.

We brought with us a beautifully bound set of French classics, and we read Voltaire one day, and La Bruyère the next, and Pascal, and Fontenelle, and Molière, and Fénelon, and the sermons of Bossuet, and since I have been seventeen the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld. Grandmamma dislikes Jean Jacques; she says he helped the Revolution, and she is all for the *ancien régime*. But in all these books she makes me skip what I am sure are the nice parts, and there are whole volumes of Voltaire that I may not even look into. For herself grandmamma has numbers of modern books and papers. She says she must understand the times. Besides these things I have had English governesses who have done what they could to drum a smattering of everything into my head, but we never were able to afford very good ones after we left Paris.

There is one thing I can do better than the English girls—I am English myself, of course, on account of grandpapa—only I mean the ones who have lived here always—and that is, embroider fine cambric. I do all our under-linen, and it is quite as nice as that in the shops in the Rue de la Paix. Grandmamma says a lady, however poor, should wear fine linen, even if she has only one new dress a year—she calls the stuff worn by people here "sail cloth"! So I stitch and stitch, summer and winter.

I do wonder and wonder at things sometimes: What it would be like to be rich, for instance, and to have brothers and sisters and friends, and what it would be like to have a lover *à l'anglaise*. Grandmamma would think that dreadfully improper until after one was married, but I believe it would be rather nice, and perhaps one could marry him, too. However, there is not much chance of my getting one, or a husband, either, as I have no *dot*.

We have an old friend, the Marquis de Rochermont, who pays us periodical visits. I believe long ago he was grandmamma's lover. They have such beautiful manners together, and their conversation is so interesting, one can fancy one's self back in that dainty world of the engravings of Moreau le Jeune and Freudenberg which we have. They are as gay and witty as if they were both young, and his feet were not lumpy with gout, and her hands crooked with rheumatism. They discuss morals and religion, and, above all, philosophy, and I have learned a great deal by listening. And for morals, it seems one may do what one pleases as long as one behaves like a lady. And for religion, the first thing is to conform to the country one lives in and to conduct one's self with decency. As for Philosophy (I put a great big "P" to that, for it appears to be the chief)—Philosophy seems to settle everything in life, and enables one to take the ups and downs of fate, the good and the bad, with a smiling face. I mean to study it always, but I dare say it will be easier when I am older.

Yesterday grandmamma received a telegram and told me we might expect the Marquis de Rochermont by the usual train in the evening, and at six he arrived. He greeted me with an even extra courtesy and made me compliment. I cannot understand it all—he has never before come so early in the year (this is May). What can it mean? Grandmamma sent me out of the room directly and we did not have dinner until eight o'clock. I could hear their voices from my room, and they seemed talking very earnestly, and not so gayly as usual.

At dinner the Marquis, for the first time, addressed his conversation to me. He prefers to speak in English—to show what a linguist he is, I suppose. He made me many compliments and said how very like I was growing to my ancestress, Ambrosine Eustasie de Calincourt, and he told me again the old story of the guillotine. Grandmamma seemed watching me.

"Ambrosine is a true daughter of the race," she said. "I think I could promise you that under the same circumstances she would behave in the same manner."

How proud I felt.

II

How changed all the world can become in one short day! Now I know why the Marquis came, and what all the mystery was about. This morning after breakfast grandmamma sent for me into the drawing-room. The Marquis was standing beside the fireplace; and they both looked rather grave.

"Sit down, my child," said grandmamma; "we have something to say to you."

I sat down.

"I said you were a true daughter of the race—therefore I shall expect you to obey me without flinching."



And how to Enter a Carriage

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Augustus was standing by the Buffet drinking Champagne

I felt a cold shiver down my back. What could it be?

"You are aware that I had a fainting fit a short time ago," she continued. "I have long known that my heart was affected, but I had hoped it would have lasted long enough for me to fulfil a scheme I had for a thoroughly suitable and happy arrangement of your destiny. It was a plan that would have taken time, and which I had hoped to put in the way of gradual accomplishment at this ball. However, we must not grumble at fate—it is not to be. The doctor tells me I cannot possibly live more than a few weeks, therefore it follows that something must be settled immediately to secure you a future. You are not aware, as I have not considered it necessary to inform you hitherto of my affairs, that all we are living on is an annuity your father bought for me, before the catastrophe to his fortunes. That, you will understand, ceases with my life. At my death you will be absolutely penniless, a beggar in the street. Even were you to sell these trifles"—and she pointed to the Sèvres cups and the miniatures—"the few pounds they would bring might keep you from starving for perhaps a month or two—after that—well, enough—that question is impossible. I can obtain no news of your father. I have heard nothing from or of him for two years. In short, I have decided, after due consideration and consultation with my old friend, the Marquis, that you must marry Augustus Gurrage. It is my dying wish."

My eyes fell from grandmamma's face and happened to light on the picture of Ambrosine Eustasie de Calincourt. There she was, with the rose in her dress, smiling at me out of the old paste frame. I was so stunned, all I could think of was to wonder if it were the same rose she walked up the guillotine steps with. I did not hear grandmamma speaking; for a minute there was a buzzing in my ears.

Marry Augustus Gurrage!

"My child," grandmamma's voice was rather sharply, "I am aware that it is a *mésalliance*, a stain, a finish to our fine race, and if I could take you on the journey I am going I would not suggest this alternative to you; but one must have common-sense and be practical, and as you are young and must live and cannot beg, this is the only certain and possible solution of the matter. The great honor you will do him by marrying him removes all sense of obligation in receiving the riches he will bestow on you—you yourself being without a *dot*. Child—why don't you answer?"

I got up and walked to the window. She had said I was a true daughter of the race. Would it be of the race to kill myself? No—there is nothing so vulgar as to be dramatic. Grandmamma has never erred. She would not ask this of me if there was any other way.

I came back and sat down.

"Very well, grandmamma," I said.

The blue mark round her lips seemed to fade a little and she smiled.

The Marquis came forward and kissed my hand.

"Remember—*chère enfant*," he said, "marriage is a state required by society; it is not a pleasure, but it can—with creature comforts—become supportable, and it opens the door to freedom *et de tous les autres agréments de la vie pour une femme*."

He kissed and patted my hand again.

"Start with hate, passionate love, indifference, revolt, disgust—what you will—all husbands at the end of a year inspire the same feeling, one of complacent monotony—that is, if they are not altogether brutes, and from the description of madame, *ce jeune* Gurrage is at least *un brave garçon*."

A sudden feeling of dizziness came over me. I have never been faint in my life, but all the room swam, and I felt I must scream: "No, no! I cannot do it!" Then my eyes fell again on grandmamma. The blue mark had returned, but she sat bolt-upright; my nerves steadied; I, too, would be calm and of my race.

"Go for a walk now, my child," she said; "take your dog and run; it will be good for you."

You may believe I curtsied quickly to them, and left the room without more ado.

When I got out-of-doors and the fresh May air struck my face, it seemed to revive me, and I forgot my ugly future, and could think only of grandmamma—poor grandmamma, going away out of the world, and the summer coming, and the blue sky, and the flowers. Going away to the great, vast beyond—and perhaps there she will meet Ambrosine Eustasie de Calincourt, and all the other ancestors, and Jacques de Calincourt, the famous friend of Bayard, who died for his lady's glove; and she will tell them that I also, the last of them, will try to remember their motto, "*Sans bruit*," and accept my fate also "without noise."

I did not let myself think of what was to happen at the ball. When one has made up one's mind to go through something unpleasant there is no use suffering in advance by anticipation. I said to myself, "I will put the whole affair out of my head; there are yet two good days."

Chance, however, arranged otherwise. This morning, the morning of the ball, while I was dusting the drawing-room, I went to the window, which was wide open, to shake out my duster, and there, loitering by the gate, was Mr. Gurrage—at nine o'clock. What could he be doing? He jumped back as if he had seen me in my night-gown. I suppose it was because of my apron, and the big cambric cap I always wear to keep the dust from getting into my hair. A flash came to me—why not get it over now. He would probably not be so affectionate in broad daylight as at the ball.

When it was over my face burned—all the bottles of Lubin in grandmamma's cupboard would not wash off the stain of that kiss, I felt. I scrubbed my face until it was crimson, and then I heard grandmamma's voice and had to pull myself together.

I have always said she had hawk's eyes; they see everything, even with the blinds down in her room. When I went in she noticed my red lids and asked me the cause of them.

"Mr. Gurrage has been here and has asked me to marry him, grandmamma," I said.

"At this hour in the morning! What does the young man mean?"

"He saw me dusting the Sèvres from the road and came in."

Grandmamma kissed me—a thing of the greatest rareness.

"My child," she said, "try and remember to accept fate without noise. Now go and

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rest until breakfast or you will not be pretty for your ball to-night."

III

It is difficult to judge of a thing when your mind is prejudiced on any point. Balls may be delightful, but my first ball contained hours which I can only look back upon as a nightmare.

One dance succeeded another—numbers of which I had to spend with my *fiancé*, but, warned by my first experience, I always pretended a great thirst, or a desire to see the rooms, or an obligation to return to the Marquis, and so went to no more sitting-out places.

"Ah! here you are," said Lady Tilchester. "I have been wanting to find you to introduce—" At that moment an old gentleman guffawed loudly near us, and so I did not catch the name she said, but we bowed, and the tall man asked me if I would dance that one with him.

Without the least hesitation I disengaged my hand from the arm of Augustus (he likes to walk thus on every occasion), and said, "Yes."

"Oh! I say," said my *fiancé*, with the savage look in his face, "you were going to dance with me."

Then Lady Tilchester interfered—what a dear and kind soul she must have! She said so sweetly, as if Augustus was a prince, "Won't you accept me as a substitute, Mr. Gurrage?"

Augustus was overcome with pride, and relinquished me with the best grace.

Now it was really bliss dancing with this man; we swam along, swiftly and smoothly.

I could no longer see the walls; a maze of lights was all my vision grasped—I felt bewildered—happy. We stopped a moment and he bent down and smiled at me.

"You look as if you liked dancing," he said. "Poor Lady Tilchester is being mauled by that bear in your place."

I laughed. "I love dancing."

"I seldom do this sort of thing," he continued, "but you are a beautiful mover," and we began again.

When it was over we went and sat down in the very alcove of my first dance with Augustus. I had no uneasiness this time!

I can't say what there was about my partner—a whimsical humor, a slight mocking sound in his voice, which pleased me; he took nothing seriously; everything he said was as light as a thistle-down; he reminded me of the wit of grandmamma and the Marquis; we got on beautifully.

He asked me if I was staying at Brackney or Henchhurst, and when I said no, that I lived only a few miles off, he seemed so surprised.

His brown hair crimps nicely and is rather gray above the ears, but he does not look very old, perhaps not more than thirty-five or so, and now that one can see both his eyes, one realizes that they are rather attractive. A grayish, greeny-blue, with black edges, and such black eyelashes. They are as clear as clear, and I am sure he is a cat and can see in the dark. He laughed at some of the people, even the ones who think themselves great, and he made me feel that he and I were the same and on a plane by ourselves, which was delightful. All this time I did not know his name, nor he mine. He had been away in the smoking-room most of the evening, he said, playing bridge.

The Marquis is teaching it to grandmamma out of a book, but I do not care for cards—and it seemed to me such a dull way to spend a ball. I told him so.

"I like this better," he said, quite simply, "but then at most balls one does not meet a dainty marquise out of the eighteenth century. Let me see, was there not a story of the great Dumas about a *demoiselle d'honneur* of Marie Antoinette? I don't remember her name or her history, but she became the Comtesse de Charny. Now I shall think of you by that name — the Comtesse de Charny. Tell me, Comtesse, does it not shock your senses, our modern worship of that excellent, useful, comfortable fellow, the Golden Calf?"

"I don't know anything at all about him—who is he?" I said.

"Oh, he is a Jew, or a Turk, or an African millionaire—any one with a hundred thousand a year."

I thought of Augustus—"calf" seemed just the word for him.

I laughed.

"We have a beautiful example of one here to-night," he continued; "indeed, you were dancing with him—the bear who mauled Lady Tilchester. How did you get to know such a person?"

My heart gave a bound.

"I am engaged to Mr. Gurrage," I said, in a half voice, but raising my head.

Oh, the surprise and—and *disgust* in his eyes!

Then, I don't know what he saw in my face. I tried only to look calm and indifferent, but the contempt went out of his manner, his eyes softened, and he put out his hand and touched my fingers very gently.

"Oh, you poor little white Comtesse!" he said.

I ought to have been furious. Pity, as a rule, angers me so that it would render me capable of being torn to pieces by lions without flinching; but I am ashamed—oh! so ashamed!—to say that tears sprang up into my eyes — tears! Mercifully, grandmamma will never know.

"Come," I said, and we rose and walked down the corridor. There we met Augustus, with a face like thunder. He had been looking everywhere for me, he said. It appeared we had been sitting out for two dances.

"You promised me this one more turn," said the tall man, quite unabashed; "they are playing a charming valse."

"She is engaged to me," growled Augustus.

"No, I am not," I said, smiling into his angry face; "I am quite my own mistress as regards whom I dance with. I will come back when it is finished and you shall have the next one," and I walked off with my friend of the knife.

Whether my *fiancé* stood there and swore or not, I do not know; I did not look back. We did not speak a word until the dance was finished, my partner and I. Then he said:

"Thank you, little lady. We have, at all events, snatched some few good moments out of this evening. Now, I suppose, we must return to your—bear."

Augustus was standing by the buffet drinking champagne when we caught sight of him. We stepped for a moment out of his view behind some palms.

"Good-by, Comtesse."

"Good-by," I said. "Will you tell me your name? I did not hear it—"

"My name! Oh, my name in Antony Thornhirst—why do you start?"

"I—did not start—good-by—"

"No, you shall not go until you tell me why you started! And your name, too; I do not know it, either!"

"Ambrosine de Calincourt Athelstan."

He knitted his level eyebrows as if trying to recall something and absently began to pull the knife out of his pocket. Augustus was coming towards us.

"Yes—" I said—"but it is too late—good-by."

The look of indifference, the rather mocking smile, the *sans souci*, which are the chief characteristics of his face, altered. I left him puzzled—moved.

Grandmamma was awake, propped up in bed, her hair still powdered and her lace night-cap on, when the Marquis and I got home. I leaned over the rail and told her all about the ball. The Marquis sat in the arm-chair by the fire.

"And where is your promised bouquet, my child?" she asked.

I faltered.

"Well, you see, grandmamma, I put it in a chair after the beginning, and Mrs. Gurrage sat on it, so I thought perhaps, as it was all mashed, I could leave it behind."

Grandmamma laughed; she was pleased, I could see, that the evening had gone off without a fiasco.

"I met Sir Antony Thornhirst," I said.

The blue mark appeared vividly and suddenly round grandmamma's mouth—she shut her eyes for a moment. I rushed to her.

"Oh, dear grandmamma," I said, "what can I do?"

She drank something out of a glass beside her and then said, in rather a weak voice,

"You were saying you met your kinsman—and what was he like, Ambrosine?"

"Well, he was tall and very straight, and had small ears and—er—a fairish mustache that was brushed up a little away from his lips, and — and cat's eyes, and — brown, crimpy hair, getting a little gray."

"Yes, yes; but I mean what sort of a man?"

"Oh! a gentleman."

"But of course."

"Well, he laughed at everything, and called me an eighteenth-century comtesse."

"Did he know who you were?"

"No, not till the end, and then I do not think he realized that I was a connection of his."

To be Continued.

The Fire on the New East River Bridge

THE importance and costliness of the new East River Bridge, the urgent necessity for its immediate completion, and the spectacular display of the flames by which it was attacked recently have caused the press to give unusual prominence to a fire which destroyed little property and no life. The bridge has a total length of about 7200 feet, which includes nearly a mile of viaducts resembling elevated railroads, four large shore spans, and the great suspension span. It will contain about 88,000,000 pounds of steel, and will have been finished in about seven years at a cost of $20,000,000, a little over half of which is for land.

Thirty-seven strands were adjusted with great accuracy to the required length, position and strain, and were then bound together to form a single solid cable 18½ inches in diameter and 3000 feet long. Each cable is thus built up of 7696 parallel straight wires made of steel having a strength of 200,000 pounds per square inch, three times as much as is usually required for railroad bridges, and much greater than has ever before been used for such a purpose. Each cable weighs about 2,500,000 pounds, and cost $350,000. It has a strength of 50,000,000 pounds, enough to lift six armored steel cruisers like the *Olympia*, with full complements of ordnance, men, and stores, but has a working load of only 10,000,000 pounds.

The cables are coated with special paint, and wound spirally with three thicknesses of narrow water-proofed duck, welded together at the edges with a hot iron. Outside the duck is a cylindrical steel shell which

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had nearly all been put on when a workman dropped a lighted match on top of the New York tower and started a fire which destroyed the timber platform, paint, and oil there. The burning of some braces allowed the massive main cables to drop a few inches on the temporary foot-walk bridges. Their cables, already weakened by being heated red-hot across the tower top, were broken, and allowed the foot-bridges to collapse and hang in festoons from the main cables. About thirty men were at work on or near the top of the tower, and tried in vain to extinguish the fire. Some of them, as well as the firemen and one man who was in the middle of the foot-bridge when it collapsed, were in great peril, but all escaped uninjured. The great height of the flames and the shower of white-hot pieces of steel and blazing timbers, dropping through the darkness into the river, made a brilliant and unprecedented spectacle. The inflammable materials consumed made such an intense heat that it was feared the high-tempered steel of the cable wires was dangerously injured, but it has been found that neither the cables nor any other parts of the permanent structure were seriously damaged.

Finance

AFTER what the financial editors of the daily press took great delight in calling the *débâcle* of last week, it was to be expected that the stock-market should settle into a state of dulness and incertitude. Prices underwent a severe decline as the result of heavy, and in some cases precipitate, liquidation. The fact that the general public was not so greatly affected by the slump as on previous occasions prevented the usual harrowing stories of the shorn lambs and the ruined homes of hapless stock-gamblers told after a sharp break in the market. The reason, of course, was that the public was not "in" the market very heavily, hence the losses fell on other shoulders. Taking a score of active stocks, representative railway and industrial shares, it is found that the average price declined slightly more than five points in as many days, making a fall of some sixteen points from the high figures of last September, when the reckless operations of the Western "plungers" had begun to alarm the conservative element in Wall Street. From the highest prices of the year, the decline amounted to no less than twenty-one points, which is indeed so severe a fall that the very conservatives who professed alarm over the rising tide some time ago may well wonder whether last week's quotations did not mark the low point. The liquidation which was responsible for the decline came mainly from the large Western operators and their followers in Chicago and elsewhere. There was no new development to which the violent selling movement could be attributed. A house of cards had been erected. One gave way, and the others toppled over. For some weeks it had been evident that sooner or later this must happen, and the wonder is that it did not come earlier. The only moral to be drawn from the lesson is that against natural conditions no human combination can long prevail. By sheer brute force of dollars and the swaggering over-confidence that came from past successes, a few audacious speculators endeavored to stimulate widespread stock-gambling in stocks at a time clearly unseasonable and unpropitious for such operations. It was not the banks which forced the liquidation in the stock-market. It was the condition of the money-market which forced the banks to strengthen their own position. The Treasury Department having extended all the relief at its command, and the situation for a variety of reasons requiring further strengthening of the bank reserves, the banks turned to the stock-market for relief, to be effected, of course, by contracting loans made on Stock Exchange collateral. The banks called loans. The pools and the cliques had to sell stocks. As one after another did so, prices meanwhile falling, the others became frightened, and the strong, as well as the weak, let go. For some time past the efforts of the banks have been bent toward checking speculation in stocks and toward preventing, or, rather, postponing, gold exports. They unwisely encouraged borrowing by speculators in August and September, only to discourage them later, actually in self-defence. And gold exports they have so far avoided by various devices. To-day, as it should have been in September, it is the uncertainty as to the money-market which prevents operations for the rise in stocks. To be sure, prices have fallen substantially, but it is not so much that stocks are very cheap to-day as that they were much too dear two months ago. There are, of course, individual exceptions.

It is but natural that, after the painful process of last week, the stock-market should be quiet and without a strongly marked price tendency. That the financial atmosphere has been greatly cleared by the liquidation scarcely need be pointed out. Much of the danger which menaced the entire community has disappeared, by means of the "healthy reaction" which proved so unhealthy to the bank accounts of a few dozen of self-styled optimists. Such being the case, the only consideration possible is of factors bearing upon the general situation.

The volume of business, present and prospective, reported by the various trade authorities indicates no abatement in the prosperous activity of the country. Railway earnings are still, on the whole, running ahead of last year's. The advances in wages voluntarily made by the largest railway systems are of importance not merely as indicating the recognition of the higher cost of living to the wage-earner, but as proving that the railroads expect to do a heavy business for some time to come. That the advanced wages will increase operating expenses goes without saying, but this should not dismay holders of stocks any more than the idle talk that the railroads are in reality forestalling extortionate demands from labor later on. Increased wages mean increased consumption of commodities, and therefore increased traffic. The monetary situation, though delicate, cannot be considered so alarming. The banks' loans are less by $12,000,000, and their reserve greater by $8,000,000, than they were a year ago. Had not money rates kept as high as they have ruled of late, we should have had gold exports, which the banks desire to postpone as much as they desired to check over-speculation in stocks, and for the same reason, namely, to enable them to strengthen their reserves. It looks, too, as if the volume of our imports will from now on decrease, and exports of agricultural products, particularly corn, must increase very materially before the end of the year, to the great benefit of the international trade situation and of our ability to pay back to Europe money borrowed by the financial syndicates. The stock-market, therefore, is logically waiting for developments. If nothing is done to hamper the banks we should have much better monetary conditions next January. Of course a sudden turn for the worse in any quarter would be reflected by stock prices. But a "waiting market" always means dulness and irregularity within a relatively narrow range, and apparently that is what is before the financial community for the next six or eight weeks.

Thanksgiving Day

Thoughts Grave and Gay

Now the Turkey roosting low
Finds his spirit full of woe;
Notes that popularity
Is not all 'tis said to be;
Wishes that he had been wise
In his corn-fed Paradise.
He'd by far the wiser been
Had he rested 'mongst the lean;
Had he dieted a bit,
Keeping all his muscles fit,
'Stead of, like a prideful flat,
Gorging until plump and fat!

See! In state at last he lies,
Flanked about by pumpkin pies;
Flanked with fresh-cut celery,
Giblet sauce and cranberry;
Covered with a pall of crisp;
Here and there a parsley wisp
Lying softly on his breast;
Stuffed with spice and nuts of chest—
Poor old Turkey! Victim he
Of his gobbling vanity.

Out upon the frosty field
Gladiators stand revealed;
Tough of limb and keen of eye,
Strong of heart, alert and spry;
Seeking, striving for the goal
That alone shall sate the soul;
Cheering hosts on every side
Voicing Alma Mater's pride
In her sons of brawn and brain
Struggling there with might and main;
Staking all upon the sphere:
Here a limb, and there an ear,
Here an eye, and there a nose,
Then a rib, and sundry toes—
Nothing in the manly frame
But is put into the game;
Nothing's grudged so that the bay
Alma Mater seeks to-day
Rests upon her brow to-night—
Emblem of a glorious fight.

In the hovels of the poor,
Homes that suffer and endure;
In the figures old and bent
In the squalid tenement;
In the mansions proud and great
Of the men of mart and state;
On the sea, and on the land;
In the forest, on the strand;
On the quiet country lane;
On the busy streets of pain;
'Mid the bustle and the din
'Mongst the Saints and them that sin:
From the right and from the wrong,
Blending in a common song,
Rises high the anthem's ring
That a grateful people sing.
Praise for blessings not a few
That have showered from the blue.
Praise from men who've suffered much,
Yet have felt the kindly touch
Of the great benignant Hand
That hath so caressed the land.
Those who've felt the chill of wrong
Still are joining in the song;
For the heart that's strong and true,
In the moment of its rue,
Though in darkness it may grope,
Holds the courage yet to Hope!

Gladsome day for young and old,
Whether winds be soft or cold;
Day that gives a Nation pause
For its grateful "Deo Laus":
Day that brings us face to face
With the Fount of Love and Grace—
It were blessing past compare
That we have a day so rare:
Day from others all apart
Given over to the Heart;
To a realizing sense
Of the great beneficence
Of the Hand divine above
That hath ruled us but through Love.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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9 *SHORT STORIES* **25** *SEPARATE CONTRIBUTIONS*

A DE LUXE EDITION

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Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

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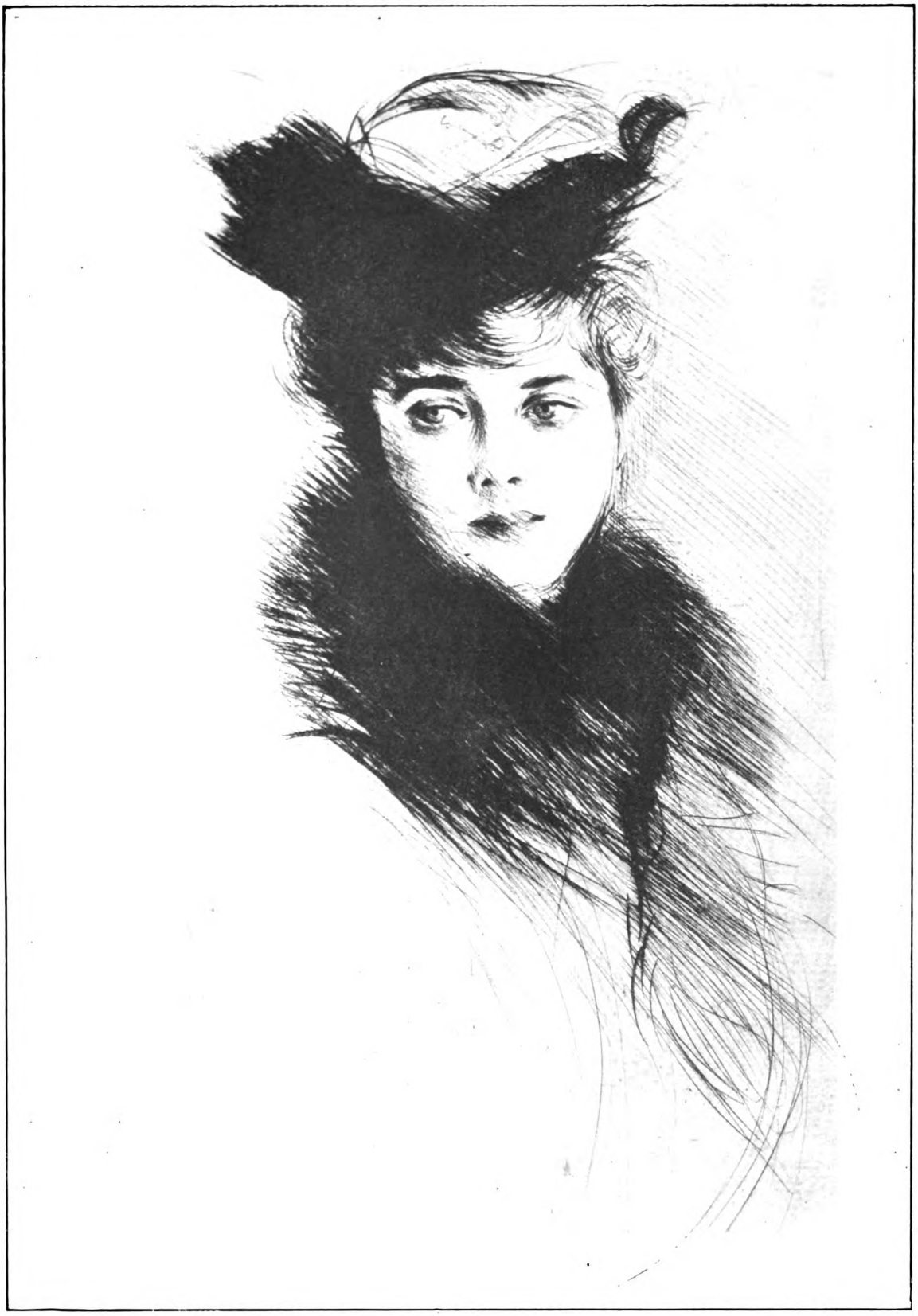
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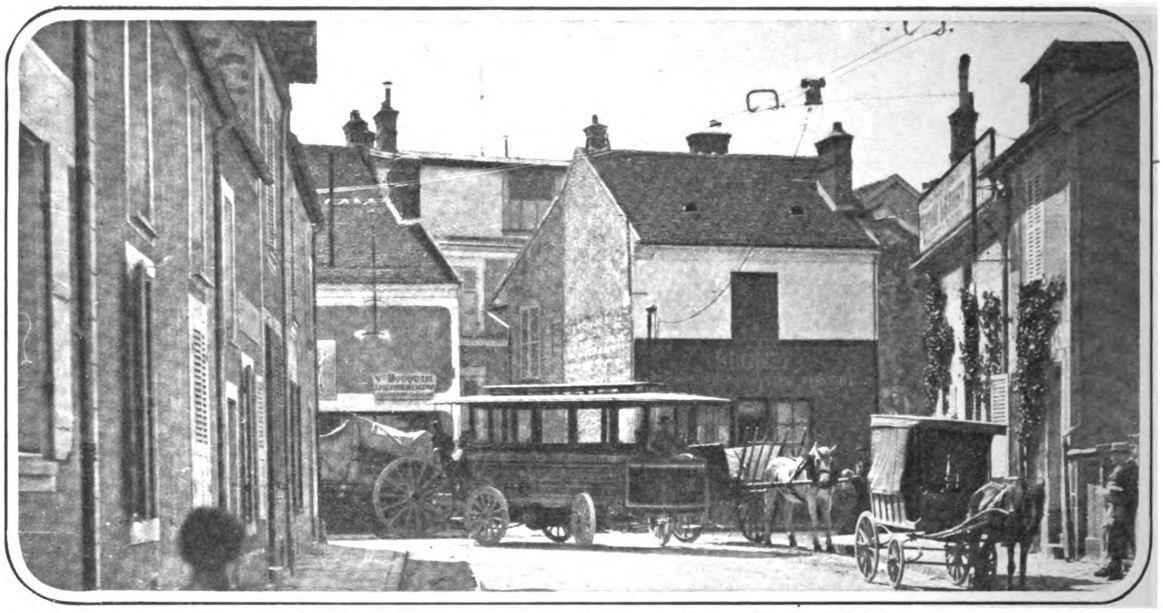
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THE LADY WITH BOA

From the etching by Helleu

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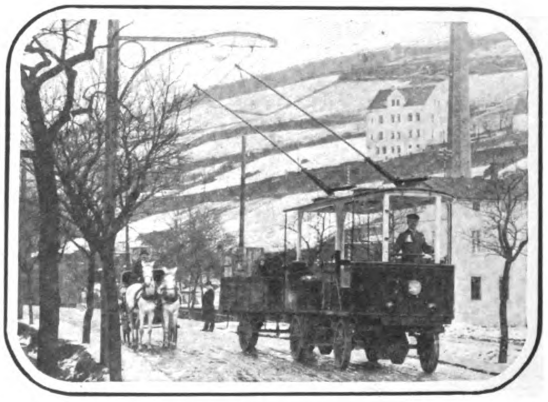


On the Line running from Samois to Fontainebleau, near Paris, France

The Electric-Trolley Omnibus

THERE have been many electric omnibuses operated in London and other cities abroad, including Berlin, Germany, where storage batteries have been employed for supplying the necessary power. The enormous weight of these heavy lead batteries have, however, prevented their extensive use, and storage-battery traction has been largely abandoned on this account, although for pleasure automobiles they are extensively used both in this country and in Europe.

For passenger and freight traffic, the electric omnibus and truck is making some headway abroad in rural districts and in small villages by employing overhead trolley-wires, but doing away with the tracks entirely. Trailers for freight have been used with good results, and this suggests the idea that possibly in this country, when the roads have been sufficiently improved, lines from farms to cities may be equipped with overhead conductors, and farmers of a progressive turn may equip their wagons and other vehicles with motors, trolley-poles, etc., and bring their garden truck to the city market, paying for the necessary power at reasonable rates.



A Freight 'Bus on the Bielathalbahn, near Dresden, Germany

Several trolley omnibus systems are operating in France, Italy, and Germany, and other countries with varying degrees of success. The system of Lombard-Gérin in France utilizes two overhead wires, one positive and one negative, and an electric-motor trolley travels ahead on these conductors, instead of being towed along behind the omnibus, and this motor trolley is self-propelling. It is operated by a three-phase induction motor, and conductors are carried down from this trolley by a cable to the omnibus, which is equipped with motors upon its frame, which propel the vehicle. In this Lombard-Gérin system the trolley-truck rides upon the two overhead wires, as noted in the accompanying illustration.

The German system of trolley omnibuses and trucks of Max Schiemann, an engineer of Dresden, and also that of Siemens and Halske of Berlin, utilize two overhead trolley-poles pressing upwards against the two overhead wires, and thus differs from the French system.

The line from the village of Samois to the railway bridge at Fontainebleau is about five kilometers long, and is equipped on the overhead trolley system of Lombard-Gérin. As above mentioned, the trolley or truck usual on the double trolley-wires is made self-propelling. The car or omnibus is driven by a double motor by a five-hundred-volt direct current. The double motor is arranged to act as a rotary transformer, supplying the necessary three-phase current for operating the overhead trolley motor.

The trolley motor speed is therefore varied directly with the speed of the car, and keeps continually ahead of the omnibus regardless of the speed. The flexible cable is in this way always without too much slack and at the proper distance from the ground, leaving plenty of room for turning out for vehicles met and those passed by the carriage.

The time taken for the journey is about twenty minutes, and the number of car kilometers run is 8398, while the total energy used is 5431 kilowatt-hours, or .64 kilowatts hours per car kilometer. It is said that the low expense of equipment of a line of this character make it of particular value for country districts, where an expensive track construction would be prohibitive on account of the small amount of traffic which would be obtainable.

The cost of this line of five kilometers' length, including the two electric omnibuses and barns, was less than 100,000 francs. The Compagnie De Traction par Trolley Automoteur gives the ratio of expenses to receipts as fifty-eight per cent., and quote the following as the expense of operation for this kind of a line. The electrical energy at 25 centimes per kilowatt hour amounts to 1355 francs and 25 centimes, or .161 centimes per car kilometer. The repair expenses of the carriages are given as about 776 francs, or .092 centimes per car kilometer; and the working of the omnibuses, with one man per vehicle, is given as 456 francs, or .054 centimes per car kilometer, while the general expenses amount to 307 francs and 55 centimes, or .036 centimes per car kilometer. This makes a total expense of 2895 francs, or .343 centimes per car kilometer.

In Italy there is an omnibus electric trolley-line constructed on the Max Schiemann system, and is known as the Electricita Alta Italia, and recently an electric trolley omnibus line twelve kilometers long was placed in operation in Germany, extending along the beautiful valley of Bielathal, between the villages of Königstein, Hütten, and Königsbrunn. The accompanying illustration shows the omnibuses of this line. In passing another electric 'bus it is necessary, of course, to remove the trolley-poles for an instant while it passes, it only being necessary to steer to one side, as the poles are of sufficient length to allow a movement of about three meters from the trolley-line. The controller is similar to that used for trolley street-railway cars of small size.

The speed of the passenger cars is twelve kilometers per hour usually, and the vehicles for carrying freight operate at from eight to ten kilometers per hour. The omnibuses each hold twenty-six persons. The freight trucks of the Bielathalbahn weigh loaded 5000 kilograms. The cost of construction of this form of electric omnibus trolley-line is only about 25,000 marks per kilometer, while a similar railway-line for steam power would cost from 60,000 to 80,000 marks per kilometer.

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Destruction of Timber upon Western Forest Reserves

See page 1775

On several of the Western forest reservations the Department of Agriculture finds itself confronted with a serious problem. More especially is this problem prominent in the reserve of the Black Hills in South Dakota and Wyoming. An insignificant little beetle scarcely a quarter of an inch long threatens the life of a mighty industry. It is a battle royal between the department and the little bug. Up to the present time the little bug has won out.

The Black Hills forest reserve is a type of the other Western reserves, of which there are forty-eight in the United States. It does more business in the way of timber sales than the forty-eight others combined.

(Continued on page 1803.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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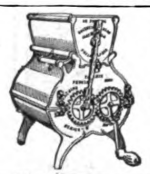
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MISS ELEANOR ROBSON

Who is playing the title role in Harriet Ford and E. F. Boddington's dramatization of Mary Johnston's novel "Audrey," at the Madison Square Theatre this week

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(Continued from page 1801.)

Nebraska, Wyoming, eastern Montana, and the two Dakotas are practically treeless States. Almost their entire timber supply has heretofore been obtained from the Black Hills reserve.

To the mining interests of the Black Hills the reserve is of even more importance. South Dakota ranks fourth among the world's great gold-producing districts. The precious metal is mined exclusively within the limits of the Black Hills, a section of country not over a hundred miles square, which is probably richer in natural resources than any other land of its size on the globe. Of these resources, the vast pine forest which almost entirely covers the Hills is first in industrial importance, not only because it supplies the surrounding treeless States with timber, but more because of its vital connection with South Dakota's mining interests. Any danger which menaces the forest is a menace to the vast gold-mining interest as well.

This is just the problem which confronts the department now. The reserve contains nearly a million and a half acres. It is estimated that upon the north half about eighty per cent. of the timber is now dead or dying, all because of the little bug mentioned at first. What the final outcome will be it is difficult to prophesy at the present time. The thing uppermost in the minds of those most interested is the devising of some method by which the young timber, or "regrowth," as it is called, may be saved from complete destruction. Should this be impossible and the mountains become denuded of timber, the gold-mines of South Dakota will be small producers compared with what they have been in the past. At present the monthly output from one great mine alone is $250,000.

The ore mined in the Black Hills is of the sort known as "free milling." In other words, it is so soft it can be easily crushed to a powder between heavy stamps and the gold washed out by water. To be a trifle more explicit, the dirty water with the ore in solution is allowed to run over large copper plates covered with quicksilver. As the liquid passes over the plates the quicksilver catches the gold. Once in two weeks the doughy, sticky "amalgam," as the combination of gold and quicksilver is called, is scraped off the plates by men employed for the purpose, who are known as "amalgamators." Needless to say, the amalgamators are about the most trustworthy men employed by any gold-mining company. Their chances to steal are unlimited. A man can carry away enough gold under his finger-nails to insure him a comfortable income in addition to his wages. After the amalgam is scraped from the plates it is moulded into balls four or five inches in diameter and sent to the retort-house. Here the two metals are separated, the gold being moulded into bricks and sent to the United States mint, while the quicksilver is again used to coat the copper plates.

Obviously this is a very inexpensive method of treating ores. Much of the ore mined in the Black Hills is of a very low grade and does not run over $3 50 in gold to the ton. Except by a very cheap process it would be impossible to successfully operate some of the greatest mines. Three things are necessary for the profitable reduction of these ores,—an abundance of

(Continued on page 1805.)

HE COUNTS HIMSELF AS FORTUNE'S FAVORITE WHOSE PLEASURE 'TIS TO FEAST ON

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The Tobacco Centre of America



On a Virginia Plantation



A "Virginia Creeper"

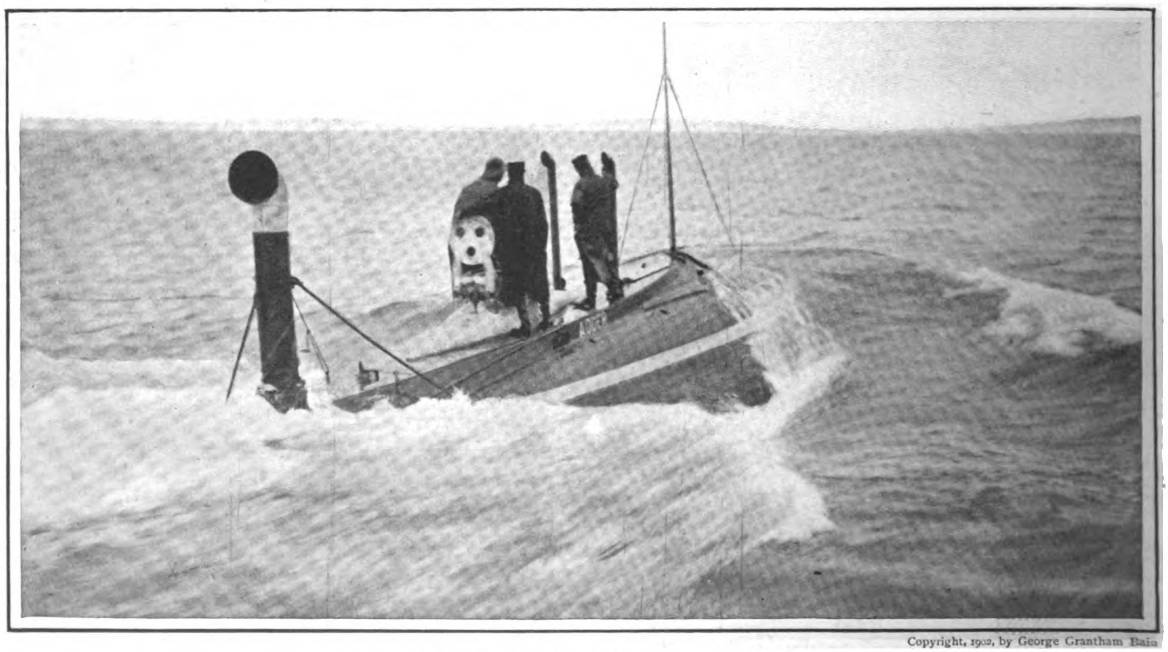


The Great Danville, Virginia, Tobacco Auction-Room

IT may be of interest to lovers of the fragrant weed to know that the largest loose-leaf tobacco market in the world is situated on this side of the continent, in the Old Dominion State Virginia. In the extreme south, almost on the border dividing North Carolina and Virginia, snugly settled on the banks of the river from which the place takes its name, Danville has won the distinction of being the tobacco centre. For many miles around the town, plantations with thousands of tobacco hills flourishing can be seen.

From early dawn, and sometimes as early as two o'clock, a strange procession begins its long march from the far-distant plantations. It is the farmers sending their crops to the warehouse. The horses, sure-footed by long familiarity, trot along with slackened reins, while their lord and master, perched high upon the seat, sleeps as contentedly as a child in its mother's arms. Now and then an old "uncle" can be encountered walking placidly by the side of his team of "Virginia creepers,"—two sleek, well-fed, and good-natured oxen. Many a time an early traveller will hear, far in the distance, softened and mellowed by the heavy air, a musical cadence of a happy "nigger," and maybe his wife—who many times accompanies him to market and also assists in dispensing of the cash. The voice of a negro is singularly beautiful. No gruff, throaty tones, no twang, but clear, mellow, reverberant, and musical through the fragrant tobacco-saturated air sounds the note of happiness and prosperity.

Danville has only about 25,000 population, but this population can boast the fact that their ideal little city on the river Dan has eleven leaf-tobacco warehouses, from which the sales last year brought in $3,648,738 88, and fifteen leaf-export factories, which stem and export about fifty-five per cent. of the crop, besides handling a large percentage of the domestic business. The total number of leaf-dealers can be put at about eighty-five. There are also chewing-tobacco factories, where the famous Virginia plug and twist are brought to perfection, and sent to all parts of the world. While the cry of "hard times" has been general in the whole country during the past few years, this tobacco centre, with its wonderful resources which cater to the pleasure of mankind, has held its head above water, and does not know what it means to be anything but prosperous.



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Trial Trip of the Submarine Boat "Adder"

In Peconic Bay, Long Island, New York, last week the Navy Department carried out extensive and successful trials of several submarine torpedo-boats, and this picture represents the "Adder" at full speed on the surface of the Bay

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(Continued from page 1803.)

water, an unlimited ore supply, and plenty of timber. These the Black Hills have always been able to furnish. With either one lacking, the value of South Dakota's gold-mines will be seriously decreased. In many localities the mountains are literally honeycombed with mining shafts and tunnels. Owing to the soft nature of both the ore deposits and the surrounding formations, all shafts and tunnels must be timbered. Otherwise frequent cave-ins would result, and the lives of the men working underground would not be safe from one moment to another. "Lagging" is the mining term by which the logs used in timbering excavations are known. Millions of feet of pine timber are cut each year from the reserve. From this statement of facts concerning the mines of South Dakota, the incalculable value of not only this, but of other Western reserves as well, may be readily understood.

As yet the inhabitants of these States are loath to believe that the destruction of the pine timber by the beetles will not in some way be checked. Western people are proverbially optimistic. They have been obliged to place their dependence upon fate in so many instances that it seems impossible to them that the magnificent old pine forests should go down before the attack of a murderous small bug. Yet such is the case. The Department of the Interior has placed in the hands of the Department of Agriculture the stamping out of the pest if possible. Technically the bug is known as *Dendroctonus ponderosa*. In plain English it is designated as the pine-destroying beetle of the Black Hills. This last is rather a misnomer. The beetle has appeared in Oregon and in Colorado, where it is engaged in the same sort of destruction, though in a less aggravated form. The adult is rather thick, in color varying from a dark brown to black; in length, from one-sixth to one-quarter of an inch. No insect pest known to science is capable of such widespread and irreparable destruction. Grasshoppers are nothing in comparison. Most of the evil they accomplish is upon short-lived vegetable growths, and is easily made good by Nature herself the year after. Yellow-fever or cholera bacilli are no more fatal to the human family.

Much as do bees, the insects settle in swarms upon healthy pines. The size of a tree matters nothing. They attack all with deadly impartiality. In pairs, they bore through the outer bark and then begin the excavation of burrows up and down through the inner bark or sap layer, which is really the life of the tree. Twenty minutes after the swarm settles on a tree every insect has disappeared from sight in the soft outer bark. As they dig their cruel way in, the sound they make is like the patter of rain-drops. Little heaps of borings, which closely resemble sawdust, at the base of the tree are the only traces of their attack unless one searches closely for the openings. From the moment they settle

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That's an extreme precaution.

We age it for months, at a temperature of 34 degrees, before we market it.

That's a heavy expense.

Then we filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle after it is sealed. Sterilized beer can't have germs in it.

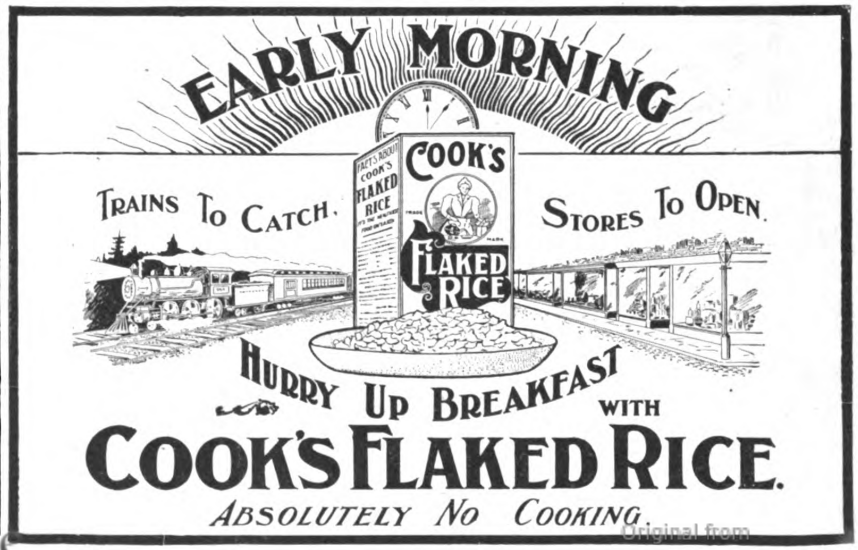
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a tree is doomed. In all nature there is no more pathetic ruin. One hundred, two hundred, years a pine-tree must exist before it is of any commercial value. The vicissitudes of time but demonstrate the might of its vitality. In the breath of the tempest made forceful by its long sweep over the Northern plains, downward from the ice-bound regions of aretic Canada, the pine-tree but sways and lays low, as a rose-tree lays low in the breath of a June wind. Even the lightning, that most inevitable of forces, in many instances but scars the rugged bark. When drought settles over the land it sends its penetrating roots deep below the dry upper layers of earth in search of quickening moisture.

The elements and time the rock-pines defy with equal bravery and strength. Now in the full glory of maturity the forests of the West are threatened with slow death in the shape of a deadly small insect.

The tree does not give up its life without a struggle. As the beetles dig their tunnels through the sap layer there begins a life battle. It throws out pitch to heal the fresh wounds in the living tissue. The burrows become small rivers of turpentine. This liquid is death to most insects. In its odorous depths the pine-beetle swims about and thrives apace. The pairs each dig

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a burrow. Along the sides of these eggs are deposited, which hatch into small white larvæ. In turn these eat their way through from one burrow to the other, and the inner bark becomes a net-work of excavations.

It is at this period that the tree gives up hope. It has no longer strength to resist the attack. The leaves turn yellow. Next year they are of a reddish tint. The third year finds them blackened and the tree entirely dead.

Worse than dead, it is economically worthless. Close on the track of the beetle follows a fungus, which in three years' time leaves the wood a crumbling mass of dry rot. The successive stages of decay are clearly shown in the illustrations. During the first year the wood may be used for certain purposes. The only evidence then of the fungi is blue discoloration. The tissue is as yet firm. After, the wood is valueless.

The department seems unable to cope with the danger. Last summer several entomologists and expert foresters were sent to the Western reserves to make observations and, if possible, suggest a remedy. One and all agree that the task is wellnigh hopeless.

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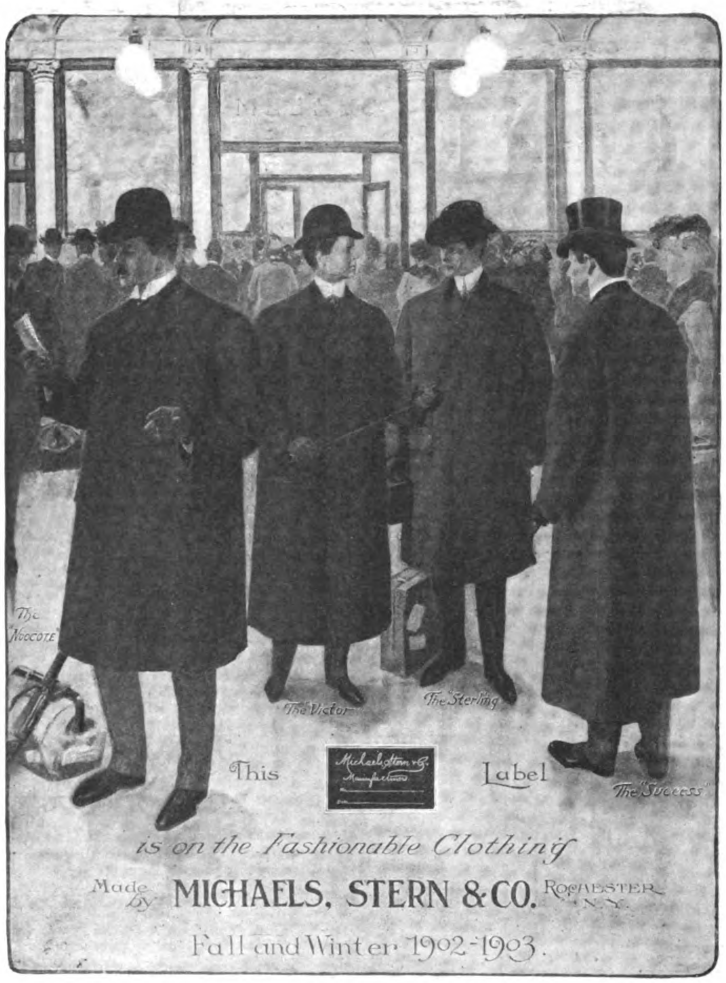
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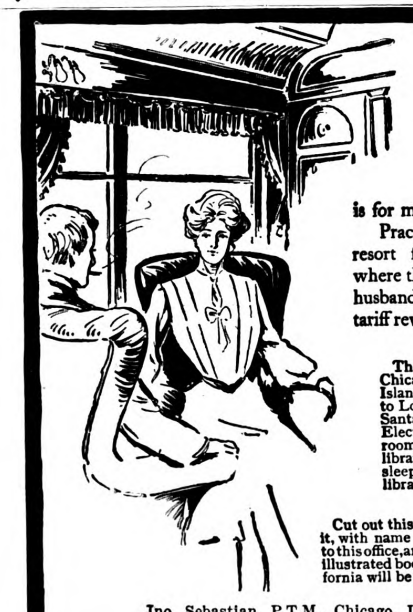
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"I do. Papa asked me to, and said that I must for his sake, and I do try always, and—and I do love you, but—"

The quivering lips, the tear-filled eyes finished the sentence, and Mrs. Olcutt had to accept the answer.

But new interests crept into her life; the days and months swept swiftly past, and Paul was, after all, fairly happy in the big nursery with his old playfellow Annie. He did not trouble himself very much with the events that transpired in the rest of the house, and the days and the months that hurried for Mrs. Olcutt did not lag for him. A summer full of Lake George became a bygone fact. The nursery was once more "home," and a nipping wind and a Christmas atmosphere were enveloping the big city. Santa Claus occupied large portions of Paul's time and thoughts. Then, just a week before the twenty-fifth of December, a solemn hush descended on the Olcutt house.

"The new mother is ill, very, very ill." Even in the nursery, far removed from the sick-room, Annie spoke in whispers. When Paul left his own part of the house he tiptoed over the velvet carpets and out into the street, where he could look up at the down-drawn shades of the wide front room. The child knew what illness meant. He remembered other down-drawn shades, and a chill, cold something that he had found when he had made a desperate rush from his nursery bed down through the long halls to his mother's room to see what the stillness meant, to ask his mother why she did not come to him before he slept. So now the hush entered into Paul's mind, displacing all thoughts of Santa Claus. Was that going to happen again? Would the new mother be cold and white, just like his old mamma? But he did not dare to ask. On Christmas eve Annie took him upon her lap. "There won't be much of a Christmas for my poor lamb this year," she said; "and that's what I'm thinking, my dearie."



The new Mrs. Olcutt was on her knees on the rug

But Paul did not listen. He only crept closer to the capacious bosom, trying to shut out the memories that besieged him. At last he fell asleep, and Annie, not wishing to waken him, laid him down on his bed, all dressed as he was, and went down to discuss with the other servants the latest word from the sick-room, and to rejoice with them when, a little before midnight, the doctor's message came that the danger was over, that the mistress would live.

So it happened that when Paul woke he was quite alone in the dimly lighted nursery. He was not afraid, and he lay still until those memories that had filled the last few days flashed into his mind. In an instant he was on his feet. The nursery door was open, and he stole quickly down the long hall, down the wide front stairs, and along to the door of his father's room. Here he stood for a moment, fearful, hesitating. Would *it* be there? He turned the knob and softly opened the door. A faint light filled the room, and a low fire smouldered in the grate. It was all so warm and soft and comforting that a quick sob of relief rose in the boy's throat. He crossed to the fireplace before he looked toward the room where his mother had been, and his eyes fell on a soft bundle cradled in a deep chair by the fire. A doll? A big doll? But the steadfast brown eyes roused the sleeping infant, and it stirred a little: then it opened its eyes, and all at once Paul knew. His mamma had so often told him of the wonderful Baby that had been born on Christmas day,—the Baby that the Wise Men had found sleeping in the manger; a little Christ-child she had called it. And she had loved this story so, so much more than any of the others, she had said, because this Baby had come to the world to cure all the trouble and sorrow and wickedness. And the perfumes! He could not remember their names, but they were, oh, so sweet! and now here was this delicious odor. But it was violet and orris in place of myrrh and frankincense. So this must be a Christ-child, Paul thought. He bent over his treasure, softly loosening the swathing shawl that held the baby's arms. When he touched the tiny fingers they clung to him. He fell on his knees in an attitude of adoration, but, in reality, it was only a great wonder that filled his heart. Where had it come from? Why had it come? Suddenly he remembered the new mother who lay so ill in the next room. Was it for her? Would it make her well? "To cure all the sorrow and wretchedness in the world." That was what that other little Christ-child had come for, so long ago.

Slowly the boy raised himself to his feet, and softly twining his arms around the little bundle, he clasped the baby close. Then, with the wonder light still in his eyes he walked to the open door. On the great bed lay the new mother, who for so many days had wandered on the dark border-land, who was only now beginning to realize that she was a part of the living, breathing world. Near the window sat his father, with the doctor whom Paul knew so well, and by the bed sat the old nurse who had heard Paul's own first wailing cry. Not a sound did the boy's footfalls make as he crossed the room. At last he stood by the bed, and the shaded light fell on his rapt face and on his tiny burden.

"Mamma, mamma," he spoke almost in a whisper. "See, it is a Christ-child that has come to us. I found it. It is for you, to make you well. Will you keep it for me? I want it. I love it."

The mother tone spoke, "My boy, my blessed boy."

And Paul laid the baby in her arms. Then the watchers saw the weak white hand draw Paul's head down to hers, and as his lips touched hers he whispered, "It is a Christ-child, mamma?"

They could not hear her answer, but they saw the love light dawning in the boy's eyes.

The bells rang out their old, old cry of "Peace on earth, good-will to men." It was the blessing left to His followers by the Christ born so long ago on Christmas day, and in the advent of his own Christ-child little Paul found the peace that endures, the love that passes understanding.

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The BIRTHDAY OF THE CHRIST

By Louise Morgan Sill

THE birthday of the Christ is here!
O, sing aloud with joyous voice.
Fill all the land with sober cheer
And let His people now rejoice.
For 'tis Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
And Christ was born to-day.

Go summon rich and summon poor,
And bid them feast together now,
For love flings wide the rich man's door,
And beams upon the poor man's brow.
For 'tis Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
And Christ was born to-day!

And call the children each by name,
For this is theirs, the day of days,
When Christ a little child became
And turned His feet to lowly ways.
For 'tis Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
And Christ was born to-day!

The aged, bid them patient be,
For Glory comes to meet them here;
They greet each other hopefully,
And peace and happiness seem near,
For 'tis Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
And Christ was born to-day!

Call, too, the creatures that are dumb,
That live in cave or earth or tree.
They, too, may share His kingdom come,
Their Lord and ours is here to see—
For 'tis Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
Our Christ is born to-day!

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The Himalayan Edelweiss

By van Tassel Sutphen

MR. CHETWOOD PELL, ascended, with some difficulty, the swaying gangway that led from the bridge of the mail-tender to the main-deck of the *Macedonia*. It was wet, and he made a straight line for the shelter of the smoke-room. He found that hospitable haven crowded, yet, curiously enough, recognized only one familiar face—that of Dunston Dorr, amateur chess-player and professional bore. Mr. Pell withdrew hastily into a secluded corner, and drew his cap over his eyes.

An hour later it occurred to him that it might be well to look after his luggage. The rain had ceased, and as he gained the deck he saw that the steamer had already begun her long Atlantic journey, while the tender was bobbing about in the seaway a mile or two astern. Chetwood Pell bestowed one last look on the rapidly sinking shore-line of Kingstown Harbor, and proceeded to hunt up his belongings. He could not find them, which was aggravating.

"I was the only first-cabin passenger," continued Mr. Pell, in a vexed tone, to the harassed functionary in charge of the luggage. "There can't be any mistake."

"There's only this one lot marked first cabin," returned the functionary. "Sevink pieces, includin' 'at-box and portable flower-garden."

"But they're not mine," retorted Mr. Pell. "Look at the tags, will you," he added, triumphantly. "Whiston Mears—first cabin, steamship *Macedonia*. That's the mistake, of course—steamship *Macedonia*—got mixed up, and put on the wrong boat."

"But this 'ere ship's the *Macedonia*," persisted the other.

"What!" Then, with an upward glance. "Red funnels, by Jove!" Bewildered. "But where's the *Draconic*, then?"

"She's just comink out now from Kingstown: yessir, that's the *Draconic;* you can see her yellow stack."

Mr. Chetwood Pell looked dejected. "What a go!" he ejaculated. His eye fell on a hand-bag reposing on the apex of the pyramid of trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus, and he proceeded to examine its contents.

"It's true enough. Here are Whiston Mears's tickets, and key. What's that number of his state-room? Sixty—er—sixty-four, port side. This is perfectly disgusting."

A prosperous-looking gentleman, whose years would be close to that of the aforesaid state-room number, stopped and gazed hard at the young gentleman. "It's Chetwood Pell, isn't it?" he inquired, politely.

"Mr. Danforth!" exclaimed Chetwood, in surprise. He was still full of his grievance, and this was Mr. William Danforth, executor of his late uncle's will and a legal counsellor of great eminence. How fortunate that he should be on board!



Twice he got up and watered the Himalayan edelweiss

It was a long story, as Chetwood Pell told it, but its gist was comparatively simple. He had come down from London intending to take the *Draconic* at Kingstown. In the railway carriage he had picked up a slight acquaintance with a middle-aged man giving his name as Whiston Mears, and had learned that he was booked for the *Macedonia*, the extra Allard boat. They had driven down to the landing-stage in the same cab; the two tenders were about to go out; it was raining hard; there was much confusion; Whiston Mears, having imbibed freely of Irish whiskey, had engaged in an acrimonious controversy with the hackman over the fare; everywhere there were noise, jostling, loud words, and some display of bad temper. Suddenly the signal for casting off had been given, and Pell, glad to be out of the turmoil, had unthinkingly swung himself aboard the tender nearest at hand. As has been remarked, the weather was wet, and he had snugged himself down among the luggage and had not even troubled to glance at the steamer lying in the offing. "For a fact, it wasn't till I came out of the smoking-room ten minutes ago that I discovered what an asinine mistake I had made," concluded Mr. Chetwood Pell. "Everything was exchanged—hand-bags, steamship tickets, clothes; I haven't even a tooth-brush that I can call my own."

A deck steward interrupted the conversation. "Beg pardon, but if you're the gentleman as come aboard by the mail-tender?"

Chetwood Pell nodded.

"Mr. Chetwood Pell on the *Draconic* would like to speak to you. Yessir, wireless telegraph, you know. This way, sir."

As Mr. Pell entered the room occupied by the Marconi operator, he noticed Dunston Dorr sitting in a corner with a pocket chess-board in his hand. Mr. Dorr nodded genially, and put out his hand.

"Great thing, this wireless business, isn't it? Just found out that my ancient enemy, Clearwater, is on *Draconic*, and we're going to have a match. Mr. Busby, you can send P—K4 to Mr. Clearwater."

Busby, the operator, handed Mr. Pell a message. It read as follows:

"No use crying—spilt milk. Since tickets exchanged, would propose swapping names and identities as well. Have important reasons therefor. Can't speak more openly at present—the—er—diplomatic service, but you can guess the rest. Answer.

CHETWOOD PELL."

After hesitating a moment, Mr. Pell scrawled a reluctant assent to the proposition, and the message was forthwith ticked over to Mr. Mears on the invisible *Draconic*. He replied immediately:

"Good! Will mention it in Downing Street when I return. Now, another special favor. Among my traps—shallow tin box containing earth and growing plants. One of my hobbies—amateur in botany, you understand. Remarkable specimen—species of *Leontopodium*—the Himalayan edelweiss—tremendously rare—extraordinarily valuable. Beg you to give plenty sunshine and water twice daily. C. P."

Mr. Pell wrote out and despatched the following:

"Have noted request about edelweiss. Is there a young woman aboard *Draconic* accompanied by elderly lady? Wears picture-hat—snake bangle with emerald eyes—tall, dark, distinguished. Beg you to find out name and inform me. W. M."

Mr. Pell received an O. K. from the obliging Mr. Mears, the latter promising to communicate with him later. It was a fascinating novelty, this interchange of thought and written speech across the gray leagues of ocean's illimitable wash, and Mr. Pell would have liked to say something more about the young woman in the picture-hat. But under the three-minute rule his time was up, and Dorr was ready with his next move for Clearwater, —nothing less formidable than Kt—KB 3. So our young gentleman rejoined Mr. William Danforth on the leeward side, and continued his confidences.

It was in London two days previously that he had met the young woman of the picture-hat. There had been a carriage accident, and he had had the good fortune to rescue her from the ruins of the smashed-up four-wheeler in which the two ladies had been driving to Paddington station.

They were on their way to take the *Draconic* at Liverpool—the luggage tags told that plainly enough. Mr. Pell had not learned his charmer's name, but this did not concern him greatly, for he was booked for the same steamer. They would meet again on board the *Draconic* for a whole blissful week. And now, through his own stupidity— Chetwood Pell ground his teeth.

"But for me, no other woman on earth—now or ever. It was love at first sight, and we both recognized the truth, so beautiful and overwhelming. I am not ashamed to confess, Mr. Danforth, that I am in love."

"But how about your uncle Archibald's will?"

"Of which you are executor. Just what are its provisions again? though, indeed, I ought to know them."

"Your uncle Archibald Morris, my dear Chetwood, left in trust two million dollars to you and Miss Esmé Effingham upon the condition of your marriage. Otherwise, it all goes to the Asylum for Aged Gold-beaters.

"Secondly, your final decision must be communicated to me, as

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executor, on or before the twenty-fourth day of December, 1902. To-day is the twelfth, and the Effinghams will be in New York on that date—so I am assured. We should arrive on the nineteenth, and in plenty of time. That is the situation as it now stands."

"I have never laid eyes on Miss Effingham," said Mr. Pell, rebelliously. "She's the daughter of an old flame of Uncle Archibald's—isn't she? That's the story, anyway."

Mr. Danforth smiled. "Are you prepared to give me your answer?"

Mr. Chetwood Pell flushed. "I will tell you this much. I am first going to ask that girl in the picture-hat to take me for better or worse and with or without Uncle Archibald's cold cash. If she declines, why, then, we'll see."

The dinner hour approached. Just as the second gong was sounding a messenger brought Mr. Pell a Marconigram. It read:

"To Whiston Mears, S. S. *Macedonia:* Young lady is Miss Esmé Effingham, of Salem. Have had myself introduced as Chetwood Pell. Lovely creature; looked somewhat frosty at mention of name, but am not easily discouraged. Understand she is an heiress—may decide to propose. C. P."

Mr. Pell said something deep down in his throat, cleared a couple of deck chairs by a miraculous bound, and rushed into the Marconi office. But the operator was busy; Mr. Dunston Dorr was sending a reply to Clearwater's masterly stroke of KP x QP. Chetwood fumed, but Mr. Dorr was imperturbable. Finally he spoke in a cold, hard tone. "P x QP, if you please, Mr. Busby."

There was something wrong with the transmitter; it would not work.

"Nothing more to-night, I'm afraid, gentlemen," said the operator.

"Will you be in communication again to-morrow morning?" asked Mr. Pell, anxiously.

The operator shook his head. It was impossible to tell. The instrument would be in order by then, but one could never be sure how long signals could be exchanged. At one time communication would be perfect up to four or five hundred miles; at another, it might cease absolutely at fifty.



"But this 'ere ship's the 'Macedonia'"

Chetwood Pell spent a wretched night. Yet for all his perturbation he did not forget his promise to Whiston Mears. Twice he got up and watered the Himalayan edelweiss. Now that he thought of it, the *Leontopodium* bore a remarkable resemblance to the common or garden asparagus. It was green and vigorous-looking, certainly; in the morning he would take care to give it some sunlight.

At the earliest possible moment Mr. Pell presented himself at the Marconi office. Yet Dunston Dorr was there before him, and was waiting for the operator to take his move of P x QP and transmit it to Mr. Clearwater on the *Draconic*. So Chetwood had to bide his time, but it was satisfactory to know that communication had been restored. When his turn finally came he had the following message despatched:

"To Chetwood Pell, S.S. *Draconic:* Under no circumstances use my name in proposing to Miss Effingham. Do not propose to her at all. I forbid it—positively. W. M."

While he was at breakfast the answer was brought to him. It read:

"To Whiston Mears, S.S. *Macedonia:* Sorry, dear boy, but have already taken the fatal step, and in your name.

C. P."

Two hours later, in reply to several wildly worded messages, the pseudo Mr. Pell deigned to vouchsafe this further information:

"Forgot to add that Miss Effingham positively declines offer of heart and hand. Please report condition of *Leontopodium*. Hope you keep it in constant sight. The Himalayan edelweiss is dependent upon human companionship."

Mr. Pell consulted again with Mr. Danforth, dwelling at great length upon the incidents already recorded.

"Nothing mercenary about Miss Esmé Effingham," concluded the young gentleman, rapturously. "Just to think of it! refusing that bounder point-blank, for all that he was masquerading under my name. Chucking two million dollars right over the rail."

Mr. Danforth smiled, and assured the anxious Mr. Pell that the lady had the undoubted privilege of changing her mind up to December 25th or Christmas morning. "When we all get ashore you can assume your proper character, and get a reversal of sentence—life imprisonment, we'll say."

At this instant they felt a slight shock. Mr. Danforth, an old traveller, recognized the symptoms, and diagnosed the trouble promptly. "Broken shaft," he said, tersely.

For a few moments Chetwood's heart had beat high with hope. Surely the *Draconic*, only a few miles away, would steam over and offer assistance. He would then be able to effect a transfer, and all would be well. But the captain of the *Macedonia*, after a prolonged conversation over the Marconi instruments, finally announced that the Denman liner *Copenhagen*, six hours behind them, had agreed to stand by and take the first-class cabin passengers and mail on to New York.

"But the *Copenhagen* is a slow cargo-boat, and may not arrive until too late. I am certain that she cannot get in before Christmas morning," said Chetwood Pell, anxiously, to Mr. Danforth.

"Get an answer, then, at once from the young lady," replied the eminent legal authority. "If negative, you will have to run your chances of the *Copenhagen's* arriving at New York on Christmas eve; if favorable, I will accept it as Miss Effingham's final decision."

"That scoundrel on the *Draconic* may hold me to my promise, and not allow me to use my own name," faltered Mr. Pell.

"That makes no difference; Miss Effingham is required to accept or refuse the man, and not the dozen letters of the alphabet that happen to spell out Chetwood Pell. Courage! my boy; go in and win."

In front of the Marconi office there was a long line of people, who had messages to transmit to New York *viâ* the *Draconic*. Mr. Pell had to take his place at the end of the queue and wait as patiently as he might. Directly ahead of him was Dunston Dorr, who was about to answer Q—Q Kt 6 to Clearwater's defiant QR—Q.

When his turn finally came he had these ready:

"To Chetwood Pell, S.S. *Draconic:* I desire to resume my own name. In the event of your refusal the Himalayan edelweiss comes up by the roots.

W. M."

"To Miss Esmé Effingham, S.S. *Draconic:* Will you accord immediate interview to young man, light hair, dark eyes, who had the honor to render slight assistance in carriage—London, three days ago? Answer to W. M., S.S. *Macedonia.*"

"Reads like a *Herald* personal," said Mr. Pell, discontentedly, "but go it must."

The answers were promptly delivered.

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Mr. Whiston Mears replied:

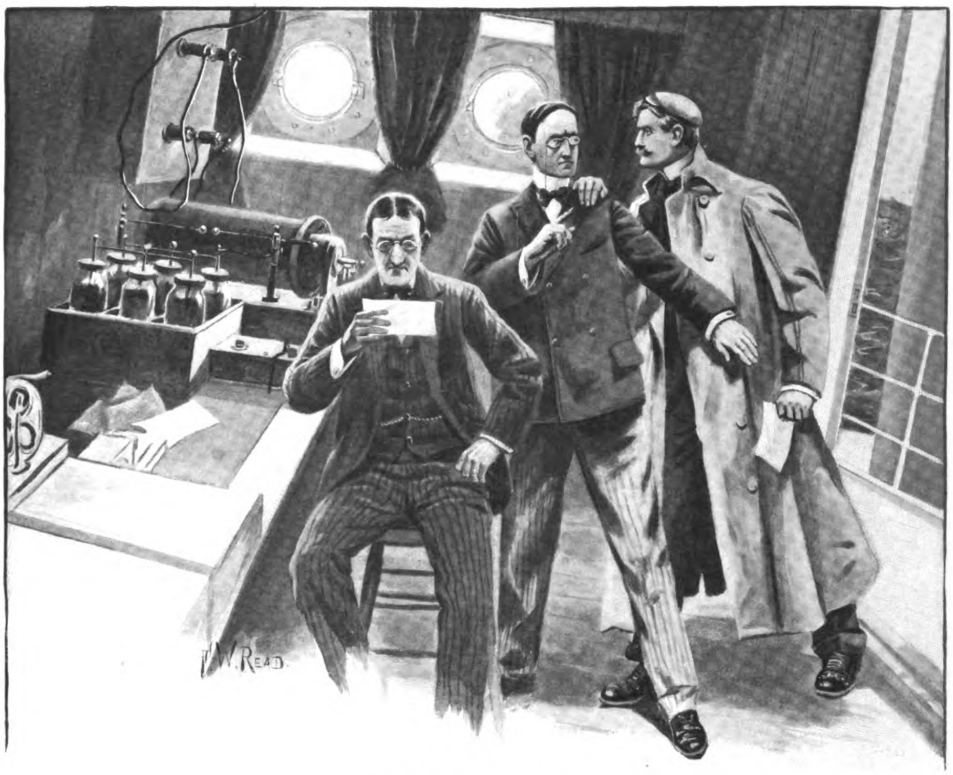
"Compelled to refuse request. Knowing you to be man of honor, have no fears for safety of *Leontopodium*. Don't forget to water."

Mr. Pell crumpled up the paper into a ball, and tossed it overboard, frowning darkly. Then he opened the message from Miss Effingham. It read:

"To W. M., S.S. *Macedonia:* How dreadful about the shaft breaking. Of course I shall be happy to do what I can.
ESME EFFINGHAM."

Mr. Pell had his next message all prepared. Fortunately the rush was over.

"I offer my hand in marriage, and insist upon your accepting it. My name I cannot reveal until I see you in New York, but I can assure you that it is an honorable one. An immediate answer is necessary, and it must be in the affirmative or all is lost. W. M."



"What the devil!" he began

The Marconi operator ran it over, and remarked, indifferently, "Signals are getting rather faint; we may have to break now at any time."

"Rush it," said Mr. Pell, nervously.

The tapping of the return message broke the stillness. Chetwood grabbed at the paper!

"So sudden—must I really answer at once—right away?
E. E."

"Tell her—" began Mr. Pell to the operator, but Dunston Dorr started up with a yell, and pushed his way in between. "My turn," he shouted. "Send R—Q, if you please, Mr. Busby. That 'll fetch him."

Pell turned on the interrupter with savage intensity.

"What the devil!" he began.

Dunston Dorr pointed to the placard on the wall. "Under the three-minute rule, I demand my rights," he said, calmly. "No; it isn't a question of money."

The operator took Mr. Dorr's message. The signals were growing fainter and fainter, and he had great difficulty in making the transmission. Then at last he began receiving again.

"To W. M.: What can I say? But if you *will* have it, why, then—"

The clicking stopped suddenly.

"Go on!" said Chetwood, in an agony.

There was no response. "It's the break," announced the operator.

It was not until Christmas morning that the slow, old *Copenhagen* steamed up New York Bay. On the dock, awaiting them, was Mr. Whiston Mears, who advanced, smiling.

"You have it?" he said, eagerly, and extended his hand.

"One moment," said Mr. Chetwood Pell, and forthwith knocked him down. Mr. Mears, however, showed no malice. He got up nimbly, seized his edelweiss, and hopped into a cab.

"Keep up your courage, my boy," Danforth said, genially. "Even though it is the twenty-fifth and a day late, you have received a definite answer, and you have only to go and get it."

And yet Chetwood felt his heart grow heavy as he ascended the steps of the Effingham residence. He handed in his card, and composed himself as best he could for the coming interview. But suddenly he started at the sound of a voice in an adjacent room.

"Tell Mr. Pell that I am unable to receive him."

There was unmistakable decision in the tone, and our hero trembled. The servant entered the room looking somewhat embarrassed. Mr. Pell's card was still lying on the little silver salver. An inspiration struck the young gentleman.

"Of course," he muttered to himself; and snatching up the card which bore his name, he added, in pencil, the initials, "W. M."

"Take in that," he commanded.

The lady of the picture-hat entered, blushing deeply, and Mr. Pell, equally embarrassed, stumbled through a full explanation.

"And so," he concluded, "it was absolutely necessary for me to make that extraordinary proposal. Then came your answer—"

Miss Effingham looked somewhat surprised. "Well?" she said at length. But Mr. Pell was too agitated to proceed.

"You desire, perhaps, to recall—" she began, freezingly.

"No!" interrupted Mr. Pell, violently. "It is simply that I don't know what the answer was"; and he explained again.

But Miss Effingham professed her entire inability to comply with this request. It was so long ago—how could one remember—she might have said a dozen things and changed her mind as many times. Mr. Pell could not expect—

"I can get the original message from the Marconi operator on the *Draconic* at any time," said Mr. Pell, exasperated.

"Why don't you, then?"

"Because I want to hear it from your own lips."

"On account of that wretched money?"

"On account of you," shouted Mr. Pell. "Two letters or three?"

Well, certainly Miss Effingham did not answer audibly, but wireless communication having been completely restored, Mr. Pell found no difficulty in understanding the answer.

When Chetwood Pell finally reached home that evening he found a small package and a note awaiting him. The package contained an uncut diamond of the finest water. The note read:

"A small remembrance in honor of the day and of your deeply appreciated services. The stone has paid full duty, so you need have no hesitation in accepting it, and you may have use for a solitaire in the near future. The Himalayan edelweiss is, alas! no more. They are such delicate plants.

Ever yours,
WILFRED MORE, or if you prefer it,
WHISTON MEARS."

Extracts from daily papers:

"Mr. Whiston Mears, the well-known amateur botanist, arrived on the *Draconic* on Thursday. He brought with him a fine specimen of *Leontopodium*, the rare Himalayan edelweiss."

"The notorious diamond smuggler, Wilfred More, has again succeeded in scoring on the Treasury Department, his latest *coup* representing some $70,000 worth of diamond necklaces. It is reported that the jewels were concealed from the eagle eyes of the customs officers in a portable asparagus-bed, but this theory does not seem reasonable."

Dunston Dorr met Chetwood Pell in the club the other day, and congratulated him upon his engagement to Miss Effingham. After all, Dorr is a decent chap in his way, and he was positively beaming that day. And he would tell about it.

"Have just received the report from the Marconi operator on the *Draconic*. The answer to R—Q was on file. What do you think it was? Clearwater resigned in the thirty-sixth move."

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I

THE Lord of Ratat was a merry old King,
Whose moods were as varied as flowers of spring.
Some days he was jolly, some days he was sad,
And frequently too the bold monarch was mad.
When the King of Ratat had had plenty to eat,
Was full of plum pudding, with raisins replete,
His laugh it was ringing, his smile it was broad,
And all men were glad that Ratat was their lord.
But when things went wrong for Ratat, it was then
He changed from the best to the meanest of men;
Was cross with his sisters, and scolded his wife,
And made his Prime Minister fear for his life.
He fumed and he fretted, he used sinful speech,
He'd scream and he'd yell, and he'd holler and screech;
And aught that was said he'd deny that 'twas so,
And set the Ratatites a-brimming with woe.

II

It happened one morning the King rose up early.
He'd slept rather poorly, was moody and surly.
'Twas seven o'clock when he tramped down the stair
And sat at the table: no breakfast was there.
The cook was not up, and the milkman was late,
And Ratat went hungry till quarter past eight.
His coffee was tasteless; his egg was too hard;
His biscuit was leaden, the butter was lard.
The cream had turned sour, the steak was too rare.
He called for a peach, and they brought him a pear.
The King simply raved, yanked the hair from his head.
'Twas plain he'd got up from the wrong side of bed.
The cook was sent up for a fortnight in jail,
The milkman was rated till white as a sail.
The Queen fell to weeping in terror and fright,
And the baby alone dared to laugh at the sight.
The Vizier endeavored to smooth matters o'er,
And played with the babe, lying flat on the floor.
He thought 'twould distract King Ratat from his woe
Should he play "Choo-choo car," and sing "Kootchy-Ko."
But, alas! for his welfare, the King heard him say
That Santa Claus soon would be coming that way.

III

Now the King was a man of most curious mind,
Whose like, I regret, 'tis quite easy to find,
Who claim to believe that that only can be
With which their own eyes they've been able to see.
Ratat, though quite old, like the most of his race,
Had ne'er had a chance to see Santa Claus's face,
And argued from this, with a pound of his fist,
That "therefore St. Nicholas does not exist."

IV

"Now, sirrah," he shouted, his face getting blue,
"Such talk is all nonsense. Thy words are untrue.
I hold thy offence, sir, not only high treason,
A crime against me, but offence against reason.
To sow such ideas in the mind of my heir
Is really most wicked—outrageous, I swear!"
The minister rose from the floor, and a tear
Slid down by his nose, and he trembled with fear.
"The crime of high treason," continued the King,
"Is punished by hanging, or by the hamstring.
And since yours was the crime, perhaps 'tis but right
That you should choose how you shall leave us to-night."
"Oh, Ratty," the Queen cried, "forgive him, I pray!
He meant nothing wrong, sire." "The sinner shall pay
The fullest of penalties made by the laws
Unless he can prove that his friend Mr. Claus
Doth really exist!" shrieked the King in his rage.
As he pulled on the bell-rope and summoned a page.
"Bring hither," he thundered, "my state pair of socks!
Bring hither ten bolts and a dozen strong locks!"
The Vizier, aghast at the prospect before him,
Salaamed to the King, and began to implore him,
While Ratat took the socks and a long brazen tack,
And fastened them up o'er the chimney-place black.
Then driving all persons out into the halls
He locked all the windows, and tested the walls.
He closed all the doorways, and bolted them fast,
And tables and guardsmen before then amassed;
Next turned to the Vizier, who trembled as yet,
And bellowed in tones I can never forget:
"I'll give you one chance. I'm humane, goodness knows.
You perhaps have observed that there's naught in these hose.
To-morrow is Christmas. If Santa comes by
'Tis he must relieve you; if not, you must die!
If there's naught in those socks, sir, to-morrow at dawn
That isn't there now, you're the gonest of gone!"

V

The Vizier was plunged in the deepest of grief.
To die he seemed doomed, with no hope of relief.
He could not climb out through the windows or doors;
He could not escape through a trap in the floors,
Because King Ratat had no trap in the Palace,
And naught was before him but hamstring and gallo
He threw himself down, and tore madly his hair,
And his horrible shrieks pervaded the air.
He jotted his will on the flap of his collar,
Not leaving his monarch a single red dollar—
Quite bad for Ratat, for the Vizier was wealthy,
And hadn't an heir one could rightly call healthy.

VI

It was thus the night passed. Dawn came, and the King
Jumped into his wrapper and put on his ring.
The court were all gathered in front of the door
Behind which the Vizier still lay on the floor.

VII

"Swing open the portal!" Ratat cried aloud.
A great wail of horror came forth from the crowd,
For there from the mantel the state socks still swung
As limp and as flabby as when they were hung.
The King, smiling broadly, then ordered the scaffold.
The rope was prepared, and the front seats were raffled,
When the Queen, who had entered and grabbed up a sock,
Gave forth a loud shriek, and then swooned from the shock;
For there the King's socks hanging over the coals
No longer were empty, but chock-full of holes!

VIII

The populace cheered and the monarch he swore,
For he couldn't deny that the stockings held more
Than when they were tacked up the evening before.
"I can't but admit," he observed, with a smirk,
"That since we left here there's been something at work.
The doors were all locked, and the windows were tight.
My guards have surrounded the castle all night.
It must be some spirit has entered my doors.
Perhaps 'twas the Divvle, perhaps Santa Claus.
The Vizier is pardoned. He's stood well the test,
And now I'll go back to my room and get dressed."

IX

That night the Prime Minister said to his wife,
"I think 'twas a miracle saved me my life."
"Oh, bosh!" said the lady, a-shutting the slats,
As she jumped into bed. "A miracle? Rats!"

X

That night as the King was about to retire
He threw a fresh log on the big blazing fire,
And said to the Queen, "Don't you think Santa Claus
Has teeth like a rat from the holes that he gnaws?"
And the Queen for a moment her mirror did leave
To pick up her bodice and laugh in her sleeve.

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Drawing by W. A. Rogers

WILL SANTA CLAUS KNOW IT'S A STOCKING?

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A Stroller's Fireside

By Edward Boltwood

I

ENCLOSED with Richard Branxton's letter was a perfumed billet from his sister, coyly urging me to accept of Dick's invitation to keep Christmas with them at the Manor. The terms of her note left me in little doubt how the wind lay. The spinster was smoothing her amiable finger for the wedding-ring; I would be a fool if before the year was out Miss Branxton did not consent to change her name to Porteous.

I was getting on in life. My shape might have been less gross; my features were beginning to show the wear and tear of Burgundy and three in the morning; I found I could no longer trust my thumbs with the pack when more than a single candle should be on the table. Georgiana Branxton, for her part, was neither young nor fair, but her family was of fortune and consequence in Dutchess County, where her brother sat as a somewhat rakish magistrate. Oh, Hymen, Hymen, what crimes are committed in thy name! An hour after the receipt of the lady's missive I had taken coach up the Hudson, with my one remaining suit of velvet upon my back, and in a portmanteau my one remaining bag of guineas.

At an abominable hamlet called Kineo Corners behold me disembark, whence Branxton Manor lay a mile to the westward. It was late of a chill and drizzling December afternoon. I was soaked and stiff, and not, as may be conceived, in the milkiest of moods.

"So," whined the landlord on the tavern steps, looking askance at my drooping finery and my scanty luggage, "what is it you wish to pay for?"

"A fire and your best bottle first of all," says I.

The rascal's manner was not to my liking, and I would have taught him a lesson had not my attention been arrested by a placard pasted on the door. It proclaimed the fact that Mr. Bellamy's comedians would that night produce the admired pieces of "Venice Preserved" and "Harlequin in the Moon," at the wool-shed in the Hollow. The paper was scrawled with threats of violence. This, however, did not surprise me, the puritanical temper of the common people being most intolerant against stage players; that which commanded my interest was Peggy Thorpe's name in the list of actresses. During the past season in New York, Peggy Thorpe had been the unyielding flame of Dick Branxton, and gossip ran she loved him, although it was marriage or nothing with Peggy.



"Cut me loose, in Heaven's name!" I cried

I was chuckling at Mrs. Thorpe's presence in the neighborhood, when a disturbance in the village street made me turn my head. In the roadway was a tall man in a flowing scarlet cape, whom a crowd of rustics were engaged in pelting assiduously with mud. The fantastic stood upright and as defiant as Ajax; it was old Beau Bellamy himself; and I strode over to his rescue, slipping my sword.

"Hold off, there," I advised, and the rabble scattered.

"Gosh! I suspicioned 'twas one of the vagabonds," piped the landlord, "and now I'm sure of it. Never mind, lads, we'll l'arn 'em, dang 'em, come evenin'."

"Maybe I'll see to that, you blackguard," I retorted, unwisely. "Mr. Bellamy, sir, your most obedient," and we bowed like any pair of solemn jessamies on Broadway.

"You find me a martyr to the cause of art among barbarians, Mr. Porteous," says the actor, plucking a splotch of mire from his cheek. "In preparation for the evening's battle, I was taking the air before supper and—"

"Supper!" I sighed. "Can you spare me a plate? It seems I too am exiled from shelter by these savages. They do me the honor to mistake me for a tragedian."

"Say no more," cried Beau. "If you will accept the poor but poetic hospitality of the Temple of Thespis, it is yours. Come with me to the wool-shed."

II

The Drury Lane of Kineo Corners was a rickety building, surrounded by a thick grove of pines, spectral and forbidding in the gathering dusk. We entered, and Bellamy straightway presented me to the artists of the company, who were revealed by a flickering lantern behind the rag of baize. There were six woe-begone Thespians, in a blue funk over the prospect of tar, feathers, and a ride upon a rail. I sat down on a basket trunk beside Peggy Thorpe and munched the cold mutton in amused contentment.

"By my faith, a miserable banquet," Mrs. Bellamy observed, sepulchrally. "It is like to be our last. In Westchester they beat Romeo Pettit with a club so that he died within a week."

"But poor Pettit was such a bad actor," said Peggy. "To-night I sport the small-clothes of Sir Harry Wildair for the after-piece, and I am nice in 'em, I've been told."

"That's undeniable," I agreed, "but I misdoubt silk stockings will quiet the mob, ma'am. What if I stay by you, eh?"

The respectable career of a husband loomed dully before me, here was a spiced dram of adventure for a stirrup-cup, and — well, Peggy Thorpe's eyes were the devil to look at. My proposal was accepted with avidity. I was keen to spout the lines of Jaffier, a part through which I had once strutted to the infinite admiration of the *ton* of Baltimore, but Bellamy allotted to me instead the regulation of the wavering lamps.

Hardly were these arrangements concluded when the audience began to fill the rude benches in the front. Their clamor was portentous; their appearance was still more so. At once I saw that I had stuck my head into a hornets' nest that might come to a question of a whole skin. When Bellamy gave the signal for up curtain, the shed was packed with a villanous congregation of hard-jawed men, capable, to judge by look and sound, of any outrage.

Mrs. Bellamy, careening majestically in the hoops of Belvidera, was assailed by a volley of coarseness which made me tingle. Some one let fly a brickbat, and the blood trickled from Beau's forehead. The leading juvenile hugged the wall and refused to budge, and Peggy Thorpe, in a flutter of alarm, handed me a little packet.

"Guard it for me," she screamed, for the uproar was incredible. "And where's your courage, sir? Can't you get us out of this?"

The fact was that I had bitten off, as the homely saying is, far more than I could chew. Some cudgels whizzed murderously upon the platform, upsetting my foot-light lanterns. This gave me a thought.

"Ready, all," I shouted to the actors, and held a corner of the curtain cloth to the wick of the nearest lamp. In an instant the stuff blazed; the audience cackled and tumbled helter-skelter for the exit. In the smoky chaos there was no distinction of friend or foe.

Now for my sins I emerged from that shed just in time to see an ugly ruffian ravishing kiss after kiss from helpless Peggy Thorpe. I caught him by the throat and sent him spinning. The crowd turned on me with a storm of blows, a ponderous bludgeon crashed on my skull, and my senses danced away among a million stars.

III

It was the racking of my joints. I suppose, which brought me to. I was bound hand and foot to a big pine with insufferable rigor. The rain had turned to a driving downpour; a rod or so away in the watery darkness rose the shadowy bulk of the wool-house. I shouted for help from hour to hour; I pulled at my bonds until the pain in my splitting head fairly sickened me. It was all in vain. The fanatic reformers of Kineo Corners had left me there for the night and, possibly, to die. But scarcely had my

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thoughts touched this low point of despondency when I heard the sound of some one breaking through the thicket.

"Cut me loose, in Heaven's name!" I cried to the man when I could make him out.

The fellow sawed through the ropes, gasping queerly. I pitched forward on my face, being quite too weak for standing, and my rescuer crouched in the slush and supported me against his knee.

"Good Lord, 'tis Peggy Thorpe!" I blurted.

"Sir Harry Wildair, you mean," answered she. "There's brandy in the shed, if they've not sacked it. Come, let's run to shelter."

"But you—how came you—" I began, leaning on her arm.

"Oh, Sir Harry came for a freak to find his protector," she laughed. "Bellamy's company is safely hid with friends. But I heard whisperings of what they'd done to you—and here I am!"

I made shift to break up some kindling, the smouldering curtain stuff furnished coals, and soon we had a great sputter of a blaze in front of the broad door. Peggy found biscuits and a flask of spirits; the grog was comforting and the fire a marvel of warmth; the gray dawn was lightening the east; I squinted over my cup at Peggy's rosy face and drank destruction to wind and weather.

"Amen," says she. "And now you shall spin a romance, for it's the season of story-telling."

"The season for sweeter business than that!" I exclaimed, raising her hand to my lips. "You'd entice a saint."

But her hand went higher than I thought for. It ascended, in fact, to my ear, and with considerable force. Mrs. Thorpe sprang to her feet, seesawing between mirth and anger. There was no need of looking twice to see she was in earnest, and I gave her as dignified a bow as possible under the circumstances.

"Your pardon, Sir Harry," I entreated, gravely.

"Granted, Mr. Porteous," she returned, "on the conditions of hands off and bar love-talk!"

"Very good," I assented, and added with ill nature, "but if you could spend the holiday where I shall spend it, ma'am, I'll swear you'd have the love-talk you desire. I'm bid to Branxton Manor, and Master Richard—eh?"

"Where's the packet I gave to your keeping?" said the Thorpe.

I was chagrined that she received my shot with such nonchalance, and I pulled the bundle petulantly from my pocket. The cloth covering dropped off and a miniature was disclosed and half a dozen letters, and the portrait was that of Dick Branxton himself.

"Give it to me," commanded Peggy, with a sharp intaking of her breath.

"They're of no use to me," I laughed, "and what use are they to you, my dear? Surely, you cannot hope Dick means aught but folly!"

"Folly!" She sighed drearily, and drew back out of the glare. My ear still smarted from her saucy fist and I welcomed her agitation as a balance of the score.

"Well," I said, importantly, "Branxton's family will soon be mine, and his honor concerns me. The miniature you may have, but his correspondence—should I permit my brother-in-law to be compromised? Such letters are mighty proper food for these convenient flames."

I had no real mind to burn them, but Peggy flew at me like a tigress, snatched the packet before I could move an inch, and retreated to the far side of our bivouac. She made an adorable picture there, her breast quivering under Sir Harry's gay coat, her arms akimbo, her trim, silken ankles planted defiantly apart.

"You coward!" she panted. "Dick Branxton comes to no discredit from me. If you only knew how I—" She broke off in a tiny moan. I was not insensible to a touch of pathos in it. It was as impossible for Branxton to return her honest devotion as it was for me to lead the Christian life.

"Rest easy, Peggy Thorpe," I said, soberly, and abandoning all jest. "You'll have a friend in me, whatever comes."

She blinked at me a minute, then took my offered hand.

"Thank you, John Porteous," she replied. "I believe you when you speak like that. And, Lord!—you have a chance at once to prove your words. Look yonder!"

She pointed at the distant roadway through the grove. It was filled by an advancing concourse, horse and foot, ominous in the dank mist of the morning.



"Ladies and gentlemen," I cried, "I have the honor"

IV

In my portmanteau, which Peggy had recovered for me, was a case of pistols, and while I was fumbling with the hasp I heard the voice of my old acquaintance the landlord.

"There, your worship," he snarled—"there be the other two lawbreakers, and now we've got 'em all."

"Not yet," I muttered to myself, and brandished my weapons. The cohort halted promptly, and at once my bravado received a sudden chill. Riding in the lead beside the tavern proprietor was none other a man than Dickie Branxton, and the half-dozen nags behind him carried a party of both sexes whose genteel appearance set my spine shivering.

"Hold hard, you fool," yelled Branxton. "Pray, Georgiana, keep out of range."

"Are we not to see the fun?" cried his sister shrilly, and another lady giggled like a goose.

"Yoicks, Sir Magistrate! Have at 'em, your Majesty," went on Miss Branxton, laughing, "and don't disappoint the audience I've brought you."

In the mean time I had whisked Peggy Thorpe with me beyond the shadow of the doorway.

"Here's a damned pickle," I groaned. "That's my heiress. If they find me here—"

"Wrap up close," murmured the girl, understanding, and then stepped out into the light. "May I speak to the magistrate?" said she.

Our enemies, still at a prudent distance from my pistol, gaped sheepishly, and Branxton lumbered off his horse. Peggy advanced from the threshold, and in spite of my own predicament I had to grin when I saw the Squire's face; his jaw dropped almost to his neckcloth and he glanced nervously over his shoulder at the watchful gentry.

"Grant me this one favor, Richard," I heard her say; for I had sidled towards them with my phiz buried in my cloak. "Call off your mob, for my sake, and let this comrade of mine escape unseen."

He mumbled unintelligibly and drew off a pace, shaking his head. Sir Harry Wildair's eyes flashed suspiciously as Peggy followed the discomfited official.

"Do you not know me?" said she, raising her voice to a high pitch.

"Hush, hush!" faltered Branxton. "I must—that is, the law must—these witnesses—"

"Do you not know me, Dick Branxton?" she insisted, loudly.

"I don't, by God!" he snapped. "Constable Screvens, arrest the vagabonds."

"For the stocks?" said the landlord. "There's not a copper among 'em for the fines."

"Stocks or whipping-post—what do I care?"

"And the impudence of the slut!" broke in Georgiana, delicately. "'Don't you know me,' indeed, and to ask the friendship of our name! Why, you gypsy, dawdling with your vile sweetheart in the ditch!"

Peggy was only stiffened by her lover's denial of her, but at this feminine tirade she wilted, trembling and disconsolate. Her lonely little figure, all the more melancholy in the stage foppery, was set off by the background of the hostile, sneering crowd. I hesitated, and, hesitating, I was lost, for Miss Branxton, teheed again and flicked Peggy's forehead with a whip-lash.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I cried, "I have the honor," and I tucked Peggy arm within my elbow.

"Porteous!" screamed Georgiana, pretending to swoon.

"Yes," says I—for now I had burned my bridges—"vile Porteous, madam, from the ditch."

In her fingers Peggy still clutched the letters, and I closed my hand over them furtively. Richard Branxton choked down an oath and muttered in my ear.

"If you had passed me word, Jack," he said, "I'd have spared you this."

"I ask no favors from one who treats a woman knavishly," I

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answered. "Here's what will make penitence, Dickie, and may I sink if I don't shame you to the public."

I tried to get the packet. Peggy, now sobbing, held on tight, and Branxton turned the color of cold ashes.

"We shall pull triggers, dead-shot though you are," he gasped forth.

"That's as it may be, and, please Heaven, I'll shoot as usual. But if we fight for a lamb, let it be for a sheep. Give me the fool's writings, Peg—nay, I'll have 'em by force, then."

I had counted my chickens, however, something prematurely. The girl wrenched loose, and, to my consternation, flung the documents among the embers of the fire. I scorched my knuckles to no avail; the papers went up in smoke.

"Plague catch your generosity, you've done the trick. All's over now," said I, entirely exasperated, for I perceived by the curl of the smile on Branxton's lips that he sensed the situation.

"Aye, all's over now," sobbed Peggy.

"And good riddance, too," observed Branxton, with more coolness than I gave him credit for. "Screvens, the wench is in your custody. The doors of the Manor are closed to you, Mr. Porteous, but if you care later to discuss—"

"To the bottom of the Hudson with the Manor!" I exclaimed, shaking my fist under his chin. "You're not to be dealt with as a gentleman. I ask you as a magistrate—what's the money penalty to quit these illegal strollers?"

The landlord, with eyes like saucers, stated the amount. I tossed the currency at Branxton's feet, and had the pleasure of seeing murder in the hangdog stare he darted at me. Miss Georgiana, reviving, elevated her bony nose when I swept my hat, and, to my delight, Sir Harry Wildair copied my salutation with notable gallantry and spirit.

"I give you a good-morning, ma'am," said I. "I regret that another engagement prevents me from accepting the hospitality of Branxton Manor. Truth to tell, I am entertaining some stage players to a Christmas dinner at the tavern. If you care to drop in—there'll be hearty cheer, without spite or malice—" But they trooped off in the mud.

I had told no lie about the dinner. Landlord Screvens was speedily turned genial by my prodigality. Beau Bellamy and his grateful crew proved themselves the best table companions in the world—and as for Peggy! She had lost a villanous lover and I an elderly heiress; and we founded on these disasters an edifice of honest friendship which marked that day with a red letter in the sadly varied almanac of my life.

Harlequin

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

THE world lay brown and barren at the closing of the year,
Where the rushes shook and shuddered on the borders of the mere,
And the troubled tide ran shoreward, where the estuaries twined
Through the wide and empty marsh toward the sullen hills behind:
And the smoke-engirdled city sulked beneath the leaden skies,
With the rain tears slowly sliding from her million window eyes,
And the fog-ghost limped and lingered past the buildings clad in grime,
Till the Frost King gave the signal for the Christmas pantomime!

Then we heard the winds of winter on their brazen trumpets blow
The summons for the ballet of the nimble-footed snow,
And the flakes, all silver-spangled, through the mazy measures wound,
Till each finished out his figure, and took station on the ground.
And the drifts, in shining armor, and with gem-encrusted shields,
Spread their wide-deployed battalions on the drill-ground of the fields,
Till the hill-side shone and shimmered with the armies of the rime,
As the Frost King gave the signal for the Christmas pantomime!

He spread a crystal carpet on the rush-encircled pond,
And looped about with ermine the hemlock-trees beyond:
He strung his gleaming icicles along the scowling eaves,
And decked the barren branches of the oak with snowy leaves.
And, when the world was silver-girt with garland and festoon,
He drew the cloudy curtain that had lain across the moon,
And his wand awoke the wonders of his dazzling distant clime,
When the Frost King gave the signal for the Christmas pantomime!

Then around the benches, crowded with the audience of earth,
Ran the sound of hands applauding, and of little people's mirth,
And the air was full of savors such as only Christmas knows,
When the ruddy cottage windows cast their roses on the snows:
And the Fire-God cracked the drift-wood 'twixt his fingers and his thumbs,
And the merry pop-corn answered like the roll of little drums,
While the snow-clad belfries wakened, and the midnight heard their chime,
As the Frost King gave the signal for the Christmas pantomime!

With blaze of starry splendor, and with brilliance of the moon,
With fir-trees dressed grotesquely, like the slippered Pantaloon,
With snowflakes light as fairies, and with slender ivy vines
In their spangled winter-dresses, like a host of Columbines,
With sheen of silver scenery, and sleigh-bells' merry din,
The whole world laughed and capered 'neath the wand of Harlequin!
With the cap and bells of folly he invested Father Time,
When the Frost King gave the signal for the Christmas pantomime!

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Van Valkenberg's Christmas Gift

By Elizabeth G. Jordan

THE "Chicago Limited" was pulling out of the Grand Central Station in New York as Dr. Henry Van Valkenberg submitted his ticket to the gateman. He dashed through, pushing that indignant official to one side, and made a leap for the railing of the last car of the train. It was wet and slippery and maddeningly elusive, but he caught it, and clung to it valiantly, his legs actively seeking a resting-place on the snow-covered steps of the platform. Even as he hung there, offering to his fellow-travellers this inspiring illustration of athletic prowess and the strenuous life, he was painfully conscious that the position was not a dignified one for a stout gentleman of sixty with an exalted position in the scientific world. He pictured to himself the happy smiles of those who were looking on, and he realized that his conception of their hearty enjoyment had not been exaggerated when he glanced back at them after a friendly brakeman had dragged him "on board." Dr. Van Valkenberg smiled a little ruefully as he thanked the man and rubbed the aching surface of his hand, which not even his thick kid glove had protected. Then he pulled himself together, picked up the books and newspapers he had dropped and which the bystanders had enthusiastically hurled after him, and sought his haven in the sleeping-car. When he reached his section he stood for a moment, with his back to the passengers, to put some of his belongings in the rack above his head. As he was trying to arrange them properly he heard a voice behind him.

"O-oh! Were you hurt?" it said. "I was so 'fraid you were going to fall."

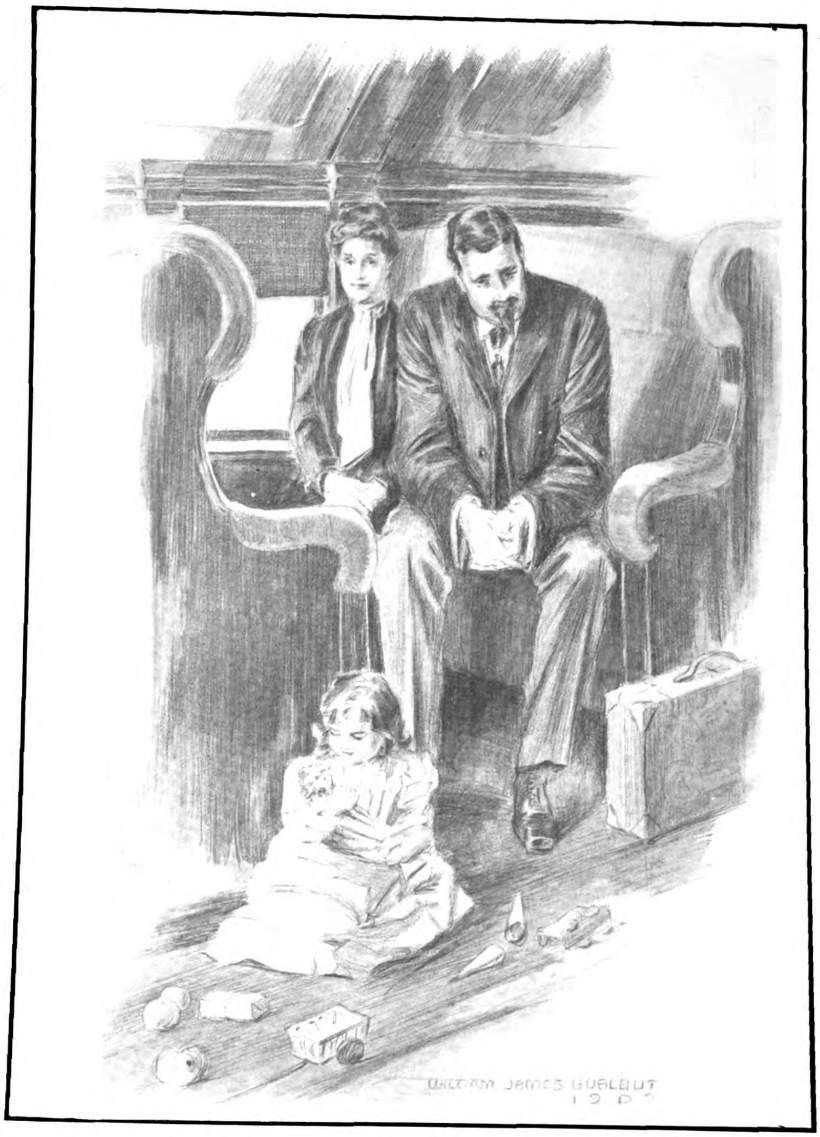
Dr. Van Valkenberg, who was a tall man, turned and looked down from his great height. At his feet stood a baby; at least she seemed a baby to him, although she was very dignified and wholly self-possessed and fully four years old. She was looking up at him with dark brown eyes, which wore an absurdly anxious expression. In that instant of quick observation he noticed that her wraps had been removed and that she wore a white dress and had yellow curls, among which, on one side of her head, a small black bow lay sombrely.

She was so delicious in her almost maternal solicitude that he smiled irrepressibly, though he answered with the ceremoniousness she seemed to expect.

"Why, no, thank you," he said. "I am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind man help me onto the car?"

There was a subdued titter from the other passengers over this touching admission of helplessness, but the human atom below drew a long, audible sigh of relief.

"I'm very glad," she said, with dignity. "I was 'fraid he hurt you." She turned as she spoke, and toddled into the section opposite his, where a plain but kindly faced elderly woman was sitting. She lifted her charge to the seat beside her, and the child rose to her knees, pressed her pink face against the window-pane, and looked out at the snow that was falling heavily.



He sat down beside the nurse, leaving Hope singing her doll to sleep

Dr. Van Valkenberg settled back in his seat and tried to read his newspaper, but for some reason the slight incident in which he and the little girl had figured moved him strangely. It had been a long time since any one had looked at him like that! He was not a person who aroused sympathy. He conscientiously endeavored to follow the President's latest oracular utterances on the Trust problem, but his eyes turned often to the curly head at the opposite window. They were well-trained, observant eyes, and they read the woman as not the mother, but a paid attendant—a trained nurse, probably, with fifteen years of admirable, cold, scientific service behind her. Why was she with the child, he wondered.

It was Christmas eve—not the time for a baby girl to be travelling. Then his glance fell again on the black bow among the yellow curls and on the white dress with its black shoulder-knots, and the explanation came to him. An orphan, of course, on her way West to a new home, in charge of the matter-of-fact nurse who was dozing comfortably in the corner of her seat. To whom was she going? Perhaps to grandparents, where she would be spoiled and wholly happy; or quite possibly to more distant relatives where she might find a grudging welcome. Dear little embryo woman, with her sympathetic heart already attuned to the world's gamut of pain. She should have been dancing under a Christmas tree, or hanging up her tiny stocking in the warm chimney-corner of some cozy nursery. The heart of the man swelled at the thought, and he recognized the sensation with a feeling of surprised annoyance. What was all this to him—to an old bach-

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clor who knew nothing of children except their infantile ailments, and who had supposed that he cared for them as little as he understood them? Still, it was Christmas. His mind swung back to that. He himself had rebelled at the unwelcome prospect of Christmas eve and Christmas day in a sleeping-car—he, without even nephews and nieces to lighten the gloom of his lonely house. The warm human sympathy of the man and the sweet traditions of his youth rose in protest against this spectacle of a lonely child, travelling through the night toward some distant home which she had never seen, and where coldness, even neglect, might await her. Then he reminded himself that this was all imagination, and that he might be wholly wrong in his theory of the journey, and he called himself a fool for his pains. Still, the teasing interest and an elusive but equally teasing memory held his thoughts.

Darkness was falling, but the porter had not begun to light the lamps, and heavy shadows were rising from the corners of the car. Dr. Van Valkenberg's little neighbor turned from the gloom without to the gloom within, and made an impulsive movement toward the drowsy woman opposite her. The nurse did not stir, and the little girl sat silent, her brown eyes shining in the half-light and her dimpled hands folded in her lap. The physician leaned across the aisle.

"Won't you come over and visit me?" he asked. "I am very lonely, and I have no one to take care of me."

She slid off the seat at once, with great alacrity.

"I'd like to," she said, "but I must ask Nana. I must always ask Nana now," she added, with dutiful emphasis, "'fore I do anyfing."

She laid her hand on the gloved fingers of the nurse as she spoke, and the woman opened her eyes, shot a quick glance at the man, and nodded. She had not been asleep. Dr. Van Valkenberg rose and lifted his visitor to the seat beside him, where her short legs stuck out in uncompromising rigidity, and her tiny hands returned demurely to their former position in her lap. She took up the conversation where it had been interrupted.

"I can take care of you," she said, brightly. "I taked care of mamma a great deal, and I gave her her med'cin."

He replied by placing a cushion behind her back and forming a resting-place for her feet by building an imposing pyramid, of which his dressing-case was the base. Then he turned to her with the smile women loved.

"Very well," he said. "If you really are going to take care of me I must know your name. You see," he explained, "I might need you in the night to get me a glass of water or something. Just think how disappointing it would be if I should call you by the wrong name and some other little girl came!"

She laughed.

"You say funny things," she said, contentedly. "But there isn't any other little girl in the car. I looked, soon as I came in, 'cos I wanted one to play with. I like little girls. I like little boys, too," she added, with innocent expansiveness.

"Then we'll play I'm a little boy. You'd never believe it, but I used to be. You haven't told me your name," he reminded her.

"Hope," she said, promptly. "Do you think it is a nice name?" She made the inquiry with an anxious interest which seemed to promise immediate change if the name displeased him. He reassured her.

"I think Hope is the nicest name a little girl could have, except one," he said. "The nicest little girl I ever knew was named Katharine. She grew to be a nice big girl, too—and has little girls of her own now, no doubt," he added, half to himself.

"Were you a little boy when she was a little girl?" asked his visitor, with flattering interest.

"Oh no; I was a big man, just as I am now. Her father was my friend, and she lived in a white house with an old garden where there were all kinds of flowers. She used to play there when she was a tiny baby, just big enough to crawl along the paths. Later she learned to walk there, and then the gardener had to follow her to see that she didn't pick *all* the flowers. I used to carry her around and hold her high up so she could pull the apples and pears off the trees. When she grew larger I gave her a horse and taught her to ride. She seemed like my very own little girl. But by-and-by she grew up and became a young lady, and—well, she went away from me, and I never had another little girl."

He had begun the story to interest the child. He found, as he went on, that it still interested him.

"Did she go to heaven?" asked the little girl, softly.

"Oh, dear, no," answered the doctor, with brisk cheerfulness.

"Then why didn't she keep on being your little girl always?" was the next leading question.

The doctor hesitated a moment. He was making the discovery that after many years old wounds can reopen and throb. No one had ever been brave enough to broach to him the subject of this single love-affair, which he was now discussing, he told himself, like a garrulous old woman. He was anxious to direct the conversation into other channels, but there was a certain compelling demand in the brown eyes upturned to his.

"Well, you see," he explained, "other boys liked her, too. And when she became a young lady other men liked her. So finally—one of them took her away from me."

He uttered the last words wearily, and the sensitive atom at his side seemed to understand why. Her little hand slipped into his.

"Why didn't you ask her to please stay with you?" she persisted, pityingly.

"I did," he told her. "But, you see, she liked the other man better."

"Oh-h-h." The word came out long-drawn and breathless. "I don't see how she possedly could!"

There was such sorrow for the victim and scorn for the offender in the tone that, combined with the none too subtle compliment, it was too much for Dr. Van Valkenberg's self-control. He threw back his gray head, and burst into an almost boyish shout of laughter, which effectually cleaned the atmosphere of sentimental memories. He suddenly realized, too, that he had not been giving the child the cheerful holiday evening he had intended.

"Where are you going to hang up your stockings to-night?" he asked. A shade fell over her sensitive face.

"I can't hang them up," she answered, soberly. "Santa Claus doesn't travel on trains, Nana says. But p'r'aps he'll have something waiting for me when I get to Cousin Gertie's," she added, with sweet hopefulness.

"Nana is always right," said the doctor, oracularly, "and of course you must do exactly as she says. But I heard that Santa Claus was going to get on the train to-night at Buffalo, and I believe," he added, slowly and impressively, "that if he found a pair of small black stockings hanging from that section he'd fill them!"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Then I'll ask Nana," she said. "An' if she says I may hang them, I will. But one," she added, conscientiously, "has a teeny, weeny hole in the toe. Do you think he would mind that?"

He reassured her on this point, and turned to the nurse, who was now wide awake and absorbed in a novel. The car was brilliantly lighted, and the passengers were beginning to respond to the first dinner call.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I've taken a great fancy to your little charge, and I want your help to carry out a plan of mine. I have suggested to Hope that she hang up her stockings to-night. I have every reason to believe that Santa Claus will get on this train at Buffalo. In fact," he added, smiling, "I mean to telegraph him."

The nurse hesitated a moment. He drew his card-case from his pocket and handed her one of the bits of pasteboard it contained.

"I have no evil designs," he added, cheerfully. "If you are a New-Yorker you may possibly know who I am."

The woman's face lit up as she read the name. She turned toward him impulsively, with a very pleasant smile.

"Indeed I do, doctor," she said. "Who does not? Dr. Abbey sent for you last week," she added, "for a consultation over the last case I had—this child's mother. But you were out of town. We were all so disappointed. It seems strange that we should meet you now."

"Patient died?" asked the physician, with professional brevity.

"Yes, doctor."

He rose from his seat.

"Now that you have my credentials," he said, cordially, "I want you and Hope to dine with me. You will, won't you?"

The upholstered cheerfulness of the dining-car found favor in the sight of Hope. She conducted herself, however, with her usual dignity, broken only occasionally by an ecstatic wriggle as the prospective visit of Santa Claus crossed her mind. Her dinner, superintended by an eminent physician and a trained nurse, was naturally a simple and severely hygienic one, but here, too, her admirable training was evident. She ate cheerfully her bowl of bread and milk, and wasted no longing glances on the plum-pudding.

Later, in the feverish excitement of hanging up her stockings, going to bed, and peeping through the curtains to catch Santa Claus, a little of her extraordinary repose of manner deserted her; but she fell asleep at last, with great reluctance.

When the curtains round her berth had ceased trembling, a most unusual procession wended its silent way toward Dr. Van Valkenberg's section. In some occult manner the news had gone from one end to the other of the "Special" that a little girl in section nine, car *Floradora*, had hung up her stockings for Santa Claus. The hearts of fathers, mothers, and doting uncles responded at once. Dressing-cases were unlocked, great valises were opened, mysterious bundles were unwrapped, and from all these sources came gifts of surprising fitness. Small daughters and nieces sleeping in Western cities might well have turned restlessly in their beds had they seen the presents designed for them drop into a pair of tiny stockings and pile up on the floor below these.

A succession of long-drawn, ecstatic breaths and happy gurgles awoke the passengers on car *Floradora* at an unseemly hour Christmas morning, and a small white figure, clad informally in a single garment, danced up and down the aisle, dragging carts and woolly lambs behind it. Occasionally there was the squeak of a talking doll, and always there was the patter of small feet and the soft cooing of a child's voice, punctuated by the exquisite music of a child's laughter. Dawn was just approaching, and the lamps, still burning, flared pale in the gray light. But in the length of that car there was no soul so base as to long for silence and the pillow. Crabbed old faces looked out between the curtains and smiled; eyes long unused to tears felt a sudden, strange moisture. Dr. Van Valkenberg had risen almost as early as Hope, and possibly the immaculate freshness of his attire, contrasted with the scantiness of her own, induced that young lady to retire from observation for a short time and emerge clothed for general society. Even during this brief retreat in the dressing-room the passengers heard her breathless voice, high-pitched in her excitement, chattering incessantly to the responsive Nana.

Throughout the day the snow still fell, and the outside world seemed far away and dreamlike to Dr. Van Valkenberg. The real things were this train, cutting its way through the snow, and this little child, growing deeper into his heart with each moment that passed. The situation was unique, but easy enough to understand, he told himself. He had merely gone back twenty-five years

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to that other child, whom he had petted in infancy and loved and lost in womanhood. He had been very lonely—how lonely he had only recently begun to realize, and he was becoming an old man whose life lay behind him. Now an idea, fantastic, perhaps, but persistent, haunted him. He crossed the aisle suddenly and sat down beside the nurse, leaving Hope singing her doll to sleep in his section. There was something almost diffident in his manner as he spoke.

"Will you tell me all you know about the child?" he asked. "She interests me greatly and appeals to me very strongly, probably because she's so much like some one I used to know."

The nurse closed her book and looked at him curiously. She had heard much of him, but nothing that would explain this interest in a strange child. He himself could not have explained it. He knew only that he felt it, powerfully and compellingly.

"Her name is Hope Armitage," she said, quietly. "Her mother, who has just died, was a widow—Mrs. Katharine Armitage. They were poor, and Mrs. Armitage seemed to have no relations. She had saved a little, enough to pay most of her expenses at the hospital, and—" She hesitated a moment, and then went on: "I am telling you everything very frankly, because you are you, but it was done quietly enough. We all loved the woman. She was very unusual, and patient and charming. All the nurses who had had anything to do with her cried when she died. We felt that she might have been saved if she had come in time, but she was worked out. She had earned her living by sewing, after her husband's death, three years ago, and she kept at it day and night. She hadn't much constitution to begin with, and none when she came to us. She was so sweet, so brave, yet so desperately miserable over leaving her little girl alone in the world—"

Dr. Van Valkenberg sat silent. It was true, then. This was Katharine's child. Had he not known it? Could he have failed to know it, whenever or wherever they had met? He had not known of the death of Armitage nor of the subsequent poverty of his widow, but he had known Katharine's baby, he now told himself, the moment he saw her.

"Well," the nurse resumed, "after she died we raised a small fund to buy some clothes for Hope, and take her to Chicago to her new home. Mrs. Armitage has a cousin there, who has agreed to take her in. None of the relatives came to the funeral; there are not many of them, and the Chicago people haven't much money, I fancy. They offered to send Hope's fare, or even to come for her if it was absolutely necessary; but they seemed very much relieved when we wrote that I would bring her out."

Dr. Van Valkenberg did not speak at once. He was hardly surprised. Life was full of extraordinary situations, and his profession had brought him face to face with many of them. Nevertheless, a deep solemnity filled him and a strange peace settled over him. He turned to the nurse with something of this in his face and voice.

"I want her," he said, briefly. "Her mother and father were old friends of mine, and this thing looks like fate. Will they give her to me—these Chicago people—do you think?"

Tears filled the woman's eyes.

"Indeed they will," she said, "and gladly. There was"—she hesitated—"there was even some talk of sending her to an institution before they finally decided to take her. Dear little Hope—how happy she will be with you!"

He left her, and went back to the seat where Hope sat, crooning to the doll. Sitting down, he gathered them both up in his arms, and a thrill shot through him as he looked at the yellow curls resting against his breast. Her child—her little, helpless baby—now his child, to love and care for. He was not a religious man; nevertheless a prayer rose spontaneously in his heart. But there was a plea to be made—a second plea, like the one he had made the mother; this time he felt that he knew the answer.

"Hope," he said, gently, "once, long ago, I asked a little girl to come and live with me, and she would not come. Now I want to ask you to come, and stay with me always, and be my own little girl, and let me take care of you and make you happy. Will you come?"

The radiance of June sunshine broke out upon her face and shone in the brown eyes upturned to his. How well he knew that look! Hope did not turn toward Nana, and that significant omission touched him deeply. She seemed to feel that here was a question she alone must decide. She drew a long breath as she looked up at him.

"Really, truly?" she asked. Then, as he nodded without speaking, she saw something in his face that was new to her. It was nothing to frighten a little girl, for it was very sweet and tender; but for one second she thought her new friend was going to cry! She put both arms around his neck, and replied softly, with the exquisite maternal cadences her voice had taken on in her first words to him when he entered the car:

"I'll be your own little girl, and I'll take care of you, too. You know, you said I could."

Dr. Van Valkenberg turned to the nurse.

"I shall go with you to her cousinis, from the train," he announced. "I'm ready to give them all the proofs they need that I'm a suitable guardian for the child, but," he added, with a touch of the boyishness that had never left him, "I want this matter settled now."

The long train pounded its way into the station at Chicago, and the nurse hurriedly put on Hope's coat and gloves and fastened the ribbons of her hood under her chin. Dr. Van Valkenberg summoned a porter.

"Take care of all these things," he said, indicating both sets of possessions with a sweep of the arm. "I shall have my hands full with my little daughter."

He gathered her into his arms as he spoke, and she nestled against his broad chest with a child's unconscious satisfaction in the strength and firmness of his clasp. The lights of the great station were twinkling in the early dusk as he stepped off the train, and the place was noisy with the greetings exchanged between the passengers and their waiting friends.

"Merry Christmas," "Merry Christmas," sounded on every side. Everybody was absorbed and excited, yet there were few who did not find time to turn a last look on a singularly attractive little child, held above the crowd in the arms of a tall man. She was laughing triumphantly as he bore her through the throng, and his heart was in his eyes as he smiled back at her.



Drawing by F. Strothmann

SANTA'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE

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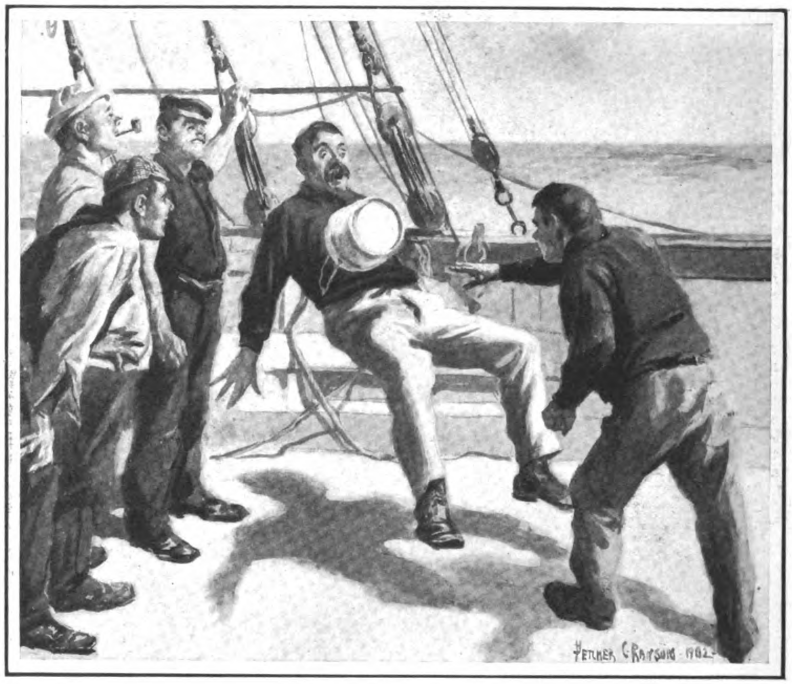
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Poverty's Bedfellows

By Morgan Robertson

I

MR. BROWN, the second mate, was a limited man,—efficient, of course, in his sphere, but restricted in range of view, unable to adjust himselt to peculiar conditions. To him, a sailor was a sailor—a man to be kept at work, and spoken to with stern emphasis; a captain a captain, to be addressed deferentially and called from sleep when top-gallant sails came in. It mattered little that the sailor carried a gun, or that he held his own position by reason of the sailor's respect for the amenities; while his orders were obeyed cheerfully and intelligently, he forgot the existence of the gun, and when he received orders from the captain, ignored the fact that they were mere suggestions, such as the sailor might approve of—as working for the general good. That the sailor might refuse to obey, or that the captain might not try to enforce, an order was not within the scope of his code of ethics. Even Sinful Peck's status was beyond the reach of this hide-bound creed. As third mate Sinful had been entitled to consideration; now, disrated and before the mast with his enemies, he was a sailor, to be treated accordingly. So, in this shipful of warring interests, centring only in a common wish to drive the vessel to San Francisco as soon as possible, Mr. Brown was most certainly foredoomed to trouble. It came to him on a bright forenoon a few days after the men had taken charge, when the ship, under whole sail, was riding easily over the long Pacific swell, and the watch on deck, having just braced the yards at his roaring behest, had resought the sunny spots of the deck to rest themselves. So far, no work but the morning washing down and the trimming of sail had been attempted since the mutiny; but Mr. Brown's keen eye casually detecting a few coils of the mizzen-topsail brace lying on the deck, and as according to his creed—which was to him also the will of Providence—ropes should be coiled up after belaying, he bawled out to the men, "Lay aft here, one o' you, and coil up that gear."



He let the bucket fly

A man—it was Tosser Galvin—came aft to the main-rigging, looked down at the rope, looked up at Mr. Brown at the head of the poop steps, faced forward—the action bringing to view the butt of a pistol in his hip pocket—and when he had bitten off the end of a tobacco-plug, called to his mates, "Send the cuspidore aft."

There was a commotion among them, and out from the group, propelled by the toe of a large boot, shot the small and fat Sinful. He waddled along the deck with as meek an expression of countenance as is compatible with a red and swollen nose shadowed by a blackened eye, and an elevated chin—elevated presumably to lift his damaged but still sensitive nose an inch or two further from the burden he carried on his chest. This was a "spit-kid," or forecastle cuspidore—the lower half of a bucket—and it was slung to his neck by a piece of spun-yarn. As he brought up before Tosser, the latter spat in the receptacle, pointed to the rope on the deck, and looked over his shoulder at Mr. Brown with an ironical, quizzical scowl that was peculiarly exasperating; then he walked forward, and Sinful coiled the brace on the pin.

But the rope being wet and stiff, the coils came down again just after Sinful had turned to go forward; and Mr. Brown, whose face had darkened at Tosser's insolence, but whose creed was abortive in the presence of his gun, sprang down the steps after Sinful—who had no gun—and chided him in a most officerly manner.

"All right, Mr. Brown—all right, sir," answered Sinful, smiling under the abuse, as he returned to the rope; "but I didn't see it come down again. There, sir—how's that?" He jumped the coils down between the others on the pin, and turned to the irate officer: "I think I can guarantee that it will stay up now, sir, and you can rest your soul in peace. Is there anything else I can do for you, sir? Do you desire to expectorate?"

He walked his odorous burden up to Mr. Brown. The speech and the action were insolent in the extreme, yet hardly warranted the violence of Mr. Brown's response. With an oath on his lips he drew back his fist, launched forward, and felled the little man to the deck. The contents of the cuspidore scattered far and wide.

"Now," roared the angry Mr. Brown, "go forward and get a draw-bucket and clean up this muss—and don't have any lip about it, neither."

An uproar of heartless laughter had applauded the feat. But the men forward were not the only spectators. Captain Jackson had climbed to the top of the after-house with his sextant, and had posted himself in a patch of sunlight for the mid-day observation, when the noise from below attracted his attention. As Sinful scrambled to his feet he called the second mate up to him. Mr. Brown came, and faced a man angrier than himself.

"D—n you," said the captain, in almost a whisper, so as not to be heard by the man at the wheel, "if I wasn't so cut and slashed and weak that I can hardly bear my own weight, I'd break your fool head for this. Do you still recognize my authority as lawful master o' this ship?"

"Why, yes, Capt'n," said the astonished second mate. "But why — what — why—sir."

"Why—what—why," repeated the captain, hoarsely. "What 'd you hit him for? He saved my life once. D'you think I forget it? You've made three parts o' the trouble I've had with this crew by not knowing when to let 'em alone. Now I can't prevent those men from abusing Peck, but, by Gawd! I'll prevent you."

"But he gave me lip, sir; and he's 'fore the mast now. You disrated him—"

"Under compulsion, you d—d idiot. And d'you think, if they wanted you and me 'fore the mast, they couldn't have their way—with every gun on board in their hands? But they haven't taken away my authority over you. Get down there, take that draw-bucket from Peck, and clean up that mess yourself."

For strict accordance with and dependence upon Mr. Brown's creed Captain Jackson had said too much—he should not have admitted his helplessness just before ordering a limited second mate to menial duty. Mr. Brown looked at him with wide-open eyes, then at Sinful Peck coming aft on the main-deck with a draw-bucket, the dragging lanyard of which, in the hands of Tosser Galvin, was coming down on his back and shoulders as a whip. Behind Tosser, flocking along like school-boys scenting a row, each with pistol, rifle, or shot-gun strongly in evidence, were the rest of the starboard watch.

"Did you hear what I told you?" said the captain, in a great passion, "or do you want to class in with those mutineers?"

What may have been of later disadvantage in such a classification may not have appealed to Mr. Brown's illogical mind. One of the mutineers had just tripped and pushed Sinful so that he rolled on the deck. Mr. Brown already classed in with them in antagonism to Sinful. Still he temporized.

"Capt'n," he said, "I hit that little devil for givin' lip, as I've

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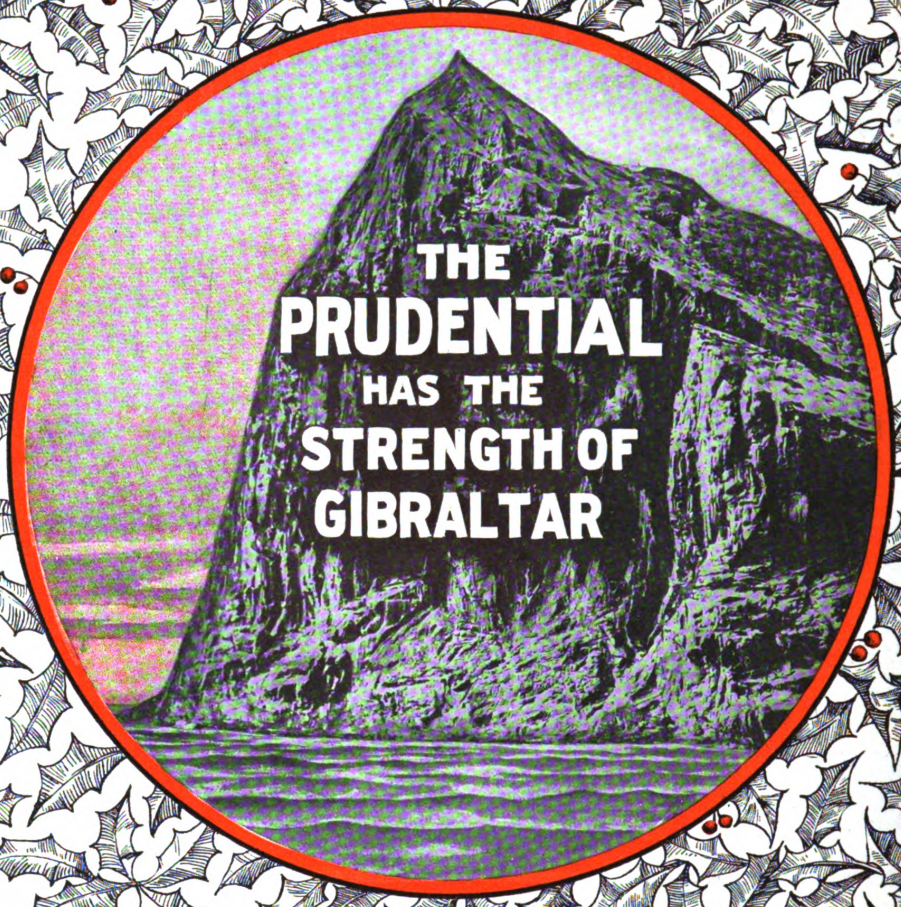
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never squared that up. He shipped 'fore the mast, and I shipped second mate, but you made him a pet and took him aft—"

"As I chose to," stormed the captain. "And by the same authority I send you 'fore the mast. Get down off this house. Take your dunnage out o' that room. If I stand alone in this ship, I'm her skipper, by Gawd! as far as you're concerned."

Captain Jackson no longer suppressed his voice; not only the man at the wheel, but the men beneath on the main-deck could hear plainly; they ceased attentions to Sinful and looked up inquiringly, while Sinful picked up himself and the fallen draw-bucket, and the observant helmsman sang out, derisively, "John Brown, come out o' the house; come out o' the house, John Brown."

II

The irreverent speech could hardly have influenced Mr. Brown. But here was an unjust captain bent upon humiliating him, and down below the reckless, rollicking crowd of men whose souls were full of hatred for this captain, and whose present mission in life seemed the tormenting of Sinful Peck, the cause of his trouble. They would welcome him; but he would make the last stand of the defeated and dethroned.

"All right," he grumbled. "I'll go forrard all right, but I'm d—d if that fat son of a thief don't obey my last order."

He swung himself over the house rail to the alley and descended the poop steps; then he made a run toward Sinful, caught him as he was climbing the rail with the bucket, and pulled him down.

"What ye sogerin' about?" he thundered in his ear. "Didn't I tell you to clean up this deck? Hey? What ye sogerin' about?"

He had raised his fist to strike the small man again, but did not. Sinful's limits of endurance were reached. "Let go," he shouted, angrily. "D—n you, let go." Then he wriggled out of the assailant's grasp and, with the bucket-rope still in his hand, sprang back. The men crowded around, voicing approval and encouragement—some to Mr. Brown, some to Sinful; but all of it lacked sympathy.

"If I'm to be hammered to death," yelled Sinful, swinging the heavy, water-soaked bucket around his head, "I don't care who I kill first."

He let the bucket fly, and it struck the misguided Mr. Brown squarely in the chest, knocking him back and down. The men yelled their delight.

"Go it, Sinful," they said. "Go for him, Brown. Don't take that from a foremast hand. Get another draw-bucket. Fight it out with buckets."

"Keep back, all of you," screamed the enraged Sinful, swinging his missile again. "Let me alone, you d—d Indians." They laughingly gave him room.

"Hold on there, Sinful," called a voice from the cabin door. "Drop the bucket. Mr. Brown, keep your hands off that man; he's our meat."

Mr. Brown, who had arisen, halted on his way toward Sinful, and looked around, while Sinful, letting the bucket fall to the deck, called out:

"Poopdeck, if you've any authority whatever over these brutes, use it, or, by heavens! I'll do murder. I can give and take a practical joke, but I won't stand much more of this."

"None in your case, Sinful," said Poopdeck, "and if I had it I wouldn't use it." He crowded through the group of men, a quadrant in his hand. "Your record's bad. You should have thought o' this before. You crimped us out o' New York, queered our case at Singapore and Manila, engineered us into jail at Shanghai, and into irons on the way out. Now you must take what comes. Who made this muss on the deck?" Poopdeck looked around at the men.

"Mr. Brown made it," said Sinful.

"Peck made it," said Mr. Brown.

"They both did it," declared one of the men.

"He knocked me down," said Sinful, vehemently, "and the cuspidore which my dear friends and town-fellows hung to my neck was spilled."

"Mr. Cahill," called the captain, from the monkey-rail above them, "Peck speaks the truth. I have ordered my second mate, who is still under my authority, to clean up the deck himself. On his refusing I have ordered him before the mast. As acting first mate, will you see that my orders are carried out?"

"Most certainly, Skipper," answered Poopdeck, with a smile, and he turned to Mr. Brown. "You hear this?" he added. "You're 'fore the mast from this on."

"Yes, I'm one o' you," said the disgraced officer. "And you hear that, Cap'n," he called upward, shaking his fist. "I'm one o' this crowd now. Just look out how you handle me." Then he looked around at his brethren with a fraternal, though sickly, smile on his seamy face. But no answering smile welcomed him.

"Who the h—l made you one of us?" asked Tosser Galvin, in a tone of disgust. "You'll pull ropes with us, at the tail end; and you'll do as you're told by any man aboard, except Sinful; but you class with him, not us."

"That's right," said others. "They're a pair. Let 'em both clean the deck."

"Take hold o' that bucket," commanded Poopdeck, "and help Sinful."

"Bear a hand there, Brown," they chorussed. "Get to work. Go get a broom, Sinful." Sinful procured a broom from the rack in the hatch-house, while Brown—mister no longer—looked blankly around at the scowling faces and mounted the rail with the draw-bucket. Then, as he and his late victim began washing down the deck, the men went forward, and Poopdeck climbed to the top of the house with his quadrant. He found the captain, pale of face, seated supinely on the skylight.

"Mr. Cahill," he said, weakly, "I must depend upon your observation this noon. I cannot stand up. I cannot retain my strength after any excitement."

"All right, Skipper," answered Poopdeck, seeking a position where he would not need to turn his back upon the captain while sighting the sun. Failing in this, he removed a pistol from a hip to a front pocket of his trousers; for captains, deprived of authority, are prone to be tricky. Noticing the transfer, Captain Jackson said, petulantly:

"You needn't be afraid of me now. My first mate is dead, my second disrated. I stand alone. All I want is to get to 'Frisco quickly."

"Where you hope to jail us for mutiny, eh?" answered Poopdeck, squinting through the sights of his quadrant. "Well, we're just as anxious: and if you haven't blood enough to stand up with, it's your own fault.

"There are six or seven men in their bunks forward, worse off than you: but if you'd let us out of irons in time the pirates wouldn't have got aboard at all, and no one would have been hurt. What's the matter with you?"

The captain, in endeavoring to rise, had fallen to the deck. Poopdeck assisted him to the skylight and asked, "Want the steward?"

"I would like to talk with Peck. He is a skilled physician—and I don't seem to get well."

"Sinful," called Poopdeck over the monkey-rail, "let Brown finish that job, and come up here."

Sinful soon appeared, quite recovered from his late rage, but resembling anything but a skilled physician. Both eyes were black now, and he was dripping wet.

"Pardon my dishevelled appearance, gentlemen," he said, suavely. "My new friend and co-worker has a hard fist and a harder heart. He threw a bucket of water over me as I was leaving him. And my dear friends forward think it a splendid joke. Hear them laughing yet."

"Attend to the skipper," said Poopdeck, sternly.

Sinful examined pulse and tongue, then said: "You want nothing but rest, quiet, and nourishing food, Captain—though, if I can have access to the medicine-chest, I can fix you up a tonic."

"You'd better keep away from the medicine-chest," said the listening Poopdeck. "You fixed up a dose of prickly-heat for us that kept us aboard at Manila."

"It was a contagious skin-disease that you had acquired at Singapore," said Sinful. "The health-officer so diagnosed it."

"It was croton oil in the water you washed our clothes in," said Poopdeck, hotly. "Now shut up." He took another sight at the sun, and Sinful shook with silent glee.

"Do you deny me the benefit of Peck's knowledge of drugs, Mr. Cahill?" asked the captain, with dignity.

"No—no—provided he takes the thing forward."

"But you deny me the benefit of the medicine-chest," said Sinful. "If I must carry that cuspidore around much longer, I will be the sickest man aboard. I have a splitting headache now."

Poopdeck lowered his quadrant and called "eight bells" to the helmsman. When the bell was struck aft, and repeated forward, he looked down into the little man's face and said: "Swallow the whole medicine-chest. Poison yourself if you can."

"Thank you," answered Sinful, quietly. "I really am telling the truth. I am ill."

Poopdeck went below to work out the latitude, and Sinful followed, returning soon with the tonic he had recommended to the captain. He worked his lips as he handed it over, as though there was a bad taste in his mouth.

"Quinine's bitter stuff to take straight, Captain," he said. "But I suppose I'm lucky to get it in any way. I'm having hard times forward."

"How are they treating you?" asked the captain.

"Inhumanly, Captain. Besides carrying the cuspidore and trotting up to each man who wants to expectorate, I must do all the menial work of the two forecastles, wash their clothes, and act as punching-bag when they want exercise."

"Can't you dope them, and get hold of a gun or two?"

"Not easily, sir. They won't let me near the grub, nor into the forecastle alone. They throw my meals out on deck to me, and I sleep on the carpenter-shop floor with my patients. One man is detailed to watch me at night."

"How is the carpenter getting on, and the cook, and the rest?"

"Fairly well, sir. They'll all recover in time. One of the gang attends to the cooking, you know, and when my duties permit I bandage the patients—but not much longer, I'm afraid. I've a chill on me now, and have a bad tongue—examined it in Chips' mirror this morning. Look at it, sir." He extended his tongue: it was thickly coated.

The captain smiled meaningly. "A physician," he said, "and a lawyer, besides being a sailor. Have you been an actor too?"

Sinful's reply was silenced by the sudden presence of Poopdeck Cahill. He appeared at the head of the steps just in time to hear the last few words and see the protruding tongue, and sternly ordered the confab closed.

"Yes, you're a pretty good actor," he said, to the retreating Sinful; "you can make your tongue look as you like, and you can simulate any symptoms of any disease known to you: but can't fool this crowd any more. Just, then, you try any soldiering, if you dare."

He followed him down the steps, and forward, while the captain painfully descended to his dinner. When he came up at one bell he saw the whole crew lounging about the forward deck, smoking and laughing. Among them Brown and Sinful moved

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as they were called or beckoned, side by side, with arms lashed together and the cuspidore slung to their necks.

"Harnessed to a man who hates him more than they do," muttered the captain. "But—while he has the run of the medicine-chest—I'll trust him to outwit them yet."

III

A little later Tosser Galvin came aft and announced himself elected second mate in place of Mr. Brown. Poopdeck gravely introduced Mister Galvin to Captain Jackson.

"Not that I'm the best man for the berth, Cap'n," he said, in mock seriousness, "nor that any one else wants it; nor that in this government of the crew, for the crew, a second mate is needed; nor is it to kindly stand your watch for you, for you deserve no particular consideration. But I want to remove myself from the vicinity of Sinful Peck. I can't pass him without slugging him, and the habit grows. I fear I will kill him. I am going home, to my family and my business, and I want no complications with the police."

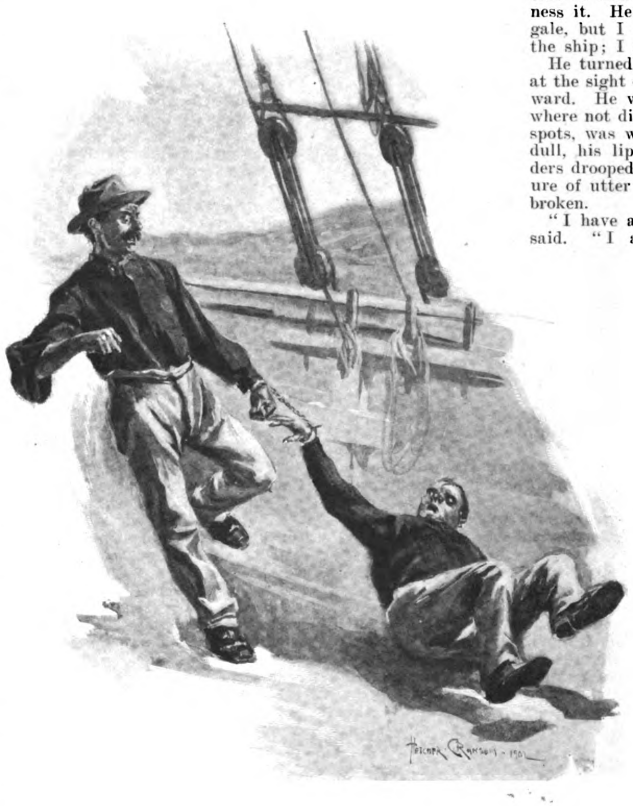
"And do you think you will escape them?" asked the skipper. "For depriving me of command each of you is liable to a heavy fine and from two to ten years in prison."

"Not in the glorious land of the dollar, Capt'n," answered Tosser, with a grin; "and if you argue on technicalities, we haven't deprived you of command; only deprived you of your guns. You disrated your officers."

"You are mutinous sailors, just the same," said the captain, doggedly.

"Now, Skipper," said Poopdeck, good-humoredly, "get that notion out of your head. You've too much faith in that little devil's description of us—dock-rats and hoboes. He saved your life, and you're fond of him; that's admitted. But can't you read him yet? He's a shrewd, brainy lawyer, who had been a physician, and before that a seaman. He's gifted with a peculiar sense of humor which impelled him to shanghai his friends when he shipped on his fool bet, and exert every energy since to make them finish the voyage with him. Well—he's succeeded, but he isn't happy; neither is his dear friend Brown, if I'm a judge of human nature. Look at them."

They looked just in time to see Brown, his free hand on Sinful's throat, choking and shaking him as vigorously as their bonds permitted. The men applauded hilariously; but when Sinful fell helplessly to the deck, a large man stepped leisurely toward him, lifted Sinful to his feet, and wagged a big forefinger in Brown's face.



Was being kicked vigorously by the latter

"Bigpig's too d—d soft-hearted," said Tosser, in a tone of disgust. "Why shouldn't one dog worry another? It's their nature."

"But you wouldn't tie two dumb brutes together," said the captain, in a rage. "By Gawd! if I'd known this I'd ha' kept Brown aft where I could control him."

"Captain," said Poopdeck, coldly, "you're excited. Better go below and quiet your nerves."

But the hard-hearted Tosser and the cold-hearted Poopdeck partly redeemed themselves a few moments later. Captain Jackson left them, not to go below, but to go forward, where he shook his fist in Brown's face and used language unbecoming one deprived of authority; for which the limited Brown knocked him down.

"The contemptible cur," exclaimed Poopdeck, "to hit a wounded man."

"Let's kick the lungs out of him," snarled Tosser; and the two leaped off the poop and ran forward. But the others were ahead of them. Mr. Brown was already disconnected from Sinful when they arrived, and hard fists and heavy boots were impinging upon various parts of his anatomy with all the force that strong and indignant men could give them, while his yells of pain troubled the air. The huge Bigpig stopped the punishment before these yells grew too faint, and then said sternly to the captain, who had picked himself up and was leaning against a water-tank:

"Now, Jackson, you'll possibly see a good deal going on here that you won't approve of, but we won't have you interfering—understand? We're not ill-treating you, and we won't have you struck when you're sick; and you can take your ship into 'Frisco, nominally in command; but until then we're in command. Now go aft where you belong."

Brown, not able, or not willing, to move, was being bundled into the carpenter shop, and his bearers were jocularly commenting on his bad taste. Captain Jackson went aft, followed by Tosser and Poopdeck. They met at the forward cabin door.

"You understand the situation, Captain," said Poopdeck, gravely. "The wrong done us by that little fat devil cannot be righted by means of any legal procedure on shore; and coals of fire would cool on his head. As for Brown—I don't think he'll hit you again."

"Have you left me any authority at all," asked the captain, weakly, as he leaned for support against the house—"over Brown? He's not one of you. If I have that authority, I order him in irons for striking me."

"You disrated him, Captain, and you have no authority over any one forward. Besides, Brown is a help to us."

"To help you torture Peck," responded the captain, in a tone which indicated the animus of his suggestion to iron Brown. "I don't care to witness it. He went overboard after me in a gale, but I can't help him. Take care of the ship; I shall stay below."

He turned to enter the cabin, but paused at the sight of Sinful approaching from forward. He walked languidly, and his face, where not disfigured by red, black, and blue spots, was white and drawn, his eyes were dull, his lips were parted, and his shoulders drooped as he walked. He was a picture of utter misery, but his spirit was unbroken.

"I have another patient, gentlemen," he said. "I am after arnica and plaster bandages from the medicine-chest. Though I would that the cup should pass from me, I must nurse Mr. Brown. With care and attention he will be able to assist at the cuspidore to-morrow; but by that time I fear there will be a second vacancy."

Poopdeck closely scanned his face, and said: "You have free permission to poison yourself, Sinful, but not too quickly. What are you dosing yourself with?"

"Quinine, you unhuman Comanche," returned Sinful; "I've a bad chill, and there'll be a febrile reaction to-morrow; but don't fancy I'll think of suicide."

A shaking of weather leeches attracted Poopdeck's attention, and he and Tosser left them to brace the yards.

"I am utterly powerless, Peck, and can't help it," said the captain, with a weary smile on his own pale face as he turned from him; "but you're doing well—you may hoodwink them." Then he entered the cabin, and Sinful stared blankly after him before following. Coming down the poop steps and looking hard at him was Poopdeck, who, unseen by the captain, must have heard his last remark.

"Here, you—come out o' that." Sinful came. "You look too innocent," continued Poopdeck. "Keep away from that medicine-chest, and come to me for what you want. Lend a hand on the main-brace."

"I want arnica and plaster, as I said," responded Sinful, "and quinine for myself. I don't know what ails me." His tone was as innocent as his face.

"I know what ails you," said Poopdeck, harshly. "Get to work."

Sinful went forward, and applied no more for access to the medicine. When questioned at the close of the day, he said, wearily: "I want nothing until I can diagnose my symptoms. Quinine does not relieve them. As for Brown—nurse him yourselves." And upon Brown's emphatic declaration, delivered painfully between thickened lips, that he did not want his ministrations, they relieved him of this duty.

Twenty-four hours is a long time for a skipper, even one deprived of active command, to remain off the deck; and on the next afternoon Captain Jackson appeared; but what he saw sent him back. It was not the gray waste of sea and sky, nor the charging combers that hammered his ship, for she was in ballast, and rode them like an egg-shell; nor was it the shipshape condition of his spars and top-hamper. His trained ear had noted all the morning the progress of shortening sail, and the confident

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ring and twang to roaring orders apprised him that all was going well. The vessel was hove to under reefed topsails; men in oil-skins, belted and armed, paced up and down under the shelter of the weather rail; a few were coiling up the lately used fore-top-sail halyards and braces. Poopdeck and Tosser, equipped like the rest, stood in the weather alley, staring into the storm; and the helmsman held the kicking wheel with one hand. The ship was in good hands, and, sick man that he was, his presence could be dispensed with. But down the lee scuppers was the sight that drove him down, cursing to himself. Sinful, flat on his back on the slanting deck, with his right wrist manacled to Brown's left, was being kicked vigorously by the latter to induce him to rise. The captain's last glimpse showed him his friend being dragged bodily by the rejuvenated Brown up to the shelter of the weather rail, with the cuspidore hanging between them. He remained in his room until visited at nightfall by Poopdeck.

"Wish you'd come forward, Capt'n," said the mate, with a little of doubt in his face and voice, "and take a look at Sinful."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he's talking to himself. We've put him in the carpenter shop. But we don't want to carry this thing too far."

"You don't," sneered the captain. "No; you're willing to torture him until he might wish for death, but you don't want him to die. You don't want actual murder on your souls. Well, I tell you,"—the captain

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raised his voice,—"get out of it the best way you can. I would rather see him dead than suffering as he does, and I know he would rather die. The man is sick, and he told you so in my presence."

"Now, Skipper, you know better than that," expostulated the uneasy Poopdeck. "You know as well as I do that he's drugged himself to play off sick. But he needs an antidote now."

"Well, let him alone and he'll find one."

Poopdeck left the cabin, and the captain remained below until the following morning, when he stepped out through the forward companion. The gale had passed, and the ship was riding along under full sail. Forward, the watch was drying the wet deck, and among them worked Brown, alone. Poopdeck and Tosser stood near the companion, and as the captain appeared, Bigpig joined them from forward.

"He's coming round all right," said the latter. "D—d feverish and delirious until about half an hour ago, when he quieted down. He's all broken out in a pimply rash on the forehead, and it's spreading. The dope coming out through the skin, I s'pose. But the cripples don't want him among them. S'pose we put him in 'tweendeck?"

"No," objected Poopdeck. "What's the use of two hospitals? There's nothing infectious."

"There might be," said the captain, impulsively. "Perhaps I have more knowledge of these things than you. I'll see him."

"You won't," said Poopdeck, placing himself before the captain. "You missed your chance last evening, when, I admit, we were worried. He's all right now, and when he's able to stand, the circus begins again."

"But the eruption," began the captain. "For your own—"

"He's sound asleep, and 'll soon wake up and peep for his breakfast," interrupted Bigpig. "I told you, Skipper, we'd have no meddling."

"But if there's infection in my ship," exclaimed the captain, explosively, "and if Peck, my best friend on earth—"

"Go into your cabin and remain there," said Poopdeck, sternly. "Remain there until we call you out. Go—and don't force us to action."

The other two closed up beside Poopdeck, and the captain regarded their threatening eyes. He turned and entered the cabin.

There he remained, a prisoner of state, denied even the services of his steward, and receiving his meals from the tarry hands of a sailor, for two days more, when Poopdeck's angry voice shouted down the aft-companion: "Might as well come up. You'll be interested."

He ascended to the deck. Seamanlike, his first glance was aloft, and at the monkey-gaff on the mizzen he saw the small flags of the international signal code which made up his ship's number. The main-topsail was backed, and about a quarter-mile away on the heaving blue lay a white cruiser with the American flag at the stern. Poopdeck and Tosser stood near the wheel, the rest of the mutineers amidships.

"The jig's up, Skipper," said Poopdeck, as he handed him the binoculars, and pointed to a number of white-clad men clearing away a boat. "That's the same fellow that lay at Shanghai with us."

"Good!" answered the captain, with a delightful smile, as he took the glasses. "But how, may I ask, or why, did you let him know how much I needed him?"

A look of hearty disgust and chagrin came to Poopdeck's face in spite of his effort at self-control, but neither he nor Tosser answered the question.

"And how is Peck—dead or alive?" asked the captain, still smiling.

"About the same, Skipper," answered Poopdeck. "Out of his head, and the pim-

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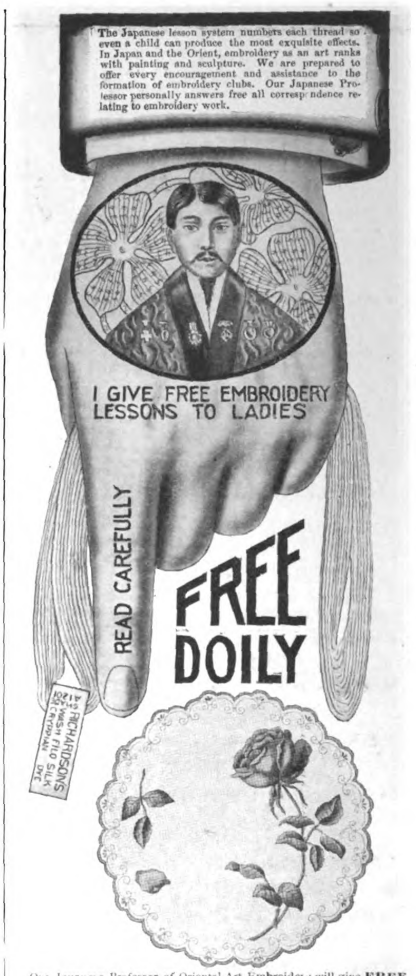
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ples are bigger, that's all. Come, Tosser, we don't belong to the poop. If he's out of his head we can't apply the antidote."

"Wait," said the smiling skipper. "As the boat hasn't started, suppose we signal for a surgeon to come along. Have I your permission?"

"The jig's up, I told you," answered Poop-deck. "Suit yourself."

"I'll do that much for the poor little cuss," said Tosser, turning back to a pile of flags near the companion. "Give me the letters, captain."

"F. C. D.," answered the captain, after inspecting the signal-book.

Tosser ran up the letters as he hauled down the number, and an affirmative answer appeared on the cruiser's signal-yard.

Then Tosser followed his fellow-officer down to the main-deck, where they joined their disquieted townsmen amidships.

"We thought there was something wrong, Captain," said one of a couple of officers who preceded the boat's crew up the side ten minutes later. "When over a dozen men muster on the top-gallant forecastle of a Yankee ship at ten in the morning—all smoking pipes—we get suspicious. And I see"—he glanced at the group amidships—"that everybody carries side-arms but yourself. What has happened?"

"A fight with Boxer pirates on the coast," answered the captain, "in which I was forced to release my mutineers. Then, having arms, and with my mate killed, they controlled the situation. They have just released me."

"Um-humph! State-prison offence, that," said the officer. "By-the-way—pardon me. This is Dr. Fleming. You signalled for a surgeon."

The captain shook hands with the surgeon.

"I did. I have a competent mate in the carpenter shop who drugged himself into sickness to escape their persecution. I think he overdosed himself."

"I'll see him," said the surgeon, turning away. He beckoned to a couple of the boat's crew as he passed them, and together they moved forward.

"Now what do you want to do, captain?" asked the officer. "Send them aboard our ship in irons? What, then, will you do for a crew? We are short-handed."

"No, decidedly no," answered Captain Jackson, warmly. "Disarm them for me, and get Mr. Peck out of their hands. With arms I'll sail these devils into the infernal regions and out again."

"We can do that, Captain. Muster them aft."

They came at the captain's call, sober-faced and dogged, and piled their weapons on the booby-hatch at his command.

"You can make Honolulu in a day or two," suggested the officer, "where you can jail them and ship a new crowd."

The men heard, and saw the workings of the captain's face. Bigpig spoke up.

"I've this to say, sir," he said to the officer, "that we're American citizens, and are willing to face any consequences in any American court."

"Are you?" asked the captain, hotly, as he fingered a revolver on the hatch. "Well, you'll face some of the consequences right here aboard this ship; and we won't put into Honolulu, either."

There was a commotion forward. Out of the carpenter shop came the surgeon and the two sailors, and aft on a run. Half-way the surgeon halted and called to the other two: "Keep away from everybody. Get over to leeward." But, blowing their noses and breathing hard, they had joined their mates.

"Small-pox!" yelled the surgeon. "Small-pox—and a bad case from neglect. The man's half dead. Mr. Belknap, this boat's crew must not go back to the cruiser. Four hundred men must not be exposed to the infection."

"My Gawd!" exclaimed the captain, "and I thought he was shamming."

The two men who had accompanied the surgeon found themselves deserted; the men from the cruiser scattered, and a few crowded among the men of the ship. "No use," yelled one; "they're all in it," and again they scattered.

"That's right," shouted the surgeon. "Might as well flock together. We're all caught. Any symptoms lying around?" he asked, with a grim smile. "Anybody with

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chills, headache, pain in the back? Speak up."

A defaced and blemished, woe-begone creature limped up to him and said, hoarsely: "That's just the way I feel, sir. I was second mate here, but he put me 'fore the mast, he did, d—n him!"—his voice became a shriek—"and they tied me to him—him! Now I've got it. I've got it—smallpox."

They shrank away from him, and he staggered apart and leaned against the rail. Four others stepped up in turn, all complaining of headache, nausea, shivery feelings.

"Peck's first symptoms," muttered the captain. "What a fool I am!"

"Mr. Belknap," said the surgeon, coming close, "there's but one thing to do. Put into Honolulu and quarantine this ship. Medical attention may save most of this crew; otherwise she will never reach San Francisco."

The pale ensign bowed his head. "We will signal for instructions," he said.

A display of bunting on both ships finally brought the order: "Proceed to Honolulu. I will accompany."

A month later Captain Jackson sat by the side of a thin, bright-eyed little man who reclined at full length on his cabin transom—a small skeleton of a man, whose wan face was deeply pitted with little red depressions.

"And didn't you know you had it, Peck?" he asked.

"Never dreamed of it, Capt'n. I suppose I caught it on that visit up the river in Shanghai, but, until I lost my senses, thought it was a mild fever. Who caught it from me?"

The captain's face grew grave. "Brown first," he said. "He went to pieces and died quickly. Every one of the wounded men who bunked in the carpenter shop went under; their strength wasn't equal to it. How I escaped is a wonder, unless it's because I was vaccinated at New York."

"And the gang?" asked Sinful.

"All showed more or less of the symptoms, but all have recovered—or will recover. None of the cruiser's people caught it, but they are still aboard. The quarantine won't be lifted for a couple of weeks. Dr. Fleming was invaluable. But whom do you think spent most time nursing you, Peck?"

"Don't know, Captain. Was it you?"

"Tosser Galvin, Poopdeck Cahill, and Bigpig Monahan."

Sinful was silent a few moments, then his face hardened.

"And they spent the most time hazing me," he said, bitterly. "Will you pay them off here, Captain?"

"No. I couldn't find a crew to take their places in this pest-ship. They must finish the run to 'Frisco. You will go out first mate."

"And they will have finished the voyage with me."

He closed his eyes, and the faintest of smiles crept over his wasted face.

The captain grinned.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honours perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse,
Which for once had play unstifled,
Seems the sole work of a lifetime
That away the rest have trifled.

—*Browning.*

Those who have ascended to the summit of the mountain sit quiet and familiarly side by side; it is only those who are climbing with briers about their legs that kick and scramble.—*Landor.*

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The Redemption of Darnley

By Karl Edwin Harriman

COLLEGE spirit is of two kinds — that which moves the college man, and that which sways the college mob. The one is distinctly a characteristic of the individual, genuine, sincere; the other actuates only the movements of the crowd, spurious and false. Individually, therefore, the average college man is an animal easily controlled, obedient, and harmless; while collectively, college men, swayed by the impulse of the moment, constitute one of the most irresponsible, disreputable, and altogether dangerous mobs of incipient criminals to be found anywhere out of jail.

This is the story of the college mob; and its spirit jangles out of tune. Moreover, it is the story of the long ago, before the pensive co-eds came in hordes to soften and restrain the fury of the student body. It has about it an almost mediævel ferocity. Such an incident as that which forms the base would be impossible now. The West has become civilized—Easternized, if you will. There are those, to be sure, who still maintain it to be nothing more than a wide expanse of territory peopled with a certain washed-out New-Englandism; but the West scorns this allegation. It goes its way building more bridges, laying more rails, and rejoicing—not to say boasting—in its civilization, while at the same time it looks back with a tear-tempered smile at that other day when a certain ingenuous lawlessness was the key-note of its life and a sort of semi-barbarism reigned supreme.

There are white-haired men to be found scattered here and there between Chicago and the coast who remember, albeit vaguely, halcyon days of circus mobs at old Ann Arbor. Their recollections dimmed and softened by the intervening years, they have come to regard the scenes and incidents of their college life as the designs traced by fairy fingers in the fabric of some youthful, half-forgotten dream.

So this is the Old Man's story, told in the old way—his way, as near as it is possible for me to transcribe his words:

"And that," said Jamison, in conclusion, "is how Kelly beat his kidnappers."

The Old Man had heard him through attentively. He had smiled, and his eyes had twinkled his pleasures behind his huge spectacles.

"I see the old customs haven't entirely died out," he said; and then: "By-the-way, do circuses show here nowadays?"

Jamison, who was a P.G., shook his head. "Not in the term," he replied; "at least the big ones don't. You used to have great times with circuses, didn't you? I believe there are still two or three rather lively stories rolling about town yet, of your exploits. Ever have a hand in one of the rows yourself?"

We waited for the Old Man's answer. It did not come for a moment. He regarded the ash of his cigar critically.

"Yes, I did have a hand in one of the famous old rows," he said, finally. "It was in my Freshman year. I really didn't do much more than look on. It was pretty rough."

Jamison called a waiter and pointed to the Old Man's stein. It was refilled and set before him. He nodded his thanks.

"Pretty bad row, was it?" one of us suggested — I think little Clifford, a Sophomore who was waiting over for summer school.

"Yes, pretty bad," replied the Old Man, lifting the stone mug to his lips with a little inclination of his head—"pretty bad."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Yes, good many hurt, none seriously—fifteen or twenty, if I remember right." He lowered the stein, and squaring himself before us, rested his elbows on the stained table and pulled at his mustache with both hands. It was Commencement week, and the Old Man was back for his class reunion.

"Most of you have heard the story of it, I guess," he said. "But maybe you've never had it at first hand. I'd just as soon tell it. It was all that happened exciting during my whole college course. The boys got a good-enough time out of it to remain

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riet for four years afterward. I believe, rough, lesser rows have occurred once or vice since."

"Tell it, anyway!" Jamison called, down he length of the table.

The Old Man smiled and relighted his gar.

"We were a different sort of fellows in hose days," he began, "different from you oys. You see, most of us had been born nd bred on farms, and when we got here was the first time in our lives that we'd een free from the restraining influences f home—pretty apt to be a little careless—ough—you know. I guess nearly all you oys come from the cities, where a sort of igher civilization prevails than used to ut here on what was then generally called he Western frontier. There were fewer of is, too. And knowing each other, there vas seldom a row of any sort that every hap in college hadn't a hand in. Taking it ll together, I think there was a little more pirit—of the wrong kind—in my day than here is now, when interests are so divided, nd the classes so big, that members don't know one another."

Jamison, the oldest among us, and an honor man in sociology, nodded gravely. "Yes, the fellows are pretty tame now, comparatively, I suppose," he said.

"I guess so," the Old Man went on. "Still, in the old days there was always some one man who stood at the head of things, whom the others looked up to as a sort of chief. There was such a one here in my time. He was a Junior when I came, a tremendously big fellow, hailing from somewhere up in the wilds of Wisconsin. He stood a perfect giant, six feet three or four in his stocking feet. Let me see: as I remember, he must have been about twenty-seven. By-the-way, that's one of the things I've noticed, coming back here year after year to reunions, the students seem to be younger each time I come—"

"Yes," little Clifford broke in, who shouldn't have; "it 'll be nothing but a big kindergarten, before long."

"I shouldn't say that," the Old Man proceeded, "but the boys *look* younger, anyway. Nowadays a fellow's fitted for college by the time he's sixteen: in my day a man under twenty-five seldom showed up for matriculation. Our big man's name was Darnley—Frank Darnley: he was a good bit of a fighter, and the most devil-may-care chap I ever knew in my life. He went into the army afterwards. The Indians killed him—out West, ten or a dozen years ago. There was a good deal about it in the papers at the time. As I've said, he was a Junior when I was a Freshman; and our big circus row came along in the spring of that year, around the first of June, if I remember correctly—anyway, it was before examinations. One day a lot of men came into town to put up the bills. There was a big board down on Huron Street, near the engine-house, only there wasn't an engine-house there then—just a vacant lot full of ragweed and golden-rod. Coming up from the post-office one morning, I stopped to read the bills."

Hesitating, the Old Man regarded first one of us, then another. He pulled steadily at his cigar the while, as though arranging the details of his story in his mind.

"While I was standing there Darnley came along. He hadn't seen the posters, either, and stopped alongside me. I must have looked like a pygmy in the shadow of his bigness. As he stared at the pictures his face lighted up, and looking down at me he said, 'Well, I guess we'll have to bust up that show, won't we?' I think I looked at him stupidly, for he said the same thing again. You see, being a Freshman, I didn't know anything of the average college mob's natural, instinctive antipathy for a circus. 'And it's a railroad show,' Darnley said. 'When's it coming?' He had to stoop to read the little date-bill beneath the pictures. If I'm not mistaken, the show was due in Ann Arbor in about two weeks."

The Old Man paused a moment.

"Go on," some one called. He pulled back his chair so he could cross his legs. With one forearm resting on the table, his fingers fumbling the handle of the stein, he talked to us, sidewise:

"The morning of circus day a lot of us went down to the station to see the show

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come in. There wasn't a beautiful st station with a terraced lawn and flow beds there then; just a cheap, barny, wooden building painted a dark red. never seen a circus get into a town bef There were five or six elephants—big lows in my eyes—and the way they stead the heavy wagons and tarpaulin-cove chariots, as the men rolled them down gangways from the cars, was mighty int esting, I can tell you. Darnley didn't min with us that morning. He sat on a fence the top of State Street hill and watched process from there. As circuses go n that wasn't a particularly large one, but was the biggest I'd ever seen—it was second, you know. There were three or f camels, fifteen or twenty cages, and about hundred horses. We followed the caravan to the show-ground. In my day circus used to exhibit on the old fair-groun away out Washtenaw Avenue. The big fie has been cut up into city lots since, and t ring, side-show, and wagon sites of lo ago have gone the way of all things earthly A good many of us hung around the ten all the afternoon. Darnley advised a few t go inside, just to allay suspicion, and course we obeyed. We obeyed Darnley i everything. But we were impatient for t night performance, just the same. The was row in the very air. It was a ho still day; not a breeze stirring.

"If we'd only known that those tough faced circus men had been warned by a agent who had come to town a few day ahead of the show, that there was troub brewing, I'm pretty certain there wouldn have been any row at all. They wer thoroughly prepared for us. About te minutes before the performance began tha night, scores of them came into the ten and lolled around on the grass at th edge of the hippodrome track. Each one them fondled a heavy tent-stake, about fou feet long, shod with iron at one end, an as big around as a young tree. The face of the men were sour and sullen, and th glances they shot us, every now and then boded ill for any one who might attemp to make a disturbance. At the same time w were armed, too. Most of us carried heav canes, and there were a few whose coa tails bulged suspiciously. I am not prepare to say there was not a coupling-pin her and there among us. Also there were a few sections of lead pipe, about two fee long, concealed down innocent-looking trou ser legs."

"Phew!" whistled little Clifford. "I'm darned glad I wasn't in college in your day!"

"Well, you know, I told you we were pretty lawless crowd," the Old Man explain ed. Continuing, he said:

"It had been agreed that we were to ac upon a signal given by Darnley. My sea was near his, and as he turned his face i my direction I saw a cold, steely, glitte in his eyes that said 'trouble' as plainly as though the word had been written on hi forehead. I think the presence of thos stake-men around the hippodrome incense him greatly. As I look back at the whol affair now, it seems to me to have been on of the cruelest, most useless schemes of de struction ever conceived. There we wer young men, being educated at the expens of the State, resolved upon destroying large and valuable piece of property, an for absolutely no reason in the world. Alon such a desire would not have come to an one of us; but as a whole, we were sway by the impulse that always sways the mo —the impulse to destroy. We hadn't ev the excuse of having been swindled to fa back upon. The performance was splendi as far as we allowed it to go. The rin show was as good as any I have seen sinc and even at that early day the exploits of trained elephant have never been surpass in my experience.

"As you all know, when a circus per formance is about half over, a man come out and announces the 'concert.' Well, h came out that night as usual. He was i the middle of his flowery speech when Dar ley stood up. The eyes of every stude in that great tent were upon him. In eac hand he clutched his piece of lead pip Waving it above his head, he shouted 'Time!' He fired the word with all the po er of his deep lungs. The work of the ri

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performers stopped upon the instant. We quivered with excitement. He was to lead the rush out of the seats. The concert-announcer, standing on a blue tub between the two rings, turned, and gazed full at Darnley, whose great height marked him among us. The man was not so far away but that we could see the scowl on his face as he shook his fist and dared Darnley to come into the ring. The canvas-men with the stakes had been taken by surprise. They saw our weapons, and they stood by stupidly, fondling their clubs. Darnley did not wait for a second invitation from the man on the blue tub. He crouched, and with a magnificent spring cleared the heads of those below him, four rows deep. The man on the tub lingered only long enough to fill his lungs full of the yellow air of the tent, and shout the circus warning-cry with all his might—"

"Was it 'Hey, Rube'?" broke in little Clifford, excitedly.

"That was it. I'd heard about that call, but never knew its significance. It took me a little less than a second to learn. Upon the instant we were crowding into the rings after Darnley. We fell upon the apparatus of the performers, and brought it to the ground, breaking whatsoever we could. Screams went up from the edge of our crowd, followed by a series of long swishes and chuggy, sodden thumps. The circus men were getting in their work with the iron-shod stakes. We fled before them *en masse*, cutting ropes and smashing seats and apparatus as we rushed. Nor were our own weapons idle. Every moment a curse would cut the air, telling us some canvas-man or other had gone down under a blow from a cane or a piece of lead pipe. Darnley, hatless, his coat torn, led us around that hippodrome track like race-horses. In one hand he wielded a piece of pipe, and in the other a revolver, which he swung from right to left before him. The canvas-men fell back on either side as we rushed upon them. It was our turn. The blows fell thick and fast on their uncovered skulls. Twice Darnley fired; not to kill, he told me afterwards, but to scare. And he succeeded. While we were thus rioting inside the tent, another cohort was busy without. A dozen students or more had come upon the grounds late and by a roundabout route. Each carried a pail and one of those hand-pumps they used to use in washing carriages. Circling the tent while the row was on inside, in which all the employees of the show were engaged, they pumped the contents of the pails upon the canvas top — and the stuff they pumped was sulphuric acid, pilfered from the laboratory. In less than three minutes that tent top looked like a huge sieve; and through the holes burned by the acid we could see the stars."

The Old Man paused. No one spoke. Then he added, quietly: "Though I say it, who shouldn't—for I was there and bore a hand, silent though it was—we did thousands of dollars' worth of damage to that property that night, and committed crimes of destruction that should have landed every mother's son of us in State prison."

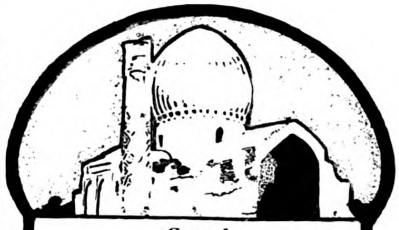
Silence ensued among us. We had heard vague legends of the old circus fights—but never before a detailed story of one of them—which, to this day, cause white-haired circus men to shiver whenever the name "Ann Arbor" is mentioned in their presence.

The silence was broken by little Clifford, who asked, earnestly, "Was that all?"

The Old Man smiled—a bit sadly, I thought. "No, not quite; there was a little more, but haven't I talked long enough?"

"No, heavens, no!" we shouted in concert. We begged him to proceed.

"Well, at the first rush every performer in those two rings fled. Men and women alike hurried to some place of safety. They scampered under the side walls, and concealed themselves beneath wagons. We didn't know it, but after the first attack a lot of the workmen withdrew and began loading up the show property and hauling it off to the station. I don't believe there was a bit of apparatus left standing after we had been at work ten minutes, and not for a moment had the stake-wielders been idle. More than one student went down in the dirt under their blows; and more



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than one of their own number crawled away in the darkness to nurse a cracked head. With a fresh vigor we began a systematic wrecking of the whole show. We ripped the canvas, tore up the seats and smashed them, attempted to set fire to the poles, and, in fact, there was no form of destruction that was not attempted. In the midst of it all we were suddenly diverted by a ripping noise at the far end of the tent, followed by a tremendous trumpeting; and a second later one of those trained elephants, loose and rampaging, was bearing down upon us. In his trunk the immense beast waved a long stake, sweeping it from side to side like a reaper his scythe, while on his massive head sat a keeper, cursing with each stride the animal took and with every curse digging the sharp goad deep into its neck. It was an unfair game. Men —even men with clubs—we dared face, but an elephant trained to that sort of thing was another matter. We fled precipitately before the maddened beast, flinging away our weapons as we ran. Straight in front of me appeared a long perpendicular rent in the wall of the tent. I made for it, leaped through, not into the open air, as I had expected, but into the dressing-tent of the women performers. It was entirely deserted. There was a circle of open trunks in the middle of the plot. In front of each trunk a post had been driven, with a shelf on the top supporting a little mirror. On ropes, running this way and that at the height of one's head, hung various articles of women's apparel. I distinctly remember seeing a pair of pink tights draped over the back of a canvas folding-chair. Even in that moment of danger they reminded me of the 'Queen of the Air' on the bills—"

"You didn't stop to find out if they were the same, did you?" Jamison called, whereat the Old Man laughed.

"No, sirree! What I did was leap that low wall of trunks and crouch behind the highest, out of sight in the dim half-light of the tent. I couldn't get out, you see, save by the way I'd entered, and I had no overwhelming desire to tilt with that elephant. The canvas walls were guyed down so tight there was no lifting them—at least I was not strong enough—so I simply stretched myself out there on the grass behind that trunk and beneath the open, overhanging, lid. I heard cries, curses, and the sound of rushing feet from the rings, and knew the contest was still being waged. It wasn't till the next day that I learned how many —students and circus men alike—that elephant had done for on his mad rampage. But when the cries and screams were loudest, and the beast's trumpeting the savagest, there fell upon my ear another sound, different from all these, a plaintive little whine. I thought there must be a puppy tied somewhere in the dressing-tent. The whine didn't cease, but grew louder and shriller. Then I recognized it. It was the cry of a baby. I didn't dare raise my head, for fear of having it knocked off. I lay there a long time listening to that baby cry. I had about summoned up enough courage to get up and make an investigation when, with my heart in my mouth, I became aware of hurrying footsteps near at hand. Twisting my head, I peeked out of my fort through the chink between my trunk and the one next—and beheld Darnley. He stood not fifteen feet away, between the trunks and the opening into the big tent. He passed his hand over his eyes and looked this way and that, as though dazed. His face was all bloody, and his clothes were torn. In one hand he still clutched his revolver. I was too scared to move. The man looked actually insane. Through the chink I watched him. And that unseen baby had not ceased crying for an instant. All at once Darnley seemed to hear it, too. He started, and half crouched, his face drawn and tense, his eyes glowing like coals through the blood around them. For an instant he hesitated, then began creeping forward on his hands and knees. He was making direct for the trunk behind which I lay. I didn't breathe. I don't know why I should have been so frightened at Darnley, but I was. Reaching the trunk, he stood upright, then bent over it, holding his revolver down as though he rather expected some ogre to leap up at him. I heard him utter an exclamation of surprise and wonder.

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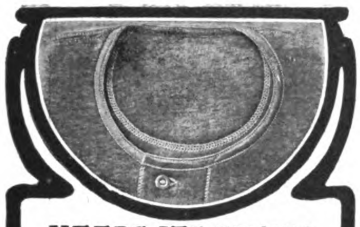
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Lying as I was, I could still see him as he drew back. In his arms—from which his sleeves hung in tatters—he held a baby. The little thing had been asleep in the tray of that trunk all the time. I suppose the commotion had awakened it, and it had been its cry of fright at finding itself alone that we had both heard. Darnley held it close to him, and he glanced from one side to the other as though seeking some avenue of escape. I heard him mumble something to the baby, and he sort o' rocked it in his arms. Suddenly, without a trump of warning, through the ring entrance surged the immense hulk of the elephant. The brute had rid himself of his keeper, and was out for a fight on his own hook. He saw Darnley, and seemed to recognize in him the leader of the mob. Lifting his trunk and holding it rigid, he trumpeted like mad, and made a tremendous lunge for him. Darnley was too quick. He dashed across the tent, still hugging the baby in his arms. Nor did it take me long to get from behind that trunk. I followed Darnley, confident that his genius would discover some means of escape. And it did. Stooping, he seized hold the hem of the tent wall, and gave it a sudden jerk. A rope outside must have broken, for the canvas lifted. Crouching, he glided under, with me following, and not ten seconds before the elephant arrived at the point of exit. I heard a scraping sound as the beast's great front dashed into the wall, and turning, curiously, saw the canvas belly out like a sail suddenly filled. I looked around for some sign of Darnley. Emerging from the half-lighted tent, I could not see a foot ahead in the dense darkness surrounding me. Here and there I could distinguish what seemed to me to be blacker blots, and could hear cries and yells, but Darnley had vanished. Without lingering to learn what had so suddenly become of him, I took to my heels."

The Old Man struck a match, and applied the flame to his cigar, which he had allowed to go out again and again. "I did some pretty tall running, I can tell you," he said.

"But what did he do with the baby?" some one asked.

The Old Man rolled his cigar around until it burned evenly. "I'm getting to that," he replied. "Of course I couldn't follow him. He'd left no trail in the darkness. But I felt pretty sure trouble would continue at the station when the circus train attempted to pull out. The larger canvas was nearly all down when I issued from the dressing-tent, and there were only five or six wagons standing around, waiting for the last loads. I made my way to the station by a rather roundabout course that took me through the old cemetery. At the top of the hill a great crowd of students had congregated, and they were hurling stones down at the cars. Every now and then the crash of broken glass would tell us that one of the missiles had gotten in its work. A guard of workmen had been thrown out around the cars, and nearer than the top of that hill none of us dared approach. In the flickering yellow light of the gasolene-lamps we could make out the men as they hurried up and down the length of the train, loading the show property. Prompted by the usual youthful curiosity to see things at short range, I made a long detour, and, crossing the track, approached the train from the other side. There was only a narrow gravel stretch there between the rails and the river, and it was unguarded. I was slipping along the length of the train when I stopped suddenly at the edge of a low, lighted window in a passenger-coach, one from the last. A man was pacing up and down the aisle. At every step he uttered an exclamation or an oath. He hadn't any coat on, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up, exposing his brawny forearms, all covered with blue tattoo marks. In a wicker chair at the edge of the window through which I looked sat a woman. She was dressed in a tarnished costume of tights, that were covered with tinsel. She was all huddled up, and swayed back and forth as though in pain. The man stopped in front of her and brandished his revolver. The woman leaped forward and seized his arm. She appeared terribly frightened. She told him not to do anything, that it would be all right, and not to worry or get excited. She added she'd not known what she was

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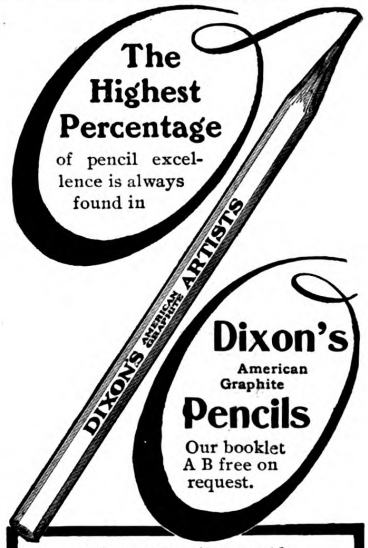
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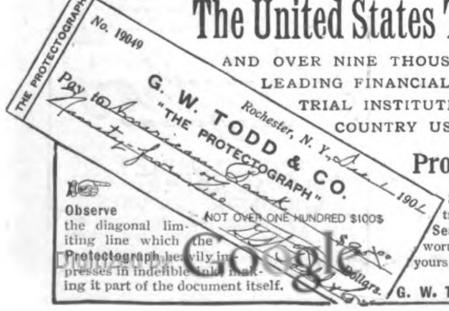
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doing, that she had been scared. I couldn' make out what she meant, of course. Th man jerked away from her. I caught a goo glimpse of both their faces then, and recog nized them. They had ridden together a the head of the parade that morning."

"Oh, I see now!" little Clifford brok in. "It was their baby he was talkin about—"

"Shut up, cancha!" Evesson exclaimed giving him a nudge in the ribs.

"Seemed so," the Old Man continued "When he jerked away from the woman h ran the length of the coach, crossed th platform, and dashed through the last car I hurried down that gravel embankment stumbling at every step. There was a big gasolene-flambeau out there on the rear platform. It lighted up the man's face vividly. I crouched down by the wheels hidden myself, though in a position enabling me to witness whatever might occur The last of the wagons and the mad elephant were descending the hill, with the crowd following boldly. The woman in tights joined the man on the platform. She took hold of his arm, but he flung her off again with a curse. The poor humbled thing sank on the floor at his feet and began to sob brokenly. The man glanced at her and sneered. He said something about her having thought only of herself. Then facing the mob, not fifty feet away, he yelled with all the strength of his lungs, 'I'll give five hundred dollars to the one that turns over my baby to me uninjured!' You should have heard the crowd jeer. In the midst of the catcalls some one shouted, 'Here's Darnley!' And through the throng there came a tall figure, running, pushing those before him to right and left as he made his way. He carried something in his arms. Thrusting one of the train guards out of the way, he clambered up the steps of the rear platform. The man who had shouted the offer raised his revolver as though to strike him, and then caught sight of what it was he carried in his arms. The woman saw, too, at the same time, and she reached out to take it. 'There's your baby; he isn't hurt,' Darnley said, feebly, and made to descend the three steps. He wavered, tottered, knocked against the proprietor of the show, and fell fainting on the platform—"

"What became of him then?" Evesson asked.

"Oh, they dosed him up, and by-and-by he came out of the car and joined us. We thought maybe they'd do him up, and had about made up our minds to attack the train to rescue him, when he appeared. A great many of the boys had gone home, and he advised the rest of us to do the same. He told me how he had fared after getting out of the dressing-tent. He hadn't seen me at all. A circus man chased him, and he only missed having his head cracked by stumbling just as the fellow struck at him. The stake came down on his shoulder. It broke his collar-bone—simple fracture, though, and didn't hurt him much—"

"How many of you were fired?" asked little Clifford, with rare courage.

"A good many," the Old Man drawled—"a good many, with Darnley among them. But he came back the next year and got his degree. That was the funny part of it. The circus people saw by the papers he had been expelled—the affair was all written up—told how he had saved the proprietor's baby: it seemed that elephant played havoc in the dressing-tent—and they sent a petition to the president asking that he be reinstated. It wouldn't have done, that year of course. But the baby business had a tendency to redeem him in the eyes of the faculty—he was a first-rate student—so they gave him his degree the following year. That's all there is to the story, but I guess it's enough. Isn't it, boys?"

As he finished, the Old Man took out his watch. He glanced down at it.

"Great and suffering Job!" he exclaimed rising and kicking back his chair. "It's after one o'clock, and I told my wife I'd be back at half past ten. I'll bet ten dollars she's sitting up yet, waiting for me—over at the Cook House!"

He was off like a shot. He did not even call "Good-night," as he fled. The screen door banged shut behind him, and, for a moment, we heard his hurrying footfalls on the walk outside.

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Santa Claus's Understudy

By Henry Edward Rood

As Christmas drew nearer and nearer, uzzer and Beeby grew more and more ex- ted. Many were the talks they had as to hat they wanted Santa Claus to bring, and hether he would bring all they asked, and -fearful possibility!—whether he might not orget to come at all.

"You see, fother," said Buzzer, one even- ng as we sat in front of the fireplace, Santy Claus 's got so *many* homes to call o, an' so *many* little childruns to 'member out!"

"So *many!*" Beeby echoed, with a sigh hich caused that very fat little person to emble from head to foot. She was four; er brother was nearly six.

"Well," suggested Ethel, putting down the agazine she was trying to read in the twi- ght, "why don't you little folks remind anta Claus by sending him letters—"

"Hooray!" shouted Buzzer, instantly hurl- ng himself from one of my knees to the oor, and starting on a run toward the li- rary.

"Ray! Rayooray!" squealed Beeby, care- lly sliding from the other knee and trot- ng heavily after him. "What's oo' goin' o do, Buzzer?" she continued, anxiously.

"Gettin' pencils-an-paper! Now come ack, sister, to where fother-an-mother are. ere's your pencil."

Back they came, and plumped themselves own on the rug beside me.

"What are you going to ask Santa Claus o bring?" Ethel inquired.

"Drum an' two guns an' 'leven horns," be- an Buzzer, promptly.

"An' dolly what goes sleepy-by wif her ves shut when oo' lay her down," added eeby.

"An' a baby el'phant, an' a pony, an' a ox of candy *segars*—"

"Warm mittens an' a big, big, *awfu'* big, wed puddin'!" Beeby concluded, ecstatically.

Ethel turned her face aside and coughed. n a moment she said:

"Don't you want a nice sled? And a ox of tools, Buzzer?"

"Yep!" he cried, eagerly. "Only it must e a sleigh with bells set up high an' hosses' ails flyin', an' a workshop with a attic an' tairs to climb, an' a sawmill downstairs—"

"Wha', what does *me* want, muvver?" eeby broke in, her lip trembling a little s she feared she was being left out.

"Why, dearie," said Ethel, bending over nd kissing the top of her head, "how would ou like a beautiful sled, too, and a dolly- ouse with furniture in it, and a warm, weet little muff, and picture-books—"

"An' a big bwoom, like Nohwa's?"

"Well," said Ethel, "suppose we make it wee little broom?"

"Aw' right! Oh, goody, goody!"

And with much hard breathing and wrink- ng of babylike brows and biting of pencil nds, they laboriously composed their let- rs. Buzzer's was finished first, and he nded it to me with a great show of ride.

"You see the pictures in it," he remark- l, critically, "they's pretty fine. Don't lieve Santy Claus 'll bring 'em all, but ll give him a trenormous chance, any- ow."

Just then Beeby carefully hid her pencil nder the edge of the rug, and slowly climb- to her feet, and, with a sigh indicative great relief, handed me her letter.

"Myme pencil didn't w'ite easy," she ob- rved, "so it isn't all down; but Santa aus can 'magine it, jus' same."

"Didn't you wroten down everything you nt, sister?" Buzzer inquired.

Beeby shook her head.

"No, but I fought it all down in my ad, jus' same."

"Now, then," said Buzzer, while a wor- d expression spread over his face, "whot'll do with 'em?"

"Puttem in 'e fire," said Beeby.

"An' lettem burn up!"

"Yep," said the very fat little person. When dey flies away in smokes Santy aus sees 'em up in heaven."

Ethel was about to remonstrate to the ect that heaven was not the permanent sidence of Santa, but thought better of

New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK

November 24, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the principal of the First Mortgage Seven Per Cent. Bonds of this Company, maturing January 1, 1903, will be paid on and after that date at the office of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York. All interest due on said bonds will be paid as usual through this office.

Notice is also hereby given that the principal of the First Mortgage Sterling Six Per Cent. Bonds of this Company, maturing January 1, 1903, will be paid on and after that date at the office of Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co., London. All interest due on said Bonds will be paid as usual through the Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited.

EDWARD L. ROSSITER, *Treasurer.*

Referring to the above notice, we are NOW prepared to receive any or all of the above-mentioned bonds outstanding, for exchange into the new 3½ Per Cent. 100-Year Gold Mortgage Bonds of 1997 of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, which by the retirement of the maturing bonds referred to above become a first mortgage on the entire property.

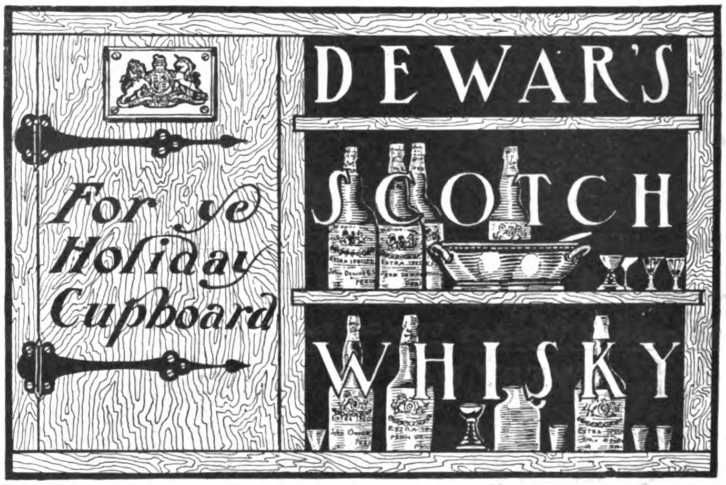
The First Mortgage 7 Per Cent. Bonds and the First Mortgage Sterling 6 Per Cent. Bonds with the January 1st, 1903, coupon attached, will be received by us at the full face value of bonds and coupons, and the new 3½ Per Cent. Bonds will be delivered in payment at 105 per cent. ex. the January interest. Fractional differences will be adjusted in cash.

The bonds will be issued either in coupon form of $1,000 each (which can be registered as to principal); or in full registered form in denominations of $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, or $50,000.

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23 Wall Street, New York

J. S. MORGAN & CO.
22 Old Broad Street, London

New York and London, November 24, 1902.



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The Prince and the Pauper. Illustrated	1.75
How to Tell a Story, and Other Essays	1.50
A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Illustrated	1.50

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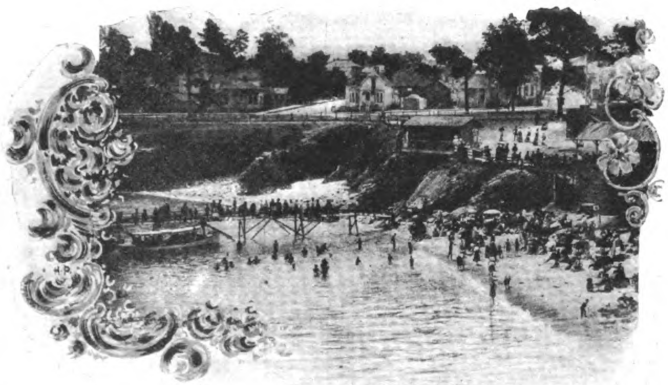
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it, and stopped. She told me afterwa that it seemed sacrilegious for Beeby to c fuse things so, but I calmed her theologi disquietude by saying it was perfectly n ural for the babies to get Christmas, a Santa Claus's storehouse, mixed up wi the celestial realms. So we let it go that.

"I'll put mine in first," said Buzzer, st ping to the fireplace.

"No!" Beeby protested, vigorous "Ladies first, don't it is, muvver?" she c cluded, appealingly.

"I have it!" I cried, starting from t chair and clapping my hands.

"What have you got, fother?" Buzz demanded, suspiciously, as if he thought might be scarlet fever.

"Well, let's all form a procession," suggested, enthusiastically. "First I'll ahead, then Buzzer and Beeby side by si and mother last. We'll walk around in parade, chaunting a soul-inspiring chan and stop in front of the fireplace. Wher say 'Bing — Bang — *Boom!*' both of y children toss your letters in at the sa time."

Buzzer and Beeby literally tumbled o each other in their haste to get in positi and Ethel rose up, saying, in an aside:

"You great, big, overgrown boy! W are you going to do next?"

"Fall in there!" I commanded, stern "The procession's ready to procesh."

Then, all solemnly and slowly, we marc away, out into the hall, across to the d ing-room, twice around the table, then ba through the hall to the library, twice arou that, then into the room of the big firepla again, and up to the hearth, where formed in line, and for the last time repe ed the stirring poem which had been co posed off-hand—"also offhead," Ethel ad And this was it:

Santy Claus, Santy Claus!
Read this letter!
Santy Claus, Santy Claus,
I'm sure you'd better!
Here it is, here it is,
Into the fire!
Fly away, fly away,
Fly away higher!
Bing! *Bang!* BOOM!!

As we shouted the last word Buzzer an Beeby tossed their letters into the grea fireplace; there were two bright flashes, tw little bursts of smoke; and two sheets blackened ash remained.

Buzzer recovered first. "Hey, there Santa Claus!" he called, leaning over an looking up the chimney, "got my lette yet?"

"Don't be such a silly child," said Beeb reprovingly. "It isn't up to th' top of t yapple trees yet."

Then we sat down again on chairs an rugs, in thoughtful contemplation of th sticks burning in the huge brick fireplac with its broad red hearth. On either si the wood-work was black, and so was th mantel above, but the tall, narrow doors the funny closets at each end were painte white.

"Fother," Buzzer began, "is our chimbl big 'nough for Santy to come down?"

"Oh, I'm sure it is, little son."

"Does oo' sposen Santy Tlaus eveh w in dis woom?" Beeby demanded, incredu lously.

"Shouldn't wonder if he'd been here a hundred times — eighty or ninety, anyhow This is a very old house, baby-girl."

"Old as you are?" asked Buzzer.

"Old as myme is?" asked Beeby.

"Yes, indeed," Ethel answered. "Olde than grandpapa and grandmamma, too."

When this astonishing information ha been inwardly received and assimilated Beeby remarked, solemnly,

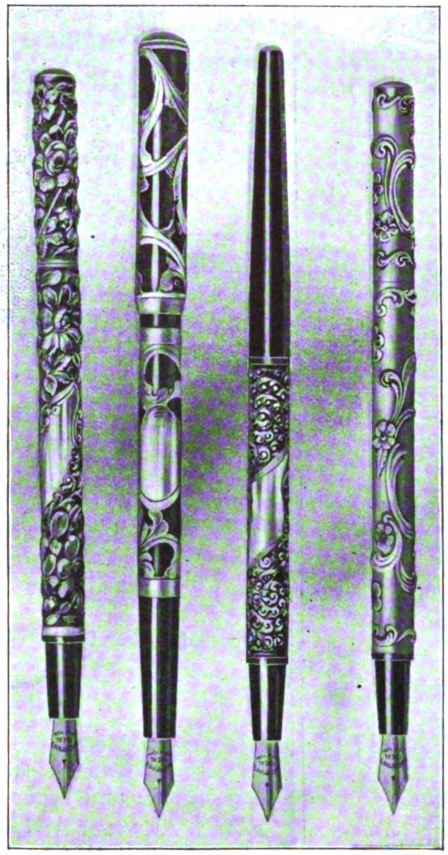
"Me sposen Prophetelijah hunged up hi 'tockin' in dis woom oncet."

Then Nora appeared at the doorway, an the youngsters, seeing her, tore across th hallway to their eventide feast of bread an milk.

For a week before Christmas the very a was alive with expectation of coming event Three times did Jason drive the children down to the village stores, gay and festive with holiday goods. Once Ethel went wit

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Capital, Surplus, and Profits
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

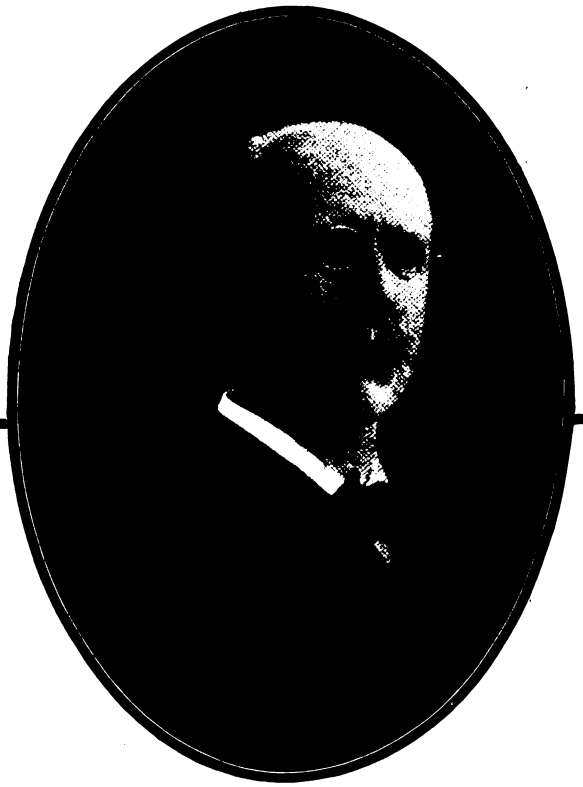
Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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them: once I went along, but the third time they went alone. When they came home after the last trip their little banks were very, very empty indeed. Ethel had impressed upon each that at least one Christmas gift ought to be purchased for the other; but the youngsters decided that Buzzer should buy his own present and that Beeby should buy hers. By means of this eminently practical arrangement he secured just what he wanted, and so did she; and both were fully satisfied.

The day before Christmas a letter came addressed to Buzzer and Beeby. It was written on very beautiful pink paper which was ornamented, in one corner, by a design of blue roses and bright yellow violets, bound around with ribbon of brilliant carmine; and this is what it said:

"ICE PALACE, SNOWLAND,
CANDY COUNTRY,
December 23.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Poor old Santy Claus is laid up with sunstroke, so he can't come to your house this year. But wait a minute. Don't cry yet, or feel bad. Because I have got my old frend Squire Springger (with two gees), to take my sleigh around, filled full pretty near to *Busting*. Tomorrow night, Chrismas Eve, long about 8 o'clock, my old frend will be at your father's house. He's going there first, and will be on hand early. Tell your father Judg Lathrop to telephone Squire Springger at 12 o'clock noon the day before Chrismas. Telephone 16 C., and be sure to telephone, important, without no mistake.

Your respectfull and truely,
SANTY C."

Amazement, doubt, anxiety, flitted across the faces of Buzzer and Beeby as this letter was read aloud, and then they burst into shouts of delight, Ethel and I joining them.

"Is th' Squire reely comin' back?" asked Buzzer, dancing around and around.

"Is Santy Tlaus sentim?" asked Beeby, jumping up and down, and clapping her hands.

"Isn't it fine," said Ethel, "to think he hasn't forgotten us? Why, he's been away nearly four months, and none of us knew where he went to."

"Yes, we does," said Buzzer. "Th' letter says he's been visitin' Santy Claus."

"Why, that explains the whole thing," I added.

"Myme mus' go wight away to Mis' Pagent's, an' tell cook Shusan," Beeby remarked, vigorously, starting for the door. "Gladdie Pagent said Squire went away 'cause Shusan wouldn't mawwyim."

"Mercy!" cried Ethel. "Hold on, Beeby! Come back—now, never you mind anything about Susan and Squire Springger. You just forget it right away."

"Yep," said Buzzer. "Missis Pagent wunt have any cook soon, 'cause Susan's goin' to marry our Jason, anyhow."

"What!" exclaimed Ethel.

"I bet six dollars they is, jus' same," Buzzer concluded, confidently.

"I guess you little folks had better go out now and play," I added, hastily; and they did so, while I hastened to the nearest telephone, at Carmot's store, nearly a mile distant. It was just twelve o'clock when I got connected with the number the Squire had given me, and in half a minute his jovial voice roared a greeting over the wire.

"Sausage an' succotash!" the Squire cried, joyously. "Glad to hear th' hallucinatin' verbal imagery of your bennyficent countenance, Jedge Lathrop! How's Missis Jedge an' thet brace o' young wild turkeys up your way?"

"Do you mean Buzzer an' Beeby?" I asked.

"Th' same, th' identical — them there cheroobic young anarchists! Well, I'm comin' up to your house 'long about Christmas eve, sorter playin' understudy fer Santy Claws, an'—"

"Squire, Squire!" I interrupted, reprovingly, "I'm afraid you've been to the theatre since you were away from us, else you wouldn't know what the word 'understudy' meant."

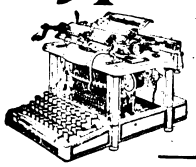
"Fer a fact, I have," he responded, frankly. "Actually, Jedge, I've been backin' a comic-opery conspiracy th' past four months, sorter playin' the 'angel,' so to speak. Tell you all about it ones these days. . . . What

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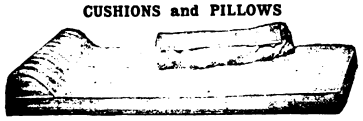
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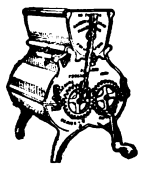


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I wanter know jes now is whether you
a Christmas tree cut, or shall I bring
The telephone operator's voice broke
"Waiting!" it said, impartially.
"Where are you, Squire?" I asked, a
tle hurriedly. "If you're anywhere in
I'll go and meet you, and we can talk
over—"
"Waiting!" the operator remarked,
time severely.
"—and arrange things," I concluded.
"Wait—" began the operator, but now
Squire broke in.
"Shoofly, sissy!" he observed, cheerfu
"Go off somewhere an' read a story-b
. . . Well, Jedge, seein' it's you, I'm at
other telephone across Carmot's store, h
o' th' dry-goods counter."
I whirled around and looked; and th
hidden by bolts of calico, sat old Sq
Springger, tickled half to death over
joke.
"Did them babbies git th' letter?" he
quired, anxiously, after we had sha
hands.
"Indeed they did!" I said. "And the
almost wild for Christmas eve to come."
"Bless their hearts!" he exclaimed, bea
ing one me. Then he turned to the sto
keeper. "Hey, Carmot! Bring us a poun
cheese an' a pounder crackers apiece. W
goin' into your store-room back there
a conference."
It was two hours later when I went hom
ward, our programme fully decided up
The sky had been overcast for two da
and snow was falling heavily as I climb
the hill leading to our farm. I had agre
to have a tree cut at once and set up so
time during the next day, as otherwise
snow fell all night we might have difficu
in drying the evergreen. When I reac
home Buzzer and Beeby—and Ethel, to
were tiptoe with excitement.
"Is he comin'?"
"Did oo' talk wif him?"
"Tell us all about it."
"Can't tell very much," I responded.
they swarmed around me. "Squire said h
be here in place of Santa Claus to-morr
evening, and wanted to know if he shou
bring a tree. I told him not to—"
"Oh-h-h de-e-ear!" wailed Beeby.
"Why not?" Buzzer demanded, backi
away from me. Even Ethel was surprise
"You see," I added, hastily, "Santa
going to send so m-a-n-y things for a s
prise, that I thought it would be nice f
all of us—mother and father and the
dear little children—to get up a surpri
for him; I mean for Squire Springger, wh
coming in place of Santy."
"What sorter s'prise?" asked Buzzer, su
piciously, from the other side of the room
"Let's go out now and cut a tree! A
set it up here in the corner opposite the fi
place, and to-morrow afternoon trim it wi
pretty things, so it will be ready for us t
surprise him when he comes!"
"Oh, goody! goody!" cried Beeby.
"Can sister an' me help?" Buzzer inquir
incredulously.
"Yes, indeed!" I said, heartily. And th
there was an outburst of laughter and sho
ing, and we all four joined hands and danc
around and around in a circle. Ethel
out of breath first, and stopped, whereup
the rest of us started for our coats a
hats.
"Comeon, mother!" Buzzer called. "I
gotter go along, too!"
"Course you gotter!" added Beeby, str
gling bravely with a diminutive red mitt
And of course she came along.
We found the tree in a field near the ro
its dark, rich green already whitened
soft flakes; and in less than an hour it w
drying in our back kitchen.
It would take a book as long as a
to tell all that happened next day; how
set the tree in place with Jason's help,
Ethel actually discovered in the attic
pasteboard boxes filled with Christmas-tr
ornaments, and how all four of us worke
for hours in decorating the tree, while Jas
and Sally Pagent and her husband brou
in masses of greens and hung them a
the pictures and over the doors, and ev
where they could find an open space. Th
when all odds and ends had been picke
and swept from the floor, we stood back a
admired our handiwork.
"Oh, Buzzer, ain't it jus' *beeeful!*" Be

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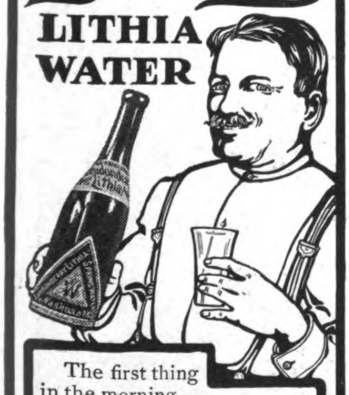
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exclaimed in a rapturous aside to her big brother. "Myme feels like a yangel jus' walkin' into heaven."

"Lucky you got that tree in-doors yesterday, Mr. Lathrop," said James Pagent. "There's nigh two foot of snow on th' level, an' it's comin' down yet."

"Do you think Santy Claus — I mean Squire Springger — 'll get losted in the drifts?" Buzzer inquired, anxiously.

"Oh no; I'm sure he'll be here on time—" Ethel began, and then stopped, and held up a warning hand. . . . "What's that I hear?" she said, after a moment.

We listened with all the ears at our command, and—yes! there it was! There was the tinkling and jingling of sleigh-bells! With a whoop and a squeal Buzzer and Beeby tore through the hall, flung open the front door, and bounded out upon the stoop. The bells sounded louder and louder; they seemed to turn into our lane, and then they came straight through an opening in the hedge, right up to where we were standing. With them came a big bob-sled, in which sat a tall, portly old man wearing fur cap and coon-skin coat turned up around his face, and smoking a long clay pipe. He was driving a pair of stout horses, which he pulled up at the door, crying heartily:

"Rose-buds an' rattlesnakes! But I'm glad to see ye all again! Lemme git outer this sled. Here, Jason, lift out all them bundles an' boxes an' passels an' one-thing-another, then take Santy Claws's team over to Pagent's barn—"

"Where's th' reindeers?" Buzzer demanded, suddenly.

"Oh, I sent 'em back after another load o' toys an' sich," the Squire answered, shaking the snow from his coat and stamping it from his boots. "Old Santy, he said if I'd help him out by bringin' th' Chrismas things up here, why, he'd be able to get round to th' other folks."

"Den Santy's tummyache be better now?" Beeby demanded, solicitously.

"Oh yes," said the Squire. "He took a lot o' medicine—swallered a snowball after every meal, an' ate powdered ice on his vittles, so he's pretty near all right now."

By that time we were standing by the fireplace, on either side of which hung a big, big stocking, one marked "Beeby," and the other, "Buzzer." And what a lot of things went into them! Dollies, and skates, and a Noah's ark, and a popgun, and an orange in each, and a bag of candy, and a horn, and—oh, my! the list is so long that it would take from now until Christmas afternoon to write it all down. Then Jason handed bundle after bundle to the Squire, and package after package; and the Squire put on an enormous pair of spectacles, and read the name on every one of them and handed each to the right person. It was wonderful how many presents there were, for everybody, including Jason and Mr. and Mrs. Pagent, and for their little girls, and for their cook "Shusan"; and, of course, for the dear grandmamma of the little girls. The best part came when the Squire straightened up and said,

"Now, there's th' last present old Santy sent down here."

"No, 'tisn't!" shouted Buzzer.

"Nonedeedy!" squealed Beeby. And they ran out to the library, but at once came back, their arms filled with bundles which they carried to the Squire.

"Takem!" Beeby said. "Santy sentem by speshul—speshul—spesh—"

"Speshul deliverunce," said Buzzer.

And then, standing back near the beautiful, bright Christmas tree—their eyes sparkling, their breath coming fast—the babies watched the old man as, with happy surprise, he opened one present after another. When he found a warm, knitted scarf labelled, "From Buzzer, earned from berries he picked last summer," Squire Springger's face was simply wreathed with joy. And when he opened a soft, moist package, and in it discovered a tiny apple pie, and a bit of paper, "From Beeby, made by herself," he gulped once or twice pretty hard. Then he carefully placed the scarf and the pie on a table; and reaching down, took the little folks in his arms for a moment. He was going to say something, and started to do so, but didn't; and when he straightened up again his spectacles needed a great deal of polishing.



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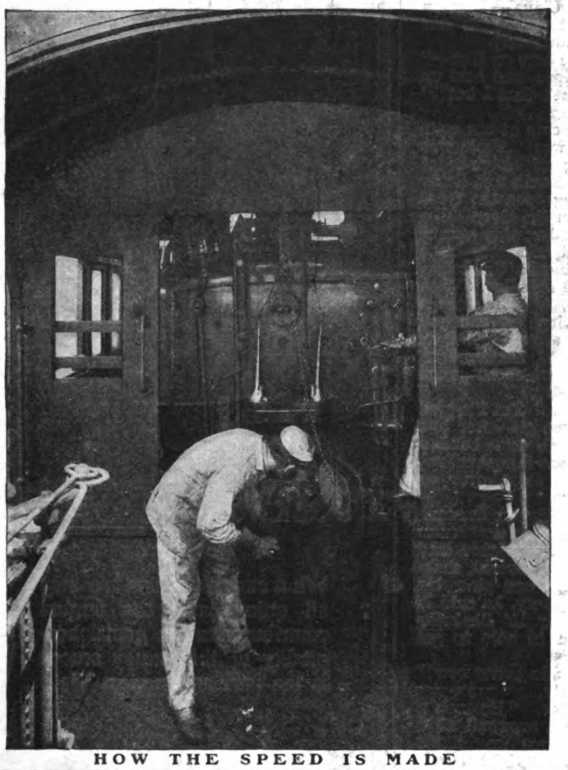
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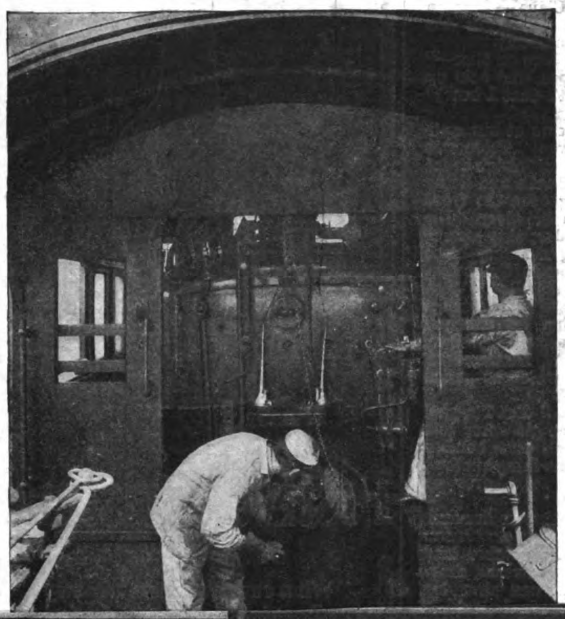


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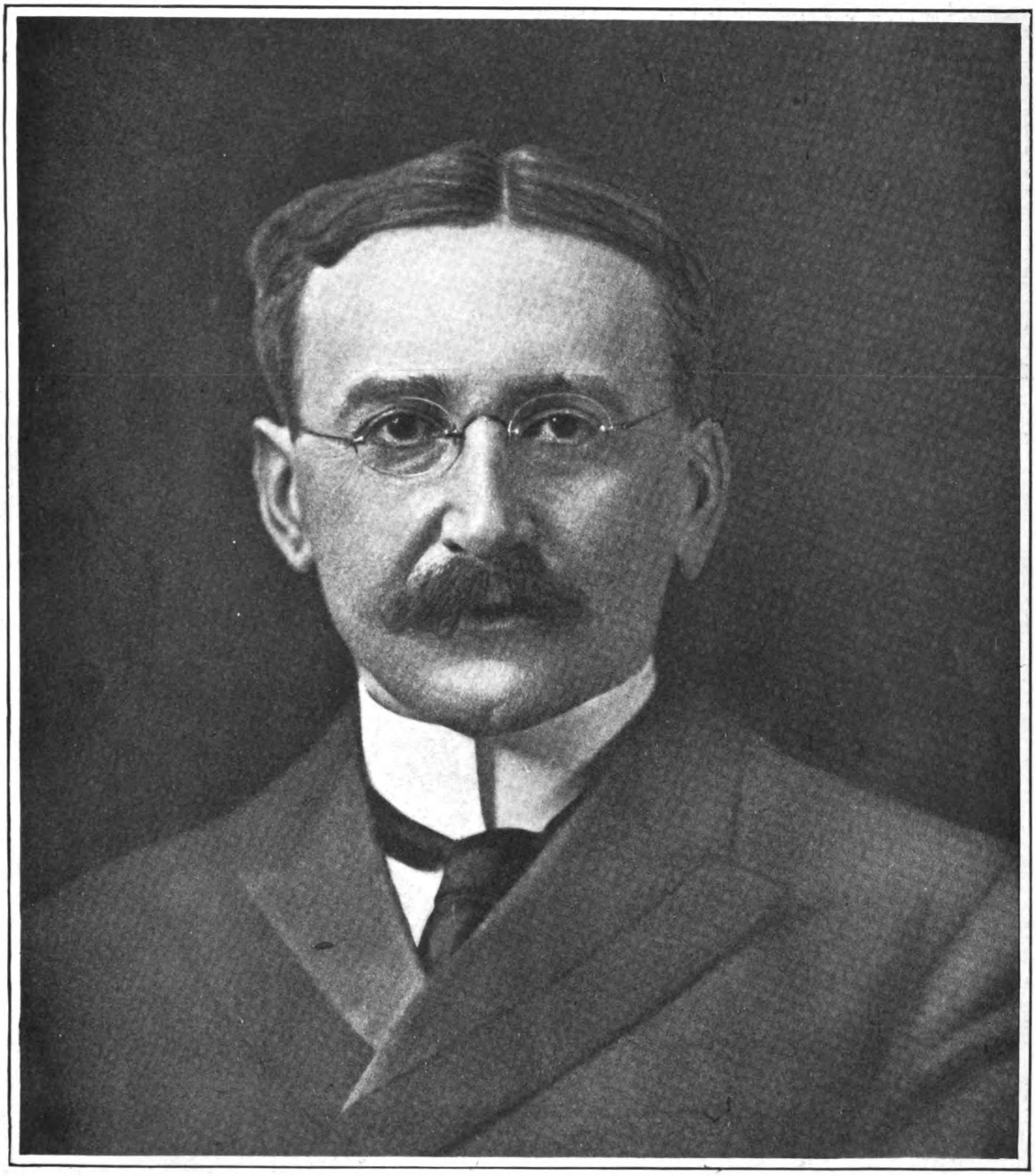
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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XIX.—JACQUES LOEB, *AET. 43*

See page 1936—Editorial Section

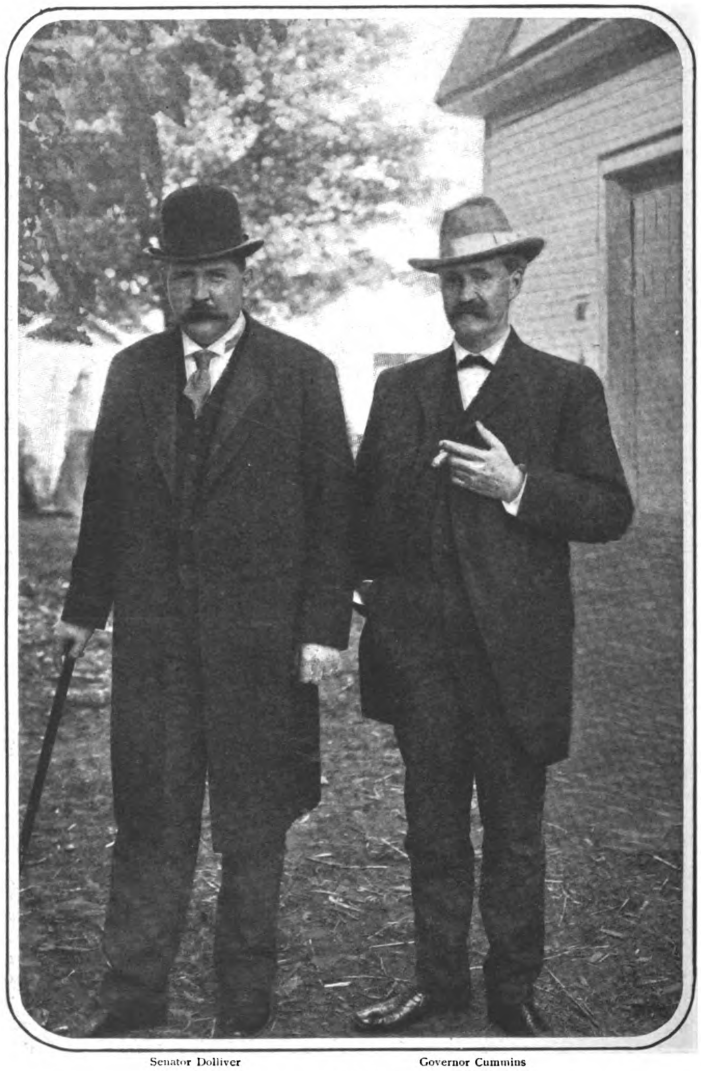
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The "Iowa Idea"

THE distinction of the present Governor of Iowa among Governors is that he is not merely a Governor. He is his own political "boss"; he has his own State "machine," which his personality and industrious campaigning have been many years in making; but it is geared to national affairs, and its maker and manager is exerting a considerable influence upon national policy. Outside of Congress, he is the foremost revision-protectionist among public men. The present Speaker of the House of Representatives, who is all-powerful in that body, has been obliged to "recognize" him in his own State, and has even vacated his seat confessedly for the reason that he could not support in entirety the platform which promulgates the "idea" of which Governor Cummins is the most conspicuous and strenuous advocate, if not the author.

Iowa is as fecund of prominent public men of the better sort as her soil is fertile of corn. She has no great cities to lower the New-England-bred average of intelligence and morality. Her citizenship has still the vigor of the pioneer. The foreign element is of the sturdiest quality. It is her frequent boast that the best portions of the neighboring States are those nearest to her borders. She is more creditably proud of the general character of her people and of the men who have come to distinction among them, even if they have not attained the chiefest, politically. Two or three Iowa men in the short life of the State have narrowly missed the first honor; and only recently the new junior Senator (Dolliver) barely escaped the nomination to the Vice-Presidency. Two Iowans are now in the cabinet, and the Congressional representation is one not to be ashamed of. But when Congress is in session, the most conspicuous public man within the State is Mr. Cummins, the Governor, and that not merely by virtue of his office. It is a question with some if he is not potentially first even in the interims, for he has won his place in face of the disfavor of most of the Iowa contingent in Washington, and rather upon national than upon State issues.

How he began as a surveyor in Indiana, worked as a civil engineer in the employ of the railroads, then, with prospects of advancement in that field, went over to the law, through its practice won a good measure of success, and finally came to the Governorship by way of the State Legislature, after missing the United States Senatorship by only three votes, is a story of exceeding interest. It is chiefly significant that his career has been made not by favoring circumstance, but by his own seeming struggle against it. I met him not long ago in Chicago (where he left engineering for law) on his way back to Indiana to make a political speech where he had once carried the surveyor's chain. But there was no suggestion of desire to speak of his own advancement; his conversation—what conversation his voice, husky from "campaigning," permitted—was not at all of himself, but of the principles and policies in which he believes and for which he is unceasingly active.



Senator Dolliver Governor Cummins

Two Iowa Political Leaders

He has become the voice of the "Iowa idea," the policy that the tariff schedules should be revised so as not to give shelter to monopolies. But he is careful to distinguish between trusts in general and monopolies in particular. He does not urge the removal of the tariff from all trust-made articles; indeed he opposes this, for such a policy would be hostile to the theory of protection, and fatal from a protectionist's point of view to our industrial prosperity. He advocates merely the abolition of duties on articles in whose production a monopoly exists. If the government cannot induce competition, at any rate it should not artificially restrict it. When asked how the fields of monopoly were to be determined, Governor Cummins suggested that such a commission as the President was recommending might make the investigation and report its findings to Congress. It would be a sort of governmental Coast or Geological Survey along the uncertain shores and in the unstable territory of commerce and industry.

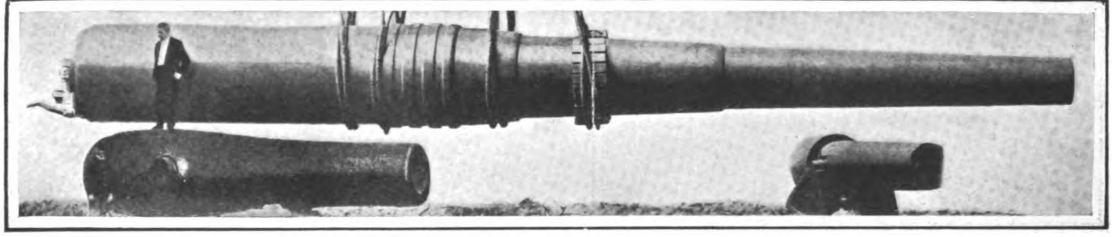
But while nearly every protectionist would go with him theoretically the length of denying tariff shelter to monopolies, many stop at touching the present schedules. The same objection is offered that is made to the President's suggestion with regard to the duty on anthracite: amendment in one particular will destroy the present equilibrium and result in, if not necessitate, a general revision. This is the answer of the "old-line" protectionists. But the preaching of the younger school, among whom Governor Cummins is prominent, is reasonable revision and adaptation to the changing industrial and commercial conditions. And it is only by following such a course that the policy of protection can be maintained.

Governor Cummins is not a man of one idea, though he has been most frequently and conspicuously identified with tariff revision. He was one of the few Iowa men who stood out for the gold plank in the St. Louis platform; and he is technically well-informed upon the financial and political problems presented by the tremendous and rapid material growth of our country. And despite his variance from strict party policies, he is no radical. He is simply in the party's van.

In a democratic government it is difficult to demarcate demagoguery from unselfish patriotism; there are always demagogues and patriots advocating the same measures and policies. We can distinguish them, however, in the long-run. Governor Cummins is proved an honest, fearless, and active member of the latter class. Politics would be in better repute if all the States had the "Iowa idea" of public service.

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The World's Greatest Gun



OUR new 16-inch coast defence gun, which arrived last week at the army proving ground at Sandy Hook, is the king among the great guns of the earth. Its nearest European rival is scarcely more than half as powerful; while its enormous shell, weighing over a ton and propelled with a velocity of 2300 feet per second, can deliver a crushing blow against an enemy's ship, compared with which the impact of any other shell is a mere love tap.

Upon reaching the proving ground it will be mounted on the largest gun-carriage ever constructed, and will then undergo its proof test.

The lay man who has followed the evolution of ordnance during the last few years has doubtless formed, from the published accounts, the impression that the size of the great guns was being reduced, and will, therefore, probably note with surprise the sudden jump from a calibre of thirteen inches, that of our largest gun now in service, to sixteen inches, the calibre of the new army gun. The reason for this apparently paradoxical situation is that the most rapid development in ordnance has occurred in the navy material, and it is this branch of the service that has reduced the calibre of the large guns, while at the same time increasing their effectiveness by lengthening the bore and accelerating the fire.

Fortunately the United States has refrained from following the lead of the European powers in the craze for the use of excessively large guns afloat, our limit of calibre being reached in the 13-inch guns carried by the *Oregon* and her sister ships. This gun weighs sixty-seven tons, and is of moderate size compared with the monsters on some of the European battleships. Three of the countries—England, France, and Italy—engaged in a rivalry for the construction of the largest gun. Considering solely the size of the bore, the Italian gun, with a diameter of bore of nearly a foot and a half (17.75 inches) came first; the French gun, with its 16.5-inch bore second; and the English gun, with a calibre of 16.25 inches third; but judged by the destructive effect due to the striking energy of the shell the order of merit was exactly the reverse.



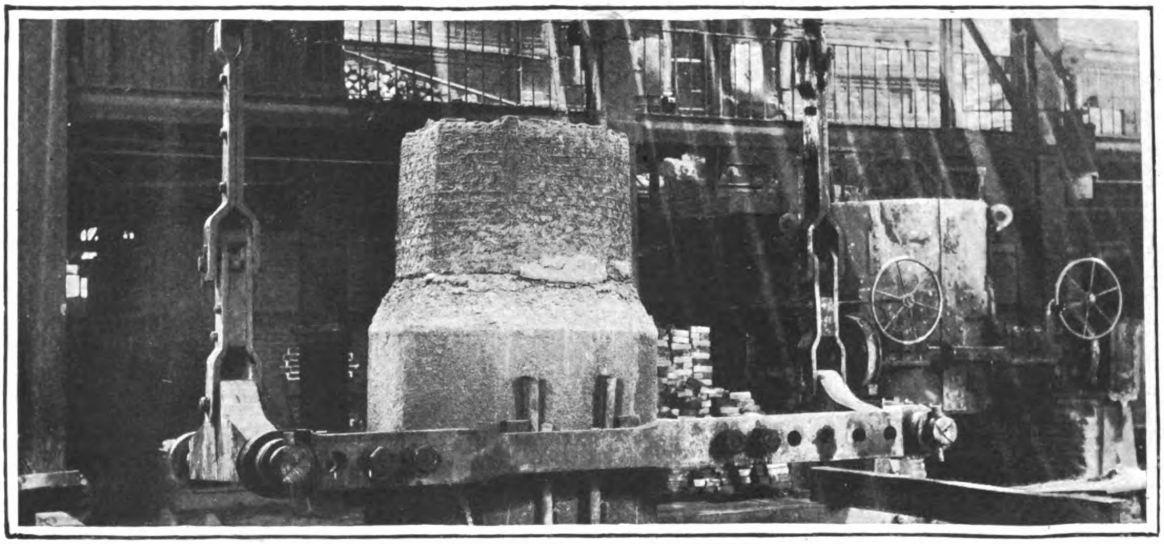
Circle showing 21-mile radius Range of the Gun from the Battery, New York

Many of the obstacles to the use of very large guns afloat do not obtain when they are mounted in coast fortifications. On land there are practically no limitations of weight for either gun, carriage or protection, and consequently seacoast guns can be employed of a size and surrounded with an amount of armor protection which would be impracticable on a vessel. When guns of this character can be mounted to command a channel, or a point by which an enemy must pass, so that the range is known, they can deal out destruction with deadly accuracy.

An ideal position, near New York, possessing exceptional strategical advantages for the use of the largest guns, is Romer Shoal, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, having the Main Ship and Swash Channels on the Sandy Hook side, and the Ambrose and the Fourteen Foot Channels on the other side. Large vessels passing through the Main Ship Channel would be within easy range of the Romer Shoal guns, and within point-blank range of the Sandy Hook batteries, while ships using the Swash Channel would be practically under the guns of the turrets. One plan for the defence of New York contemplates the construction at this point of one or more revolving turrets, each containing two 16-inch guns. Located here their offensive qualities would be at a maximum, for with their great range of practically twenty-one miles they could open fire on the enemy's ships long before the latter's guns could reach them, while their elliptical turrets, constructed of the heaviest armor, would render them practically invulnerable.

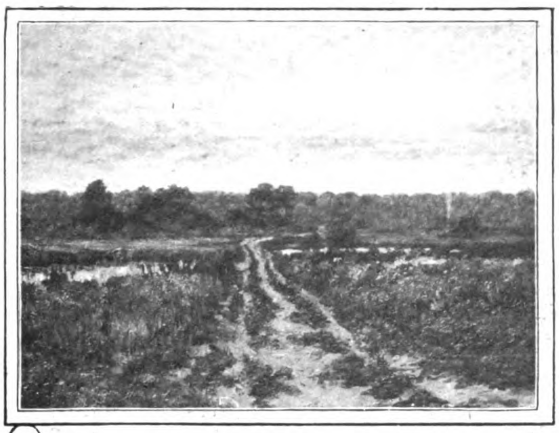
The remarkable power of the new gun can best be realized by comparing its great range with that of the other great guns.

Supposing it to be mounted at the Battery and given the proper elevation for its extreme range, it could, when pointed up the Hudson, land its shells several miles beyond Yonkers; if trained in the direction of New Jersey the shells would fall four miles beyond Paterson; if turned in the direction of Long Island, Far Rockaway would be within easy reach; and if aimed in a southerly direction, the projectiles would pass completely over Staten Island and reach Sandy Hook or Perth Amboy. During their flight the shells would reach an altitude of five and three-quarter miles.



Nickel-steel Ingot weighing 222,300 pounds, cast for the Tube of the Gun

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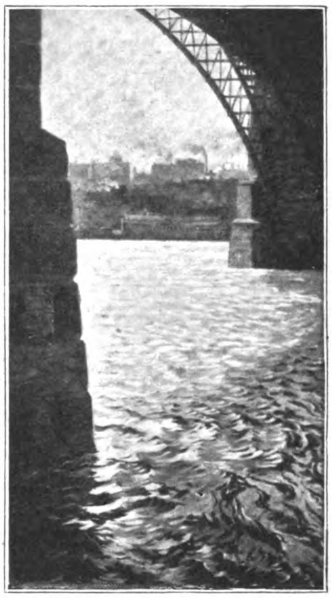
"Silence."—By L. H. Meakin, Cincinnati



"The Weaver."—By Carl Buehr, Chicago



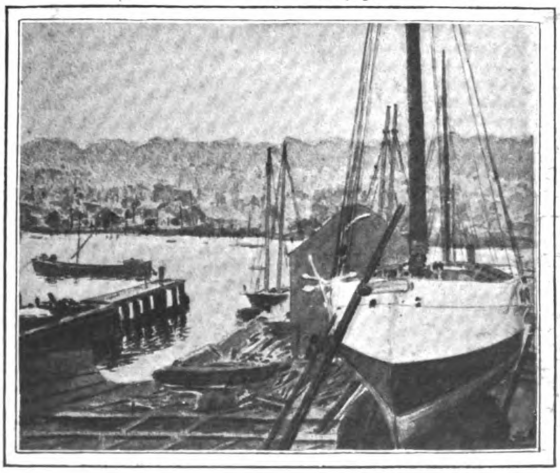
"Miss N——." —By Francis P. Paulus, Detroit



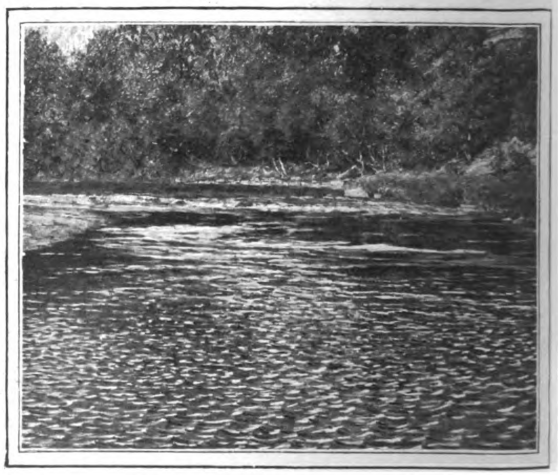
"The Mississippi"
By F. O. Sylvester, St. Louis



"A Prince of Royal Blood."—By Bert Phillips



"The End of the Season."—By Ora Coltman, Cleveland



"Iridescence."—By J. Ottis Adams, Indianapolis

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WESTERN ARTISTS

The seventh annual exhibition of the society opened on November 20, in St. Louis. After December 9 the collection of pictures will be exhibited in turn in Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, and Cleveland

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THE BIBLE ON THE STAGE

Scenes from Mrs. Fiske's remarkable production of Paul Heyse's play, "Mary of Magdala," as sketched by Mr. E. M. Ashe

1. Mrs. Fiske as Mary Magdalene, the repentant. 2. Act II.—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." 3. Mary Magdalene in her glory. 4. Act III.—Mary discovers that Judas is the betrayer. 5. Flavius the Roman hears of the Messiah's curing of Miriam's child. 6. Act V.—The tempest after the crucifixion; Judas flying before the storm. 7. Mrs. Fiske, as Mary Magdalene, going to the Nazarine

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"That was the Brunnhilde motive"



"Now you will have the Fate motive"

Mr. Damrosch's Method in his Wagner Lectures



Mr. Damrosch in his Library at Work on Composition



"That trombone passage again, please"



The Brothers Damrosch



"Pianissimo!"

WALTER DAMROSCH AS LECTURER, COMPOSER, AND CONDUCTOR

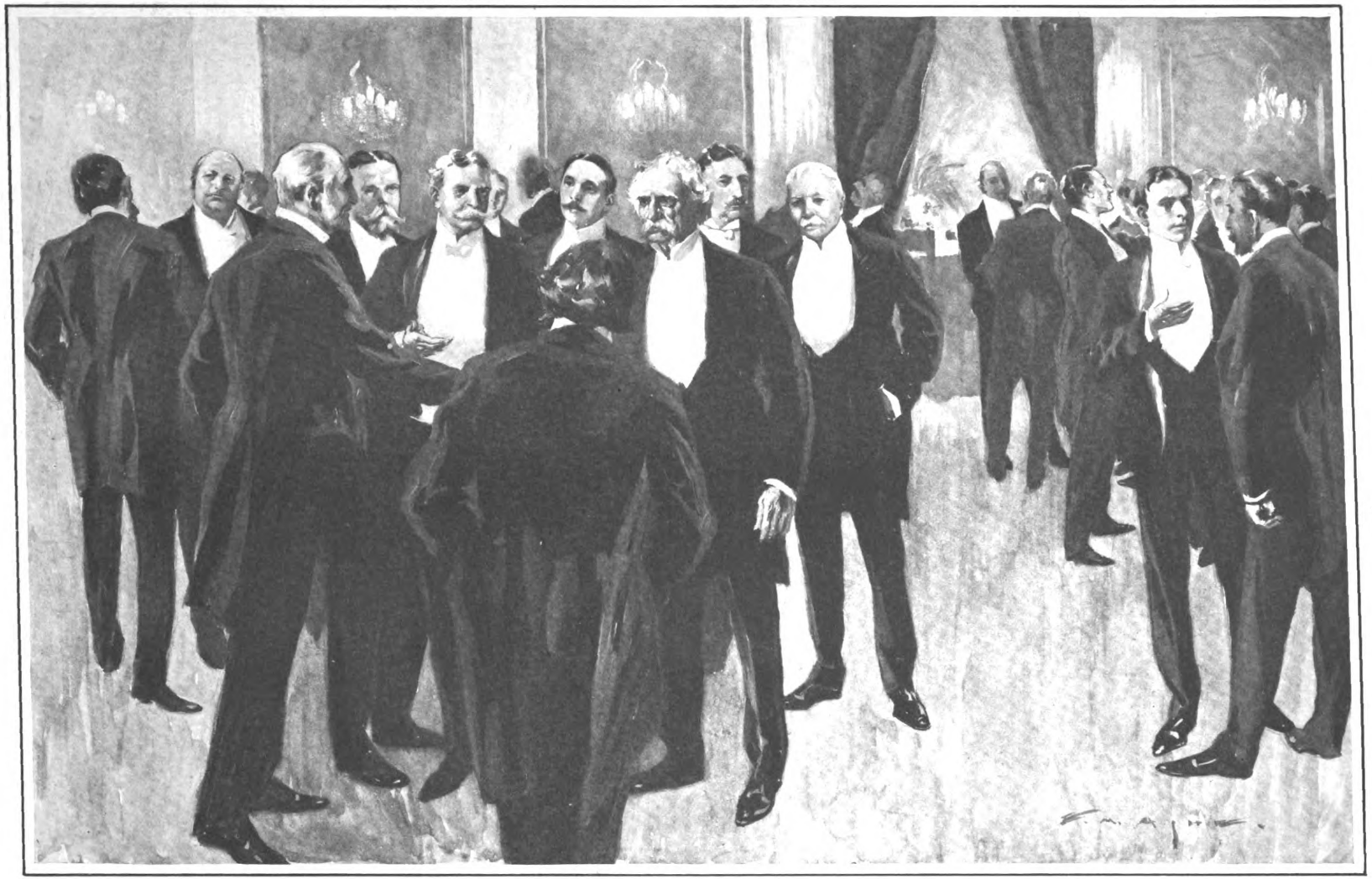
The reader is referred to page 1949 for an interesting sketch of Mr. Damrosch, one of the few great American musical conductors

Photographs copyright by Rockwood

On Friday, November 28, there [illegible]. In this drawing Mr. Ashe has represented some of the [illegible]

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Thomas B. Reed. Chauncey M. Depew. Secretary Hay. H. H. Rogers. August Belmont. Mark Twain. Will Carleton. W. D. Howells. Booth Tarkington. Hamlin Garland.



IN HONOR OF MARK TWAIN'S SIXTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

On Friday, November 28, there gathered at the Metropolitan Club some fifty men, distinguished in all the walks of life, to dine with the great humorist on his birthday
In this drawing Mr. Ashe has represented some of the guests congratulating Mark Twain before the dinner







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THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL SECRETARY, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, FOR SOUTH AFRICA

Mr. Chamberlain, the man who was so closely identified with the Boer war, has just started in a British war-ship for South Africa, to study at first hand the questions involved in the regeneration of the Transvaal. This picture represents his departure from his city, Birmingham, England, where his journey to the railway station took the form of an almost unprecedented ovation.

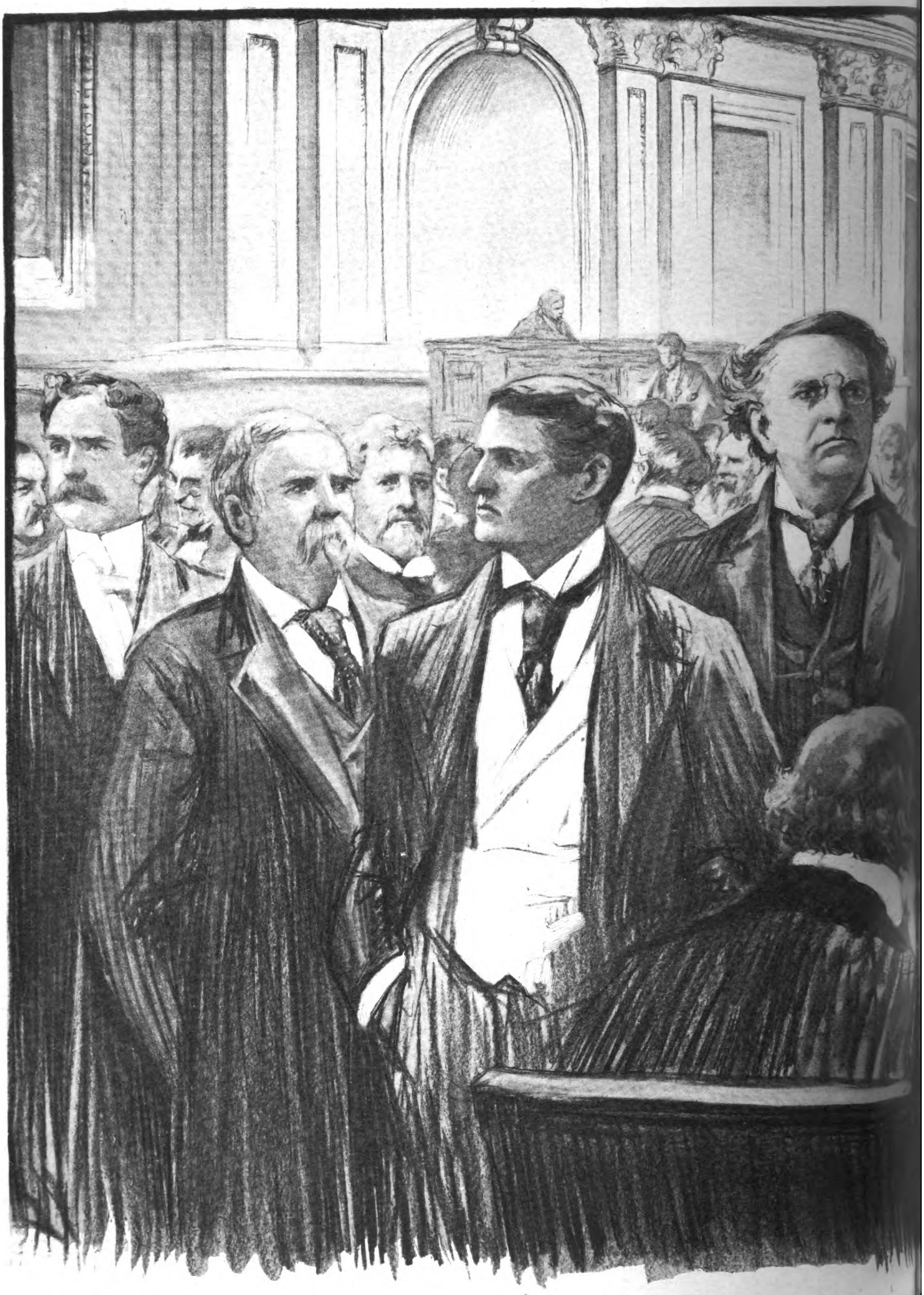
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ELINOR GLYN

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine"

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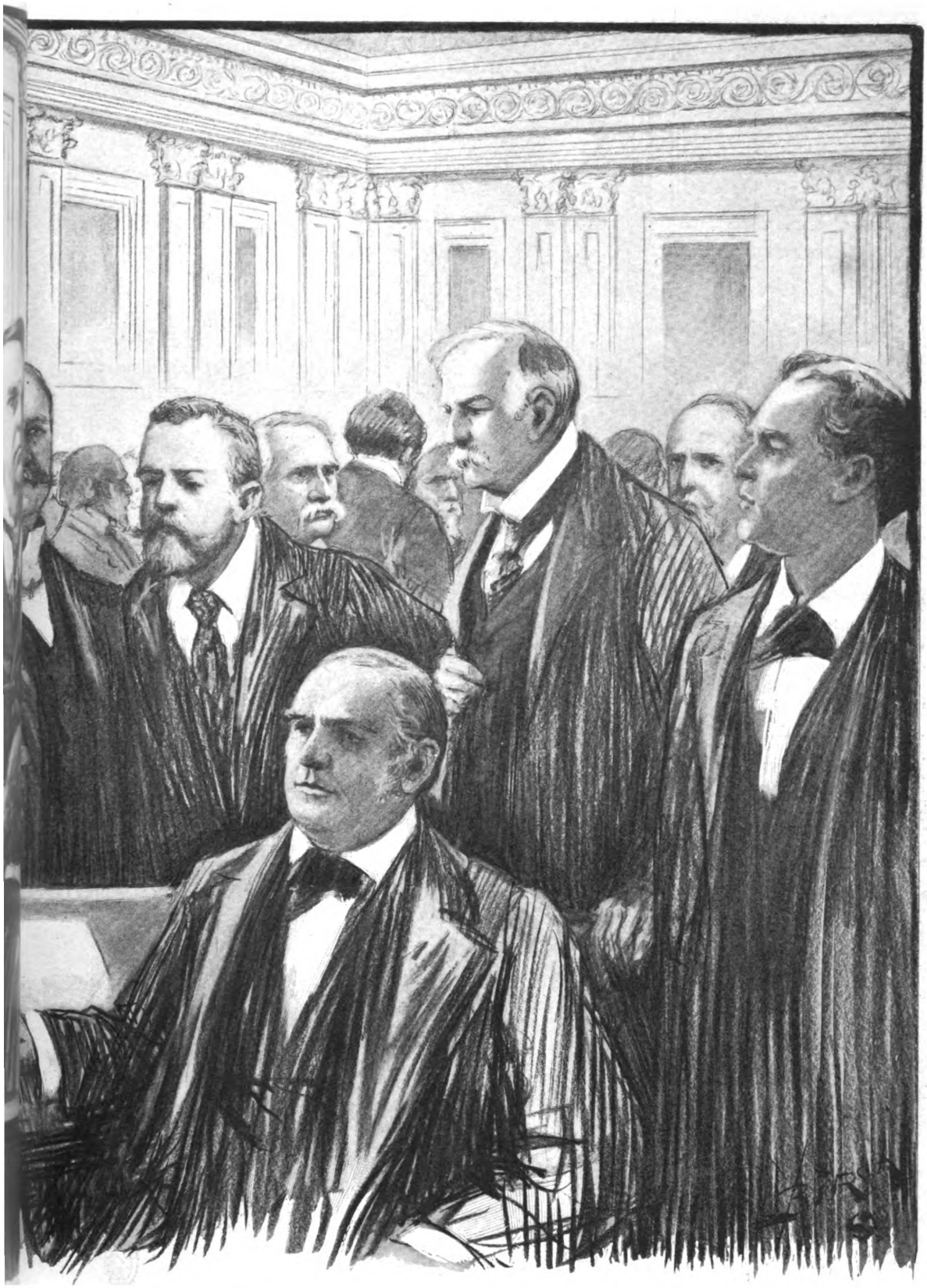


Senator Carmack Senator Vest Senator Allison Senator Tillman Senator Spooner

THE OPENING OF TH

On Monday, December 1, Congress opened for the short session, which, with the

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Bacon Senator Lodge Senator Aldrich Senator Hanna Senator Foraker Senator Cockrell Senator Culberson

TED STATES SENATE

rust and tariff discussion, may make one of the critical sessions in our history

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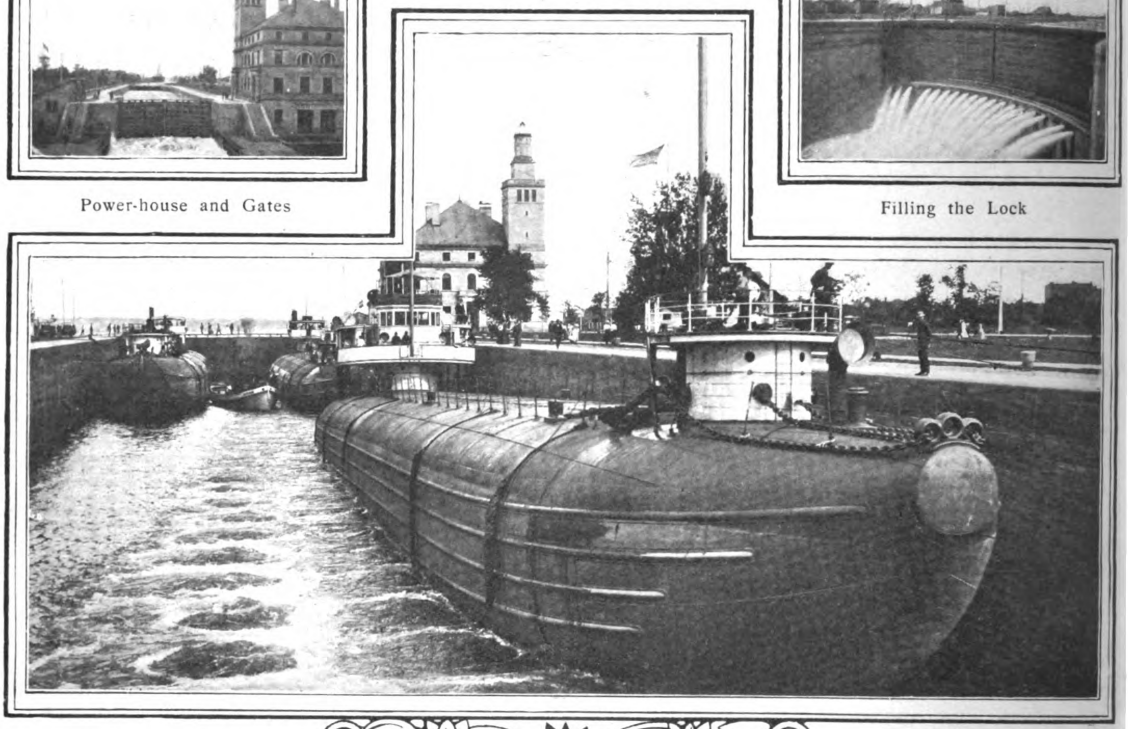
Proposed Enlargement of the "Soo" Canal



Power-house and Gates

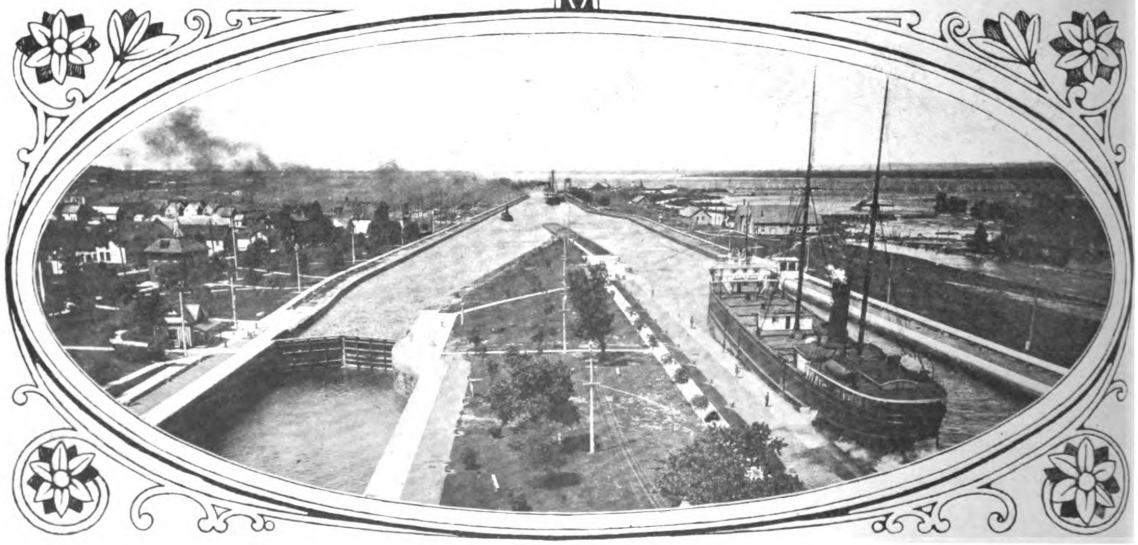


Filling the Lock



Whalebacks in the Locks

THE announcement of the projected improvements at Sault Ste. Marie is particularly interesting at this time in view of the fact that the semi-centennial of this unique waterway is to be celebrated with elaborate ceremonies during the summer of 1903, and the President of the United States and other prominent men are expected to participate. With the extension of capacity to be made during the first decade of the new century, the St. Mary's Falls Canal will, of course, have no difficulty in preserving its rank as the world's greatest canal. The length of the American canal, only seven thousand feet, causes it to appear insignificant in comparison with the Suez and other famous canals, but, nevertheless, the records of this important link in the chain of Great Lakes, located hundreds of miles from the nearest tide-water, show that the tonnage of the vessels which pass through during the eight months which make up the navigation year is far in excess of that which traverses the Suez Canal in a full year, or enters the port of New York or London during the twelvemonth. The present announcement of a still further increase in the size of Lake ships comes as a general surprise, and indicates that the Lake ship-builders are to follow the example of their brethren on the oceanic coasts in gradually increasing the size of steel hulls.



Passing through the "Soo" Canal

Showing the locks closed on one side and open on the other. For a careful description of the proposed enlargement of this great waterway the reader is referred to page 1954 of this issue

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Walter Damrosch,—Conductor, Lecturer, and Composer

See page 1926

WALTER DAMROSCH as the new conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, Wagner lecturer, and composer plays an important rôle in the musical life of the country. His father, Leopold Damrosch, took a notable part in the development of music in America, especially in the establishment of German opera; and his brother Frank, who bears a strong facial resemblance to the father, is Superintendent of Music in the New York public schools, and the founder and inspiration of the People's Choral Union. Thus the family has been and still is actively engaged in furthering our musical progress.

Breslau, where his father was conductor of the opera, is Walter Damrosch's birthplace. Born in January, 1862, he came here with the family in 1871, when nine years old. He is a thorough American, and a good business man, though a musician. One season he made $54,000 out of an opera company which he organized. True, he lost $45,000 the next, but a third season recouped much of this loss.

Of his boyhood in Breslau he has many amusing recollections. He remembers being taken to a performance of "L'Africaine,"

(Continued on page 1951.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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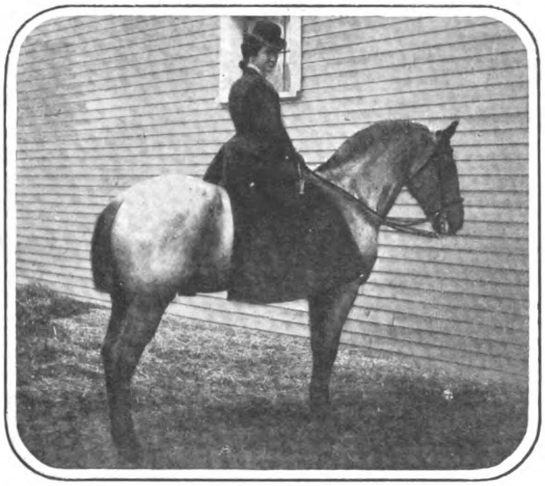
THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE

ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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Cross-Saddle Seats for Women

CROSS-SADDLE riding by ladies is no longer a fad; it has become a fashion, not only in the Western States, but in New York and Boston and Washington, and in other centres of what is considered culture, and where the correct way of riding is certainly known. Cross-saddle riding is not only unquestionably the more comfortable way of riding for the equestrienne, but it is admittedly the most healthful; not only for these reasons, but because she is a far more attractive figure riding her horse astride than in any other way, and because she knows this fact, has the up-to-date woman adopted the man's seat in the saddle.



Mrs. George Barnard, of Boston, one of the Pioneers in using the Cross-seat



Miss Chestie, of London, who carries the Cross-seat to the Extreme

But it is from the Western States that the cross-saddle seat comes, and to the Western woman, who loves the saddle, it is a surprise that riding astride has had so slow a growth to popularity. The Western woman has no use for the side-saddle, and in the Western school of riding utility is the first consideration; in fact, utility is the basis of all Western riding. The Western woman has naturally taken the cowboy as her model, and there is not a thing in the cowboy's trappings that is not an absolute necessity. He needs every ounce of blanket and leather his horse carries, and naturally he has the style of riding that gives the least fatigue and the most natural grace. Were the cowboy to shorten his stirrups and sit bolt-upright he would not last an hour, but the long stirrup and the limp seat in the saddle seem to make the horse and its rider a unit.

From the cowboy the Western woman has learned her lesson in riding, and the cross-saddle and the divided skirt have given her equal privileges, of which she has not failed to take advantage. There is in the West, to-day, a school of equestriennes, whose equals cannot be found in the entire world, made up of daring, dashing, natural riders, as much at home in the saddle as any cowboy. Many of these take part in the great cattle round-ups; some have even acquired fame as steer ropers and branders. To such women a bucking bronco is a mere plaything, and they regard a tussle with such an animal as the best kind of good sport.

The present championship of Wyoming is held by Mrs. W. H. Irwin, of Cheyenne, a dainty and petite lady, the last one who would be picked out as possessing the seat of a Centaur, a nerve of iron, and a grip of steel. Mrs. Irwin has never turned to cattle-roping and bronco-busting, but she has ridden many vicious animals, and has ridden them so well that she was given a loving-cup at the last Frontier-day celebration in Cheyenne.

One of the best-known women riders of the West is Dora Chiquita, of Santa Rosa, New Mexico; she is a genuine cowgirl, and declares that she was brought up in the saddle. She is part Indian, and it is owing to this fact that she is called "Cherokee Dora" all over the Southwest. Dora performs a score of daring feats in the saddle, and she is a champion at the "chicken-plucking" contests, a cowboy sport in her part of the country. "Chicken-plucking" consists in burying a chicken in the sand until only its head and neck protrude. The contestants then ride at full gallop, bending from the saddle and endeavoring to grasp the neck of the chicken as they pass at great speed. Miss Cherokee Dora has beaten the most skilled Mexican vaqueros at their own game, and is the acknowledged champion.



Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. at the Meadowbrook Club, Long Island

But this cross-saddle seat does not belong to the West alone. On Long Island, where some of the society women of New York follow the hounds during the spring and fall of each year, the cross-saddle seat is slowly forcing its way into popularity. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., an admirable horsewoman herself, and the wife of one of the authorities in America on hunting, frequently uses the cross-saddle with a riding-habit that is an admirable utilitarian costume that does not sacrifice feminity. For 'cross-country riding there can be no question of the superiority of the man's saddle, since the horse going over a fence is helped by the position, the rider leaning forward on the take-off, and backward on the fall, keeping his or her centre of gravity over the point of least resistance to the progress of the horse. In the side-saddle this can never be accomplished, however expert the rider may be.

In Boston, too, the cross-saddle seat seems to be gaining ground, and one of the best of New England riders, Mrs. George Barnard, has for some time been using the man's saddle.

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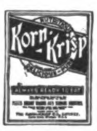
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EAGLE ANGOSTURA BARK BITTERS

(Continued from page 1949.)

and allowed to stay till the ship scene. After this there was much applause, and as he and his brother were led out, the curtain went up and the artists stood in a row and bowed. The boys thought this was the beginning of the next act, and went home congratulating themselves that they had seen so much. Of course their father conducted. The barytone *(Nelusko)* was Adolf Robinson, whom the elder Damrosch brought over here when he established German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The father also was a concert conductor, and most of the visiting artists stayed at the Damrosch house. Tausig was one of Leopold Damrosch's most intimate friends —a "Dutzfreund," as the Germans say— and the boys always were delighted with his visits, because he was very fond of an apple pudding which Mrs. Damrosch prepared, and which was known in the Damrosch family as "Tausische Apfelspeise" (apple food à la Tausig). On one of these visits Tausig's bed broke down in the middle, and the rest of the night he remained in a half-sitting posture rather than disturb the family.

Two visits from Wagner are among Walter's early recollections. The great composer,—then, however, recognized as such by only a small band of enthusiasts, of whom Leopold Damrosch was one,—stood as godfather for one of his champion's sons, Richard Wagner Damrosch, who died. On the second occasion he came with his friend Marie, Countess von Schleinitz, who was godmother for one of the girls. He was asked to officiate as godfather, but declined. "I would only bring you bad luck again," was the way he put it.

Soon after the Damrosch family came to America, Leopold Damrosch, on Rubinstein's suggestion, organized the Oratorio Society. During Rubinstein's visit they canvassed the musical situation in New York, and the Russian musician put his finger on the weak spot. Walter, besides going to school, studied harmony with his father and piano with Van Inten and others, also taking several courses abroad. For his father's Music Festival in 1880 he trained the Newark Harmonic Society, of which he then became conductor. With it Lillian Bailey (afterwards Mrs. Henschel, who recently died) made her début in oratorio under his direction.

At his father's death in 1885 Walter succeeded him as conductor of the Oratorio and Symphony societies, and became second conductor and assistant musical director of the German opera at the Metropolitan. He preceded the director abroad, and there made four engagements which certainly reflected the greatest credit on his judgment. They were Lilli Lehmann at $500 a night; Emil Fischer at $200 a night; Max Alvary at the low figure of $100 a night, and, after seeking in vain to secure Richter or Mottl, Seidl. Needless to emphasize the important bearing these engagements had in placing German, and especially Wagner, opera on a firm basis in this country. Walter Damrosch was then only twenty-three years old. Later, with his own company, he brought over Klafsky, Brema, and Ternina for the first time.

Besides introducing the artists mentioned to America, Damrosch, with his own opera company, gave the first performances of "The Ring of the Nibelungen" in many

(Continued on page 1953.)

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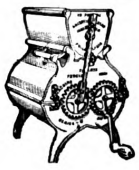


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Above the Clouds in a Motor-Car

AN automobile has at last made a tour in cloudland, or rather above the clouds, for a Colorado chauffeur has recently completed one of the most notable tours which have yet been made with a motor vehicle, reaching an altitude of over 13,000 feet in the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Webb Jay, of Denver, Colorado, the one who performed this remarkable climbing feat, decided to go from Colorado Springs to Denver by way of Leadville, in Mr. Jay's Winton touring-car. To reach Denver he was obliged to go by way of the Mosquito Pass and to cross South Park. The route is over one of the most rugged mountain ranges in Colorado, and for most of the way is merely a trail, without a semblance of roadbed. With Mr. W. W. Price, of Colorado Springs, Mr. Jay left that city shortly after seven o'clock in the morning. They first attempted to go up Ute Pass, but found it was impossible to do so by reason of washouts. They then took the stage route over Cheyenne Mountain, passing through the Cripple Creek mining district and Gillett and Buena Vista. During this part of the trip they attained a speed of nearly forty miles an hour in going down the mountains, although obliged to work their way among rocks and bowlders, some of which were two feet in diameter, while in several places the auto was actually jumped across ditches several feet in width. Near Morrison, Colorado, the party reached a bridge over a mountain stream. It was discovered, when too late to turn around, that a part of the supports at the other side of the structure had given away, allowing it to sag at a steep incline. By running at full speed this portion was covered in safety, although had the auto been delayed even a few seconds it would doubtless have slipped off the bridge, owing to the incline.

In going over Mosquito Pass, one of the highest points of the trip, Mr. Jay and his companion were several thousand feet above the timber-line, and passed snow-drifts in some places which were fully ten feet in depth on the mountain-side. In other places they were obliged to stop in order to get out and search for the trail, and in several instances lost their way entirely, until they obtained information from the mountaineers in the vicinity.

As a result of encounters with the rocks one of the tires was wrecked, while two springs were broken in crossing gullies. Otherwise the party came out without injury, although some of the ascents were made almost directly up the mountain-side at a thirty-two per cent. grade. Leadville, a distance of 180 miles from Colorado Springs, was reached in just twelve hours, an average of fifteen miles an hour, including stops. No auto had ever attempted to go through this country, and it is believed by experts to be the greatest endurance test which has yet been undertaken in the United States, with the possible exception of a trip made by Mr. Alexander Winton, of Cleveland, several years ago, when he attempted to go from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast in a touring-car. The car used was driven by a gasolene engine developing fifteen horse-power.



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(Continued from page 1951.)

estern cities, while, as a concert conductor, produced several important novelties in is country. Among these were Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony. He saw the Russian composer in Cambridge during the preding summer, and secured the promise of e symphony then. Shortly afterward schaikowsky died, but he must have reembered his promise, and have informed his blishers of it, for in due time Damrosch ceived the work. Regarding this symony, the composer said to him at Camridge: "It is different in form from any her work, and it is 'programme music'; t I won't tell the 'programme' to anydy." Liszt's "Christus" and "Parsifal" n oratorio form) are among the other orks first given in this country under alter Damrosch's bâton.

In the "Parsifal" performance the *Kuny* was Marianne Brandt, then of the Gerin company at the Metropolitan Opera ouse. She, alternating with Materna, had eated the rôle at Baireuth. Fräulein randt still is living and teaching in Vienna, here she just has celebrated her sixtieth rthday. This surely will interest her many lmirers, who remember her from "old mes."

As an operatic impresario Walter showed re judgment and keen business sense. hen, German opera having been for a time owded out of the Metropolitan, he late e season organized, from such material as could hastily engage, an opera company, nverted Carnegie Hall into an opera-house, id gave Wagner performances. The folwing season he procured a better troupe, id it was then he cleared $54,000 on his nture. His losses on the next season were used by too elaborate an organization. e had expensive singers, and travelled with n orchestra of seventy-five.

As a composer he is most widely known rough his songs, especially his setting of ipling's "Danny Deever," which is geninely popular. He has produced the "Mila Te Deum," in honor of Dewey's victory; n opera, "The Scarlet Letter"; and he now at work on another opera, "Cyrano." e is very popular as a Wagner lecturer. ll his musicians like him, for he is a man f many winning personal traits. It is inresting to note that the Philharmonic, over hich he now wields the bâton, was led for season by his father.

The Society of Western Artists

See page 1924

WHAT is more natural than that the aving for beauty should arise as soon as ealth and ease give room for the graces—s soon, in a newly peopled section of our ountry, as plentiful ways of communicaon have been established with older cenes? At the ancient seats of learning broad, in the cities at home and in Europe hich are celebrated for the delights and cilities they offer students of art, a large ntingent from the Middle West is conantly to be met with, bent on education their specialty. Nor do these students orn to explore the beauties of their nave America. They visit California; they it to the South, including the West Indies; ey acquaint themselves with the North, lking in Canada and British Columbia; ey swarm on the Atlantic coast. New enerations are growing up in these broad nds—generations freed from the thraldom f pioneer work; generations deriving their eredity from many races, and thus comingling manifold talents and tendencies. it credible that these should fail to exress the multiplex soul of the great West new and glorious forms of art?

Significant are the beginnings. Under the omprehensive title Society of Western rtists the seven leading cities of the Midle West—Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, leveland, Indianapolis, Detroit, and Toleo—have for the past six years endeavored to unite the artists of the West in fellowhip, and to combine their efforts in the interests of art." The society is made up of ctive and associate members from these even cities, and smaller ones situated near hem. It is officered by men elected from he active membership. From these also he jury deciding on the works to be admitted to the exhibitions is chosen. Annu-

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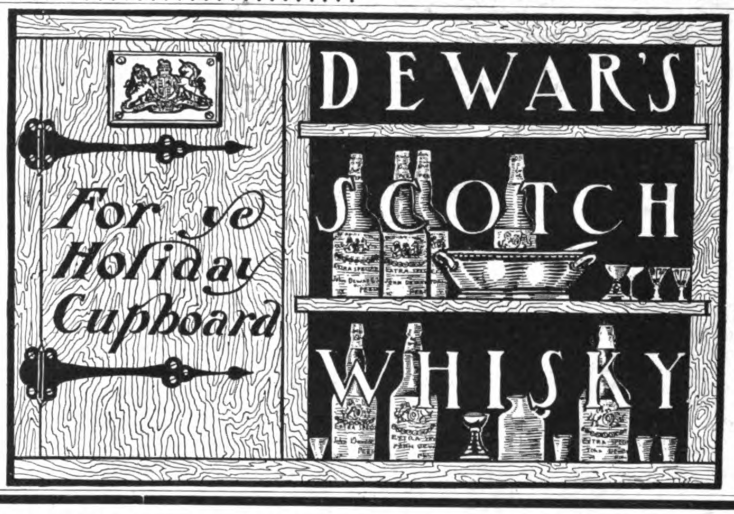
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ally a collection of paintings, sculpture and objects of applied art produced in the Middle West is gathered together and sent in turn to the seven cities, "so that each city profits by the united efforts of the artists of all the cities and their surrounding territories."

The seventh annual exhibition of the Society of Western Artists was opened on November 21 in St. Louis. About 250 works, mostly paintings, were presented. There were also a number of small casts of works of sculpture, as well as photographs of larger ones, and two very creditable collections of pottery, the one of Rookwood from Cincinnati, the other of Newcomb from New Orleans.

It is not within the province of the present writer to forestall by a verdict of his own the opinions of others on the works of the Society of Western Artists. She intends only to call attention to two interesting facts noted with regard to the character of the paintings. These facts seem to be to indicate striking contrasts in the personalities of the artists, and to vouch for the vitality and the seriousness of the art movement in the West. On taking a first rapid survey of the exhibition, one is struck by a startling family resemblance between a number of landscapes of no mean workmanship. On investigation, they prove to come from the "Hoosier group"—Adams, Forsyth, Steele, and Stark, all Indianapolis painters,—re-enforced by Meakin of Cincinnati. There is atmosphere especially in Meakin's and Adams's work. There is skilful handling of perspective, and there is the actual *Stimmung* of the changeful, fertile, smiling, or brooding West in these paintings. "Mist and Sunlight" and "Silence" by Meakin, and Adams's "Sombre Gloom of the Hills," excel in these respects, Meakin being happier in the treatment of his skies. This phenomenon of an entire group, possessing solidarity of feeling and homogeneity of interpretation, seemed to me a hopeful sign. It shows that there is a consciousness of relationship, such as that leading to such happy results abroad in the well-known group known as the Glasgow painters, and again in the little nest of artists in North Germany calling themselves the "Worpsweder."

Two St. Louis men serve to illustrate the exact opposite of this phenomenon, to convince the beholder by the remarkable contrasts their works show of the greatest individual strength in receiving and giving forth impressions. F. O. Sylvester and E. H. Wuerpel are temperamental antipodes, *sui generis* each. Wuerpel, full of mystic melancholy, paints the dream-pictures of a lonely and introspective soul. Sylvester conceives of Nature in her vivid actual relation to human life. Sylvester is dramatic, Wuerpel elegiac. Sylvester emphasizes, Wuerpel suggests. Sylvester is wide-awake, whilst Wuerpel is adreaming. Sylvester as distinctly desirous of remaining within the three categories of time, place, and causality as Wuerpel anxious to transcend them. Look at Wuerpel's "Dream Oaks" and "A Quiet Pool," then at Sylvester's "Sentinels" and "The Mississippi." Are not Sylvester's paintings spiritualizations of the material, Wuerpel's abstractions therefrom? Both stand-points are true, and are interesting. The two contrasting personalities they betray serve admirably to prove that the West possesses decided originality, marked individuality side by side with the community of feeling expressed by the "Hoosier group."

The Enlargement of the Sault Canal

See page 1948

It is difficult to appreciate the full interest to Lake shipping and ship-building interests of the announcement that the United States government contemplates an enlargement of the capacity of the great ship-canal at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, by the construction of a new lock, considerably larger than either of those now in use. The governmental ship-canal at the "Soo," as it is popularly termed, affords a navigable channel for America's marvellous fresh-water fleet around the rapids in St. Mary's River connecting Lakes Huron and Superior. It constitutes the most important water-

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way of the Great Lakes. The limitations of the locks of this canal, in so far as they affect the size of vessels and the weight of cargoes which may be carried, virtually place restrictions on the carrying trade of the greatest of inland waterways, and the significance of the proposed extension of facilities is found in the fact that it opens the way for a still further development of the wonderful commerce of the unsalted seas.

For more than half a century the waterborne traffic of this unique highway, a thousand miles in length, has defied the efforts of human ingenuity to keep pace with its progress by the provision of adequate facilities for avoiding costly delays in St. Mary's River. When, two-thirds of a century ago, Congress was first asked to aid in the establishment of a canal at this point, Henry Clay declared it "a work beyond the remotest settlement of the United States." When, after sixteen years of agitation, a canal was finally constructed, it was provided with locks just four times the size which had been contemplated when the plans were drawn a few years before, and yet the project was scarcely completed ere the necessity for an enlargement of both canal and locks was demonstrated.

The story has been very similar in later years. In 1881 the national government completed, at a cost of about one-third of a million dollars, what is known as the Weitzel Lock, a structure with a chamber over five hundred feet in length and eighty feet in width, but the project for obtaining a navigable channel of sixteen feet depth between Lakes Superior and Huron, and of which the construction of this new lock was an integral part, had barely been completed, at a cost to the government of considerably over two million dollars, when the demands of commerce so enormously increased that it was found necessary to undertake the work of obtaining a depth of twenty feet. Night and day workmen toiled upon a new lock, and in 1894 there was completed, at a cost of almost five million dollars, the famous Poe Lock—the largest lock in the world—a structure eight hundred feet in length between the gates, one hundred feet in width, and twenty-one feet in depth.

Now even this wonderful structure, which long challenged the admiration of the engineering world, is to be displaced from its position of supremacy. The Poe Lock is capable, of course, of accommodating the largest vessels on the Great Lakes, but it will not meet the requirements of that eagerly awaited era when Lake cargo-carriers can be loaded to draw twenty feet of water or more, and the rapid perpetual increase of the fresh-water fleet indicates that the old locks will not be able to much longer make passages rapidly enough to prevent delays.

It was this latter consideration which has led to the decision of the engineers of the War Department to recommend the construction of a complete new lock. For a time it was thought that it might suffice to enlarge the Weitzel Lock, which is yet in use, but when it was taken into account that as many as one hundred and fifty vessels now pass through the canal in a single day at the height of the busy season, and that the number is constantly increasing, it was decided that an additional lock was needed.

However, a great advantage of the new lock, which will be completed in 1910, and will cost $5,000,000, will be found in the fact that it will enable vessels to pass through this water gateway with larger cargoes—or, in other words, loaded deeper—than has heretofore been practicable. Vessels can at present load so as to draw nineteen or perhaps twenty feet of water when passing the "Soo," but the new lock will allow an actual draught of twenty-one feet. That the plans for the construction of this new lock, marking as they do the advent of a new era in Lake commerce, will speedily be followed by other signs of progress, not to remark, is evidenced by the fact that the United States Steel Corporation, already owner of the largest freight-carrying fleet under the American flag, will increase this immense Lake squadron by the addition of not less than twenty new ore ships, each of which will cost half a million dollars. Especially significant is the fact that each of these craft will be 550 feet in length—fifty feet longer than any vessel which has heretofore floated upon fresh water.

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COMMENT

THE President's message may be sharply divided into two parts. In one, Mr. Roosevelt appears as a political and social philosopher; in the other, as an executive officer. In the one character he is vague but eloquent, even epigrammatic; in the other he is sharp, clear, decisive, and practical. When he deals with industrial, tariff, and labor questions, we learn nothing from him; when he talks of the needs of the army and navy, of the policy which should guide us in our treatment of the Indians, of forestry and game preserves, of the conditions and needs of Washington, and of the like, he impresses us by the acuteness and justness of his observations, as well as by the loftiness of his ideals. The opening sentences of his message are marked by a fervor of patriotism which warms the hearts of his readers towards him. The effect of these phrases was manifested in London as well as here, and gained at once a sympathetic audience. The subject, however, in which the listening world was most interested was that of trusts. There had been such sounding proclamation, such busy preparation, such a movement of the whole executive machinery, such an evident absorption of the President's mind, such an intensity of purpose, that it was supposed that we should at last have something definite on what undoubtedly appears to the President to be the leading issue of the time. This expectation, too, seemed to be more than justified by the submissive attitude of Congressmen as they returned to Washington. They not only acknowledged the party's debt of gratitude to the President in the recent elections, but many of them predicted that the President would have his way on this question. Indeed, so much eagerness is felt by some of the Law-makers that they took up the subject of trusts on the very day on which the President's message was read. Mr. Littlefield of Maine was made chairman of a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee which was charged with the duty of evolving a bill. In the Senate, Mr. Cullom introduced a bill of the most extraordinary character, for it provides, among other things, that the Federal government may declare a State corporation to be a monopoly, and may exclude its products from inter-State and from foreign commerce. This bill is the direct fruit of Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Knox's speeches, but, with all the incitement to pick up the standard and carry it to the front, to sound the note of a leadership that was offered him, the President contented himself with repeating in his message the generalities of his speeches.

When the message is carefully read, it is still difficult to discover precisely the object of the President's exhortations. He says so much in favor of combinations of capital; he speaks of them as "an inevitable development of modern industrialism"; he realizes that undue interference with them would "strike down wealth, with the result of closing down factories and mines, of turning the wage-worker idle into the streets, and leaving the farmer without a market for what he grows." And yet he insists that the Federal government shall "supervise and control" the actions of these great and beneficent producers of wealth "to prevent" them from "doing ill." Unfortunately, the President continues to hold his peace as to what are the ills which these corporations do, nor does he reveal to us how he would "prevent," or "curb," or regulate the trusts. He agrees now with the Attorney-General that Congress has the power, and that a constitutional amendment is not necessary. If he had pointed out the wrong to be remedied and the remedies to be applied, this part of the message would have had the ring of leadership which it now lacks. Now it may be, as it has been said, that the President is timidly balancing between the trusts and the suppressors, whereas it is perfectly clear to those who will read the Attorney-General's Pittsburg speech into the message that the President favors some such invasion of the States as is contemplated by the Cullom bill, and, what is of great importance, the substitution of the judgment of the courts for the prevision of Congress as to whether any given combination is a reasonable or unreasonable monopoly or restraint of trade. It will be observed that he speaks of "unjust discrimination" and "fraudulent over-capitalization" as pre-eminently subjects for courts and not for legislatures. On the surface, however, and without this speech, the message adds nothing whatever to our knowledge of the President's opinions and plans, and this being true of it, its general profession of a proper appreciation of the value of well-conducted combinations does not do away with the impression that the President is making war on the modern industrial movement, and that he, therefore, seriously threatens that much of our prosperity which is due to its achievements, economies, and enterprise.

On the tariff question the President is also vague, except as he objects to the abolition of duties on trust products, regarding that method of tariff revision as unsound. What he really wants is a law authorizing him to appoint a commission of experts who shall recommend a plan of revision after studying the full collections of statistics already in the possession of the government. They who are familiar with his views are quite confident that he does not expect to accomplish anything through reciprocity treaties, and know that he will be greatly surprised if the Senate ratifies any of those that were negotiated by Mr. McKinley. It is clear, from the message, that the President believes that some changes in the tariff are necessary, but he is very eager, on the other hand, to allay the fears of the protected interests, and assures them that while it is well "from time to time to make the necessary reapplication of the principle [of protection] to the shifting national needs," scrupulous care will be taken, so long as he is President, "that the reapplication shall be made in such a way that it will not amount to a dislocation of our system, the mere threat of which (not to speak of the performance) would produce paralysis in the business energies of the community." The President may rest assured that the appointment of a

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tariff commission will disturb no protected interest. On the contrary, this is the method of marking time and preventing revision which always commends itself to those who are opposed to any change whatever. It was so in 1883; it will be so in 1903.

The President's remarks on organized capital and organized labor are generalities, the soundness of which depends entirely upon their application in any given case. We will all admit that labor has the right to organize, as capital has; and we cannot dispute the statement that organization in both instances has at times been efficient for good. This part of the message recommends no legislation directed against organization, or authorizing the Federal government to intervene in disputes between employer and employee. It is full of sound philosophical statements, notably this: "Every employer, every wage-worker, must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor so long as he does not infringe on the rights of others." This is sound, but it was not applied in the recent troubles in the anthracite region. While the President does not ask for power to intervene in strikes and lockouts, he does ask for the establishment of a new department, that of Commerce, whose head shall be a member of the cabinet. He thinks that this is made necessary by the "rapid multiplication of questions affecting labor and capital, the growth and complexity of the organizations through which both labor and capital now find expression, the steady tendency towards the employment of capital in large corporations, etc." Of course, if the Secretary of Commerce is to have jurisdiction in labor troubles and over trusts, as well as over all inter-State and foreign commerce, much more power than is now possessed by the President must be bestowed upon him by act of Congress. It is not to be supposed that the executive, either President or cabinet officer, is always to intervene unofficially. The possible danger of such intervention is already foreshadowed in the case of the coal strike. The President intervened there as Theodore Roosevelt. It was his strong desire that all parties to the controversy, including the country, should understand and comprehend the unofficial character of his action. Finally, after the commission had been apparently constituted by mutual consent at the request of Theodore Roosevelt, citizen, Mr. Mitchell insisted that Mr. Roosevelt's invitation to him to consult with himself and the operators was, in fact, a recognition by the President of the United States of the United Mine Workers, and of the justice of that organization's claim to recognition by the operators. Moreover, the whole theory of Mr. Roosevelt is endangered by the introduction by Mr. Cannon, apparently with the President's consent, of a bill to make the commission official by paying its members and their expenses out of the public Treasury. The Federal government cannot go on securing jurisdiction in this way, by indirection and after the fact. Therefore we suppose that the President means that the Secretary of Commerce, who, if such an office be established, will be Mr. Cortelyou, shall be created by law a standing arbitrator in labor disputes, and a national constable charged with the task of preventing trusts from doing wrong.

A great many thousand readers have giggled at the President's preliminary declaration in his message to Congress that we are the sons of men who had iron in their blood, and that ours is not the creed of the weakling and the coward. These are deathless truths, indeed, but they do not fire the blood unless the occasion is ripe for their disclosure, nor do they gain in force by overmuch repetition. A simple assurance from the President from time to time that his powder is dry would carry as much conviction as his periodical ignition of samples of it. Just at the present moment the coward and the weakling are so little to the fore and offer so few attractions, that it is hard to say what their creed, for the moment, may be, though the papers reported that a hundred and fifty of the Anti-Imperialists took luncheon together last week at the Twentieth Century Club in Boston.

Secretary Root's argument in behalf of his plan for a general staff is so clear, logical, and convincing that it is greatly to be regretted that nothing is likely to come of it at this short session of Congress. However, it is one of the idiosyncrasies of such a representative government as our own that not only is long discussion required to secure the adoption of an obvious reform by our law-making body, but often it is found to be necessary so to arouse public sentiment that Congress at length receives a mandate which it dare not disobey. While it is doubtful if army organization is a subject which is calculated to awaken much public interest, we are a business people, a practical people, and Mr. Root has demonstrated that, as at present organized, the army is defective at the top; that although an admirable instrument for its purpose, well officered, well equipped, and of admirable personnel, it cannot be effectively handled for lack of directing intelligence. This intelligence can only be supplied by the formation of such a general staff as that which is recommended by the Secretary of War. It would be a staff, as he says, because its duties would be those of staff-officers, while it would be a general staff because they would affect the army generally. The present staff organization is one of separated departments. There is no connecting link between them. Moreover, they are administrative. One feeds, another clothes and transports, another doctors, another pays, and another arms the troops. There is no one body of officers who can inform the President, in an emergency, as to what troops are available for a required service; what relative proportions of the different arms of the service would be best for a projected movement; how such a force could be best mobilized or transported; what food it might require, and where it could be found; what should be the plan of attack; what would be the nature of the enemy's country, or the best line of our own defence. Mr. Root shows the necessity for such a staff, and points out the absolutely essential tasks that it would perform with his great ability of statement. His report ought to make an impression on Congress; he has already deeply impressed intelligent and interested minds with the fact that the country is spending millions a year on a first-rate fighting force which has no intelligent directing head. The adoption of the general-staff plan is dictated by plain common-sense.

In Secretary Root's report there are two recommendations concerning the Philippines that ought to be complied with at once. He urges that the duties levied in the United States upon products of the Philippine archipelago imported therefrom be reduced to 25 per cent. of the Dingley tariff rates. Inasmuch as we now admit the products of Porto Rico duty free, it is obviously unjust to discriminate against the Philippines, which are entitled to equally liberal treatment at our hands. Nor is it reasonable to expect a development of industrial and commercial prosperity in the archipelago if we practically bar Philippine products from our market. In the case, for example, of the Philippine—or, as they are called in the trade, Manila—cigars, we have virtually deprived them of the Spanish market to which they formerly had access, and we have thus far refused to give them a market in the United States. The inevitable result has been a depression of the tobacco industry, which used to be thriving, and is capable of great expansion.

Equally commendable is Mr. Root's proposal that the Philippine government shall be permitted to establish the gold standard for its currency, taking, at the same time, such measures as it finds to be practicable and prudent to keep at a parity with gold the silver coinage which it is authorized to issue, and which, of course, is exclusively used in the payment of wages and in small transactions. The gold standard now obtains not only in India, Burmah, and Ceylon, but also in Japan, and it is said that the Siamese government is on the point of adopting it. In 1897 the gold standard was advocated for the Straits Settlements by a majority of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Singapore. In the Dutch East Indies the gold standard is established, and exchange has been kept substantially fixed throughout the period of the relative fall in the price of silver. As a matter of fact, however, gold coins are rarely seen there, the bank notes of the Java Bank and silver, which is a legal tender at a fixed rate of exchange for all amounts, constituting the currency. The French colony of Indo-China is on a silver basis; but for government transactions the Governor-Gener-

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fixes a rate of exchange between the commercial dollar and the gold franc.

Mr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, who, in August, 1901, was sent to the East as Special Commissioner of the War Department to investigate the currency question, has set forth in his report strong reasons for the acceptance of Mr. Root's proposal. The conclusion to which he was led by his inquiries was that, if Congress intends to act in the interests of the Filipinos, and not exclusively in the interests of the comparatively few exporters and bankers, it will promptly adopt the gold standard, so arranging, at the same time, the system of subsidiary coinage as to produce the least disturbance possible in local conditions. The argument for the adoption of the gold standard is stronger to-day than it was when Mr. Jenks made his report, for, whereas at that time the market rate of exchange in the Philippines between silver and gold was $2 27 in the white metal for one American gold dollar, it is now $2 70.

The feature of the report of the Secretary of the Navy which will naturally attract most attention is Mr. Moody's showing of the lack of officers and men for the manning of the ships. There are now, including midshipmen who have left the Academy, but have not yet obtained their commissions, 1023 officers on the navy list. The number absolutely required for officering existing ships is 1600, so that there is already a deficiency of 577. When the ships now building are completed and are in commission, the number of officers that will actually be required for them will be 498. Allowing for the usual percentage of officers in transit, sick, on leave, and on shore duty, 623 more officers will be required after the new ships are finished. During the next four years, 160 officers will retire, so that at the end of that period the total deficiency of officers will be 1360. This is a larger number, it will be seen, than the total list of to-day. From this deficiency, however, there must be deducted 355 graduates of the Academy, and, possibly, six promotions from enlisted men each year. This will bring the deficiency below 1000. Mr. Moody has made the most of his personnel. He has so greatly reduced the number of officers on shore duty, in order to man the ships, that he has called forth direful predictions from old bureau officers. His answer has always been that sea duty is of the first importance in the navy, and certainly if we are to have a navy we must keep its ships fully officered. The opposite policy would be entirely consistent with the theory that we need no navy at all. Mr. Moody says that graduates of the Academy make the best officers, and that we must not be content with less than the best, because the best is obtainable. He asks Congress to increase the number of cadets at Annapolis, and his recommendation ought to be followed. We have the ships; we are to have others; and we must have the men. Besides more officers, 3000 more enlisted men are needed for the ships now afloat.

One of the very first matters to come before the Senate at the present session of Congress will be the report on the House bill admitting the Territories of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona into the Union as States. The friends of the bill would have tried to force a consideration of it at the last session, but for an agreement that the Committee on Territories should report on the proposed measure on Wednesday, December 3, and that a week later the bill should become the unfinished business of the Senate. Whether the committee's report would be favorable or unfavorable was, when Congress adjourned, unknown, Senator Quay being the only Republican member who favored immediate action at the last session. It is certain that the bill ought not to pass in its present form: those Republican members of the committee are right who advocate an amendment providing for the admission of Oklahoma only. This Territory had in 1900 a population of 398,245, representing a gain of nearly 400 per cent. over 61,834, the number of inhabitants ten years previous. It is alleged that the population now exceeds half a million. It is certain that, even at the date of the last census, eight States were less populous than Oklahoma, to wit, Delaware, Vermont, North Dakota, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada. There are but four States, namely, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, and Wyoming, that have a smaller population than New Mexico, which in 1900 had only 193,777 inhabitants. There are but two, namely, Wyoming and Nevada, that contain fewer people than Arizona, which at the date of the last census had but 122,212 inhabitants. Neither Nevada, nor Idaho, nor Wyoming ought ever to have been admitted into the Union, although in the case of the first named there was a pressing political reason for the admission which did not exist in the case of the other two.

We have too many rotten boroughs as it is, and to admit any more of them, not only would be a grievous injury to the interests of such great commonwealths as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, and Texas, but, as experience has shown, would seriously impair the reputation of the Federal Senate. It reflects no honor upon Democratic Senators that they are said to be united in favor of admitting New Mexico and Arizona, on the ground that both will ultimately be Democratic. Discreditable, also, is the motive imputed to Senator Quay for combining with his Democratic colleagues. His friend and political lieutenant, Mr. Andrews, is now a citizen of New Mexico, and there is said to be a bargain to make him one of the United States Senators from that Territory, in case it is admitted to the Union. From every point of view the scheme to admit New Mexico and Arizona is a disgraceful job.

Those who are qualified by some knowledge of the past to forecast the possible consequences of acts that, on their face, seem harmless enough, will hope that there is foundation for the report that Venezuela has arranged to pay the sums of money recognized by her as due to Great Britain and to Germany, and thus to shield her custom-houses from the seizure threatened at the hands of those powers. It is understood that both Great Britain and Germany desired our State Department to say whether it would object to such a seizure, and that Secretary Hay replied that no objection would be made, provided the occupation of the Venezuelan seaports should be only temporary. We assume that Mr. Hay had taken measures to convince himself that the debts alleged by the European governments named had either been acknowledged by Venezuela, or were valid in law and in fact; for we cannot suppose him to have consented that either Great Britain or Germany should be at once claimant, judge, and executioner in its own cause. This assumption made, we shall admit that Mr. Hay's position is identical with that taken by Mr. Cleveland in the Corinto case, when, it will be remembered, we permitted Great Britain to seize a Nicaraguan custom-house, and to hold it until the amount of an alleged debt was liquidated from the proceeds of the duties levied. Mr. Hay's position also conforms to the construction of the Monroe doctrine propounded by Mr. Roosevelt in his message of December, 1901, when he said that we should not interfere in disputes between European powers and American republics, provided no permanent alienation of the territory of the latter were attempted. We hold, nevertheless, that the Corinto precedent was a dangerous one, and we are glad that there seems to be no prospect of its being strengthened in the case of Venezuela.

It ought to be obvious on *a priori* grounds that the occupation of a debtor country, or a part thereof, by a creditor nation, on the pretext of collecting a debt would be apt to lead to permanent possession. We have, moreover, before our eyes the example of Egypt, which was occupied by the British as debt-collectors, and which they still retain in the teeth of repeated promises to evacuate the country. We do not need, however, to cross the Atlantic for a warning. The joint expedition undertaken by England, Spain, and France against Mexico—an expedition of which the primary outcome was the occupation of Vera Cruz—had for its ostensible purpose the collection of debts long in arrears. It is well known that, although Great Britain and Spain ultimately declined to cooperate with him, Napoleon III., having gained a coign of vantage on American soil, preceeded to the conquest of the Mexican republic. It is on just such a pretext, and in just such a way, that an earth-hungry European power would be apt to proceed against Brazil or Argentina. Nor is it easy to see how—provided the pretext of debt-collecting were put forward—we could object to the first and most difficult step, that, namely, of effecting a lodgement on American soil, if we should strengthen the Corinto precedent by permitting the

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temporary occupation of Venezuelan seaports by the armed forces of England and Germany.

For several reasons it is fortunate that the Bogota government has taken out of the hands of Minister Concha the conduct of the negotiations regarding the acquisition of a right of way for the Panama Canal. Minister Concha has evinced a huckstering spirit, and a determination to extort from the United States a larger price for the desired concession than our government is willing, or, for that matter, authorized, to pay. There is also ground for believing that he has acted in bad faith. He has repeatedly asserted that the constitution of Colombia prohibited the abrogation of sovereignty over any part of the national territory, and he has insisted that a grant of the perpetual control required by our State Department would be equivalent to an abrogation of sovereignty. He has never verified his assertion by producing a copy of the constitution of 1886, the only federal organic law which during the last fifteen years has been operative in Colombia. For a long time our State Department was unable to procure a copy of that instrument, but it finally succeeded in doing so, and discovered that it contains no provision forbidding the abrogation of sovereignty. Under the circumstances, Secretary Hay was amply justified in requesting the Bogota government to intrust some other representative with the conduct of the negotiations.

There was some wild talk in our newspapers at the time when it seemed possible, if not probable, that, owing to Minister Concha's obstructive attitude, the negotiations might miscarry. It was even suggested by a United States Senator that our government might, after purchasing the concession granted to the French canal company, complete the work without regard to the sovereign rights of Colombia. If the Senator had ever seen the text of that concession, he would have known that it recognizes the jurisdiction of Colombia over the canal, a recognition in which our government would not dream of acquiescing. We have no idea of undertaking to complete the waterway unless we can control the strip of land through which it runs. As for the proposal that we should practically seize the isthmus and hold it against Colombia's will, it is obvious that such a high-handed course could not be reconciled with the Monroe doctrine, which binds us to show to the Latin-American republics the same respectful consideration with which we insist that they shall be treated by European powers. If Minister Concha had reflected faithfully the intentions of the Bogota government, and, in consequence, the negotiations for a right of way had miscarried, we should have had no alternative but to fall back on the Nicaragua route, although it is now generally regarded as much less desirable.

It is fortunate that Mr. Hunter, our minister to Guatemala, disclaims any official connection with the legation on the part of his son, who is charged with killing an American resident in that country. On the contrary, the minister asserts that his son was engaged in private business, and in that capacity, of course, he is amenable to the laws of Guatemala. There seems to be no doubt that had the young man been employed by his father as an amanuensis, or in any other way, he would have been exempt from Guatemalan jurisdiction. Under the act of April 30, 1790, the arrest of even a domestic servant of a foreign minister in the United States is illegal, the process invalid, and persons knowingly concerned in the arrest are liable to prosecution. What we concede to other countries we are entitled to require from them. It is also to be borne in mind that if the privilege of exemption from Guatemalan jurisdiction could fairly be claimed by young Hunter, our State Department, however reluctant to shield a person accused of a grave crime, might well hesitate to waive the privilege in Hunter's case, owing to the danger of establishing a precedent of the kind.

In Morocco, in Turkey, in Persia, in Siam, in China, and, we may add, in most, if not all, of the Latin-American republics, it is of great moment to maintain, with the utmost latitude permitted by international law, the privileges of foreign ministers and of all those officially connected with them. So much importance, indeed, is attached to the privilege that in the personal instructions issued by our State Department in 1885 to diplomatic agents they were warned that none of them could be allowed to waive his privilege of exemption from foreign jurisdiction, for it belongs to his office, not to himself. Those instructions were obeyed by Minister Hunter when he requested our government to authorize his Secretary of Legation to appear as a witness at the trial of his son. On the whole, there is no evidence as yet published that any attempt has been made in Guatemala to safeguard a law-breaker behind official privilege, and our government is thus relieved from the unwelcome alternative of seeming to tolerate such a proceeding, or else of impairing the inviolability of our diplomatic representatives.

It is satisfactory to learn that the outcome of the election for Governor in New York has produced a deep impression throughout the Southern States. Those strongholds of the Democracy share the conviction held by all intelligent onlookers in the Empire Commonwealth that Governor Odell would have been defeated for re-election had he been opposed by Chief-Judge Parker. The belief that a man exists who could carry New York for the Democracy, and that this man, while a firm upholder of the duty of supporting the party candidate, is a representative, not of Bryanism, but of Jeffersonian principles, seems to have electrified many of the leaders of Southern opinion, who have awakened to the power of their section to dictate the future course of the Democracy, and who had already recognized the need of reverting to the platform of 1892, and of ignoring the luckless divagations from the straight Democratic pathway which were sanctioned by their national conventions in the last two contests for the Presidency. The recent utterances of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan and other distinguished Southerners, as well as of powerful journals in the Southern States, render it clear that if Chief-Judge Parker had been nominated and elected Governor of New York, there would have been an irresistible demand for his nomination for the Presidency in the next Democratic National Convention. The utterances proved more than this: they indicate that, even as it is, the name of Chief-Judge Parker, like that of ex-President Cleveland, is likely to receive serious attention during the next eighteen months on the part of those Southern Democrats who are alive to the magnitude of the responsibility resting on their section for the regeneration of the Democracy.

As between the two men whom we have named, the choice of the Southern States is likely to be determined by the answer given to the crucial question, Which of the two would be the more likely to carry the State of New York? Chief-Judge Parker carried it in a year when the other candidates of his party were defeated. Mr. Cleveland carried it in 1882, 1884, and in 1892, but he failed to carry it in 1888, and thereby lost the Presidency in that year. We, ourselves, do not imagine that the "third-term" cry would have much weight in the case of Mr. Cleveland, because the third term would not be consecutive, as, in 1905, eight years would have elapsed since he left the White House. Judge Parker would, of course, be free from any objection on this score. As things look now, it seems probable that either of them could carry the State of New York, but it is to be borne in mind that the Democratic candidate would need to carry also Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and at least one other Northern State, and that, for this purpose, Mr. Cleveland might prove the more available, because so much more widely known. One thing is certain: the Southern Democrats need labor under no apprehension that their wishes might be frustrated by the intrigues of Mr. Hill. The power of that shifty politician to manipulate the New York Democracy is shattered. If the Southern Democrats unitedly demand either of the men whom we have named, their determination will not be thwarted by the delegation of New York in the next national convention of their party. Meanwhile may it not be worth their while to consider the suggestion of one of the most sagacious of Democratic leaders in the North, ex-Senator Smith of New Jersey, who has Judge George Gray in mind?

Why should Senator Allison of Iowa say, with respect to a proposition for tariff modification, that it "would be a good theory perhaps, but it would be disastrous in practice"? Good for what? To play with? To speculate with? To toss arguments with? Nothing more, certainly; hardly even for that. The evidence of a good theory is that it is good for

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practice; otherwise it is a bad theory, as men of all sorts and conditions have been finding out from the time when men began to make theories and try to work them. Men are fond of saying that a theory is good when what they mean is that it looks good, particularly if it is not subjected to close examination; but the test comes in the practice, and if the practice is disastrous, the theory is proven to have never been good. But Senator Allison's theory that revision of the tariff by a non-partisan or a bi-partisan commission cannot be satisfactory seems to be good—that is, it is sound and tenable. He says, and very truly, that as the Republican party is in control of both branches of Congress, it must accept the responsibility before the people, and that any commission appointed to revise the tariff should reflect the political complexion of Congress accurately, or its conclusions will not be accepted with any confidence whatever. This is only the sound application of the doctrine of political responsibility, which no party ever yet succeeded in evading or in shifting. Considerable is said in advocacy of the proposition that as the tariff is a matter of business, it ought not to be made a matter of politics. Even if the proposition were not superficial, the fact is that the tariff is a matter of politics, and that the Republican party maintains a pretty definite and precise position concerning it. Therefore Senator Allison's theory that the party ought to accept all the responsibility that goes with its power is a good theory, and ought to prove good in practice.

Should we regret or welcome the failure of the attempt to effect a private agreement between the coal-operators and the United Mine Workers, which might, and probably would, have rendered the Anthracite Commission appointed by the President superfluous? We say United Mine Workers, because Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, the representative of the larger operators, conferred on the subject with Mr. Mitchell, thus recognizing the organization, as, indeed, his clients had previously done by promising to accept the decision of a commission on which the organization was represented. Had Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Mitchell reached an agreement binding on both parties for a definite term, and based upon certain concessions on the part of employers as regards the rate of wages and the hours of labor, the primary purpose of the Commission would undoubtedly have been accomplished. When the Commission was appointed, however, it was said to have a larger purpose than the temporary settlement of a particular controversy between employers and employed in a given field of labor. As the result of its inquiries, the Commission was expected to propound certain general principles which, if accepted, might avert similar controversies hereafter, and which, even if rejected by the immediate parties in interest, might tend to enlighten public opinion.

Those who hold that the President acted within the law and did but perform his duty when he interposed between the strikers and their employers will naturally wish the Commission to go on and discharge the whole of the work with which it was entrusted. Those, on the other hand, who believe that in his original invitation of the operators and miners to a conference, and in his subsequent appointment of a Commission to arbitrate between them, the President transcended his constitutional rights, and established a perilous precedent for the assertion of powers unconferred and unchecked by our Federal organic law, would have been glad to see the Commission superseded and disbanded, and thus relegated to the limbo of mistaken and abortive experiments. As things are, the Anthracite Commission will have to prosecute its task, and whatever may be the influence which it directly exercises on the relations of capital and labor, it is destined to stand forth, for good or for evil, as a landmark in American history.

It is more than a month since work began again in the coal-mines, but coal continues to be scarce and very variable in price. In New York coal bills that came in on December 1 put the price of range coal at seven dollars and a half a ton. Families in New York are still buying their coal in one-ton lots or less. In Boston the coal scarcity is so acute that on Sunday, November 30, the coal-yards were kept open, and dealers sent their regular customers half-ton and quarter-ton lots. In western Massachusetts coal has been cheaper and more abundant than in Boston. In Worcester there has been a scarcity. Folks in Glens Falls, New York, were disconcerted because on December 1 they were paying eight dollars a ton for Delaware and Hudson coal, while Plattsburg and Saratoga were getting it at six dollars and a half. They accuse the Delaware and Hudson people of putting up the price on them. In Washington the coal famine was so serious on November 29 that the Commissioners of the District appointed a commission of ten prominent men of business to find out why the capital was not getting its share of anthracite. What little coal the dealers had at that time was selling at from twelve to twenty dollars a ton. No doubt the chief trouble now is with distribution. To give every point its share at about the same time would be difficult in any case, and freight blockades and congestion of traffic have made it harder. The remote places have to be supplied as well as those near by, and as between localities near the mines and those far away, the difference in the hard-coal supply seems to be merely that some places have very little and others have less. Where the scarcity is acute and prices very high, the victims feel sure that the coal companies or the dealers are trading on their necessities. All users of the domestic sizes of anthracite are living from hand to mouth, and, so far as appears, that condition, with prices about one-third higher than usual, promises to continue through the winter. In the nature of things it must be hard for production to get much ahead of consumption during the cold months. The time for accumulation was the warm season, and then the mines were idle. We are much better off with the miners at work than we would be if they were still idle, but that is as much as can be said. Our lesson in coal economies promises to last until spring, and so long as it does last coal companies and dealers will be suspected of making too much money.

A new and somewhat lurid light is thrown on Mr. Secretary Chamberlain's South-African trip by the English papers. It seems that not only is the rôle of angel of peace, with its properties of halo and olive branch, definitely and unanimously assigned to Mr. Chamberlain, but it further develops that there is a villain in the piece, to defeat whose machinations the new angel of peace is specially elected and called. The stage villain is the South-African High Commissioner, Lord Milner, and a section of the British press unanimously declares him to be a narrow-minded and tyrannical bigot, who has been able, in the few months elapsed since the peace negotiations, so thoroughly to meddle and muddle, that Mr. Chamberlain will need his finest powers of both heart and head to draw order out of his stiff-necked subordinate's chaotic handiwork. The London *Daily News* asserts that Lord Milner is absorbed in his master-passion—hatred of the Boers. He cares not whom he may have with him, so long as he can carry on, within the bounds of peace, all the malignity of war. No solemn treaty, no pledged word, stands between this man and his purpose. The ink was scarcely dry on the treaty of peace when, in direct breach of its terms, he caused the arrest and imprisonment of several Boer commandants to whom amnesty had been promised. These men would be in prison now if the Boer generals had not pleaded with Mr. Chamberlain. There was nothing more clearly understood at the peace conference than that the Boer rank and file should be relieved of the necessity of taking the oath of allegiance. But Lord Milner's first act was to try his utmost to force that oath upon every Boer, with the alternative of exile; and there again it was only the pleading of the generals at their interview with Mr. Chamberlain that obtained a change of policy. Again, there was nothing more clearly understood in the treaty of peace than that the prisoners should be returned as quickly as possible. But at the present moment many hundreds are being detained in their places of exile, "longing," like the ghosts in Virgil, "for the other shore," though many offer to pay their own passages home. War is over, and the right of imprisonment is ended. But Lord Milner cannot forget or forgive. A new class of human being has been invented, under the title of "undesirable," and because this petty satrap does not "desire" their presence, hundreds of brave and honest men are to be kept away from their native land. So far the indictment of the High Commissioner by his fellow-countrymen. It is difficult to believe him so far gone in imbecility as to take these most ef-

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fective methods of stultifying the policy he professes to have at heart. To quote the Oriental phrase, "He is sowing for himself the seeds of sorrow."

While the Birmingham angel of peace sails for Suez and South Africa, his very good friend, Kaiser Wilhelm, appears in a new rôle, as vindicator of that other angel of peace, Herr Krupp of Essen, who died so suddenly the other day, after reading an attack on his integrity by the editor of a Social-Democrat paper. It is said, and said unjustly, that a hostile editor killed John Keats, who in reality died of consumption, as manly a heart as ever breathed. But even if a gentle boy poet had been withered by the blast of hostile criticism, one would think the tough old steel founder, who had made so many mighty armor plates, might have been proof against a missile of mere words. Yet the Kaiser deliberately brands the critic of Herr Krupp as a murderer. Addressing the directors and workmen of the Krupp works after the funeral, his Imperial Majesty said that he felt called to tell them how deeply he was affected by Herr Krupp's death. The Empress joined with him in sending to all an expression of the same sorrow, and had already written in condolence to Frau Krupp. The imperial pair had often enjoyed the great steel founder's hospitality, deeply feeling the influence of his amicability and charm. In the course of years these relations became so close that the Emperor felt a personal friendship for Herr Krupp and his house. The Emperor felt compelled, therefore, to attend the funeral, sensible that he must stand by the widow and daughters of his calumniated friend. The special circumstances which attended the sad event also impelled him, as the supreme head of the empire, to be present in order to hold the shield of the German Emperor over the house and memory of the dead. Those who were intimately acquainted with the departed knew with what a delicate and sensitive nature he was endowed, and that it offered the only point of attack through which he might be dealt a mortal blow. He had been the victim of his unassailable integrity. A deed had been done in German lands so base and mean that it made all hearts shudder, and must have brought to the cheek of every German patriot a blush of shame at the disgrace cast upon the whole nation. The man who was German to the core, who lived always only for others and for the welfare of the fatherland—above all, for his own workmen—had his honor assailed. This deed, with its consequences, was nothing less than murder, for there is no difference between him who mixes and presents a poisonous draught to another and him who, from the safe shelter of his editorial sanctum, with the poisoned darts of his slanders robs his fellow-man of his honorable name, and kills him by the mental torture he inflicts.—All of which seems to us somewhat exaggerated.

The name of that gentle and sensitive individual, Herr Krupp of Essen, occurs in the cables a second time, in a somewhat different setting. From Constantinople it is reported that the equally sensitive, though not quite so gentle, Abdul Hamid, Commander of the Faithful, has just ordered sixteen new batteries of quick-firing field-guns, numbering ninety-six guns in all, from the Krupp works at Essen, as a first step towards providing his faithful Moslem soldiers with a highly modern murdering outfit. The War Ministry is also authorized to purchase a quarter of a million small-calibre Mausers, to complete the present establishment; with wagons and ammunition this new outfit will cost four million dollars. It must make the soul of poor Mr. Krupp, now in a better world, tremble and shrink with horror to think that his ninety-six guns are to be employed to "pacify" the Macedonian Christians, should they once more break out in rebellion next spring, and that gentle lover of his fellow-men may haply regret that he did not show his altruism in some other way than by perfecting the tools of wholesale slaughter. The dear, sensitive Abdul Hamid, who has just been having a birthday party, declares that he "makes no distinction between his Mohammedan and Christian subjects" when it is a question of doing them good. Decidedly, Mr. Chamberlain's piety is catching.

The spectacle of a venerable Senator travelling from New England to Washington to intercede for a change of detail for a young married army officer who had been ordered to the Philippines has stirred a Washington correspondent to a moving discourse upon the inexpediency of marriage for the younger army officers. It is the matter upon which General Corbin spoke with so much feeling in his annual report. His opinions about it were generally attributed to impressions received abroad, but his own experience and observation undoubtedly give ample warrant for his views. He is right in considering that a lieutenant with no income except his pay is not in a good position to marry a wife and raise a family. If the young officer serves ten years as a single man it is not unduly long. The lawyer or the doctor who can marry nowadays before he is thirty must have better than average luck in his profession. General Corbin says that a young officer may reasonably hope to be a major at thirty-two, with a salary equivalent to $3422. If that is true, hope deferred need not make the heart incurably sick, but this reasonable hope of being a major at thirty-two is a new thing that has come with the enlargement of the army. In days past an officer who was a major at forty-five was lucky. The correspondent quoted above says there is far less trouble about premature and inconsiderate marriages in the navy than in the army. There is less new, raw material in the navy than in the army; that doubtless makes a difference. For another thing, the naval officer's course of duty is more explicitly prescribed than his army brother's, and he knows better what to expect. All sea-service takes him away from his family, and when he marries he expects and counts upon long periods of separation. The army officer expects, as a rule, to have his wife with him, and when he is ordered to the Philippines or somewhere where she cannot go, it disturbs his calculations and makes trouble in the family. Then comes the appeal for a change of orders, and the Adjutant-General's office makes a new note about the inexpediency of marriage for lieutenants.

Rather more than a century ago, queer Quaker John Dalton, intensely interested in the variations of the weather, the rainfall, and the like, got to wondering what became of the water evaporating out of a pail. Into the air it goes, beyond doubt, to return as rain; but it must go up in a form so fine that the ordinary attraction of gravity is overcome. So Dalton was led to his famous conception of atoms, forms of matter so minute as to be far beyond the powers of the finest microscope. This conception, now universally applied, has given us a marvellous insight into the constitution of the material world. It has revealed the structure and make-up of the food we eat, the things we drink, the air we breathe. But not less has it hinted of the things we ourselves are made of—heart, brain, muscles, bones. Physiologists, or, as we are coming to say nowadays, biologists, have been strangely shy of the revelations of the chemist's test tube. Of the simpler laws of chemical union they are for the most part profoundly ignorant. Meanwhile, in the last quarter of a century there has been growing up, chiefly in Germany, a new science, called physical chemistry, which bids fair to rob matter of its most ultimate secrets. And, by definition, life as well. For the stuff that we are made of is all to be found in the earth and air about us. It is not different, nor unique. The most distinctive work of Professor Jacques Loeb, now of the University of Chicago, has lain in the application of the new physical chemistry to the problems of life. It would be absurd to say that he has done it all; there have been a host of others, but he has been in the front line, an innovator and a pioneer. Some of the things he has done have been startling, but their chief value so far lies in the fact that he has opened up new paths, made our horizon wider. He ranks to-day as one of the three or four greatest biologists living. Professor Loeb's chief work has been in America. He is a naturalized American citizen, and has an American wife. But he had done many notable things before he came to this country, eleven years ago. He is German born, and received his training in the German universities. He made his name in his work on the so-called *trophisms*—that is, very crudely, showing why a caterpillar crawls up a tree to the fresh buds, why a fly lays its eggs on fat and not in lean meat, and so on. Thanks to him chiefly, the mysterious thing we were wont to call instinct has been reduced to the play of simple mechanical forces. Professor Loeb came first to Bryn Mawr, going from there to Chicago in 1892.

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The President's Message

Those who expected to find in Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message specific and earnest recommendations concerning the trusts and a revision of the tariff, will be disappointed. So far as those subjects are concerned, he practically confines himself to an exposition of what he deems to be the duties of the hour, and he leaves Congress to determine how those duties shall be discharged. With reference to the trusts in particular, he seems inclined to take a defensive and apologetic position, as compared with the aggressive attitude which he assumed in his New England speeches. Last summer he had a great deal to say about the evils of the trusts, and about the necessity of applying to them a drastic remedy, while at that time his recognition of their economic services was, by comparison, perfunctory. Now, not only is the transcendent importance of the economic part performed by huge aggregations of capital in the development of industry and trade distinctly recognized and strongly emphasized, but the existence of abuses actually or conceivably incident to the working of such economic forces, while not disputed, but on the contrary affirmed, occupies but a secondary place in the discussion of the theme. If there be evils incident to trusts, he says, let them, by all means, be cured, provided the Federal government have power to cure them, and provided, also, we do not deprive ourselves, by the same stroke, of immeasurable benefits.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to have awakened to the dangers of a meddlesome and paternal legislation. He sees that our present national wellbeing is due to the play of economic forces under favorable conditions, which easily might be impaired by short-sighted or vexatious laws. He has learned that a problem intertwined with the roots of our national prosperity must be approached in a philosophic, and not an iconoclastic temper; that, before attempting to supersede or cramp by statute the natural play of economic agencies, it behooves us to see to it that we keep a due sense of proportion, and do not, by fixing our gaze upon a lesser evil, forget the greater good. It makes all the difference in the world whether a man tries to examine profound economic questions with a calm, sober, and open mind, or whether he comes to their consideration in a spirit of envy, jealousy, and malice. There is no longer any trace of the demagogue in Mr. Roosevelt's frank acknowledgment that the big aggregations of capital represent an inevitable development of modern industrialism, and that the effort to destroy them would be futile unless it were accomplished in ways that would work deadly mischief to the whole body politic. He puts his clarified purpose in a nutshell when he declares that he draws the line against misconduct, not against wealth.

We will not quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt, because, starting with this sound and sane principle, he does not as yet draw the deduction that a constitutional amendment, giving the Federal government control of the within-State business of corporations, would be one of those ways of dealing with the trusts that would work the utmost mischief to the whole body politic. We feel reasonably assured that he will come to this conclusion in time, and, meanwhile, he virtually postpones to the Greek Kalends a resort to the perilous expedient of such a constitutional amendment by expressing his belief that Congress already possesses the power to abate abuses imputed to the trusts, through its right to regulate inter-State commerce and foreign trade. As regards future applications of the power to regulate inter-State commerce, Mr. Roosevelt suggests no particular amendment of the anti-trust law now upon the statute-book, but he invites Congress to make a special appropriation for the more rigorous enforcement of that law, and to devise such emendations of it as in their judgment shall enable it to cope more efficiently with corporations accused of restricting commercial freedom.

Mr. Roosevelt differs fundamentally from the standard-bearers of the Democratic party when he declares that the question of regulation of the trusts stands apart from the question of tariff revision. Democrats hold, on the contrary, that the two things are inseparably connected. They maintain that American consumers should not be compelled to pay higher prices for American manufactures than are exacted for the same products when exported to foreign markets, and they hold, further, that, if duties were reduced to the point where American manufactures would pay a fair profit on the cash capital invested, but leave no margin for a dividend on watered capital, all the evils incident to fictitious capitalization would be at once removed. A reduction of the tariff that would make it impossible to pay dividends on watered stock would by no means necessarily render manufacturing unprofitable for cash capital honestly invested. This is an uncontrovertible truth, which, as yet, Mr. Roosevelt seems unable or unwilling to recognize.

There is, indeed, one sentence in the passage of his message dealing with this theme which seems to justify those members of Congress who oppose any revision of the tariff whatsoever at this juncture. Mr. Roosevelt expresses the opinion that, if the tariff laws, as a whole, work well, and, if business has prospered under them, and is prospering—premises that no Republican disputes—it is better to endure for a time slight inconveniences and inequalities in some schedules than to upset business by too quick and too radical changes. If any changes in the existing tariff are desirable—about which Mr. Roosevelt does not seem to feel certain—he is confident that such changes should be made only after the fullest consideration by practical experts, who should approach the subject from a business stand-point. He suggests, in a tentative way, that the machinery for such expert examination might be provided by a commission of business experts, whose "unhurried" report might possibly be looked for some time after the conclusion of the next Presidential campaign.

Mr. Roosevelt can hardly fail to be aware that, with the outcome of the commission appointed by President Arthur before their eyes, there is no likelihood that Congress will repeat the experiment. By doing so the veteran tariff framers in both chambers think that they would stultify themselves and sacrifice their dignity, inasmuch as the American people have already chosen a tariff commission, to wit, the Senate and the House of Representatives. Moreover, as to the light obtainable from practical experts, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Dingley, were they living, would testify that, in constructing the tariff bills associated with their names, they were at the utmost pains to call before them the leading representatives of every branch of industry and trade. In a word, so far as tariff revision goes, those who desire immediate and trenchant changes in certain schedules will derive but little comfort from the President's message. On the other hand, those stalwart Republicans who hold that the tariff should be let alone, and that you cannot tinker a few schedules without imperilling a hundred, will now go on their way rejoicing, convinced that the President has no intention of giving them serious trouble.

We note, finally, that, in the brief passage of the message referring to the intricate questions connected with the currency, the President expresses the academic opinion that some legislation is needed to impart more elasticity to our circulating medium. What kind of legislation would be adapted to the purpose, or how any law could be framed that might not do more harm than good, he does not even attempt to indicate. He simply offers the counsel of perfection that all future legislation on the subject should aim to encourage the use of such instrumentalities as will automatically supply every legitimate demand of productive industries and of commerce, not only in the amount, but in the character of the circulating medium. Does this signify that the United States Treasury ought to lend gold or currency to national banks on any other security than that of United States bonds? If this be not the purport of the sentence recalled, what precise meaning can be ascribed to it?

We append a few of the President's most interesting and characteristic phrases:

Ours is not the creed of the weakling and the coward; ours is the gospel of hope and of high endeavor.

This Nation is seated on a continent flanked by two great oceans. It is composed of men the descendants of pioneers, or, in a sense, pioneers themselves; of men winnowed out from among the nations of the Old World by the energy, the boldness, and love of adventure found in their own eager hearts. Such a nation, so placed, will surely wrest success from fortune.

Our people, the sons of the men of the Civil War, the sons of the men who had iron in their blood, rejoice in the present and face the future high of heart and resolute of will.

We may either fail greatly or succeed greatly; but we cannot avoid the endeavor from which either great failure or great success must come.

We know that we can solve them [the problems of government] and solve them well, provided only that we bring to the solution the qualities of head and heart which were shown by the men who, in the days of Washington, founded this Government and, in the days of Lincoln, preserved it.

We can get good government only upon condition that we keep true to the principles upon which the Nation was founded, and judge each man, not as a part of a class, but upon his individual merits.

All that we have a right to ask of any man, rich or poor, whatever his creed, his occupation, his birthplace or his residence, is that he shall act well and honorably by his neighbor and his country.

We are neither for the rich man as such nor for the poor man as such; we are for the upright man, rich or poor.

A fundamental requisite of social efficiency is a high standard of individual energy and excellence.

A fundamental base of civilization is the inviolability of property.

Stability of economic policy must always be the prime economic need of this country.

Every employer, every wage-worker, must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others.

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The President's Leadership

THE information comes to us from Washington that Congressmen have returned to the capital in chastened mood. It has been borne in upon them from many sources that the President has saved the party. Friends and followers of the Administration are naturally quite ready to drive home this impression of obligation to Mr. Roosevelt, the consequence being that, for the moment at least, the President is the party leader so far as Senators and Congressmen can make him so. As is usual at such a moment, there is a general disposition to court the man of power, and some of those who have been wont to oppose Mr. Roosevelt, or at least to hold aloof, are now among the most eager to proclaim their adherence to his leadership; witness the haste with which the two New York Senators predicted that there would be some trust legislation at the coming session, short though it will be,—moderate changes of the Sherman law, but, they add, in the direction pointed out by the President.

There is a great change since the close of the last session of Congress. At that session the Republican leaders of both Houses seemed to be chiefly bent upon accentuating the differences of opinion between themselves and the new President, who, unlike themselves, had not been elected by the people. They were opposed to him on nearly every subject of importance. They failed to provide for irrigation. They refused, almost contemptuously, to reform the currency and banking systems. They declined to consider the question of army reorganization. The Senate would not look at the reciprocity treaties which had been negotiated in Mr. McKinley's time, and Congress, after positively refusing to grant to Cuba the measure of commercial relief which President Roosevelt thought to be just, at length failed to grant any relief whatever. At the end of that session, the strongest partisans of the President had to admit that in his first contact with the Republican majority in Congress Mr. Roosevelt had gained nothing. The leaders of his party in the legislative branch of the government were opposed to him at every point. He even failed to procure proper legislation for the government of the Philippines, Congress passing one act which only reduced the rates of duty on imports from the Philippines half as much as the administration desired that they be reduced, and a general government law which left matters about as they were before. The result is that the real problems of government in the Philippines, notably that of the currency system, still confront Congress and are still demanding solution.

As we have said, therefore, a great change has come to pass when Congressmen are openly confessing that the President is the leader, and that they must submit to his policy. Furthermore, it is not to be wondered at that the President and his advisers are elated by the revolution. They must realize, as do all thinking and observing men, that there is truth in the statement that but for his popularity the results of the elections might have been different, at least that the Republican majority probably would have been much smaller than it is.

The country recognizes the fact, which the WEEKLY has long insisted on, that Mr. Roosevelt is his party's most valuable asset. In him, in his character, his mentality, in his designs and desires, and in his hopes and aspirations, the country sees clearly all that there is of living principle in Republican partisanship. The party not only owes the President a debt of gratitude, but it is a debt which it can repay only by accepting him and following him. It may, indeed, follow him to defeat, for while the country regards his personality with favor, it has not yet accepted his programme; but, defeated or victorious, it will at least have the satisfaction of following a leader of energy, of sincerity, of courage, and one who is going somewhere. Without such leadership, the party will merely follow the cynical advice of Mr. Hanna, and "stand pat," a policy which eventually will lead to inglorious defeat.

The question that must occur to the mind of the President in these sunny days, and one which must more or less often occupy the minds of his more thoughtful followers, is as to the persistence of his present leadership. Is he really the leader? Is it wise for him to base his conduct on the theory that his leadership is to continue; above all, that it is to be unquestioned? Notwithstanding the present attitude of the party leaders in Congress towards him, the time is likely to come when his apparent domination will receive a rude shock. In reality, there is just as much conflict as there ever was between Mr. Roosevelt's opinions and those of the leaders who were against him last session.

The Senate may, indeed, ratify the proposed Cuban reciprocity treaty, but it will be because the beet-sugar men have been specifically alarmed on this subject, and because the treaty gives to this country a 33 1-3 per cent. advantage, while granting to Cuba only a 20 per cent. advantage. Congress may pass a trifle of a trust bill, but even so it will probably not be such a bill as the President desires. Beyond that the President's leadership is not likely to carry the party. Already he has been notified that, under the smiling surface, there is antagonism; that the fact that his popularity carried the day for his party in November will not induce strong men to accept his dictation.

Nearly every prominent Republican in Congress has announced that the President's desire for tariff revision will not be gratified; that the Dingley law ought not to be touched. As time runs on, and the distance from the day of election increases, he will probably discover that the country at large is more kindly disposed towards him than are those in whose hands is the command of his party's organization. They intend that the party shall run awhile longer on its momentum. He is strong with many people because he is for doing something, and because a strong opposition party has not yet been formed. The virtues and opinions which he holds, and which have been of material assistance to his party, are not the virtues of the Republican party, and are hostile to its opinions. Whatever favorable verdict he wins is a verdict against the party, which does not agree with him on any question except, perhaps, the general question of imperialism. Consequently, it is to be expected that, after a while, perhaps not before the end of the present session, but comparatively soon, the reason for the present leadership of the President will disappear, the coal-strike settlement will be forgotten, and the natural antagonism between the Republican leaders and the President will be re-established. At all events, such a result is much more probable than that Mr. Roosevelt will continue to lead those whose political fortunes depend upon the machine of which Senator Hanna is the head, for Senator Hanna took the first opportunity after his return to Washington to announce his opposition to both the President's trust and tariff policies, while Mr. Cannon, who is to be the next Speaker, declares that Congress has no time for any business beyond the proper consideration and the enactment of the regular appropriation bills.

The Danger of Cuba

THE political year opens with strained relations between ourselves and Cuba. The unwelcome truth cannot be escaped, and ought not to be obscured. The situation is not happy, and Congress is largely to blame for it. Last winter the President did his utmost to procure favorable commercial terms for the new republic, but his party in Congress rejected his policy. The consequences have been bad for the island, and are at least unfortunate for this country. In the island disappointment on account of the failure of the reciprocity scheme has been followed by discontent and anger; the Latin-American tendency towards passionate and revolutionary politics has been encouraged; the influence of the new President has been weakened; the radicals have obtained control of the island's Congress, and have established the disturbing and menacing precedent of electing a new Speaker, holding that the presiding officer is chosen for a single term, and not for the whole Congress, thereby multiplying political contentions and disturbances. Labor troubles have been stirred up in Havana. Fortunately they were quickly composed, but the gravest element of danger in them was the opportunity which they presented to the annexationists, and which was eagerly seized upon. Annexation may be the inevitable result of our present relations with Cuba, but probably no one desires that annexation be forced upon the two countries by agitation in both.

This brings us to the consideration of the real situation. The Administration, as is well understood by those who are familiar with the undercurrents of events in Washington, is not pleased with the attitude of Cuba towards this country. It recognizes that the Cuban government has cause for disappointment and reason for irritation, but it has looked for temperance and self-restraint on the part of President Palma and his associates, and is, in its turn, made impatient by the hesitation of the Cuban Congress to give us our naval station, and to come to an agreement upon methods for the carrying out of the other provisions of the Platt amendment. Mr. Roosevelt thinks that he is doing his best to procure fair treatment for the planters and traders of the island, and that the attitude of the Cuban government is anything but helpful to him. The treaty which was prepared at Washington is now under discussion at Havana between Minister Squires and General Bliss on our part, and the Cuban authorities. The President has undoubtedly the promise of the obstructive beet-sugar Senators and Representatives that the treaty will be ratified if it be signed, but he fears that the failure of Cuba to deal with us as if our part of the agreement had already been carried out may accomplish all that was effected by the beet-sugar lobby at the last session, and may so alienate the two countries that he will be compelled to exert force to accomplish his intentions.

The Cubans must bear in mind that they are dealing with a strenuous Administration, and that the President will not permit this country to lose anything which, in his opinion, properly belongs to it. It is certain that he will insist, for example, upon a naval station on the island. It is the policy of the Administration that the Caribbean Sea shall henceforth be the centre of its naval activities. After the manœuvres now in progress have ended, we shall have, for the first time in our history, a regular Caribbean squadron, Admiral Coghlan having been designated as its commander. At present the headquarters of the squadron will be at Culebra Island, but it is the purpose of the Administration to own and maintain

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a navy-yard and a sufficient port, with fortifications, on the south coast of Cuba, and here will be the future station of the Caribbean squadron. Events are thickening for us in the Caribbean and in Central and South America. The policy of Mr. Roosevelt requires that the United States shall dominate in that quarter of the globe. He is determined to begin the construction of the isthmian canal, and it is more than probable that his purpose to assert and defend whatever he considers to be the country's rights will have a good deal of popular approval. Whether that be so or not, however, may be matter of conjecture; but at all events the President is going on, and is determined that the sulkiness of Cuba, as the island's attitude is regarded, shall not stand in the way of the establishment of the naval station, the desirability of which now seems all the greater since the establishment and maintenance of a Caribbean squadron has been determined on.

Cuba has certainly cause of complaint, and, moreover, has the undoubted right to administer its own constitution. The Platt amendment is not an agreement with us, but a provision of the new republic's own fundamental law; yet there are close friends of the President who say, and the record of the time sustains them, that this country would not have withdrawn from the island but for the promises embodied in that amendment. It is this feeling and the attitude of the President, already set forth, with which the Cubans must reckon. From the point of views of Washington, Cuba has an independent government, but that government is bound to consult our interests and to comply with those demands of ours which we compelled the Constitutional Convention to embody in the law. The decision has been reached. The decree is determined upon. Either Cuba will voluntarily give us the naval station that we want, or the President will employ force. Either the Palma government will yield gracefully and grant us land enough for our purposes, or the Cubans will wake up some morning to find the forces of the United States ashore in some good harbor, probably Guantanamo, preparing to build up a second Halifax, with its navy yard, its shops, and its fortifications, for the shelter of our Caribbean squadron and for the maintenance of what we look upon as our rights in those southern seas. This action on the part of our government will not be liked by a good many people who restrain their old-fashioned political ideals, and whose aspirations for the republic are different from those of the worshippers of force; but we are not discussing the question; we are not examining into the morality of the projected proceeding; we are simply declaring the policy of the Administration, a policy which is pretty sure to astonish every one, to offend some, and to gratify many. We may, however, express the hope that something will intervene to avert the occasion which will call forth such harsh and drastic measures as are within the contemplation of the President.

The Militia System and the General Staff

BESIDES telling what has been done, or is being done by the War Department under powers conferred by Congress, the report of Secretary Root includes a number of important recommendations for legislation in matters that concern the army. The Secretary advises that the strength of the regular army be maintained at 60,000; that great pains shall be taken to give the new officers who have not had a West Point training the best military education possible; that the anti-canteen law be repealed; that the Moros be permitted for a time to maintain their tribal government under supervision of the United States; that duties be reduced seventy-five per cent. on products of the Philippines, and that the gold standard be established in those islands. These are all important matters, and Mr. Root's recommendations on all of them are sound; but what he has most at heart, as being of the most importance in his special department, is the passage of laws revising the militia system and creating a general staff.

The militia bill which he supports was prepared by the War Department during the last session of Congress, and embodied the views expressed in the Secretary's last report upon the treatment of the National Guard of the several States by the Federal government, the relation of the Guard to the militia and volunteer systems, and preparation in advance for the organization of volunteers in time of war. A convention of officers of the National Guard met in Washington last January, and considered, modified, and approved this bill. The House Committee on Militia considered it, and with extensive and improving additions returned it to the House with a favorable report, and the House passed it. It is now pending before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. "I earnestly urge," says the Secretary, "that this measure be made a law."

The country has never had an adequate militia law. Washington called for one in 1794 (two years after the passage of the present law), Jefferson in 1805 and 1808, Madison in 1816, Monroe in 1817. Nearly every President since has done the like, but heretofore nothing has been done because of failure to agree on any one system. The bill that has now passed the House represents the agreement of many minds on many important provisions. It regulates the various relations of the National Guard to the general government, recognizing the Guard as a force that may be called out by the President for stated constitutional purposes, that may volunteer by organizations for general military duty, and as the great school of the volunteer soldier, furnishing the individuals who respond first to a call for volunteers. To bring the Guard and the government into better relations, the bill provides that the government shall arm the Guard with the same weapons it furnishes to the regular army. It makes the Guard organizations which volunteer for general service a first volunteer reserve, and provides for enrollment of a second volunteer reserve of men, not exceeding 100,000, who have served in the Guard or the regular or volunteer armies. It provides, too, for finding out beforehand who are fit by training and experience to be the officers of this second reserve, so that, in case of a sudden call, with 60,000 regulars to start with, 250,000 trained soldiers could be put instantly into the field. The bill also provides for coast defence artillery, and infantry, militia regiments, and for annual meetings and manœuvres, in which the troops of the National Guard and the regular army shall meet and work together. In brief, the bill provides for working out beforehand, at leisure, some of the problems which heretofore, when war has come, have been approached in haste and confusion. It would substitute preparation for procrastination.

To the same end has been devised the bill for the creation of a general staff, which was introduced into both Senate and House on December 2. The great defect in our military system Mr. Root finds to be at the top. "We have the different branches of the military service well organized, each within itself for the performance of its duties. . . . But when we come to the co-ordination and direction of all these means and agencies of warfare, so that all parts of the machine shall work true together, we are weak. Our system makes no adequate provision for the directing brain which every army must have, to work successfully." The business of the general staff would seem to be to know beforehand all that can be found out, and to have ready at every juncture a definite scheme, based on knowledge and previous thought, as to what should be done and who should do it. All this knowledge should be at the service of the President or the general whom he designates. The head of the general staff, with the title of chief of staff, would be the military right-hand of the President and his Secretary of War.

Mr. Root recommends that the title of Commanding General of the Army be abolished, because it is misleading, implying powers that do not exist under our Constitution and laws. The Constitution makes the President Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and our laws require the Secretary of War to supervise and direct all military expenditures. The power which the title of "Commanding General" implies does not exist, and as a consequence the bearers of this title have almost always been at odds with various Secretaries of War. The signal exception was General Schofield, who recognized the true situation, abandoned all idea of an independent command, and performed ably and with good-will the functions that belong to the proposed chief of staff.

Notable Debuts at the Opera

THE opening weeks of the opera season at the Metropolitan have been quite remarkably prodigal in their offering of notable first appearances. Mr. Grau, with a rather bewildering effect, has played all of his trump cards at once. We have heard his new Wagner conductor, Herr Alfred Hertz, and the two new tenors whom he has engaged for the German performances—Georg Anthes and Emil Gerhäuser.

It cannot be too insistently urged that in Herr Hertz Mr. Grau has discovered a conductor of the very first rank—an interpreter, not a mere casual *routinier*. Since Anton Seidl's death the Wagner performances at the Metropolitan have been under the direction of a variety of conductors, each one of whom has been highly unsatisfactory after his own kind, and a wholly unworthy successor of that lamented master. We are not altogether prepared to say that Mr. Seidl's mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of Alfred Hertz; but it is not exceeding the limits of right appreciation to affirm that Herr Hertz is beyond any doubt at all a conductor of admirable excellence. He has authority, magnetism, imagination; a most sensitive and subtle feeling for poetic values; an exquisite dexterity in the accomplishment of his effects—an inveterate and finished artistry. He is, as we have said, an interpreter. For the first time in four years we have heard the orchestral portions of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"—the two German performances of the opening weeks—approximately as Wagner intended them to sound. Herr Hertz's "Lohengrin," in particular, is extremely fine. In conducting this thrice-familiar work he seems actually to disclose a new and strangely potent loveliness, unsuspected—or, it may be, forgotten — before. His "Tannhäuser," especially in the Venusberg scene—of which the superb "Paris version" was used—seemed a trifle lethargic.

Of Herr Anthes it may be said that he is acceptable rather than overwhelming. As for Herr Gerhäuser, we cannot pretend to welcome him with any degree of enthusiasm, despite the fact that he comes to us glorified with the halo of a Bayreuth reputation.

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Tradition in English Politics

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *November 25, 1903.*

ENGLAND, being a land of caste, is also a land of make-believes. There is no country in which it is harder to get to the reality of things. Layer after layer of tradition, conventionalism, "good form," and the reserve and secrecy, the ceremony and flunkeyism, that a monarchy inevitably breeds have to be penetrated before the truth is reached. In America the government is one with the people; it lives in a glass house; its actions and policy are publicly carried out, and in line with the wishes and opinions of the masses. Not so in England. Here the "governing class" speaks and acts as though its members were set apart from the rest of their countrymen. The press knows next to nothing of what is really going on. A veil of mystery which Americans would not tolerate for a moment shrouds the deeds and resolves of officialdom. Let me give some recent instances. When Mr. Brodrick, the Minister of War, foreshadowed the new and reformed army that was to be called into being, he promised the House of Commons that only those officers would be chosen to command the army corps in peace who would also lead them in war. How was that promise kept? The First Army Corps went to Sir Redvers Buller; the Second to Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Third to the Duke of Connaught. After his appalling failure in South Africa, Buller's appointment to the most important force in all England—the first corps that would be sent abroad if war broke out—was more than the country could stand. There was a fierce storm of protests, and a trivial pretext was found for dismissing Buller. Sir Evelyn Wood, however, and the Duke of Connaught still continue in their posts. How far do they fulfil Mr. Brodrick's guarantees? Will they lead in war the army corps they are commanding in peace? Every one knows they will not. Sir Evelyn is a sound organizer, and while Adjutant-General did more than a little for the training of the British army. But he is no longer a young man; he has not seen service for seventeen years, and he is incurably deaf. He volunteered for service in South Africa, but on account of his physical disability was not allowed to go, and it is unthinkable that he should ever again be actively employed. The Duke of Connaught, on the evidence which always satisfies the world, and especially the British world, when a prince is in question, is reputed a keen and capable soldier. He, too, volunteered for service in South Africa, but for "reasons of state" was kept at home. English opinion, it is supposed—I think quite wrongly—will not tolerate the thought of the King's brother risking anything more valuable than his time and money in the service of his country. Those "reasons of state" are not likely to be less imperative in the future than in the past, and the Duke of Connaught may therefore be placed on the roll of ineligibles. Here, then, are two clear cases in which Mr. Brodrick's pledge has been broken. The nation good-humoredly curses, but nothing is done. The forces of favoritism, the strength of "vested interests," the Royal wishes, are too strong for the genuine reformers. The country pays the piper, and the governing class calls the tune.

Or take another instance—one that shows how far the English press is from being in touch with the hidden springs of English administration. A few weeks ago Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, having resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer at the same time that Lord Salisbury retired from the Premiership, delivered a startling speech at Bristol. He spoke, he said, "with the freedom that belonged to a private member, but with the knowledge that official life had given him," and he went on to say that the country would never be able to reform the War Office or the army "until they removed all those outside influences which now interfered in the management of the army and with the selections for appointments and promotion—interferences which would never be tolerated in any well-organized department of the civil service." What "outside influences" did Sir Michael mean? The American press would have known or would have found out at once. The English press has nothing but the vaguest guesses to offer. Was it the King and the court? Was it petticoat diplomacy and the lobbying of "smart" society women? Was it the pressure and importunity of politicians? Nobody knows, or at least nobody who will speak out. It is over a month since Sir Michael brought the matter up. The month has been filled with surmises and conjectures, allegations on this side, counter-allegations on that; and nobody is a penny the wiser or an inch nearer the facts. The result is a national uneasiness and irritability and a longing for some one who will tell the country the truth. There is hardly anything England at this moment would not give for a Roosevelt or a Root. But, it may be said, she already has such a man in Kitchener. True, but official etiquette prescribes that Kitchener must first be commander-in-chief in India before becoming commander-in-chief at home. And so the ablest organizer that England has produced for a hundred years is shelved by being given a post that could be adequately filled by Lord Hamilton, Kekewich, Grenfell, Hunter, or half a dozen others. Meanwhile the supreme work for which he alone is fitted continues to be the prey of Mr. Brodrick's earnest incapacity and the easy good-nature of Lord Roberts. If it could have its way, the country would willingly and with enthusiasm put the War Office and the army in Lord Kitchener's hands. It profoundly trusts the stern, icy efficiency of the man. Lord Roberts has neither the youth nor the willingness to offend old friends that must belong to one who would reform the British War Office. Lord Kitchener, on the other hand, is still only fifty-two, and no one has ever accused him of the complaisance that finds it impossible to say, No. Moreover, he has few friends. As a rule, people dislike and fear even while they admire him. No "interests" are in the least likely to make him their plaything; against the tender solicitations of highly placed incompetents and their relatives it is believed he would prevail. Until he is given a free hand the nation will continue, as now, to feel that its military system is radically unsound without being able to say just where the fault lies; and from time to time men like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will add to the bewilderment by throwing out hints and insinuations that neither they nor any one else will have the courage to put in plain words.

One has to bear in mind these and similar characteristics of the British system and ways of doing things in order to get the right perspective on the Kaiser's visit. Outwardly, no doubt, it was a great success. There was the usual array of pageants, reviews, gala performances, and so on; officialdom will work over-time in the effort to entertain the King's nephew; and the London press, one may be sure, will be profuse in compliments and cordialities. Nevertheless, to the great mass of Englishmen this visit is profoundly distasteful. All through the Boer war it was noticed that the people had a surer grip on realities than the government; and in this matter of Anglo-German relations the popular instinct is also ahead of the official. England, as a whole, is heartily tired of the pro-German tendency that has directed her foreign policy during the last thirty years. It is getting more and more understood that an agreement with Germany is no longer possible as a basis for British policy abroad; that what Germany wants is what England now possesses: that her longing for sea power, colonies, and commercial dominion can only be realized at England's expense; that the two countries are, in short, natural rivals, instead of being natural allies. English statesmen, living in the atmosphere of a court which is philo-German to the core, have too long shut their eyes to this.

They have treated Germany not only as a valuable ally in herself, but as a still more valuable makeweight against Russia. They have furthered her schemes in China, and to some extent at Constantinople, in the hope that thereby they were thwarting Russia. This is a policy which the Wilhelmstrasse has, of course, encouraged for its own benefit. It has played off Russia against England and England against Russia with a boldness and ingenuity impossible not to admire. The majority of Englishmen are beginning to feel there has been enough of this. They are tired of paying blackmail to Germany, and tired of "graceful concessions" that do not conciliate. They realize that though the Kaiser may personally be friendly to England, his people are not. Public opinion in Germany is openly and viciously hostile. It supports the building of the new navy because it hopes it will some day be employed in humbling Great Britain. Ninety-five out of every hundred Germans do not disguise the belief that England is the next enemy to be reckoned with. They are in a dangerous state of ignorance as to the real strength of this country. They hold the British Empire to be a mere chronological accident. The old-time grit and might of the nation, they think, has run to seed, and the direction of her affairs fallen into the hands of effeminate incompetents. The savagery of German comment during the South-African war showed an equal mixture of hatred and contempt. English people have not forgotten that. They remember, too, some of Count von Bülow's disdainful, carelessly insolent speeches and his cool admission that at the time of the Jameson raid Germany deliberately tried to engineer an anti-British coalition. The English, as Washington Irving noted, are bad haters. They are far too comfortable and good-humored to keep a grudge alive. As a rule, they are as impenetrable as Americans to foreign criticism, but there are limits of calumny beyond which it is dangerous to go even when England is the object. The French over-stepped those limits when the *Gil Blas* caricatured Queen Victoria with such needless vulgarity that only the Duc d'Orléans was found to relish it. The Germans were hardly once inside them from the moment of ex-President Kruger's ultimatum. And Englishmen realize at last that had any other country but their own been in question, had it, for example, been France or Russia whom the German papers were reviling, the authorities would at once and peremptorily have discountenanced and stopped the campaign. But as it was only England, the Chancellor himself took a hand in the game, and deliberately, when it seemed to have about blazed itself out, put fresh fuel on the fire. The contrast made a bitter impression on Englishmen, and the impression endures. It is well within the truth to say there is no longer any desire for friendly relations.

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Extracts from "The Reflections of Ambrosine"

By Elinor Glyn

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

IV

THIS memory has often proved useful to me during this last month. To-day, even, I was able to sit upon the sofa and allow Augustus to kiss me for quite ten minutes without having to rush up and take sal volatile as I had to in the beginning.

Lady Tilchester is coming down from London in a special train on purpose to grace our bridal ceremony. She has sent me the prettiest brooch and such a nice letter.

I hope she will be a consolation in the future. For me life must be a thing of waking in the morning, and eating and drinking, and taking exercise, and going to bed again, and deadening all emotions, or else I feel sure I shall get a dreadful disease I once read about in an American paper Hephzibah takes in. It is called "spontaneous combustion," and it said in the paper that a man caught it from having got into a compressed state of heat and rage for weeks, and it made him burst up at last into flames like an exploding shell.

Well—at all events, I have kept my word, and grandmamma is content with me.

I wonder if Sir Antony will be at the wedding—he was asked.

The Marquis de Rochermont will give me away—grandmamma is too feeble now to stand. The ceremony is to be in the village church here, and the choir, composed of village youths unacquainted with a note of music, is to meet us at the lich-gate and precede us up the aisle, singing an encouraging wedding-hymn, while school-children spread forced white roses, provided by the Tilchester rose-growers.

Augustus explained that patronizing local resources like this will all come in useful when he stands for Parliament later on.

Grandmamma stipulated that there should be no wedding feast, her health and our small house being sufficient excuse. It is a great disappointment to Mrs. Gurrage, I am sure, but we go away to Paris as soon as I can change my dress after the church ceremony.

Think of it! This time to-morrow my name will be Gurrage! And Augustus will have the right to— Merciful God! stop my heart from beating in this sickening fashion, and let me remember the motto of my race—"*Sans bruit.*"

Oh, grandmamma, if I could go on your journey with you! the first jump out into the dark might be fearful, but afterwards it would be quiet and still, and there would be no caterpillars! That was a beautiful flash of lightning! The storm is coming nearer. Sparks flew from my diamond fender on the dressing-table. Well—well—I—I wish I had seen Sir Antony again. Just now he sent me a present. It is a knife for my chatelaine, the hilt studded with diamonds, and there is a note which says that there is still time to cut the Gordian knot.

What does it mean? I feel cold, as if I could not understand things to-night.

The marquis gave me some *conseils de mariage* this afternoon.

"Remain placid," he said, "*fermez les yeux et pensez à autrui—après vous aurez les agréments.*"

Grandmamma has not even kissed me. Her eyes resemble a hawk's still, but have the look of a tortured tiger as well sometimes. She has grown terribly feeble, and has twice had fainting fits like the one that changed my destiny. I believe she is remaining alive simply by strength of will, and that she will die when all is over.

She has given me the greatest treasure of her life, the miniature of Ambrosine Eustasie. I have it here by my side for my very own.

Yes, Ambrosine Eustasie, for me to-morrow there is also the guillotine, and perhaps I too could walk up the steps smiling if I were allowed a rose to keep off the smell of the common people; Augustus's mother uses patchouli.



Village youths unacquainted with a note of music are to meet us at the lich-gate

V

No one can possibly imagine the unpleasantness of a honeymoon until they have tried it. It is no wonder one is told nothing at all about it. Even to keep my word and obey grandmamma I could never have undertaken it, if I had had an idea what it would be like. Really, girls' dreams are the silliest things in the world. I can't help staring at all the married people I see about. "You—poor wretches!—have gone through this," I say to myself, and then I wonder and wonder that they can smile and look gay. I long to ask them when the calmness and indifference set in, how long I shall have to wait before I can really profit by grandmamma's lesson of the caterpillar. It was useful for the *fiançailles*, but it has not comforted me much since my wedding.

Augustus as a husband is extremely unpleasant. I hate the way his hair is brushed—there always seems to be a lock sticking up in the back; I hate the way he ties his ties; I hate everything he says and does. I keep saying to myself when I hear him coming, "remember the caterpillar, caterpillar, caterpillar." And once in the beginning, when I was screwing up my eyes not to see, he got quite close before I knew and he heard me saying it aloud.

He bounced away, thinking I meant there was one crawling on him, and then he got quite cross.

"There are no caterpillars here, Ambrosine; how silly you are!" he said.

He revels in being at once recognized as a bridegroom. He has dreadfully familiar ways, and catches hold of my arm in public, making us both perfectly ridiculous. He has insisted upon buying me numbers of gorgeous garments for my outer covering, but when I ventured to order some very fine other things he grumbled at the cost.

"I don't mind your getting clothes that will show the money I've put into them," he explained, "but I'm bothered if I'll encourage useless extravagance in this way."

I am worried about grandmamma. She has not written; there only came a small note from the Marquis. I am sure she must be very ill, if not already dead. I cannot grieve, I almost feel as if I wished it so; Augustus as a grandson-in-law would sting her fine senses unbearably. He blusters continually, and his airs of proprietorship *envers moi* would irritate her; besides, she would always have the idea that she is cheating me by remaining alive; that, after all, my marriage was not a necessity if she is still there to keep me. Oh, dear grandmamma! if I could save you a moment's sorrow you know I would. When I said good-by to her she held me close and kissed me. "Ambrosine," she said, "I shall have started upon my journey before you come back; you must not grieve or be sad; my last advice to you, my child, is to remember life is full of compensations, as you will find. Try to see the bright and gay side of things, and, above all, do not be dramatic."

She was always cheerful, grandmamma, but if I could just see her again to tell her I will try to follow her advice. Hush! here is Augustus; I hear his footsteps—he has a telegram.

Alas! alas! My fears are true—grandmamma died this morning. Oh! I cannot write, the tears make everything a mist.

VI

In spite of Augustus—in spite of everything—I suddenly feel as if I had become alive again here at Harley!

The whole place pleases me. It is an old Georgian house with long wings stretching right and left, and from a large saloon in the centre the other reception-rooms open.

Lady Tilchester is so kind and makes one feel perfectly at home. A number of people were assembled upon the croquet lawn and in the great tent playing bridge when we arrived, and as no one seems to introduce any one it has taken me two whole days to find out people's names. Some of them, indeed, I have not grasped yet! It does seem a strange custom. Either it is because every one in this set is supposed to be acquainted with each other, and strangers are things that do not count, or

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that meeting under one roof constitutes an introduction. I have not yet found out which it is.

Just as we had begun luncheon to-day Sir Antony Thornhirst came in, and after a casual greeting to every one sat down near me.

He seems quite at home here and as if he were accustomed to turning up unannounced in this way.

I felt such a queer, quick beating in my heart. I suppose because he was some one I knew before among all these strangers.

"So you decided not to cut the Gordian knot," he said, presently, as if we were continuing the discussion of some argument we had had a moment before.

"Antony," called out Lord Tilchester, "you have arrived in the nick of time to save Babykins from turning into a hospital nurse. She thinks the costume becoming, and threatens to leave us for the wounded heroes. Cannot you restrain her?"

"How?" asked Sir Antony, helping himself to some chicken curry. "Really excellent curry your chef makes, Tilchester."

"Don't tell him about it, Reggie," lisped Mrs. Parton-Mills. "The unfeeling creature is only thinking of his food."

"You seem to have all the qualities for an ideal convalescent nurse," said Sir Antony, with an air of detaching himself with difficulty from the contemplation of the curry.

"And those qualities are—?" asked Lord Tilchester.

"Principally stimulating," and he selected a special chutney from the various kinds a footman was handing.

"What do you mean?" demanded Babykins, pouting.

"Exactly what you do," and he looked at her, smiling in a way I should have said was insolent had it been I concerned.

"But I want to go and help the poor, dear fellows, and to cheer them and make their time pleasanter."

"I said you would be an ideal convalescent nurse, but what would become of the pigs?"

"Oh! Edward could look after them. I think too little attention has been paid to the poor boys who are getting well. I could read to them and write their letters home for them," and she looked pathetically sympathetic.

"Hubble-bubble, toil and trouble," quoted Sir Antony.

"Who for?" laughed Lord Tilchester, in his rough, gruff way.

"The recipients of the letters who would certainly receive them in the wrong envelopes," said Sir Antony. "I think, Tilchester, you had better persuade Babykins to stay in England for the sake of the peace of many respectable and innocent families!"

"How wicked you are to me," flashed Babykins.

"Just what you deserve!" chuckled Lord Tilchester.

When we got outside in the great tent Sir Antony came up to me.

"I am going to take you for a walk," he said, "a nice, cool walk in the woods. Will you get your parasol?"

We did not speak until we got quite to the end, where there is a quaint fountain, the centre of four *allées* of clipped yews.

My heart still continued to beat in a quick, tiresome manner.

"You look changed, Comtesse," Sir Antony said. "Your little face is pale—do you remember the night we danced together?—it was round and rosy then. Is it a hundred years ago?"

There is a something in his voice which is alluring. The mocking sound goes out of it now and then, and when it does—one feels as if one must listen. Oh! but listen with both one's ears.

"Yes—it is a hundred years ago," I said.

"I was so sorry to hear of your grandmother's death," he continued. "I wanted to tell you how I felt for you, but I was away in Norway, and have only just returned. Did you think I was unkind?"

"No, I never thought at all—grandmamma was glad to die. I knew she could not live, but it came suddenly at the end."

"What a splendid personality! How I wish I had seen more of her. I generally manage to seize the occasion, but fate kept you and her beyond my reach. Why did we not all meet this time last year?"

"Oh, do not talk of that!" I cried; I felt I could not bear to hear any more. "I am trying to forget and to find life full of compensations. Grandmamma and the Marquis promised me that I should."



Antony Thornhirst came in, and sat down near me

He looked at me, stopped in the path, and bent down to a level with my face. His eyes seemed as if they could see right through my mind, then, as on another occasion in our lives.

"Dear little white Comtesse!" he said—almost the same words!

An emotion that is new to me happened. It was as if my heart beat in my throat.

"We are dawdling by this fountain," I said; "where are the woods?"

After that we were gay. He told me of many things. I seemed to see a clear picture of the world as he talked, a light and pleasant world where no one was so foolish as to care for anything seriously.

One felt a donkey to worry or grieve when the sun shone and the birds sang.

How I enjoyed myself!

"Has Babykins chirped at you yet?" he asked, presently. "She is very dangerous when she chirps."

"I do not like her," I said.

"Oh, you will presently. We all love Babykins. She acts as a sort of moral mosquito in a big party. She flies round stinging every one, and then we can compare our bites and tear and scratch the irritated places together. You will meet her everywhere—she is the only person Tilchester takes a serious interest in."

"Are you staying here," I asked, "or did you only drive over?"

"I sent for my servant to bring my things, and I shall stay, now I find you. You always seem to forget we are cousins and that people ought to take an interest in their relations!"

"Tell me about your house—Dane Moor it is called, is it not?" I asked, presently. We had been silent for a moment, walking down a shady path, great pine trees on each side.

"No, I won't tell you about it; you must come over there some day and stop with me for a night or so. You ought to see the home of your ancestors. Promise me you will when I come back from Scotland?"

We had gone deep into the wood by now. It was quite dusky. The thick trees met overhead, and only an occasional sunbeam penetrated through.

I felt stupid. The words did not come easily as when I am with the Duke.

"How silent you are, Comtesse!"

"Is it not time to go back?" I said, stupidly.

"No, not nearly time. I want you to tell me all about yourself—where you lived, and all that happened until you flashed into my life at the Tilchester ball. See, we will sit down on this log and be quite comfortable."

We sat down.

"Now begin, Comtesse: 'Once upon a time, when I was a little girl, I came from—where?'"

"Do you really want to hear the family history?" I asked.

"Yes."

I told him an outline of things and how grandmamma and I had lived at the cottage, and of all her wise sayings, and about the Marquis and Roy and Hephzibah, and the simple things of my long ago past. It seemed as if I was speaking of some other person, so changed has all my outlook on life and things become since I went to Paris with Augustus.

"And now we come to the day we met in the lane," he said. "You were not even engaged then, were you?"

"Oh, no. Grandmamma had never had a fainting fit; she would have found the idea too dreadful at that time." I stopped suddenly, realizing what I had said. I could not tell him how and why I had married Augustus; he must think what he pleased.

He evidently thought a good deal, by the look in his eyes. I wish—I wish when he looks it did not make my heart beat so: it is foolish and uncomfortable.

"What a fool I was not to come with the automobile the night before your wedding and carry you off to Gretna Green." He said, in a voice that might have been mocking or serious, I could not tell which.

"Tell me, Comtesse, if I had tapped at your window, would you have looked out and come with me?"

"There was a bad thunder-storm, if I recollect—we should have got wet," I laughed, in a hollow way. He could not know how he was hurting me; he should not see, at all events.

"You would have been very dear to take to Gretna Green," he continued. "I should

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ave loved to watch your wise, sweet eyes
hanging all expressions as morning dawned,
nd you found yourself away from them all
—away from Augustus."

I did not answer. I drew hieroglyphics



We did not speak until we got quite to the end, where there is a quaint fountain

vith the point of the mauve parasol in the
oft moss beneath our feet.

"Why don't you speak, Comtesse?"

"There is nothing to say—I am mar-
ied—and you did not tap at the window—
nd let us go back to the house."

To be Continued.

In Honor of Mark Twain

Verses read at a Dinner celebrating his Sixty-seventh Birthday

A Double-barrelled Sonnet to Mark Twain

(Written to be heard, not read)

By William Dean Howells

I

FIRST BARREL

THE man whose birthday we renown to-night
Unites all heads and hearts in one acclaim
As never any other "heir of fame":
The missionary may not love him quite,
The imperialist may not think him wholly right,
The predatory cabman free from blame,
The moralist consider it the same
To teach by joke as with a text in sight,
Some as a scientist may not prize him much;
Some may deny him the true lyric leaven
As poet: some the fine old Bewick touch
As wood engraver; but, none under heaven,
Of all his critics, or those who pose as such,
Gainsay him the glory of being sixty-seven.

II

SECOND BARREL

"Oh, no! Hold on!" I hear his voice implore,
"You are mistaken; it is not the case.
The Colonel, to save the Sabbath from disgrace,
Calls this my birthday. But, in fact, before
The thirtieth—and there still are two days more—
You cannot make me more than sixty-six."
"In vain!" the inexorable Muse replies.
"It may be so; but as the executrix
Of your own theory of convenient lies,
I must insist upon the Colonel's date.
Besides, what matter whether soon or late
Your birthday comes whose fame all dates defies?
Still, to have everything beyond cavil right,
We will dine with you here till Sunday night."

Mark Twain

(A Post-prandial Obituary)

By John Kendrick Bangs

WHAT? Mark Twain quit? I don't believe it's true,
For that's the sort of thing he doesn't do.
He's never done it yet, and I don't think
He ever will while we've cigars and ink.
He's almost everything a man can be,
But—you can bank on it—no quitter he!
I'll not believe he's sought the eternal shelf
Until he comes and tells me so himself,
And even then, I'll bet my final red,
That though he's gone he won't be very dead.

You know about his span? You don't? Well, say!
You are the worst I've met in many a day.
Where have you been? On desert, hill, or plain,
That you've not heard the tale of dear old Twain?
The man of whom the Fount of Light and Dark
Observed, "At last, I think I've made my Mark!"
Not know his life? Great Heavens! do you thirst
To learn that what is second isn't first?
That two and two make four? That five and six
Make up the dozen that is full of tricks?
That if it's in the *Sun* it isn't so?
That in the summertime there's little snow?
Egad! I like to talk to men like you
Who never heard that one and one make two.
Because I'm full of knowledge of the kind
That goes right well with folk of simple mind.

My purpose 'tis to show to you who sit
About this board so full of wine and wit,
That ne'er a dawn has broken on this sphere,
When Marcus Twain was not existing here:
With intervals for rest—of course—for he
Is like the bulk of weak humanity,
And needs, at times, an interval of peace
To soothe the soul and give the mind surcease.
His lot has been to live from A to Zed,—
Which may account for his Homeric head.
Since what he's learned in all these centuries
Needs lots of room to hold it all with ease.

So, to begin, when Mark Twain first appeared
Upon this earth, the way of it was weird.
His Dad was Chaos and his Ma was Space,
And for his home he had a little place
Chock full of birds and animals and things
That nowadays you see in Circus rings.
He'd food a-plenty and not much to do
Save name the animals and tend the Zoo
That hibernated round the Tree of Knowledge—
Which in those days was dubbed the Eden College,
Located at a spot called Paradise,
Where rooms were airy and the table nice.
He wooed and won the maiden of his choice,
A lady with long hair and dulcet voice:
Miss Eva Rib, a maid of proper pride,
Who, like all Ribs, put on a lot of side.
'Twas love at sight between this early pair;
And all went well with them while living there,
Until one day the lady thought that she
Would like to take a Bachelor's degree,
And while her Lord was fishing on the Lake
Took several lectures from Professor Snake,
So that when Mark returned at sunset call,
Poor wight, he found the lady knew it all,
Whereon, he too, to keep the household plumb,
Likewise indulged in the curriculum.
And so began the fires, fierce and burning,
Which are the bases of all wit and learning;
And so began the pleasures and the pains,
Which are the joys and penalties of brains.
In those days they were known—he and the Madame,—
To all the country-side as Eve and Adam.
The further details of their life of bliss
You'll find set down in full in Genesis,
A book of value, and that in its day
Was widely read as Parker's *Right of Way*—
One of the few that, strange to say, was missed
By those who made up Harper's Christmas List.—
Though once the MAGAZINE—pray note the THE—
Did print some lines from *Adam's Diary*,
Which Marcus bravely signed, and made the thing
From certain points of view worth publishing.

In later years we find him once again,
Among the leaders of the brainy men.
This time he built a truly wondrous bark
That lives in history as Noah's Ark,
The which he Captained with such ease and skill
That many folk are talking of it still.
His own design it was, and some do say
She broke all ocean records in her day;
And in the cruise that laid all others flat
Was first to cross the line at Ararat,
And, like the yacht *America*, was reckoned
So far ahead there really was no second.
Whate'er the details of this later span,
'Tis clear he was a truly wondrous man,
And to such heights of knowledge had attained
He knew enough to go in when it rained,
Which in those days of turmoil and despair,
Was indication of a genius rare.
'Tis certain if it hadn't been for him,
A lot of folks who now are in the swim,
Would now be steeped in desolation blue,
Because their ancestors were in it, too.
'Twas then—please note—I'm tolerably sure,
Mark got his hatred of the water cure,
Of which he writes so much each month or two,
In Mr. Harvey's "Philippine Review."

His next appearance on this earthly stage,
Was as Diogenes, the Cynic Sage,
A man of much philosophy and wit,
Who never cared a copper whom he hit.
Who never slipped an arrow or a shaft
That failed to pierce somebody fore and aft,
And talked as flatly to King Alexander,
As Chamberlain to some poor Africander.
'Twas at this stage that humor first began
To show itself in this eternal man.
His lips he never opened for to spout,
That epigrams did not come gushing out,

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And Athens rang with laughter at the jokes
This witty sage got off on other folks.
His life was simple then—ate little grub,
And for a flat he used a wooden tub.
By day and night each passer-by he'd scan,
In hopes sometime to find an honest man,
With a success that seemingly was ill,
For, far as I can learn, he's at it still.
Although he's on the verge, for as you see,
He's got that eagle eye of his on me.

We find him once again in Roman guise,
The noblest of the lot to many eyes,
And then as now the imperial Gyascutus
Took up the time of this our honored Brutus.
How he and others laid great Cæsar low
The records of the past quite fully show.
That he's improved since then is very plain.
For all men say the pointed jests of Twain,
When it comes down to clean-cut mental fence,
Make Brutus' sword resemble thirty cents.
'Twas then his sense of Justice first came out,
And bubbled free, much like a waterspout.
The which has left him, even in our sight,
A million horse-power Geyser for the Right.

And so he's gone, no century has passed
That hasn't found him somewhere hard and fast.
'Twas he who piloted the ships of Spain,
Intrepidly across the darksome Main,
And without any undue show or fuss
Kept at the work till he'd discovered us.
As Praise God Sawbones up New England way
He lead a slight religious life they say,
And such church-going tastes did then evince,
Some folks aver he's never gone there since.
'Twas he who penned the potent document,
That made us free and him a President,
The which, when signed, disturbed Britannia's wits,
And gave old George the Third some sixty fits.
And then when he was satisfied and done,
With his existence as T. Jefferson,
He made the final change which blest the earth
With this—our Demigod of Wit and Mirth.
This wise Markangel of the Piercing Eyes,
Who shoots at Folly every time she flies,
And never fails to hit her square and true
However much it pleases me or you.
In this, our time, he truly seems to me
Something of all the men he used to be,
Like Adam, first of men: like Noah, wise,
Who rose superior to lowering skies;
Again there's some of old Diogenes,
In that ripe scorn he holds for vanities:
Like Brutus too, who never would confess
To weakness in the fight for Righteousness;
Like him who dared the storm-besotten blue,
To do the thing that he set out to do;
Like him who penned the lines so truly strong
They served to right the Despot's cruel wrong,
In that within that broad majestic crown,
Lay principles that nothing could keep down.

On this, his latest span I shall not dwell,
For none is here who does not know it well.
The Innocent Abroad who's blest our days
So wondrously and in so many ways,
Who's taken night and served to make it fair,
Who's routed sorrow and defeated care,
Like that good wine of old that needs no song,
No pæan needs to jolly him along.
It must be plain to you who list to-night
That death can never reach so grand a wight.
My words are true—the facts that I have tried
So vainly to present are certified.
And since he's always been, we must agree
'Tis evident Mark Twain must always be.

And so I say he has not quit the world,
His spirit broken and his banner furled;
But in the usual mode has gone away
To rest a bit, to pass a quiet day
With those eternal forces that conspire
To make this man we all love and admire.
He's gone, I think, to hand in his report
To the Tribunal of the Last Resort,
So that when Judgment Day at last comes round,
We may be sure the verdicts will be sound.

And as for us who sing his virtues here,
To whom the MAN increasingly is dear,
Our cherished hope is that our Sovereign Lord,
When He metes out to men their last reward,
Will fill his soul with that felicity,
With which himself has blest humanity.
Will free his eyes forever more of tears,
Will free his breast from doubts and sudden fears,
And set him near as can be to the stream
Of life and love, and happiness supreme.
May God give back to this great honest mind,
The bliss himself hath given to mankind,
And in his heart—so big, so warm and fine,—
A sense of Love,—Eternal and Divine.

A Toast to Mark Twain!

By Henry Van Dyke

Good friends, whose hearts to-night have heard
The welcome of our host,
At his request I bring you here
The best provision of good cheer:
A rare, delightful, juicy bird,
Alive,—yet on a toast.
This bird,—how shall I tell you half
The wonders of his worth?
He's full of wit, and knows the way
To sing a new song every day
That makes you smile within, or laugh
In full, side-shaking mirth.

And yet this laughter leaves no sting
Of bitterness behind:
It does not mock, despise, deride,—
'Tis fun that has a tender side,
And feels for every living thing,—
'Tis friendly, free, and kind.
No parrot is this bird, though he
Can talk beside the best:
He's no repeater: every tone
And every word is all his own:
With wild originality,
He tells the oldest jest.

He's gay as any buck can be,
He's wise as any owl,
And, like the Phœnix, he survives
The fires that wreck less noble lives.
Yet you will find his record free
From everything that's foul.
He's travelled far; on every land,
Men know his world-wide name:
Italian, French, and German folks,
And even Scotchmen praise his jokes:
But best he loves his native land
And sings her spreading fame.

His six-and-sixtieth year they say
This very night departs:
So let us leave this talk of birds,
And speak in simple Saxon words,—
Before the moment flies away,—
The love that fills our hearts.
With memories old, with wishes new
We crown our cups again;
And here's to you, and here's to you!
With love that ne'er shall wane!
And may you keep, at sixty-seven,
The joy of earth, the hope of heaven,
And fame well earned, and friendship true,
And peace that comforts every pain,
And faith that fights the battle through,
And all your heart's unbounded wealth,
And all your strength and all your health,—
Yes, here's a hearty health to you,
And here's to you, and here's to you,
A health to you, Mark Twain.

Finance

Since the recent slump, security-prices have fluctuated chiefly as the result of what are technically called professional operations. The most potent influence was the sensational rise in Manhattan stock. The Street heard that the Interborough Rapid Transit Company had made a bid for the Elevated system and there were rumors of a lease on the basis of a seven per cent. annual guarantee on the Manhattan shares. No official confirmation was forthcoming, but as denials were likewise withheld the professional element saw in the aggressive operations for the rise on the part of brokers identified with the dominant power in the Elevated enterprise, confirmation strong enough to encourage speculative purchases of the stock. The very general buying which thus followed, aided by the manipulation of the "inside brokers," caused a sharp advance. It was also evident that selling pressure in other quarters of the market had ceased, and under the usual coaxing by strong interests who presumably had bought at the low figures of the recent slump, the somewhat over-extended short interest was induced to recede from its position, with the resultant gains in prices.

The public did not participate in the trading, and there was no evidence, on the other hand, that the real leaders of the financial world had decided upon a general bull campaign at the moment. But as prices rose sentiment improved. This invariably happens, and men who could see nothing but lower prices a few days before bought stocks at advances, in the conviction that the rise would extend further. The demand thus created, while sufficient to enable the marketing of moderate lines by the wise buyers of a fortnight ago, soon exhausted itself, and then the room traders once more reversed their position. After the reaction the logical rally had come, and professional Wall Street looked for "sagging prices" again.

It was through no new development in the general situation that the market attitude of the inveterate speculator changed. To be sure, the advance in sterling exchange here, and the decline in Paris, brought the question of gold exports to the front, while the disquietude beginning to develop, as it were, on general principles, was accentuated by the reports of quarrels among some of the greatest railway powers of the country. It is scarcely possible that we shall see bitter strife among the gentlemen in question, but the Street, possibly remembering the great stock-market feuds of a by-gone generation, affects to be keenly alarmed by the newspaper versions of the affair, saving those, of course, who cynically saw in the publicity of the "disagreement" but a shrewd manœuvre to deceive the less cynically astute public and stockholders. However it may be, the incident was magnified, and not a few talked of the shattering of the beautiful community of interest theory, and of the harmony among the rulers of the railway situation.

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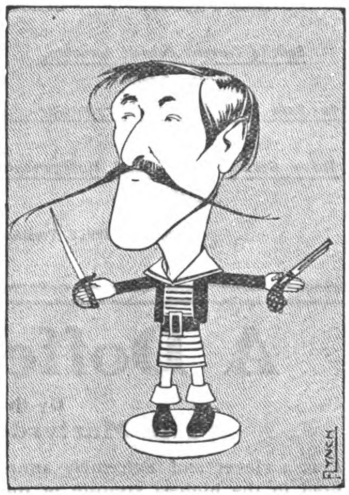
Books and Bookmen

THE story of the American people has at last been told. For the first time in our annals we have a continuous narrative history of the American republic, from the earliest colonial times down to the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt, in President Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People*. The peculiar virtue of President Wilson's work is to make us feel that he has *discovered* American history for us, as indeed he persuades us that American history should be the first study of all Americans. The historian had a great subject, and he has handled it greatly. No more stirring or romantic story ever invited the dramatic genius of an historical writer than the story of the American people. President Wilson has succeeded in telling the tale of those wonderful years of struggle and conquest with great simplicity and human interest; his *History* reads like romance—the romance of a nation passing through blood and fire and tears to prosperity and peace. "There is properly no history; only biography," said Emerson, and President Wilson's literary method brings home the truth of this saying, for it is the nation's biography he has written, it is the people's life he has laid bare in his story. *A History of the American People* is not an historical brief, but a human document.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is one of the most indefatigable historical writers of the age. To read his latest work, *The Reign of Queen Anne*, you would think it was written by a young, though matured, mind, so vivid and picturesque and refreshing is its point of view and literary treatment. Gray hairs do not seem to rob Mr. McCarthy of the freshness of his imagination; the years but seem to increase his vigor and strengthen his powers of sympathy, of observation, of urbanity which have given a vivid, pictorial brilliancy and salient portraiture to his *History of Our Own Times*, his *History of the Four Georges and William IV.*, and now to his *Reign of Queen Anne*. His latest book has already been very markedly applauded as his best. "Comparing *The Reign of Queen Anne* with the *History of Our Own Times*," observes one English critic, for instance, "I am not sure that I do not like the newer book the better of the two. One feels that Mr. McCarthy found the Age of Anne more congenial to him than the Age of Victoria." To be sure, it was the Augustan Age of English history—the days of Defoe, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, and others of glorious memory. "The Age of Queen Anne," to quote our historian, "stands out a distinct epoch in the history of the world. It takes rank with the age of Pericles in Greece, with the Augustan era in Rome, with the Elizabethan era in England." Marlborough and Bolingbroke are the two great political figures in the book, but the canvas is crowded with remarkable figures in the political, and especially in the literary world.

Those who have read the amusing *Adventures of M. d'Haricot* as it appeared serially in these pages will need no recommendation to avail themselves of the complete and unabridged narrative in book form. The author, Mr. J. Storer Clouston, has been gladly welcomed as a new humorist, whose novel mode of entertainment will be the delight of thousands of readers. Satire mingles with fun and frolic in the doings and sayings of this original French character, who tries to pose as an Englishman and gets himself into the most embarrassing and absurdly comical situations. We defy the most *blasé* reader to peruse these pages without laughing outright at many of M. d'Haricot's misadventures. The funny drawings by Mr. Albert Levering hit off the foibles and ferocious sallies of this gentle and good-natured hero with just that touch of caricature which the subject demands. Altogether *The Adventures of M. d'Haricot* is the most amusing book of the year; nothing quite so original and novel in humorous fiction has appeared since the inimitable Mr. Dooley. Indeed, one must go back to *The Innocents Abroad* to find its match.

For romance pure and simple—the sort of romance that Stevenson loved—we commend the reader to Max Pemberton's latest story, *The House Under the Sea*. The title tells enough in the way of invitation, and no words need be wasted in trying to lure the reader to make acquaintance with the tale and hurry on to the solution of the mystery. It is a triumph in the Viking of open-air adventure and elemental battle.



"The Iron Pyrite"

Indeed, we should not wonder if Mr. Pemberton had Norse blood in his veins, so strong in him is the passion of the sea. One needs only to recall his very successful stories, *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, and *The Impregnable City* to perceive this fact. There has always been a practical side to his inventive genius, too, which has frequently borne curious results. For example, as a result of certain modes of transporting gold to Russia, described in *The Sea Wolves*, a fundamental change subsequently took place in the mode of sending gold abroad. A more recent novel, *The Giant Gate*, in which an invasion of England by the French was described by means of a tunnel secretly excavated across the Channel from the French side, caused some perturbation in the English War Office by its scientific possibility.

"I suppose none of us," writes a correspondent, "realizes how the little things we do or do not do, quite instinctively, affect the people we meet." The truth of this observation is brought home to us in a forcible way by a couple of incidents which have just come to our knowledge. A contributor sent a manuscript to an editor, and the editor though a stranger, replied that while he himself could not use the article, he had taken the liberty of sending it on to a certain periodical which he was quite sure could use it. This act so affected the contributor that he immediately subscribed to the editor's magazine, "out of personal admiration for the editor!" Last spring a book by a new writer was published which has met with unexpected success. There was one friend in particular whose words of appreciation had always been prized by the author, but the summer had passed and the praises of the work had resounded on every side before this friend showed the first sign of having read it. Needless to describe the friend's keen regret when he learned how deeply the author felt his silence. The lesson, as one has put it, is: make haste with your kindness, make haste or the chance may go forever. You may have other opportunities, but there is never any opportunity like the present one. Years ago the sad, proud, noble words of Dr. Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield found a resting place in our remembrance: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early it had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it." *Had it been early it had been kind!* He gives twice, says the proverb, who gives quickly.

The publication of a new authorized edition of *The Lamplighter* by Maria S. Cummins recalls to the minds of veteran readers the vogue which the stories of Miss Cummins and Susan Warner used to enjoy in the fifties and long afterward. It is nearly half a century (in 1854) since *The Lamplighter* first made its appearance, and became the literary sensation of its day. Upward of forty thousand copies were sold within two months. Miss Cummins was the daughter of Judge David Cummins, of Salem. She was educated at the famous school of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick in Lenox, where she must have come under the influence, then and later, of Catharine Maria Sedgwick, the author of *Hope Leslie* and other stories, as her work clearly indicates literary traces of the latter's style and trend of thought. Miss Cummins died in 1866 at Dorchester, which, it will be remembered, figures largely in her story. About the same time Miss Susan Warner began producing, under the pen name of "Elizabeth Wetherell," the world-wide famed series of stories, of which *The Wide, Wide World*, *Queechy*, and *The Old Helmet* are best known. Nor must we forget that the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of Mrs. Stowe, and the Biblical stories of Colonel Ingraham, *The Prince of the House of David* and *The Pillar of Fire* belong to that decade. The religious revival of the later fifties carried these tales to a wide popularity, but very little that can be recalled as worth while seems to have been published during the years of the civil war. Later, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Mrs. Whitney fell into line on a higher imaginative and artistic plane, followed by E. P. Roe and Amelia E. Barr. Miss Phelps, or, as she is now known, Mrs. Phelps-Ward, alone carries on the great tradition of New England. *The Gates Ajar* is the best remembered of her earlier stories, and *A Singular Life* of her later novels. *Ben-hur* and *John Ward, Preacher*, stand as conspicuous examples of the later religious novel of American origin, and the latter has long since been forgotten—indeed, it was never so popular in this country as it was in England. To-day the novel of religious feeling has been swamped by the historical romance and the David Harums and Eben Holdens of fiction. Yet no class of fiction is more sure at any time of a wide popular appeal than the novel that is steeped in religious emotion or sentiment, provided it is sincere and genuine.

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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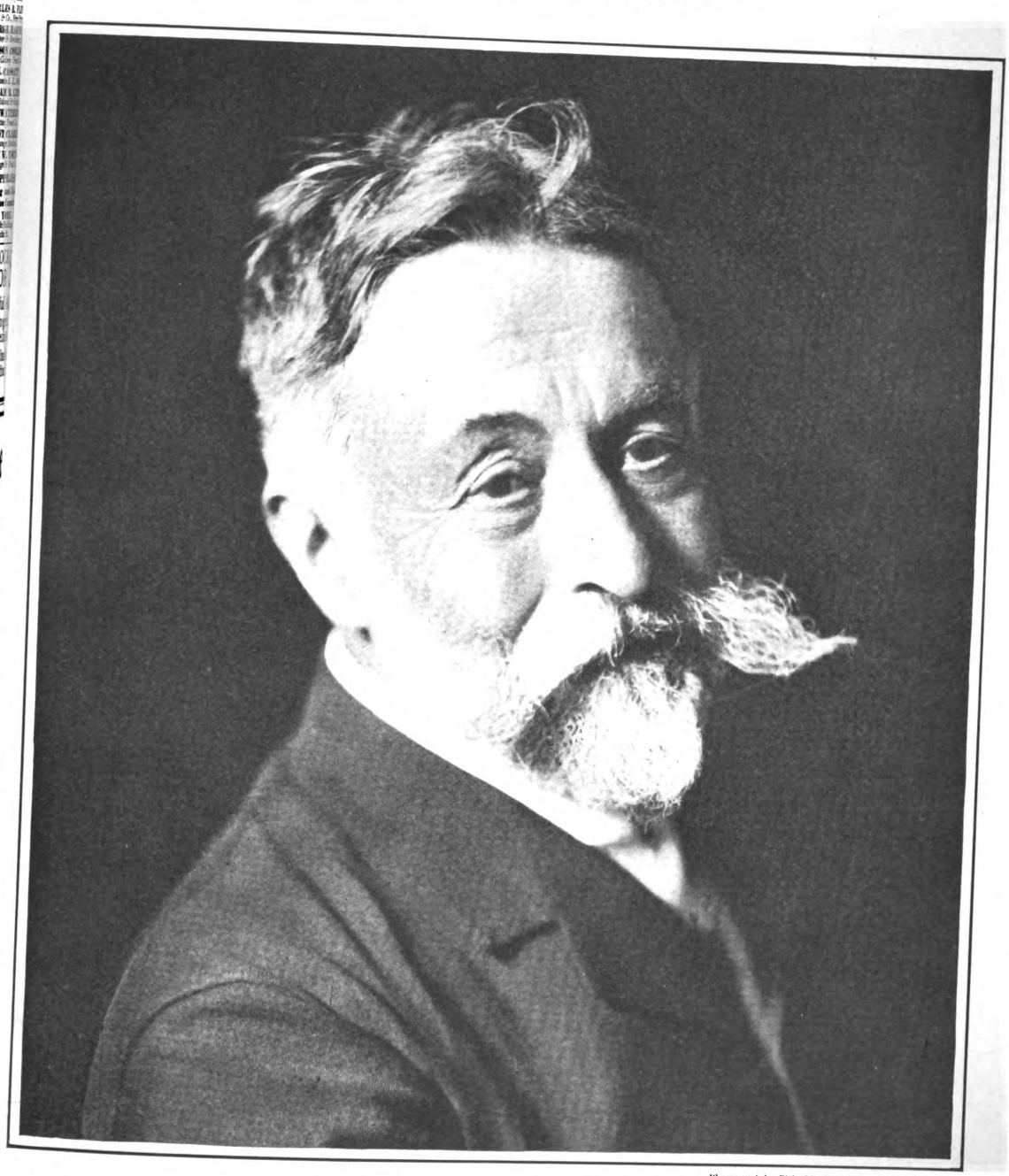
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. New York, Saturday, December 20, 1902—Illustrated Section NO. 2400

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Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, photographer of men

THOMAS NAST

Born in Landau, Bavaria, September 27, 1840. Died of yellow fever in Guayaquil, Ecuador, December 7, 1902

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Labor and Capital in Conference



Alfred Mosely, the Englishman who is studying our Institutions, listening to the Debates at the Civic Federation Meeting

IN a room in New York city overlooking St. Paul's church-yard a gathering of two hundred men sat for three days last week discussing the problems which are common to both the employers and the employed. The importance of this conference lay in the fact that the men who took part in or listened to the discussions were, many of them, among the foremost in politics, in the manufactures, in organized labor, in the universities, or in the church. It is seldom that a body so widely or so notably representative of the interests which centre in our material welfare is assembled. The former President of the United States was there as an auditor. The president of Harvard University, whose remarks upon the rights of the non-union man had only a few weeks ago drawn the most severe censure from some of the labor leaders, was also there, with the men who had censured him. Senator Hanna presided, and manufacturers and heads of great business sat elbow to elbow with the heads of labor organizations, with economists whom Mr. Lewis Nixon characterized as "professors of labor," and statesmen and editors whom the president of the International Association of Machinists referred to as men who "work with the pencil." The Church was also there, putting its questions of concern to those who kept urging that there is but one ground of debate, and that, "Does it Pay?"



Senator Mark Hanna presiding

The discussions were not up in the air of pure theory, but were kept very close to earth. Everything had a human association and a very vital relationship with the existing conditions, not only in the industrial world generally, but in particular industries. Moreover, Mr. Mosely, the South-African diamond magnate (now philanthropist), with his travelling commission of English labor leaders, was present, and by frequent queries and remarks brought British conditions into comparison with those in the United States. The conference had thus a particularly happy significance in its personnel, and was especially important in its suggestion of the part volunteer and unofficial effort is likely to play in bringing the two great parties to production to see each the other's interests and deserts, and to act accordingly.

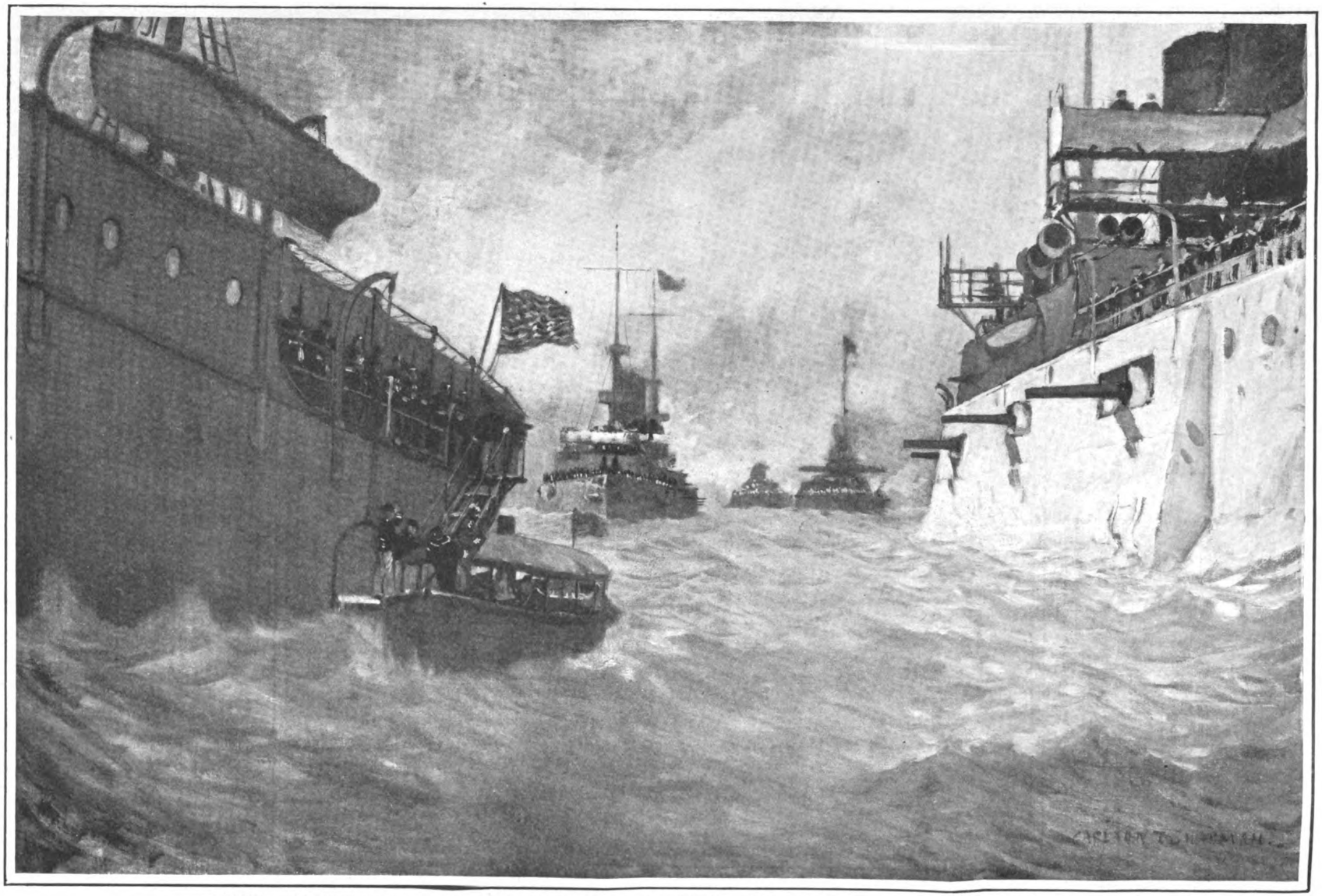


Ex-President Cleveland and Archbishop Ireland

This conference was brought about by the Civic Federation, a self-constituted private organization of national membership, which has made it one of its functions to promote industrial peace and prosperity, to help in establishing good relations between employers and the employed, to endeavor to prevent strikes and lockouts, and to aid in bringing about a settlement when they have occurred. It is a sort of "volunteer strike department," which seeks by the distribution of advice and by the suppression of incendiary agitations to prevent strikes, and to extinguish them if by any chance they do get started. This is an excellent example of the action of private effort in the public service in this country. Here are a few hundred men, uniting for purposes not wholly explained by private interests, helping the organized government through their endeavors to preserve peace and to prevent the need of the employment of force. It is reported that the British workmen whom Mr. Mosely have sent cablegrams home urging the organization of a similar association in England. Whether or not this American organization, now nourished in the field of private effort, is likely to be governmentalized into a commission of compulsory arbitration, it is yet of interest to witness the serious beginning of this private endeavor. For one of two things does seem inevitable: either that there must be some referee or arbitrator between these great organized forces in their differences, or that there must be combination between organized capital and organized labor.

The programme of this session included the consideration of such practical questions as the limitation of output, the shortening of the labor day, the restriction of the number of apprentices, and the piece plan. These were discussed for the most part in good temper, though often with radically differing opinions and sometimes with heat. The advantage of such meeting and discussion can hardly be questioned. A little leaven of this sort ought to leaven a large lump.

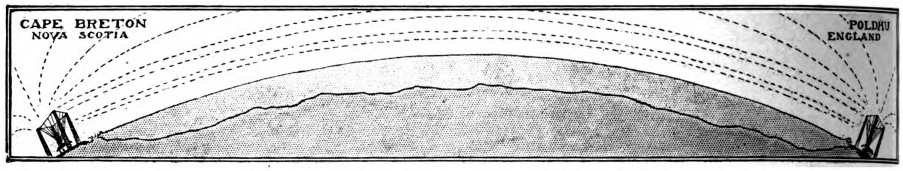
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THE ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL DEWEY IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA

Admiral Dewey left Washington in the "Mayflower" on December 1 to take command of the Atlantic fleet of our navy now manoeuvring in the Caribbean Sea. His

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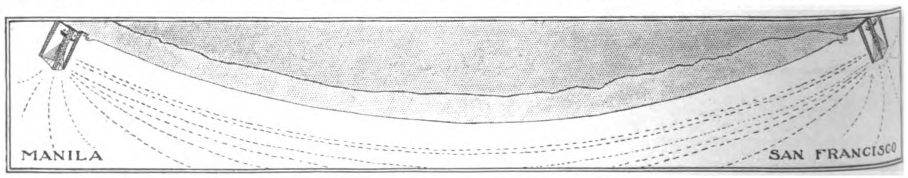


Will Marconi Show us How to Talk Around the World?

SOMETIME in the future—how near, no one may suggest—shall we be able to catch a properly tuned magnetic listening ear anywhere in the world? If John Smith suddenly wants his brother James, will he be able to cry out, with the help of Marconi, and say, "James, where are you?" and in a few moments catch a faint vibration of the wireless instrument spelling out, "I am on top of Mount St. Elias," or, "I am digging gold in the Klondike," or, "Am on Chicago Limited; will be home Sunday"? That seems a fanciful question even to-day, when the wireless telegraph has sent messages over a distance of 1500 miles, and has registered a faint "S" from Cornwall in England to Nova Scotia, over some 2500 miles. And yet the thing is not altogether a thing of fancy, for by studying the drawing of the world given here, it is simple enough to see that if we can talk ever from Poldhu to Cape Breton, then we can repeat from Cape Breton to New York. Thence to Chicago, to San Francisco, to Honolulu and so on to Manila. And if this may be almost practicable now why, if the apparatus be powerful enough, could not similarly tuned instruments set up all round the globe catch a message from any one of them at the same instant? We should, in other words, tell Peking, London, Manila, Havana, Cape Town, Calcutta, Bombay, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg that the price of wheat had risen in New York. Still this is not yet true. What has been done is suggested on page 1987 of this number of the WEEKLY.



A Suggestion of what it would mean for New York and San Francisco if Marconi Stations all over the World could be tuned to catch our News and give us theirs in return



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MR. DAVID BELASCO'S NEW PRODUCTION, "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

The spectacular Japanese play in which Miss Blanche Bates plays the leading part

1. Act III.—Chidori (Mrs. **Walcot**) tells the legend to Yo San (Miss Bates). 2. Act IV.—The old sword-room. Zakuri (Mr. Arliss) bargains with **Yo San (Miss Bates)** for her lover's life. 3. Act V.—The mountain of the Sheidi, between the heavens and the hells. The shade of **Yo San** journeying towards her **lover**

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Modern Dairy Farms

Scientific Sterilization of Milk



TO the unthinking person it seems absurd that cows should be washed, cleaned, kept in white enamelled barns with concrete floors, and taken care of almost like patients in a hospital. Nevertheless, this is just what happens on one of the finest dairy farms in this country, if not in the world; and that the product is pure milk may be proved by lacteal tests and microscopic examinations.

This complete sanitary and scientific farm, conducted on the highest principles, is located in New Jersey, but a few miles from Trenton; and its product is distributed daily in Trenton and Philadelphia; and in the near future it is the aim of the projectors to extend the service to other cities.

System, punctuality, and cleanliness are the three things strictly adhered to in the management of this farm; the cows, from selected stock, are housed within one large barn, the interior of which is finished in white enamel paint, and has concrete floors, basins, and gutters.

Each cow is numbered by means of a brass tag hung from a steel chain about her neck, and the stalls are numbered in a corresponding manner. Cows are not permitted to occupy other stalls than those bearing their number — a precaution taken to prevent the spread of any disease.

A complete laboratory is a part of the plant, and a competent physician tests each cow's milk at frequent intervals, when any disorder can be readily detected. The greatest precaution is taken to keep the cows clean, and only the purest foods are given to them when the pasture is not available. Chips are used for bedding in place of straw: they can be removed easily, and will absorb moisture better than straw or salt-grass.

The cows are not milked in the barn, but are led into the milking-room, where their necks are locked into steel yokes. The walls, ceiling, and all fittings in this room are finished in white enamel.



Filling Bottles with Milk



Milkmaids in the Fields

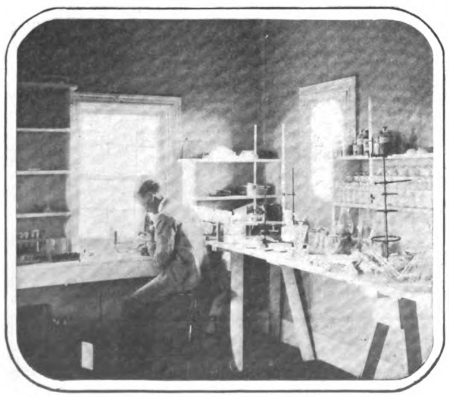
Before milking, the concrete floor is wet down generously with hose to settle all dust and attract any germs that might possibly be floating in the air. Maids do the milking, and when at work they wear blue-and-white striped dresses, large white aprons, cuff sleeves, and white muslin caps that completely cover their hair. They must thoroughly wash and antisepticize their hands before milking.

In all of the work connected with the dairy, where the exposed milk is handled, the maids are the only workers. They select the milk, strain, re-strain, and bottle it, and always wear their caps and full costume when handling it. One-piece steel pails with covers are used, and between the pail and cover a square of bolting cloth is held, through which the milk has to pass before entering the pail.

The warm milk is immediately passed into the bottling-room, where it is strained again through bolting-cloths, bottled, and sealed as quickly as possible. Six bottles are filled at one time by means of a carrier or car which moves over the line of bottles on a steel table that will accommodate one hundred and thirty-two bottles at one time. In the cleansing of the bottles the greatest care is exercised, and after thorough rinsing in hot water they are steam sterilized and dried, then filled with milk as soon afterwards as possible, so that none are left for any considerable length of time between the sterilizing and filling processes.

Milk pails, carried in pails full of water for cleansing the various accessories to the work, are all washed with artesian-well water converted into steaming-hot water by means of steam jets.

All this is in striking contrast with the old-time manner of taking the open milk-pail into the barn-yard or cow-stalls to do the milking, and making it the general receptacle for germs, dirt, and dust. The milk from this model dairy farm has a pure sweet flavor, and no doubt arises as to whether it is milk or something better.



The Laboratory

Each day the health of every cow is tested



The Milking

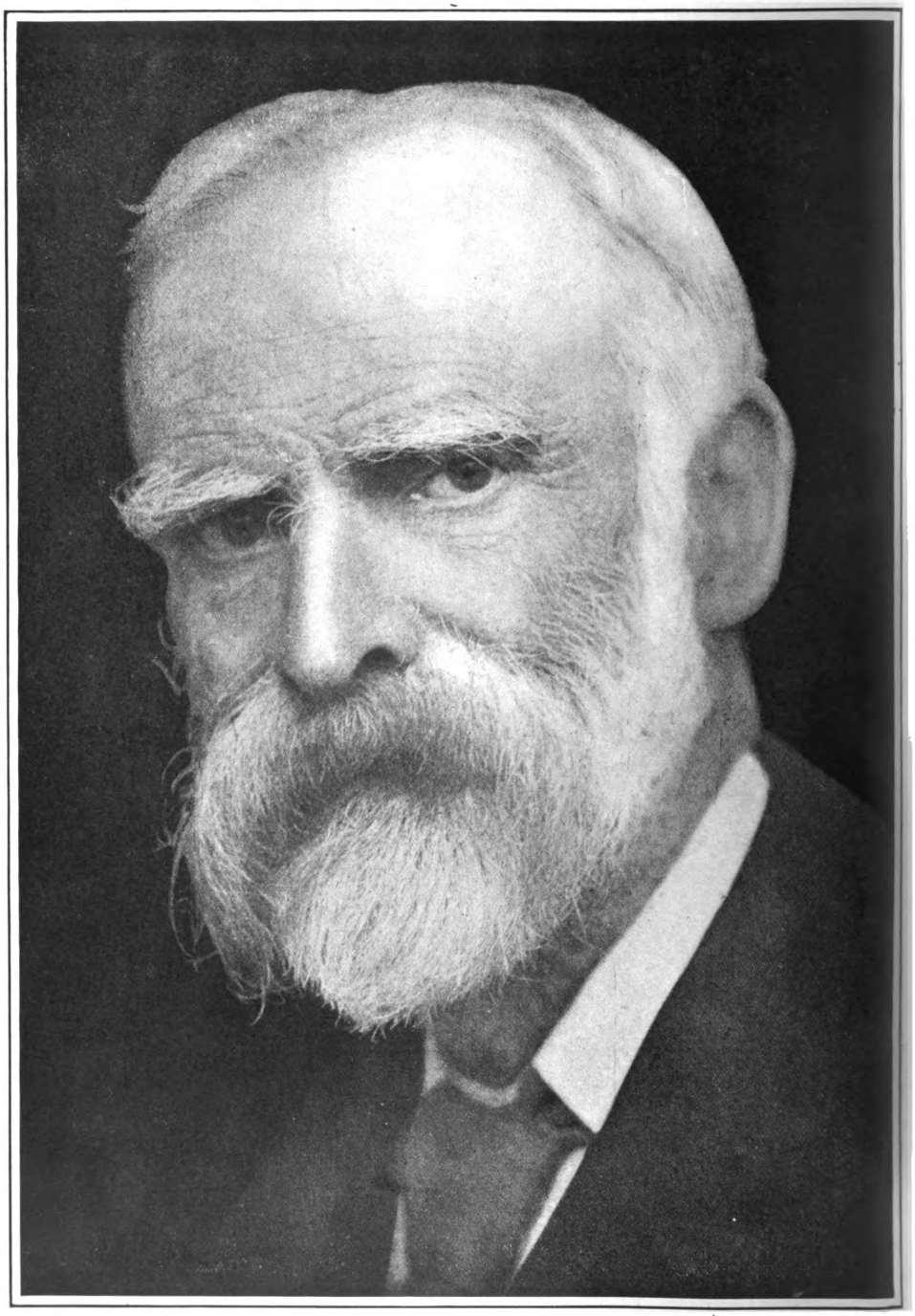
The stalls and floors are sterilized daily

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THE ASSEMBLY BALL

The greatest social event of the season in New York, the first Assembly Ball, was held in the ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria last week. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Lloyd Brice were among those who received, and Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., led the cotillon

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THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, LL.D., M.P.

Leader of the official opposition to the education bill in the House of Commons

Photograph by G. C. Beresford

1968

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Björnstjerne Björnson

THE people of the Scandinavian peninsula have just celebrated with fitting honors in manifold ways her greatest writer, Björnstjerne Björnson, on the occasion of his attaining to s threescore-ten—on December 8. But it was not only Björnson e writer to whom northern Europe brought her homage; it was jörnson the man, the fearless and ever-ready champion of freedom id right and justice, of almost every good cause tending to adnce the welfare and the moral standard of his fellow men and omen. Björnson has by some been called Norway's Grand Old an, but this is a very inadequate appellation, for, although he not only the Norwegian press, but several of the most influential papers of England, Germany, and France, bear frequent witness, pithy, brilliant, convincing.

Björnson is a great traveller, and has lived in many countries—he once spent the greater part of a year in the United States—and many great men treasure his friendship, but his heart clings to Norway and to his beautiful home amongst the Norwegian mountains. At Aulestad Björnson has now lived for upwards of thirty years, and it would be difficult to imagine a more delightful residence, uniting, as it does, the charm and comfort of a thor-



Norway's Grand Old Man on the Terrace of his Home at Aulestad

s reached what to many means at least the beginning of good l age, he still possesses the enthusiasm, the power, the nerve of a ung man, tempered, perhaps, a little through half a century of duous labor, but as pregnant, as susceptible as ever. He is still the fore in the arena whenever his watchful eye tells him he is anted, a most formidable, but withal kindly, opponent, never aching, always generous.

Björnson's fame is complex: he is one of the greatest writers his day—unquestionably the greatest in Scandinavia, as he is e most read; he is a playwright of the highest rank, his plays ing performed almost all over the world; he is his country's st powerful politician; he is an admirable journalist, of which oughly well-appointed and artistic house in a large city, with the picturesqueness and the beautiful air of a mountain resort; and it should be mentioned here that Björnson is a keen farmer, the breeder of high-class stock, deeply interested in modern improvements and inventions. Aulestad boasts an electric station of its own, worked by a mountain stream, and every place, including the stables, is lighted by electricity. Björnson's home life is of the happiest, and his charming and accomplished wife has been to him a true helpmate. Of his sons, the eldest is director of the National Theatre in Christiania, and his eldest daughter is married to a son, the only son, of Henrik Ibsen: Dr. Sigurd Ibsen at one time represented his country in Washington.

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The Pictures of John W. Alexander

IT is unfortunate that the term "masterpiece" has fallen lately into disrepute. Misused and mauled by the unauthorized, the word no longer carries authority. It was a noble and virile expression when rarely and cautiously applied—a term which, when properly bestowed, was the equivalent of honors as stately as could be conferred.

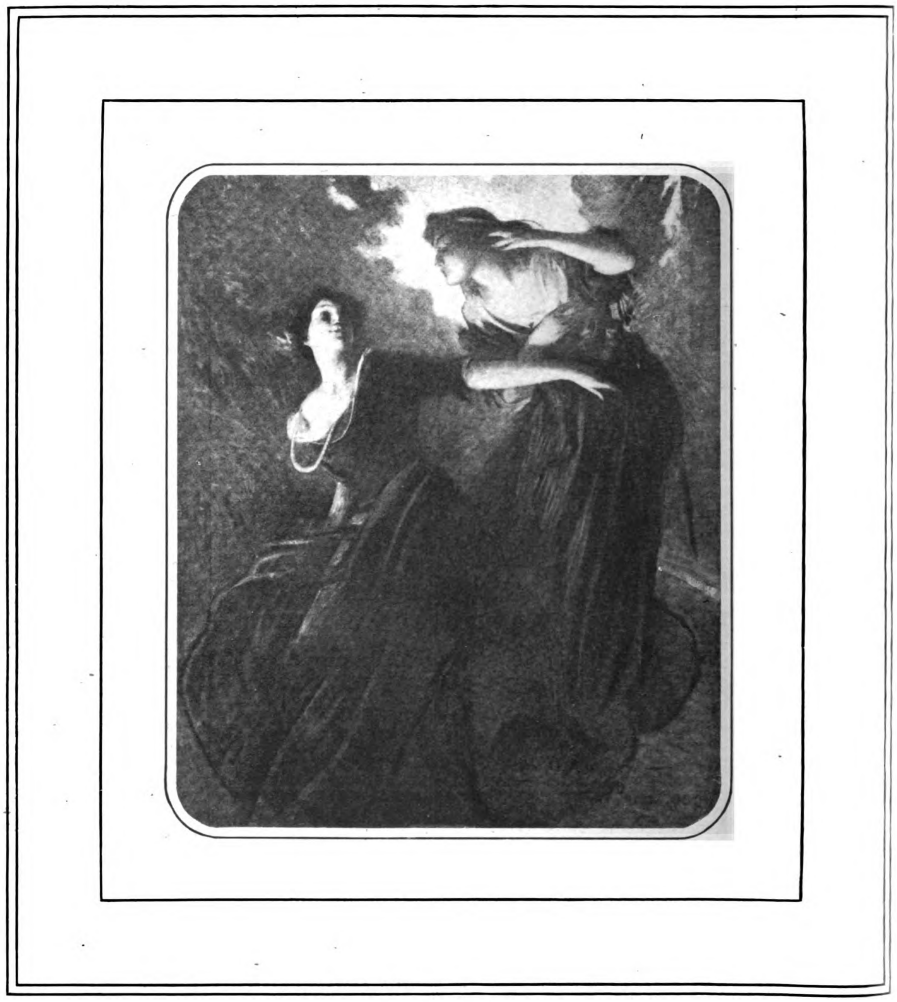
Forbidden the use of a word discredited, it is difficult to find a synonym to apply to certain pictures painted by John Alexander. It is also difficult to speak with reticence, coolness, reserve, when carried by storm before the canvases of a great artist—a really great modern artist.

Before it can understand excellence, the world demands comparison. There are, perhaps, but two living painters whose work can be compared with these pictures, and perhaps the names of this trio of artists should be written in the following sequence: Alexander, Whistler, Sargent.

Time alone, however, can establish the proper precedence of these American masters; indeed, in the presence of the pictures of John Alexander, petty comparison is as unbecoming as pedantic criticism is impossible. There are but two men whose knowledge, dignity, and authority entitle them to review the work of John Alexander, and those men are John La Farge and W. C. Brownell.

To me it appears that the superb power which dominates us in these pictures lies in the perfection of their simplicity, the plicity born of a great and tranquil intelligence—a mind re by a passionate love for beauty, terrestrial and spiritual.

Here amid this glow of color veiled in shadow,—here amid quisitely tinted half-lights toned to a golden gloom, wher beauty of form seen seems but a prophecy of matchless b dimly revealed or hinted at,—we simple folk of quiet mind what we have sought so long, unknowing—confidence in ar contentment in silence.

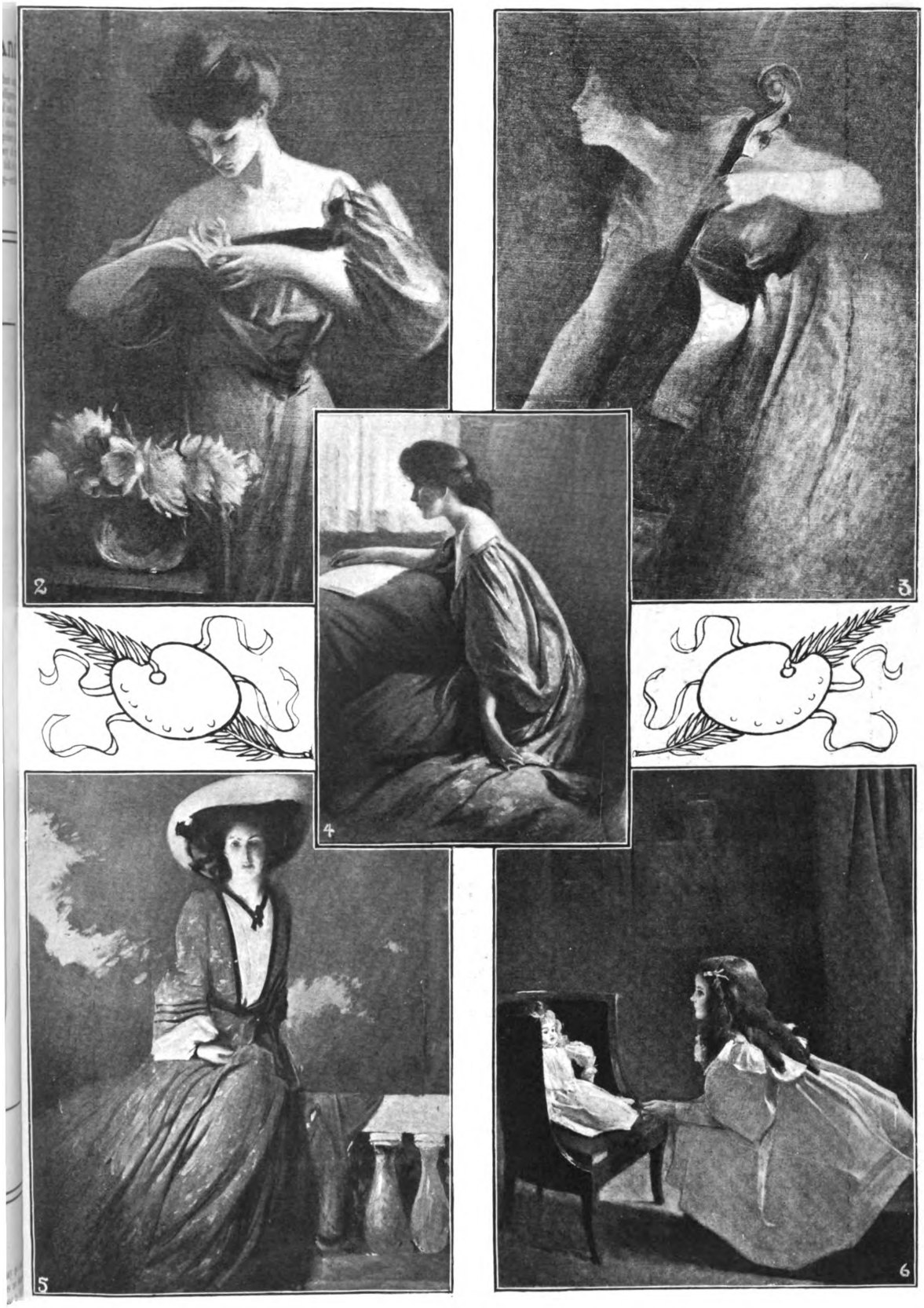


"Autumn"

A student who comes to learn may go away uncons personal profit. For in these pictures no bones of brilli struction, disguised with paint, minister to the technical a of the neophyte. There is here no paint for the sake of pa *tour de force* of brush-work, no brutal use of material suave or persuasive, nothing obstinate or persistent, not worthy. Mastery of all technical detail is neither pa concealed; it is unconsciously part of the intelligence w cutes. Texture in these pictures is never for the sake of Thrillingly aware of composition, we never suffer from dominance. There is nothing that bullies or insists, not smirks complacence in the canvases of John Alexander.

Spiritual and material sanity is one among many messa this great artist sends to a watching world.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE PAINTINGS OF MR. ALEXANDER RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN NEW YORK

2. A Study in Green. 3. A Ray of Sunlight. 4. A Quiet Hour. 5. Portrait of Mrs. Alexander. 6. Portrait of a Child

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The Great American Cartoonist

THOMAS NAST died of yellow fever at noon on December 7, at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where he was consul-general of the United States. His illness lasted three days. He was buried a few hours after his death, in the cemetery at Guayaquil. The British consul read a prayer over his grave.

He has been called, perhaps not with accuracy, but with substantial justice, the Father of American Caricature. He won by far the greatest reputation that has yet been won in this country by a maker of political cartoons, and won it by his work in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It speaks for the substantial quality of that reputation that it has lasted so well, for it is fifteen years now since his contributions to the periodical press have been frequent or important. He belongs so much to the past that the impression has naturally spread that he was an old man, but he was born (in Landau, Bavaria) in 1840, so that he was but sixty-two when he died. He was a famous man thirty years ago, when he was hardly more than thirty years old.

The story of his life is not long to tell. He was brought to this country in 1846. His acquaintance with art is said to have begun when, as a young lad, he got a place as doorkeeper of a picture-gallery on Broadway in New York, and was allowed to make copies of the paintings. When he was fourteen, he spent about six months in the drawing classes of Theodore Kaufmann. Not very long after, he found employment as a draughtsman with Frank Leslie, with whom he stayed about four years, going from him to the *Illustrated News*, which sent him forthwith to make pictures of the Heenan-Sayers prize-fight. These pictures of a great international sporting event made some stir in New York, and were the beginning of Nast's reputation as an illustrator. Next he followed Garibaldi in southern Italy and Sicily, and sent back war sketches to papers in New York, London, and Paris. He got back to New York in 1861, and in July, 1862, began making war pictures for HARPER'S WEEKLY. Following his natural bent, he soon broke out into political caricature, for which he showed marked aptitude. His political satires hit hard and gained influence and popularity. He kept them up. After the war, in due time came the great fight in New York against Tweed, in which the WEEKLY and Nast took a conspicuous part. His caricatures of Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly, and Hall are vividly remembered to-day. They were extremely distasteful to their victims, who threatened the Harpers, and Nast himself, with all imaginable penalties, but the caricatures kept on. Nast made the Tammany Ring as plain to every one who had eyes to see, and the Tammany Ring in turn made Nast a very famous man. When the Ring finally collapsed it left him at the height of a great and honorable reputation. At this time he lectured and did more or less work outside his labors for the WEEKLY. When the civil war ended, and afterward through the years with Tammany politics were plain sailing. As time went on there seemed to be another issue to most political questions, and Nast was not so effective for the conscientious satirist to satisfy himself which side to take. Nast went on with the WEEKLY for fifteen years after the downfall of Tweed, but finally withdrew from active political work, and turned to lecturing and other entertainments. He then wholly gave up drawing, and in 1894 he went to London to do some pictures for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but during the latter years of his life he appeared very often on the lecture platform, where he illustrated his talks with sketches made in the presence of his audience. President Roosevelt appointed him Consul-General to Ecuador.



Some time ago Mr. Nast and Mr. De Grimm entered into a competition for drawing cartoons. Mr. De Grimm won, and then drew this picture as a compliment to Mr. Nast, imitating his style, and executing this historic portrait

Many of Nast's investments are now part of the stock in trade of the contemporary cartoonists, by whom he is credited with originating the use of the many tiger and elephant. On the many he put his mark so deep in black that it will never be effaced. He was an artist of conscientious courage, of a courage against all temptation and all flatter. At one time he was possessed of a fairly considerable fortune, a large part of which he had the fortune to lose. Men who knew him well speak with admiration of the fortitude and good-humor with which he bore the loss of fortune. He never was soured, nor ever complained, but faced every situation with a good heart. He was given in 1879 by the officers of the army and navy, who presented him a silver vase in recognition of his important public labors, which was a fit tribute to a patriot, for a patriot Nast was in the intense degree. He was not born an American, but he lived, worked and died a true lover of his country and a stalwart warrior in her behalf.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending December 20, 1902

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COMMENT

THE real importance of the Venezuelan question in its latest stage is its bearing not upon Venezuela itself, but upon the Monroe doctrine and the foreign policy of the United States. Evidence accumulates that Germany will lose no opportunity to force an opening for herself into South-American affairs, not only in Venezuela, but in Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, and the rest of the Latin-American republics, and that England is likely to follow in Germany's wake, profiting by German aggressiveness to push her own claims. Though the means of the two countries are for the moment identical, their aims are altogether different. It is an open secret that Germany, while politely accepting the theory of the Monroe doctrine as an interesting contribution to international history and jurisprudence, is nevertheless of the opinion that German colonies would greatly add to the beauty of the South-American map, while protected areas, such as the Acre Concession, would do very well as a temporary measure. The point is that Germany has a population of over fifty millions, including a vast body of men second to none in virility, honesty, enterprise, and intellectual power, and that this mighty race is rapidly increasing; while Germany's land territory, much of it bleak and unproductive, swept by the North Sea gales or the chilly mists of the Baltic, is rapidly becoming too small for the needs of the German race. She wants a great new area, full of untouched resources, capable of great development, and suited for the continuance of the white race, and such an area she can find in South America alone. She has, of course, the South-African and Central-African regions, but they have their eternal "Kaffir question," their tropical climates, their cattle plagues, and numberless evils. She has a great area in New Guinea, but this is largely impenetrable jungle, tenanted by head-hunting Arfaks, and full of malaria and parasitic pests. So she is driven irresistibly towards the cooler plateaus of Brazil and the regions farther south and west, and it is quite certain that she will try to make good her footing there, to the great benefit of the country and of her colonists alike. The real obstacle is not the presence of industrious, enlightened Germans, but the importation of a monarchical form of government. England has quite other aims. She needs no colonies; she has, indeed, far more than she can really handle already, Canada and Australia being practically independent sovereign states, and South Africa being destined to follow rapidly on the same road. England wants to collect old debts rather than to open up new fields. It seems to be the policy of Germany to combine with England in bringing pressure on Venezuela, in order to gain additional weight in a general campaign of advance into South America, using England as an ally presently to be dispensed with, as soon as the desired opening is gained. We shall continue to urge upon Congress with all insistence the necessity of building and maintaining a navy equal at least in size and strength to that of the German Empire.

The War Department has rendered a public service by printing the correspondence between Governor Taft and the Vatican with regard to the disposition to be made of the Spanish Friars in the Philippines. It will enlighten the American people to learn how generous were the proposals made by our government,—proposals the rejection of which may yet be regretted by the Vatican. It is, of course, well known that the religious orders to the presence of which in the Philippines the educated and influential Filipinos are inflexibly opposed do not include the Jesuits; the Friars, against whom the last two Tagal insurrections against Spanish rule were principally aimed, belong to the Dominican, Augustinian, Recoleto, and Franciscan orders. Whatever educational and civilizing services may have been rendered by these Friars in the past, it is an undisputed fact that the Filipinos will no longer tolerate Spanish-speaking members of the four orders named in the function of parish priests or teachers, and that their expulsion from the islands is a fundamental condition of the maintenance of peace and order. In order to eliminate this disturbing factor of the Philippine situation, Governor Taft offered to pay for all the agricultural lands, buildings, and improvements belonging to the unpopular orders a price to be fixed by arbitrators. This offer was in substance accepted by the Vatican, the only ground of difference being the method in which the fifth arbiter should be chosen.

As to the consideration, however, for Governor Taft's liberal offer—namely, the withdrawal of the objectionable Friars from the Philippines within eighteen months after the date of the first payment for their property—the Vatican showed itself recalcitrant. It has, thus far, given no assurance as to the withdrawal of the Friars. That is to say, the Philippine government is invited to pay something for nothing. We say "for nothing," because their agricultural property is at present worthless to the Friars, for the reason that very few of them dare venture into the rural districts unless protected by American troops. The assertion that some of the Friars had been distinguished for piety and virtue was met by the reply that, if so, they must have endeared themselves to their parishioners, and would have been safeguarded by them during the insurrections. In pursuance of this just assumption, Governor Taft offered to stipulate that any Friar who should have continually discharged his duty as parish priest from August, 1898, to the present time might be exempted from the order of expulsion. To the further assertion that some of the Friars were engaged in educational work, and that a continuance of their services in that capacity would be needed, Governor Taft answered that all those who could show that they were now doing work of the kind might continue to perform it for a period of two years after receiving the first payment for their property. We should also note that Governor Taft made no objection to the appointment of Catholic parish priests, or even of non-Spanish members of the unpopular orders, to rural parishes in the Philippines. In view of all

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these facts, now laid before our people by the War Department, it is ridiculous to talk of the Philippine government evincing a sectarian prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church. The removal of the Friars belonging to the four orders named is not a religious but a political question. We repeat that, rightly or wrongly, they are detested by the Filipinos, and they cannot be permitted to remain a standing provocation to disloyalty and disorder.

It is satisfactory to learn that the negotiations for a reciprocity treaty with Cuba, which have been conducted by General Bliss at Havana, seem likely to prove successful. The most plausible reason given for opposition to such a treaty by the political party at present controlling the Cuban House of Representatives was the shrinkage of revenue which, it was pointed out, would result from the reduction of duties on imports from the United States. General Bliss has met this objection by suggesting that goods imported from the United States shall continue to pay the existing duties, but that the duties on similar commodities imported from other countries shall be raised from ten to eighty per cent. Under such an arrangement the insular revenue from customs could not possibly be diminished, but would, on the contrary, be increased just in proportion to the willingness of the Cubans to pay more for European than for American products. It is understood that an agreement to this effect is to be embodied at Havana in a protocol which will form the basis of a treaty to be negotiated in Washington between the Cuban minister, Señor Quesada, and our State Department. To become binding, the treaty would, of course, then have to be ratified by the Cuban Senate, as well as by the Senate of the United States; and the Cuban House of Representatives also would necessarily have to be a party to the compact, since without its consent a new Cuban tariff imposing the stipulated increase of duties on imports from other foreign countries could not be passed. There is some cause for fear that the leaders of the majority in the last-named body are influenced by representatives of European countries, which desire to retain at least their present shares of the Cuban trade, which they could not expect to do if the plan devised by General Bliss were carried out. We think, however, that if a reciprocity treaty of the kind described is ratified by our Federal Senate, public opinion in Cuba will eventually compel the insular House of Representatives to conform to its provisions.

Is it certain that a reciprocity treaty with Cuba can secure the support of two-thirds of our Senators at the present session of Congress? Mr. McEnery, of Louisiana, says No; but, so far as we have yet learned, he is the only Democratic Senator who is prepared to break the promise made when we insisted on the addition of the so-called Platt Amendment to the Cuban Constitution. Mr. McEnery has told his cane-sugar constituents that they and the producers of beet-root sugar will be strong enough to bring about the rejection of a treaty which makes any reduction in the Dingley duties on Cuban sugar. This although the beet-sugar States have been consulted, and have given overwhelming proofs of their assent to Mr. Roosevelt's Cuban policy. We believe that the Senator from Louisiana is mistaken, and that more than two-thirds of his colleagues will accept a reciprocity treaty upon the lines that we have named.

Since the Bogota government substituted Dr. Herran for Señor Concha in the conduct of negotiations for a Panama Canal treaty, gratifying progress has been made. It will be remembered that our government desired a hundred-year lease of the strip of land through which the waterway is to run, together with an option of renewing the lease for another century, but that Señor Concha declined to assent to this proposal, on the ground that it would be equivalent to a cession of national territory, which, he said, the constitution of Colombia forbade. Dr. Herran, having doubtless been confronted with a copy of the Colombian constitution of 1886, and having, naturally, been unable to point out in that document a prohibition which does not exist, has shown himself more amenable to reason touching a request which our government rightly regarded as the fundamental condition of an agreement to build the canal. The question of price is secondary, and it is probable that our State Department will consent to pay in the form of cash in hand a somewhat larger sum than the seven million dollars originally offered in lieu of rental for fourteen years.

From a pecuniary point of view, the Colombian government is in desperate straits, its paper currency being practically worthless. Under the circumstances a few extra gold dollars would look as large as cart-wheels at Bogota. There seems to be no likelihood, however, that work upon the canal can be begun for at least six months to come. The elections for the Colombian Congress are not to be held before March, and a ratification of the treaty can hardly be expected before June at the earliest. It is not impossible that opposition to the treaty will be disclosed in the Congress, but President Marroquin will quickly put an end to it if he is acting in good faith. To those acquainted with the unconstitutional methods by which Dr. Marroquin acquired the position of Chief Magistrat it would be idle to affect inability to control a legislature to which only his own creatures will be returned. It will be a happy day for the Isthmus of Panama when it is at least partially delivered from the blighting influence of a usurping administration by which the rest of Colombia is cursed.

Mr. Marrion Wilcox's article in the *North American Review* for December ought to be carefully read by every one who is desirous of understanding the situation in Cuba, for Mr. Wilcox speaks with the authority of a thorough knowledge of the feelings and desires of the Cubans, especially of the Cuban politicians—or patriots, as they like to call themselves. No doubt the Cubans entertain unfriendly feelings towards us, and for this we cannot wholly blame them. The President has endeavored to mitigate their lot by securing a reduction of the Dingley duties on their products imported into this country, especially on their sugar, but his party in Congress stood out against him last winter, and refused to grant the reciprocity which he urged upon it. The Cubans ought to realize, however, that the American people are with the President, and not with the Republican majority in Congress. This was demonstrated at the elections, and now the Republican Senators and Representatives are willing to do a little for Cuba. Mr. Wilcox says, and recent despatches confirm his report, that the Cubans will not be satisfied with what the administration proposes, a reduction of twenty per cent. of the Dingley rates, and are making ready to insist on fifty per cent., or to throw themselves into the arms of our commercial rivals in Europe. If the Cubans will heed good advice they will not carry out their purpose. Their first duty to themselves is to remain on friendly terms with us. We can help them more than can any other power, and, if we are stirred up against them, we can hurt them more. Aside from this, however, this country is the natural and the largest market for their products. Our offer to them may not seem generous, but if they take what Congress is willing to give them they will surely get more in time, just as the Philippines seem about to secure a further reduction of duties on their goods imported here. Last year we gave them twenty-five per cent.; this year the Senate talks of giving them seventy-five per cent. Trade once relieved a little, the Cubans will find that the sentiment for larger concessions will grow here, and that in a comparatively short time they will get all that they want. Finally, the very worst fate that could befall the island will be the rousing of the enmity of this country. What we must possess there is sure to be ours, and it is better for all concerned that it should come to us with good-will from the givers.

We pointed out last week that New Mexico and Arizona are flagrantly unfit for Statehood, and we expressed the opinion that Senator Quay, in co-operating with Democratic Senators to secure the admission of those Territories into the Union, was impelled by motives other than those of high public policy. The Senate Committee on Territories has since refused to sanction the House bill admitting Arizona and New Mexico as well as Oklahoma, and has reported a substitute admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory into the Union as a single State, due precautions being taken to secure the rights of the Indians. This is a wise and just measure, and will be supported by conscientious men of both political parties. Unfortunately, but few Democrats seem able to rise above the partisan desire to strengthen their party by the three Senatorial votes which Arizona and New Mexico are expected to

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supply. We say three instead of four, because it is understood to be a part of the contract between Senator Quay and his Democratic colleagues that the Legislature of New Mexico shall make Mr. Andrews, a henchman of Quay's, one of the first two Senators. Senator Penrose seems to be actuated by a like unworthy motive, a brother of his having large mining interests in Arizona. As for Quay, he cannot even plead party interest, as can the Democrats. This Republican for profit only has acknowledged the authorship of a letter in which he urged his correspondent to promote the success of the Democrats at the last general election in Arizona and New Mexico in order to secure the support of the Democratic Senators for the Tri-State bill, which had passed the House of Representatives. In this exposure of treachery to party, as well as of the sacrifice of national interests to low personal ends, there is nothing surprising to Pennsylvanians, who with their eyes open allow Quay to disgrace their State.

In the published list of Republican Senators whose cooperation in Quay's scheme is counted on, there are several names which we habitually find on the muster-roll of Federal legislators suspected of unworthy motives, but honest men throughout the country will regret to see there the name of Mr. Foraker, whose integrity is unquestioned, and who on the memorable night when the fate of the Cuban resolutions hung in the balance, and when more than one of his colleagues were believed to have been improperly influenced by friends of Spain, stood like a rock in favor of intervention on behalf of Cuba. There are other names in the list that ought not to figure there if the past reputation of their owners was deserved. We believe, indeed, that, now that public attention has been awakened to the base significance of the plot to foist a couple of rottenboroughs into the American Union, very few Republican Senators will wish to be pilloried and branded as accomplices of Quay and Penrose. Neither can we conceive it possible that all of the Democratic Senators are incapable of setting the interests of their country above those of party. From the view-point of the national welfare, there is not the semblance of an argument for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union. The Legislatures of such mighty commonwealths as New York, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Massachusetts ought to protest against the outrage.

The Laurier government, which for some years has tried by sagacious advertising to attract settlers from the United States into the Northwest Territories of the Dominion, finds that the unexpected proportions of its success are exciting misgiving and alarm on the part of those Canadians who are vociferously loyal to the British crown. The dominant topic of that section of the Canadian press which is opposed to the present ministry is the alleged danger that wherever American immigrants acquire numerical preponderance they will use their power at the ballot-box to bring about annexation to the great American Republic. That such preponderance may be attained in the Northwest Territories in the not distant future is by no means improbable. As long ago as 1885 it was computed that thirty per cent. of the population of those territories was American. Of late years the inflow into those regions from the States immediately south of the border has greatly increased; during the last summer alone the volume of the exodus has been variously estimated at from 30,000 to 80,000. Should this state of things continue, it can only be a question of a short time when the immigrants from Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, and Oregon will outnumber the inhabitants of British birth in that part of the Dominion which lies west of Lake Superior and east of the Rocky Mountains.

Assuming that the American settlers carry with them a desire to secure as quickly as possible political incorporation with the United States, the fervent Loyalists of Ontario have some grounds for their apprehensions, for there seems to be no constitutional bar to the fulfilment of the wish. It is not disputed that any of the provinces constituting the confederation organized by the British North America Act of 1867 has the right of seceding, and of reverting to the status of a separate colony. That status once resumed, it would apparently possess the right—a right, at all events, repeatedly recognized in the past by British statesmen of both political parties—to declare complete political independence, or to seek admission into the American Union. Whether territories, as distinguished from the original constituent provinces, have also the right to secede, may be a nice legal question. It is further to be borne in mind that the feeling of British statesmen with regard to an assertion of independence by a colony might not prove as accommodating in the present generation as it was in the last. It is certain that if the Afrikanders should take advantage of their preponderance at the ballot-box to declare Cape Colony an independent republic, they would be compelled by force to acknowledge allegiance to the British crown. It is true that the retention of the Northwest Territories is far less important to the British Empire than is the retention of the Cape of Good Hope, which commands one of the routes to India. This also is clear, that the British government could not, with any show of consistency, rebuke American Uitlanders in those territories for expressing the same desire of annexation to their mother country which was acclaimed as meritorious on the part of British Uitlanders in the Transvaal. Moreover, however clamorous might be the appeals of the Ottawa government for armed interposition, it is doubtful whether a British premier would think the Northwest Territories worth the cost of a war with the United States, which have it in their power to coerce the British Isles by famine.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that the trepidation now exhibited by Canadian Loyalists would be justified if there were any proofs of annexationist designs on the part of the American immigrants. As a matter of fact, the exodus has been prompted exclusively by economical motives. There is not in it a trace of political intention. The American settlers have been attracted by the cheapness of good farming-land. What they seek is agricultural prosperity, and, so long as they enjoy this under the essentially republican institutions of Canada, there is no reason to expect that they will give the Ottawa government any trouble. This would be true even if all the immigrants from our Northwestern States were so-called native Americans, by which we mean men whose fathers and grandfathers have been brought up under the Stars and Stripes. The truth is that a considerable, if not the major, fraction of the American settlers in the Northwest Territories are men of Scandinavian birth who crossed the Atlantic to better their condition. If they can do this in Canada, they will be entirely satisfied.

The golden glamour begins to fade from King Edward's coronation, which began as a world-famous pageant, was suddenly darkened by the shadow of disaster, and finally ended as a simple and impressive religious ceremony. Not the least-heralded part of the celebration was the Coronation Bazar held in July, and opened by Queen Alexandra. Rumors of awkward disclosures concerning its management are rife in even the most exclusive circles of the court. The Duke of Fife, the King's son-in-law, who is chairman of the bazar committee, insists on the publication of the balance-sheet, in order to make clear to an inquiring world why very great sales resulted in very small and even evanescent cash returns. Certain great ladies, who helped to make the bazar a success or otherwise, and who have been talking to their admiring friends at afternoon teas of the wonderful efforts and sacrifices they made for the bazar, are equally determined to keep the financial statement strictly private and confidential. Rumor says that the reason is that the bills of expense sent in by these great ladies practically absorbed the entire receipts of the bazar; hence their coy unwillingness to see the accounts given to a cold and unsympathetic world. Rumor further says that the American stall, which was so eloquently hymned on both sides of the Atlantic, is as much under the cloud as the rest, even more so perhaps; for everything in the American stall was charged for, although the women at this stall were among the richest Americans in London. There is something sordidly humorous in the picture of these great ladies with proverbial Anglo-Saxon thrift making social capital by taking part in the great charity sale, posing as patronesses and dispensers of royal and noble bounty, and then sending in a formidable bill "for services rendered." Of course this may be all idle talk, though we are hardly inclined to think it so, while the great Army and Navy Bazar scandal

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is green in our memories. The ladies who robed themselves in the mantle of charity on that occasion got heavy expenses from the funds, and annexed some of the most valuable articles "as mementoes" of an interesting function—mere cotillon favors, as it were. The Coronation Bazar scandal may, as we said, be mere idle talk. This can only be decided by the publication of the accounts, and his Majesty's son-in-law should carry his point without hesitation or delay. Meanwhile we must content ourselves with saying, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, that "charity" covers a multitude of sins.

Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach, an eminent lawyer, having much to do with large corporations, writes most intelligently of the trust question in the December *North American Review*. His notion of the impracticability of a constitutional amendment ceases to be of great importance because, since the article was written, the President has abandoned his own opinion on that subject. It is well, however, for the enlightenment of hasty thinkers, that Mr. Auerbach's point should be stated. Briefly it is this, that the States, which now have the power of control, cannot be expected to surrender it by the ratification of a constitutional amendment. Mr. Auerbach, however, suggests a sane and conservative Federal incorporation law for combinations engaged purely in inter-State commerce. Moreover, he couples with this suggestion a commendation of Attorney-General Knox's view, to which the WEEKLY has more than once called attention, to wit, that all laws against reasonable monopolies should be abandoned, and that no law of this sort should be passed except against unreasonable monopolies, the courts to determine the question of reasonableness. In dealing with the alleged evil of over-capitalization, Mr. Auerbach is especially vigorous and clarifying. This evil is largely a matter of the imagination so far as it would bring trusts within the jurisdiction of government for its suppression. In the first place, he points out that if an investor is misled by misrepresentation as to the value of corporated property, existing laws will protect him. There is a suggestion of Mr. Reed's last article, appearing in the same number of the *Review*, in Mr. Auerbach's remark that so far as Wall Street is concerned, it "can be depended on to take care of itself in such matters. . . . A centralized government," he adds, "is bad enough; but a paternal government demanding the aid of a constitutional amendment to protect speculators in inflated share capital would be a rather dangerous and revolutionary substitute for the good old-fashioned doctrine of *caveat emptor*." "Over-capitalization in most cases contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction," is another of Mr. Auerbach's truths. We may add, as food for reflection, that very large and widely distributed capital is a benefit to the community; it compels diligent attention to business, and increased earnings by reduction of the cost of production, and by the widening of the market by means of lower prices. Labor and the consumer are benefited by the effort to earn dividends on a large capital held by hundreds, in some cases by thousands, of investors.

The Federal government is helping New England to rid itself of the foot and mouth disease which has broken out among cattle. The infected cattle are being condemned and destroyed, the Federal government paying seventy per cent. of their valuation. This plan has been worked out by Governor Crane, Dr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the Department of Agriculture, and Dr. Austin Peters, chief of the Massachusetts State Cattle Bureau. Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has authorized Dr. Salmon to agree that the Federal government shall pay the expenses of extirpating the disease. Cattle recover from the foot and mouth disease with proper care. Thirty years ago, when the disease prevailed in Massachusetts for about two years, the diseased herds were isolated, and transportation of cattle was restricted, but few were killed. The more drastic means used now are due to the great losses that would follow the threatened exclusion of New England cattle and sheep from European ports. In New Hampshire arrangements were made for destroying diseased cattle last week. In Maine there is no disease. Massachusetts has the worst of it, and is doing everything possible to get speedy relief. In some parts of the State the disease has interfered seriously with the milk supply. Careful consumers have felt constrained to boil all the milk they used, to the disgust of many children, who have found boiled milk not at all to their taste.

It is reported from Washington that the proposition of the Postmaster-General to put letter-boxes on the sides of street cars in cities, to expedite the conveyance of letters to the post-office, is hotly opposed by the labor unions. They argue that the use of street cars as mail-carriers will be a source of embarrassment to street-railway employees when they go on a strike, since strikers will not be able to obstruct the cars without risk of getting into trouble with Uncle Sam. Separate mail-cars on trolley-roads they tolerate, but this idea of mail-boxes on ordinary passenger-cars is very repugnant to them. A spokesman of the American Federation of Labor is quoted as saying that that organization is "opposed to any proposition that looks to furnishing the protection of Federal courts and troops to the operation of a private enterprise employing a large number of working-men, under the guise of protecting the mails." All that Federal courts or troops can do is to prevent stoppage of the mails by violence. Neither courts nor troops could compel street-car employees to work, or to run cars against their will. This active opposition of the labor interests to the Postmaster-General's plan involves a somewhat contumelious reflection on the ability of State or local officers to keep order. By so much as the labor unions fear the Federal authority, by precisely so much they show themselves to despise State authority, and to rely on successful violence to carry through their undertakings.

The newspaper report of the recent address of Dr. Stiles, a zoologist of the Department of Agriculture, before the Sanitary Conference of American Republics, about the hook-worm disease, has been received with impassioned interest by thousands of more or less afflicted readers. Dr. Stiles is the discoverer of this malady, which he has named ucinariasis. He has just come back from studying it in parts of the South where it flourishes. He says it is a bad disease, little understood, and almost always confused with malaria. It is what is the matter with many of the poor whites in the Southern States. Their laziness is abnormal, Dr. Stiles says. Their pitiable condition, due immediately to laziness and to their inferior physical and mental development, is more remotely due to the presence of this hook-worm disease among them for generations past. The clay-eaters and pickle-eaters of North Carolina owe their abnormal appetites to uncinariasis. The lazy crackers who send their infant children to work in mills have got it too, but the children themselves, Dr. Stiles thinks, profit by the change in their environment. He says that the disease can be cured, but that the physicians in the sand districts where it abounds most must be taught to know its symptoms and how to treat it.

A newspaper neighbor, in telling of Dr. Stiles's discovery, cries in head-line type that the germ of laziness has been found. That expresses the feelings of the general reader and accounts for his enthusiasm over the discovery. Every man feels the germs of laziness working in him, and would like to have them killed out of him by treatment from the outside if possible. He is glad to lay the defects in his energy to the hook-worm. But Dr. Stiles's hook-worms seem not to be available for general use. They are real microbes, and so far as appears they only flourish in districts, and under conditions, favorable to their development. It is no wonder that they have been confused with malaria, for the symptoms of malaria and the symptoms of sin are very much alike, and the hook-worm symptoms resemble both. We want to hear more about the hook-worm. If he can be extirpated in the cracker with good results a wonder will have been done. The South-American delegates who were told about him think he exists in their countries too, and are going to search for him when they go home. Maybe he exists in the Philippines also. A traveller lately returned from those islands says that the islands are beautiful and their possibilities enormous, but that the Filipinos won't work, and that industrial development can only come with the introduction of Chinese labor. That sounds like hook-worms.

Kansas City has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the civilized world that a bull-fight cannot compare with a foot-

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ball game, whether as a thrilling and blood-curdling sensation or as a financial success. For some occult reason, doubtless entirely unconnected with the question of special advertisement rates, the Kansas City papers were full of anticipatory accounts of the great bull-fight, and public opinion was fully informed on the subject, though only very mildly excited. The eventful day came, and it was found that the bull-fight had formidable competitors. In the morning there was a football game between the Indians of the Kansas State College and the Swedes from an institution in Missouri. The Kansas City folk were not wildly interested in seeing the sons of the Vikings contend with the noble red man, to the latter's temporary discomfiture. The great event of the day was the afternoon game between the universities of the two States, and the Jayhawkers from Kansas, with their streamers of yellow and black, early invaded the Missourian city, parading with brass bands and filling the air with their hardly less melodious college yell. The Jayhawkers lived up to their original reputation for carrying off everything in sight, by winning a hardly contested battle, while the densely thronged crowds of spectators yelled to their hearts' content. Then came the evening, with its bull-fight. The great Convention Hall was there, with its benches seating twelve thousand spectators. The matadores and picadors were there, gayly bedizened, and carrying broomsticks adorned for the nonce with bands of colored paper and tinsel, to suggest the glories of the Spanish arena. The toreadors were there, gay and gallant, and the toros were also there. These terrific animals, selected from the Armour Company's shippings for several weeks previously, and carefully "enraged" for the occasion by the brandishing of red rags, have since returned to their original vocation in the stock-yards, and will presently go to build up the fabric of American citizenship. Everything was there, in fact, except the public, and the whole thing was a farce from beginning to end. The "matinées" of the following days were, if possible, more slenderly patronized, and the projector has returned to Monterey, after waiting five days in Kansas City for a cheap excursion to Mexico. The matadore is once more a stevedore, and the glory of the bull-fight has fled. Meanwhile the Kansas music-halls are thronged.

It will be recalled that Midshipman Aiken was kicked on the head in a football game this fall, and took it so ill that it was feared that he would die. The case excited great interest and anxiety, the more so because for some days it made it uncertain whether the army and navy football game would be played. Mr. Aiken's life was saved by an operation done by Dr. Keen of Philadelphia, who took out a piece of the young man's skull and removed a huge clot of blood which was pressing upon the brain. That relieved the patient, who at last accounts was fast recovering. Dr. Keen is a professor of surgery in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He has taken advantage of the unusual public interest in Midshipman Aiken's case to write a letter about anti-vivisection. He has addressed it to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who has repeatedly introduced into Congress bills to regulate (virtually to prohibit) experiments on live animals in the District of Columbia. At considerable length and with many interesting details Dr. Keen disclosed to Mr. Gallinger that but for knowledge slowly derived from experiments on animals he could not have located the clot on Mr. Aiken's brain, and could not have saved his life. At the spot where he opened the skull there was no exterior bruise. He was guided to it by convulsions in the patient's arm. Since 1885 surgeons had learned what those particular convulsions meant, and precisely where to look for the seat of trouble. They could never have found it out, Dr. Keen says, except by experiments in vivisection. Senator Gallinger may retort that Midshipman Aiken would not have got hurt if he had exercised common prudence and eschewed football, but the general public will consider Dr. Keen's letter a strong document. Vivisection is on its defence everywhere, and doubtless ought to be, for it is a pretty harrowing practice. But it is so easy to argue and excite public sentiment against it that it is a public service to make a strong point in its favor when, as in Aiken's case, one can be made.

Edward Everett Hale, as he views the present condition of American literature, is inclined to be pessimistic. He thinks it is in danger of "sliding down into a sort of spelling-match or a glass-ball-shooting exhibition." To find Dr. Hale pessimistic on any aspect of life is so unusual that we must give the more heed to his words. What seems to be the root of his grievance? As far as can be judged, it is the speed with which the work is turned off now, and over-emphasis on manner of expression rather than on substance of thought, which is worrying the venerable man of letters. Other things being equal, it certainly cannot be held to be a grievous fault if a man does his work with celerity and despatch, or even employs a typewritist to aid him, providing the result be literature; and Dr. Hale has been too progressive and up-to-date a citizen all his life to take the position now that the author, of all men, is to be tied to old ways of doing things, although new ways of doing it better exist. And, moreover, Dr. Hale is the last man in the country to throw stones at men who turn off literature quickly. He lives in a glass house. When he comes to his second point of indictment, namely, that emphasis on realism has not bettered the output of our writers, Dr. Hale will find more to agree with him, although here again it must be recalled that a critic who is as much of a reformer as Dr. Hale naturally cannot be expected to have as much sympathy with the author who is content to be a camera as might a critic less strenuous as an altruist and better qualified to look at life from the objective rather than the subjective stand-point. Incidentally in this lamentation of Dr. Hale's on the state of American literature, he drops the interesting dictum that General Grant's memoirs are more likely to be read in the year 3001 than any other contributions made by American writers to the literature of the world in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Abdul-Hamid, Supreme Head of the Faithful, and Sultan of Turkey, has just put forward a new claim to the title of "Damned," which William Watson conferred on him at the time of the Armenian massacres. And it is fairly certain that this title will be freely used, by the banks of the Golden Horn, for some time to come. What has the Sublime Sultan done to draw forth this new outburst of profane swearing? it will be asked. He has done enough. He has absolutely prohibited football, baseball, cricket, and polo, anywhere in the neighborhood of Constantinople. And, oddly enough, the reason alleged is that this measure is needed to secure the Sultan from danger of violent death. At first blush it would seem that an irade forbidding the Sultan himself to engage in these homicidal sports would have been enough; but the real reason lies in quite another direction, and sheds a wildly lurid light on the thoughts and terrors of the Hermit of Yildiz Kiosk. Every one who has seen the morbid and ominous successor of the Caliphs has been almost horror-struck by the fierce latent savagery that peers through Abdul-Hamid's white face, pinched and drawn with perpetual panic. We have all heard of the loaded revolver ever at his hand; of the friends whom he has shot in a sudden access of fear, as in the case of his devoted and loved physician, whom he met in the Yildiz garden, and mistook for an assassin. The prohibition of games, which has just been decreed, springs from the same panic fear; the Sultan dreads that the crowd of spectators may become a mob, the mob a revolutionary army. One cannot but pity this monster of cruelty and fear.

"Bugler, blow the charge!" With these martial words Chief-Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, who soon takes his seat on the Federal Supreme Court bench, closed a characteristic speech at a banquet given by the bar of Middlesex County the other day. As in most of his utterances, he used martial figures born of his never-to-be-forgotten experiences in the civil war to express his joy and zest in life, and the eagerness with which he anticipates meeting and grappling with the various problems of the near future that are sure to come before the Supreme Court. He also made it clear that his interest in questions of the hour is vital, and that he has no undue regard for precedents when they clash with current needs or with the irresistible demand of the people. Indeed, he claims that it is his ideal as a judge to make his decisions the resultant "of the pressure of the past and the conflicting wills of the present." As of yore, he is an agnostic when it comes to certitude as to the absoluteness of any code of law or conduct, and he believes that "the wisest are but blind guides."

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A Correct English View of the Monroe Doctrine

We have so often had occasion to criticise in English newspapers or reviews mistaken conceptions of what we mean by the Monroe "Doctrine" that we are glad to welcome an English interpretation of that principle of American policy which is entirely correct and adequate. We have in mind the views expressed in an address delivered by Sir Frederick Pollock to the London Chamber of Commerce, which address has been republished with additions to the text and with foot-notes in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*. This exposition of the letter and the spirit of the intentions of the United States with regard to the maintenance of the independence of American commonwealths, as enunciated by President Monroe, and construed by his successors in office, deserves careful attention, not only because it is more trustworthy than any which has hitherto emanated from an English pen, but because it is no less, if not more, accurate than any which has thus far been published in the United States.

In the first place, Sir Frederick Pollock brings out clearly and convincingly the importance of the part taken by George Canning, then British Minister for Foreign Affairs, in instigating, by precept and example, the declaration of our intention to withstand any attempt on the part of the Holy Alliance to aid Spain in the subjugation of her revolted American colonies. The dates cited speak for themselves. On August 20, 1823—before the purpose of the Holy Alliance to hold a conference in Paris to concert measures for assisting Spain in adjusting the affairs of the revolted countries of America, and more than three months before Monroe communicated to Congress the message propounding the doctrine associated with his name—Canning proposed to Richard Rush, then the United States minister in London, concerted action to prevent such interposition on the part of the Continental powers. It is further pointed out that on October 9, 1823—nearly two months before President Monroe communicated his famous message, and before any assent to the British proposal for concerted action had been given by Mr. Rush—Canning, in an interview with the French ambassador at St. James's, declared that, while Great Britain would remain strictly neutral in a war between Spain and the colonies, it would view the junction of any foreign power in an enterprise of Spain against the colonies as constituting an entirely new question, upon which such decision would be taken as the interests of Great Britain might require; and, further, that any foreign interference, by force or by menace, in the dispute between Spain and her colonies, would be regarded as a motive for recognizing the independence of the latter without delay. If the significance of these dates be duly weighed, it will be acknowledged that the renunciation by the Holy Alliance of its aim to assist Spain in the recovery of her American colonies was due primarily to Great Britain, and only secondarily to the United States, which assumed a similar prohibitive attitude about two months later. That is the truth, and no self-respecting American should shrink from admitting it. The high honor of shielding the nascent American republics from armed invasion at the hands of the combined Continental powers belongs in the first instance to George Canning, who, with well-warranted pride, declared in the House of Commons that he had called a New World into existence to balance the Old. It is honor enough for the United States—at all events, it is all that we can claim—that we quickly and heartily seconded the British Minister in his great design. There is glory enough to go round.

Another striking feature of Sir Frederick Pollock's exposition of the American policy associated with Monroe's name is the distinctness of his recognition that the credit for the formulation of that policy is due quite as much to Thomas Jefferson as to John Quincy Adams or to Monroe himself. It is pointed out that, after Mr. Rush had made known to his government Canning's proposal of August 20, 1823, for concerted action, and before the President had placed his famous message before Congress, Monroe consulted Jefferson in the matter. The latter, in reply, put the gist of the so-called "Doctrine" in two sentences. He said that our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to meddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. Our endeavors should be, he said, to make our hemisphere the domicile of freedom. In the same letter Jefferson added, what Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, in his life of James Monroe, has seen fit to omit, that "one nation most of all could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her [England's] proposition, we detach her from the bands [of the Holy Alliance], bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a Continent at one stroke." Jefferson concludes that: "Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or all on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause."

We should here note that Sir Frederick Pollock does not pretend that Canning's minatory communication to the French ambassador at St. James's, on October 9, 1823, was known in Washington before the Presidential message of December 2 of the same year was settled by Monroe's cabinet. All we know is that Rush received from Canning a confidential memorandum of the conference with the French minister, but only on December 13, 1823, eleven days after Monroe's message was delivered. Nothing was said in that conference, however, by Canning which was not the logical outcome of the proposal for concerted action which he had made to Mr. Rush on August 20, and which had been forthwith transmitted to Washington, and submitted, as we have seen, to Jefferson.

Sir Frederick Pollock perceives that misconceptions on both sides of the Atlantic have been due to the current use of the word "doctrine" for what should be more accurately termed a "policy." President Monroe did not presume to lay down, in the terms of his so-called doctrine, any rule binding upon any foreign power, or even upon the United States, as part of the law of nations. He simply announced what would be, so far as he was concerned, and during his term of office, the policy of the United States. His personal preference for such a policy could have no binding force upon Congress, nor could it even bind his successors in the office of Chief Magistrate. As a matter of fact, the Monroe Doctrine has never to this day been embodied in a joint resolution of Congress. The tremendous importance which the policy propounded by Monroe now possesses in the minds of the world is due exclusively to the fact that it has received the continuous and deliberate approval of his successors in the White House, and that it expresses the profound conviction and unswerving purpose of the people of the United States.

We are not unwilling to concede that Sir Frederick Pollock is right in saying that, as regards its origin, the so-called Monroe Doctrine is at least as much British as American. He does well also to recall, what is too often overlooked, that, in the mature and solemn judgment of Thomas Jefferson, delivered not long before his death, there is no country upon earth whose good-will is of so much moment to us as is that of England; no country whose aid in the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine we should so sedulously seek by the cultivation of a cordial friendship.

Colombia Cannot Withdraw

Negotiations with Colombia are not making rapid progress, but since Minister Concha was relieved of his task of obstruction and Dr. Herran was substituted for him, what movement there is is in the right direction. The constitutional objection insisted upon by Señor Concha has disappeared from the controversy. The Colombian government, following Dr. Herran's intelligent advice, has discovered that a lease for a hundred years, with the right of renewal, will satisfy the United States, and will avoid what is an unreasonable provision as applied to an isthmian canal. The only question now is one of compensation, which is a small matter compared with the enormous benefit which is to be realized by Colombia if the canal is built and maintained by this government, and ought to be easily adjusted.

The failure of Colombia to meet this government on the basis of the former understanding between the two would really amount to such a breach of good faith that it is a fair suggestion that we would owe it to our own sense of self-respect to resent conduct which, if successful, would put this country in the position of having been trifled with. A year ago it was reasonably certain that Congress would authorize the construction of the canal over the Nicaraguan route. The Walker Commission had reported in its favor, because the French company had refused, or neglected, to fix a price for its concession and its properties. The Hepburn bill was soon afterward passed by the House of Representatives by a practically unanimous vote. The bill was so strong in the Senate that, even after the Walker Commission, in a second report, had demonstrated the superiority of the Panama route, weeks of persuasion were necessary in order to secure the passage of the Spooner bill, which prefers the Panama route, but does not definitely adopt it, for it directs the President, if he cannot obtain satisfactory conditions from Colombia, to go to Nicaragua. The second Walker report, which turned us away from Nicaragua, and which brought about the enactment of the Spooner law, was the consequence of the adoption of a new policy by the French company. That company, having declared itself willing to accept $40,000,000,—a low price,—and having shown its competency to trade, the commission was able to consider the physical superiority of the more southerly route. The French company entered into this trade by permission of the government of Colombia, and our own government was also assured by the Colombian authorities that they consented to the sale. The authorization was given to President Hutin, of the French company, in May, 1901. It was necessary that Colombia should assent because the contract of the Panama Railroad Company, and the concession of the French company, both contained provisions of forfeiture in case of the sale of either to a foreign government. On the resump-

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tion of negotiations, the Colombian minister at Washington was one of the parties to such of the *pourparlers* as tended to involve his government, or which touched upon its interests. From the first, Colombia not only permitted this government to understand that it would assent to the sale to us by the French company, but indicated the character of its own terms for larger concessions. It was on the faith of Colombia's own representations that this government abandoned Nicaragua for Panama; and it is the President's contention that it is now too late for Colombia to insist upon the right to forfeit the railroad company's contract, or the canal company's concession, if we are content to purchase the French company's rights and properties, and to go without additional concessions.

It is true that this government desires larger powers than were granted to the private corporation, powers of quasi-sovereignty, and of police jurisdiction over the terminal harbors and over a six-mile wide strip running the length of the canal, and Congress has made the grant of such powers a condition precedent to purchase and construction by the President. If, however, Congress not objecting, the President buys out the French company and announces that he will be satisfied with the concessions possessed by it, together with our own rights over all trans-isthmian transportation, rights granted to us in the treaty of 1846, under which we have just been protecting property and territory at Panama, during the recent insurrection, what will Colombia reply? Will it insist on the forfeiture of the French company's concession and the railroad's contract because the sale is to a foreign government? After telling M. Hutin that he might sell to us, after participating in the negotiations looking to our purchase, after stating to us its terms for larger concessions, will Colombia deny our rights to purchase at all? This is the kind of conduct which, in Europe, ends in war. No one is threatening Colombia, but it is just as well that its authorities understand the true character of such conduct as we have described, and the moral limitations which they have themselves put upon their own rights and powers in this matter. They ought to realize that Mr. Roosevelt is not the kind of President who will stand idly by and see this country trifled with, no matter how large and strong or how small and weak the trifler country may be. If this country sees fit to buy out the French company, and to get along without further concessions from Colombia, we venture the prediction that the government of the latter will not undertake to vacate the franchises which we shall have purchased. If we desire the right to dig the canal, and to wait for increase of privilege and power on the isthmus, Colombia is estopped by its own act, and by the fact that that act has influenced our conduct, from taking advantage of the provisions of forfeiture in the French company's concessions.

Correspondence

THE DELAWARE SENATORSHIP

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the editorial section of HARPER'S WEEKLY for the week ending November 29, there is a paragraph relating to the political situation in Delaware that should not be allowed to pass unremarked. The policy of your paper is utterly misconceived by me if the editorials in question be not absolutely irreconcilable with its standards of political morals.

Your readers, ignorant of the facts, would be led to believe that the State of Delaware is the battle-ground of warring factions, each using the weapons of corruption in a disgraceful contest for political supremacy. Nothing is further from the fact. For twelve years the regular Republicans have resisted the attempts of Addicks to buy his election to the Senate. Sacrificing everything else to keep their honor and the honor of the State unspotted, they have refused every offer of compromise that involved their consent to his election. Everything within his power and without has been offered his opponents as a bribe. All the State offices, from Governor down, the seat in Congress, the other Senatorships—for bear in mind there are two available—might have been parcelled out among them if only they would induce their seven representatives in the State Legislature to vote for him. Conscience, honor, and manhood withstood the temptation and scorned the bribe.

On the other hand, they have ever stood ready to vote for and elect any two fit men. They practically left the choice of both to the Addicksites, barring only Addicks himself. This proposition was rejected, and on every ballot in the last Legislature his henchmen voted for him alone for both Senatorships. No compromise was possible. It was "Addicks or nobody," from first to last. And nobody was chosen.

Does this refusal of the proffered offices, this offer to elect any one other than the one man, look like a selfish factional contest? In a selfish factional contest would not the possession of all the State offices, the Congressman, and one of the two Senatorships far outweigh the other Senatorship? Was this "a farce"? Was such a deadlock "discreditable"? I think not, sir, and I am proud of the press of this country when I remember that but two papers have counselled a surrender, of which two one is the Quay organ in Philadelphia, and the other HARPER'S WEEKLY. If the outcry against Addicks is a ridiculous one, it is at least fairly unanimous.

What would you have us to do? If I mistake your meaning, and you do not counsel a surrender to Addicks and his election, what is your plan? If it does not involve the success of Addicks, you may be sure that the regular Republicans will listen with eager attention, and will be glad to adopt any suggestion that will show a way out of the difficulty by any path that does not pass through the slough of dishonor. If that be the only way, then, sir, it will never be trod—the deadlock must and will continue, and the two vacant seats in the United States Senate will remain the proudest monuments to manhood and integrity beneath the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

DELAWAREAN.

Reports conflict concerning proposals made hitherto by and to each of the opposing factions. Our correspondent makes a very lucid statement; we dare say the other side would tell another story. Regarding the main points, however: (1) Whatever course may have been advocated by a "Quay organ in Philadelphia," this journal has never advised "surrender" to corrupt influences. (2) We would not elect Addicks, even though Delaware should never have a Senator in Washington. (3) We adhere emphatically to our previous assertion that it is a disgrace and a shame that a sovereign State should continue unrepresented in the Senate of the nation, and we insist further that the fault lies less with the political adventurer who, following the custom of piracy, takes what he can get, than with the citizens of Delaware, who by their craven or corrupt conduct make such a hold-up possible.—[EDITOR.

Thomas Brackett Reed

By Mark Twain

HE wore no shell. His ways were frank and open, and the road to his large sympathies was straight and unobstructed. His was a nature which invited affection—compelled it, in fact—and met it half way. Hence he was "Tom" to the most of his friends, and to half of the nation. The abbreviating of such a man's name is a patent of nobility, and is conferred from the heart. Mr. Reed had a very strong and decided character, and he may have had enemies; I do not know; if he had them—outside of politics—they did not know the man. He was transparently honest and honorable, there were no furtivenesses about him, and whoever came to know him trusted him and was not disappointed. He was wise, he was shrewd and alert, he was a clear and capable thinker, a logical reasoner, and a strong and convincing speaker. His manner was easy and engaging, his speeches sparkled with felicities of phrasing thrown off without apparent effort, and when he needed the happy help of humor he had a mine of it as deep and rich as Kimberly to draw from. His services to his country were great, and they were gratefully acknowledged.

I cannot remember back to a time when he was not "Tom" Reed to me, nor to a time when he would have been offended at being so addressed by me. I cannot remember back to a time when I could let him alone in an after-dinner speech if he was present, nor to a time when he did not take my extravagances concerning him and misstatements about him in good part, nor yet to a time when he did not pay them back with usury when his turn came. The last speech he made was at my birth-day dinner at the end of November, when naturally I was his text; my last word to him was in a letter the next day; a day later I was illustrating a fantastic article on Art with his portrait among others—a portrait now to be laid reverently away among the jests that begin in humor and end in pathos. These things happened only eight days ago, and now he is gone from us, and the nation is speaking of him as one who *was*. It seems incredible, impossible. Such a man, such a friend, seems to us a permanent possession; his vanishing from our midst is unthinkable; as unthinkable as was the vanishing of the Campanile, that had stood for a thousand years, and was turned to dust in a moment.

I have no wish, at this time, to enter upon light and humorous reminiscences connected with yachting voyages with Mr. Reed in northern and southern seas, nor with other recreations in his company in other places—they do not belong in this paper, they do not invite me, they would jar upon me. I have only wished to say how fine and beautiful was his life and character, and to take him by the hand and say good-by, as to a fortunate friend who has done well his work and goes a pleasant journey.

By a Jeffersonian Democrat

BY the premature death of Thomas Brackett Reed the country has lost a citizen who for many years has been recognized as intellectually the strongest man in public life. Although, of late, he had applied himself exclusively to professional work, he was looked upon in influential quarters as a mighty conservative force, to which, in a great emergency, recourse might be confidently made. His undisputed claim to trust was founded on the general acknowledgment that in him, unlike some other eminent

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statesmen, extraordinary mental vigor was united with an indomitable spirit, and with a spotless character. Having thrice held the second office in the nation, he was justified by precedent in aiming even higher, for one Speaker of the House of Representatives had been chosen Chief Magistrate, and three other Speakers had been nominated for the Presidency. The hope seemed to be well warranted, also, by the ascendency which he exercised over the ideas and wills of his associates during two decades of service in the popular branch of the Federal legislature. Not one of his predecessors in the Speaker's chair,—not even Henry Clay,—asserted and retained such absolute authority. Unrivalled in the give-and-take of debate, he proved on more than one occasion, and especially in his memorable speech against the Mills bill, that Webster himself could not surpass him in the art of lucid, cogent, and fire-tipped demonstration. Besides the persuasive gifts of the orator and the flashing wit that stabs in repartee, he disclosed an executive capacity of which there had been no example in the House of Representatives or in any other national convention. From the deliberative assembly which the framers of our Constitution had in mind, he converted that body of lawmakers into a highly organized machine, quickly and silently responsive to the will of the majority, a will enlightened and defined by the Speaker himself, assisted by coadjutors selected by him for the Committee on Rules. So deep and mordant was the imprint left by the grip of his individuality on the structure and functions of the House that it survived the accession of his party opponents to power, and remains to this day indestructible.

How, then, did it come to pass that Thomas Brackett Reed missed the prize which other Speakers, less predominant, had gained, the prize of a nomination for the office of Chief Magistrate? He missed it, owing to the defects of his qualities. Nature moulded him for command, not conciliation. He compelled universal respect, but he did not attract political followers by a lively hope of favors to come. He could no more be warped by friendship than he could be beguiled by sophistry. By the frankness, directness, and firmness of his disposition, he was incorrigibly averse to accommodation and dissimulation; he had none of the arts of the demagogue; he was no time-server; no waiter on events. If a political campaign were really, as it is loosely called, a battle, such a man would be an ideal standard-bearer; he would rear his stature like a tower of strength, and his voice would be a trumpet-call to victory. But for the tricks, the pretences, the covert appeals to the thirst for place or emolument, for all the sordid and dishonest manœuvres that often play a decisive part in political contests Mr. Reed was constitutionally disabled. He did not want the prize at such a price. He could say with more truth than Clay that he would rather be right than be President, for he kept more unswervingly the path that leads away from the shining height on which both statesmen had fixed their eyes. We presume that nobody will now deny that if in 1896 the Republican party was resolved upon the assertion of the gold standard, and had the courage of its convictions, it could have found in no other man so distinct an incarnation of that issue as it would have found in Mr. Reed; neither, we suppose, will any one dispute that for this very reason Mr. Reed would have lost many votes which Mr. McKinley, who had been known as a waverer, was able to secure. It is possible, of course, as we began by intimating, that, had Mr. Reed lived to see fourscore years, a time might have come when the old political alignments had vanished, and when conservative and anxious men from both historical parties would have summoned him to lead their legions. Even then, however, it seems more probable that he would have been thrust aside, as Daniel Webster was passed over, on the score of unavailability.

It can hardly be said, however, that, because Mr. Reed missed the civic crown which his intellectual eminence and his public services deserved, he, therefore, lost the opportunity of gaining a place in history. True it is that no purchase of Louisiana, no monumental treaty of Washington, no enunciation of a Monroe doctrine, no war of defence or of aggression is linked inseparably with his name. Clay boasted with justice that he made the war of 1812; Mr. Reed, on the other hand, did his utmost to avert the war with Spain. Yet the historian will doubtless recognize that, in the momentous cause of protection for American industries, he stood forth for twenty years the unwavering and invincible protagonist; inflexible when others fluttered; defiant amid whispers of retreat. For those who believe in a high tariff, his speeches are arsenals of argument; his influence is writ large on the statute-book. For protectionists to underrate the magnitude of their indebtedness to him would be the acme of ingratitude. Neither will thoughtful men soon forget the audacious candor and uncompromising temper of his last printed utterance, the remarkable eulogy of the trusts published in the *North American Review* but a few days before his death. He was no believer in the soundness of the apothegm, *vox populi vox dei;* he declined to admit that there must be some fire behind the smoke of popular suspicion; he denounced what he called the clamor for "trust-busting" as the hybrid product of delusion and hypocrisy; he roundly denied the existence of any evils in great combinations of capital, except such as will cure themselves; and he insisted that the crude nostrums of clumsy legislators would do incomparably more harm than could possibly flow from the alleged disease. In that ultimate contribution to the *Review*, as in the almost truculent speech against the Mills bill, may be seen at a glance the solid constituents and the political disabilities of Mr. Reed's massive personality. He was of the type of Sulla, not of Cæsar. He might have been made dictator by the suffrages of a class, never by those of the proletariat. Yet, if we try to estimate the part played by such unflinching extremists in a commonwealth, we shall perceive that, without them, there would be nothing to compromise. No *via media* would be practicable.

By Henry Loomis Nelson

SINCE the outbreak of the Spanish war four striking Republican figures have stood prominently out in antagonism to their party. These four are ex-Governor Boutwell, ex-Senator Edmunds, Senator Hoar, and ex-Speaker Reed. They opposed the policy of their party, on principles which had made them stern partisans in the civil-war time, and they may be said to have embodied, in their earnest struggle, the Republicanism of both Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner. To these men the ideal of human liberty, of the righteousness of the pronouncements of the great Declaration, was such a reality that it colored and saturated all their political thought. In their fighting-days it made them intense partisans, for distrust and contempt for the opposition was characteristic of every one of them. Even to-day, it is only Mr. Boutwell who will assent even to a seeming union with the Democratic party, while Mr. Hoar can never bring himself to vote with his old opponents, although he agrees with them in speech. As for Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Reed, the one has poured out his saturnine humor on the common party enemy, and the other shot at him with his cutting wit to the very last moment. They left their party's councils, and Mr. Reed left public life, because they thought that their party had strayed from party principles, and, as Mr. Reed himself often expressed it, because the new school of Republicanism had done violence to the party's tradition and history. "I was taught," he used to say, "to believe that the Republican party was the defender of human rights and of human liberty. If this sort of thing is Republicanism I am mistaken." He was a partisan to the end, however, a partisan of his own ideal Republicanism, "a partisan," he once said, "without a party."

Mr. Reed's greatest gift was spiritual. He was the possessor of a noble character. The eulogists and measurers who did not know him intimately are naturally misled by his wonderful intellectual brilliancy. His wit was so clear, so sharp, so searching, often so illuminating, that it was for that which the country learned chiefly to admire in him. Moreover, it played about the central core of a homely and personal wisdom which Senator Hoar justly says has always been characteristic of New England, likening it to the worldly-wise wit of Benjamin Franklin. In his day in the House of Representatives, humbugs and charlatans were mercilessly and thoroughly exposed; if they were Democrats they were chastised in public; if they were Republicans they were punished in the family circle. Besides his wit, it was supposed that he was a great legislator. That, however, was a misconception of him. He was not great in argument or in persuasion. His mind was executive. He was forever endeavoring to be effective. His wit was employed for the accomplishment of his objects. He did not believe in discussion; he was as much for action as Mr. Roosevelt is, and while he went towards his end with statelier movement, his course was quite as direct as the President's, his leadership was much more masterful, his efforts were more effective. In his active political life, he accomplished the task to which he set himself. He brought to an end the domination of the minority in the national House of Representatives; he took the first step in a progression which seems likely to result eventually in the establishment of something like a responsible majority in the popular branch of Congress. He saw quickly or not at all. It is true that he was much more of a philosopher than he needed to be, for, until his party struck at what to him was vital, he accepted its policies and its principles as his own, and became their advocate. His party's triumph, up to that time, was, to his mind, essential for the general good. His view of the Democratic party was narrow and provincial; at any rate, in his opinion, that party's mission was hurtful to the Union, and its defeat by any means, not corrupt, was the first duty of a Republican patriot.

This, however, was not the noble side of Mr. Reed. Events showed the finer stuff within him, and revealed the man not blinded by a party name, and not confusing the soul with the body. Mr. Reed was not an intense Republican, because he was a partisan for the advancement of his personal ambition, or because he was enamored of a mere association of political men upon whose joint success depended his individual advancement. He was not a Republican because of what the party had been; but because he believed that it was the guardian of a great principle of human liberty, of the right of all men to liberty and self-government. He never was so ambitious of

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public preferment that he would have sacrificed a principle, or offended against his own conscience, for the sake of gaining power, or for the sake of retaining what he already had. When he rose above the lower ranges of every-day political life, the largeness of his character was seen to be of magnificent proportions. He had a noble contempt for the incidents of life. If he could not satisfy his desires in public office, he was more than willing to retire to private life; indeed, he insisted on withdrawing. So, when elected Speaker, he determined that the system of which he had so frequently and vigorously complained while he was leader of the minority on the floor, should be abolished. He devised the rules which have abolished it. Looking back at the contest which followed, men have often wondered why the new Speaker was so serenely calm in the midst of the tempest. He himself described the House, during those stormy days, as a chained monster which was springing at him as far as its chain would permit, and he was calm because he knew that if the chain broke he had a perfect defence against the monster; he had made up his mind that if the House refused to adopt his rules, he would resign the Speakership, then resign his seat in the House, and go to work in a nobler and worthier sphere, for he had determined that no existence could be meaner for an intellectual man than that passed in the dull idleness which minority rule had imposed upon the House of Representatives. In the end, he proved his sincerity, and that he held his character and his principles not only above place, but far above the mere party organization to which he had been so long attached, which had honored him greatly, and which had once seemed inclined to bestow upon him its highest honor. The party ceased to stand for that in which he greatly believed, and he lay down his high office of Speaker, which, otherwise, he might have held to this day, with that noble indifference to place and power that marks the man of high character and conscious superiority. Mr. Reed never looked upon his retirement as a sacrifice, but as an escape from a situation which, if he continued in it, would have degraded him in his own esteem. If he had stayed, he would have been obliged to condone offences of his party leaders which he looked upon as disloyal to the party's principles. Public honors had no charms for him under such circumstances. His resignation has been regarded by different men according to their various ethical points of view, but, in truth, it was as fine a manifestation of character as we have ever had in public life. Whether one believes that Mr. Reed's antagonism to the new Republicanism was right or wrong, it is true, nevertheless, that, believing that his party had gone astray, had turned its back upon its old ideals, had flouted its old gospel, had insulted the memory of its former priests and prophets, had denied its own professions, he told it that he would take of it no further honors, and that while he would be loyal to the memory of its dead past, he would sit no more in its comradeship in the high places of the temple which it had now profaned. In doing this, he did something greater than any other public man has done in our day, and, of the four protestant Republicans whom we have named, is the only one who spoke for the old faith in him in deed as well as in word.

William M. Laffan in "The Sun"

TOM REED, of Maine, is dead, and we are sorry for it. There are few men in public life that the country could less afford to spare. Tom Reed was a great man and a good man. A quarter of a century of warm friendship taught us to know him in that close and personal aspect that is commonly destructive of the abstract and public apprehension of a man. Did it detract from his figure? Not a bit of it. He grew bigger and broader and greater and more lovable with each succeeding year; and now that he is gone we know our loss to be irreparable. Never, never again, shall we look upon the like of Tom Reed.

He was a splendid character, and there was nothing in all the length and breadth of our land that was more American than he. What a privilege, what an honor, to have Tom Reed for a friend! He was a politician, but we always thought he was a poor politician. He never drew a dishonest breath. The man was the soul of honesty. He was a statesman in spite of himself.

Big in body, big in soul, grand in every quality that should denote or adorn a man, Tom Reed leaves a great and deplorable emptiness where he stood. It is a grievous thing that he was not suffered to stay here yet a little while, for his possibilities of good to his country and of service to mankind were at their greatest.

Farewell, true friend, brave heart. Peace to thy ashes and to thy name undying honor!

Mr. Reed's Last Speech

Made at the Dinner given to celebrate the sixty-seventh Birthday of his friend, Mark Twain.

I MUST confess, gentlemen, that my present dejected appearance, as you would naturally expect to see me put on, is caused by what I regard as rather a base violation of the principles of equity and propriety. I had understood that I was to have the pleasure of announcing to this company that only Mr. Twain and myself would make the speeches for this evening, but, when I saw my friend Depew in the company, with all these other gentlemen who are at present surrounding me, I saw at once that there would be a lively revolution, which would have to be bridged over by the courts or by the use of the great principles of arbitration which now govern. (Laughter and applause.)

It seems to me that there would have been an ideal situation; that then we would have had the best and the worst that there was to secure. I don't mean that I should have been the worst, only that it would have been a neat thing to say, because it would have had the advantage of being an epigram, and also the advantage of looking like a natural bashfulness on my part. (Laughter.)

In proposing the health of Mr. Clemens, I would naturally touch upon his many virtues, not all of them, because that would carry us far beyond the spell which I understand is the legitimate boundary of this year's life for him. I think, though, that I ought to preface an allusion to his virtues by an allusion to some of his shortcomings; for, while they are not numerous, I am sorry to say, that, in my experience, they have been remarkably and astonishingly persistent. (Laughter.)

One of his defects and shortcomings arises from inaccuracy. (Laughter.) Inaccuracy of statement. He sometimes allows himself, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to play trumps when he has more suit cards left in his hand. (Laughter.) For instance, in this trip, to which Mr. Harvey has alluded, and which, I am sorry to say, he has put a most dismal twist on,—in this very trip, after I had left the *Kanawha*, that is, after the only person that had real gravity, that was calculated to keep the ship in order and keep her down, had departed, they had a storm and were wrestling with it, and Mr. Rogers heard a noise in the next stateroom, and he stepped in and there he found Mr. Twain, clothed in his favorite raiment, a night-shirt and an overcoat, vibrating backward and forward in the somewhat circumscribed limits of the stateroom, and upon being asked what he was doing, he said he was hunting for a match. Asked what he intended to do with it when he did find it, he said he intended to sit on it. (Laughter.)

Now, in my judgment, history will reason with Mr. Twain on that subject. It will not accept his statement without further proof in the nature of affidavits, because you see at once, if he had found that match and laid it down lengthwise and if he had sat upon it, it would not have given him either fixidity of purpose or of body, nor would it have elevated him in the world in the slightest degree. If the match had been put upon end, it was certainly a very unlikely thing to suppose that he could balance himself against the laws of gravity in that way, and if the match was aflame, sitting upon it, especially in that costume, would not have been a safe or wise or sensible expedient. (Laughter.) I believe in frankness, and frankly I leave it to every gentleman present if the criticism which I have made upon the accuracy and veracity of his statement is not sound.

There is another thing that I have got against him, and this is a serious matter. That is, that he is revengeful in his nature. One day, in that cabin, which has already become historic, they played a piano. He and Wally Ford,—another degenerate, undertook to tell me that handplaying was more satisfactory than playing by machinery. I undertook in the mildest manner in the world to explain to these gentlemen that it could not possibly be so, and in order to avoid any misinterpretation, I did it in a low, gentle, carefully modulated tone of voice, and,—well, it took me about an hour to explain fully to them the situation, to point out to them that inasmuch as the machine struck the notes with absolute accuracy, no human being with his hands could by any possibility be equal to it.

And after that he went out and took Mr. Rogers up against the corner of that cabin and said that I was—well, you (turning to Mr. Clemens) remember what you said, tell it,—you remember the expression, will you repeat it?—(laughter). He said, "Did you hear that blankety, blank fool, tell that blankety blank story. Did you hear his theories?" After I had been the gentlest in the world to him. And I understand that he and Ford for days and days afterwards held indignation meetings and used language which it is absolutely painful to repeat.

Now, what do you supposed caused it? He went up into my district, a country where they have a respect for me, as is quite natural for a sensible district,—he went up there and took advantage of a two and a half century anniversary, the only one that he ever attended or ever will attend. He took advantage of an opportunity to get himself put last on the bill, and then, I tell you, actually said that he did not expect that I would go to the same place in the hereafter that he would. I wonder that he deprived himself of the only chance of selecting the company that he would be likely to have. (Laughter and applause.)

I do not exactly like to dwell upon these painful parts, and, on the other hand, if I go to eulogizing him, I hardly know where to begin. He has published twenty-two volumes, and though we might have a jolly night in talking them over, it would take all night to get at the merits and the virtues of them, even if I did not refer to the opinions of many good men, all of which

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are favorable and ought to be. But, for my part, I think I owe him something, and I think the world owes him a great deal for the pictures, or rather the folios of pictures which he has given us. Right after the revolution, and, even before, in this country, there were spreading out in all directions, little bunches of pioneers, who were penetrating into the darkness of the world. Of course, they threw aside all the advantages of civilization, and their careers were straining to the sea. But after the war there went across the bad lands of the American desert large colonies of people, and they were free from all the ordinary restraints which keep us in order and make us such a smart and fine people as we are.

What a wealth of language those people used to put into their lives and actions! They fought with all the weapons there were, and guns were not their best. A twist of the tongue was much better, and they used it at all times. And he was on the spot to give us a picture of these pioneers, of their life and of their doings, and then he crossed the water and has given us an idea of how Europe looked to the pioneers of our own land.

That is a picture, I confess, I am grateful for, and for which I would ask you to fill up your glasses, only I know that Mr. Harvey holds him down—"it is the only time I ever saw him kept down,"—and will not allow him to say another word.

Otherwise, gentlemen, we say that our regard for him is not in the things that he does, but what he is. (Applause).

English Statesmen and their Oratory

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *November 25, 1902.*

ENGLAND at this moment is an oratorical cataract. She has been so for several months; she will continue to be so for some weeks longer, till the Education Bill, with Mr. James Bryce leading the opposition, is passed, and the Parliamentary session closes and the light in the big tower at Westminster is extinguished and Christmas interposes its much-needed truce. Everybody is at it hammer and tongs, and he would be of an inexorable turn for criticism who found nothing to satisfy his taste in the fare provided. There is Rosebery's sprightliness, the flash and play of Balfour's rapier, Chamberlain hissing forth lucidity, Harcourt with his elephantine capers, Morley's pure sense of form, the dry compactness of Asquith, Bryce lecturing a yawning House, and last and most pervasive, the level oily flow of Campbell-Bannerman. Every variety of dish is offered the people; and the people, wonderful to say, fall to with an appetite that two hundred and fifty years of government by talk has done nothing to appease. Never was a nation so steeped in oratory. You open the morning's paper, and the first thing that catches your eye is a page and a half of Parliamentary debate.

In a rush to escape you are brought swiftly up by five or six columns of solid type with Rosebery's or some other big gun's name at the top; while if the paper is of the Liberal or Radical faith you will be sure to find three or four more columns given up to reports of meetings held to protest against the Education Bill. And, what is worse, all this has to be read—for business reasons, or political reasons, or from a natural inclination for that sort of thing, or merely from the spirit and motive in which one wades through the latest "novel of the year."

For politics and politicians here are not confined to headquarters and hotel lobbies and the polling booths. They are part, a large part, one might say a disproportionately large part, of the small change of social conversation. You may leave a speech unread, just as you may venture out in London without an umbrella, but it is at your peril. As sure as fate it will come up as a topic at the club or dinner party, and the "City" view, the man in the street's view, the press view, and the politician's view will all be religiously canvassed by men and women alike. Nothing is more startling to a New-Yorker who hears politics discussed round a Fifth Avenue dinner-table about as often as the "philosophy of the beautiful," or Chinese conchology, than to be pounced upon by his London hostess for a clear-cut criticism of Rosebery's latest effort. It is so in the provinces, too. A man of any prominence may be sure that his speech will be reported almost, if not quite, verbatim in all the great provincial dailies, and read and talked over in all the country-houses of the land.

There is no question, then, of the quantity of English speech-making. What of its quality and how does it compare with the American brand? One must distinguish. In the art of after-dinner speaking, for instance, the superiority of Americans is a commonplace. The standard has been raised considerably in England during the last twenty years, and there are perhaps half a dozen men in London who are equal to the best American practitioners. But the average is still far below the American average. The same, too, might be said of pulpit oratory in the two countries. The American clergyman is so much more human and so much less sacerdotal than his English brother that in nine cases out of ten he is pleasanter to listen to. Again, in the lower branches of stump oratory, in the ability to hold, amuse, and arouse a vast popular audience, Americans are still more indisputably ahead of the English. There are few genuine English "spell-binders," and in the peculiar field which Senator Depew has made his own, there are no English rivals. Where the balance is somewhat redressed is in the more serious art of platform speaking. Here Englishmen show to solid—and occasionally to stolid—advantage. One must remember that oratory in England has not yet become popularized. Some suggestion of class privilege, the pride of Sir Oracle commanding silence, still hovers around it. It is one of the functions of the "natural leaders."

The men who enter Parliament and the men whom you find on platforms have for the most part received the best education that England can supply. They are, therefore, naturally disposed towards a fairly high standard of oratory, a stately and dignified standard, at any rate. Also, they come to close quarters with their subject. Their speeches are packed full of meat. They excel in concrete *précis* work, and are not afraid of dry details. They rarely generalize, and one may say they are never florid or bombastic. They have a strong turn for exposition, and like to hammer things out. They are naturally didactic. All Englishmen are. If they are not preaching themselves, they like to listen to some one who is. It is a habit not without its unfortunate side. It leads Englishmen at times to address an audience as though they were professors lecturing a class. One detects in some of them a note of pomposity or condescension that Americans would not stand for a moment, any more than Englishmen would stand a tempestuous fury of the Bourke Cockran species. They have not the flexibility of French orators, and are nothing like so well versed in the mechanics of their craft as Americans. The latter feel the pulse of their audience more exactly, are more quickly sensitive, and, being in absolute sympathy with those in front of them, have a freshness and ease and colloquial persuasiveness that Englishmen rarely master. Their touch, too, is lighter and more deft. On the other hand, English speakers are more restrained and possibly more thoughtful; they are much more intent on reason and argument than on declamation. But as they mostly have the national habit of spoiling sound ideas by a prosy and pointless way of putting them, this does not count so heavily in their favor as it should. I have sat under scores of orators in both countries, and my general impression is that Englishmen give you more and entertain you less. You run considerable risk of being instructed at an English meeting and more of being bored. In America there is not much danger of either fate—none at all, indeed, of the latter.

Is English society on the down grade? That is the question which Mr. G. W. E. Russell raises and answers in his new book, *For Better? For Worse?* Mr. Russell is the Greville of to-day; and he has the good sense not to try and be anything else. He makes a capital gossip, but a poor Juvenal. Happily, he is too good-humored and too sagacious to take up the lash. If he moralizes it is in anecdotes, and good ones at that. To be a society Boswell is rather his ambition, and as a member of the younger branch of the great Russell family, with the entrée everywhere, still under fifty, and an indefatigable diner-out, he is well fitted for the part. Needless to say, his tale for the most part is one of lamentation. The changes he touches on are almost all changes for the worse. Stateliness has gone out of fashion, and "a really well-turned-out carriage, with a coachman in a wig and two powdered footmen behind, is nearly as rare an object in Mayfair as a hansom in Bermondsey or a tandem in Bethnal Green. Men go to the levée in cabs or in motor-cars, and send their wives to the Palace Ball in the products of the Coupé Company." On the other hand, the taste for beauty has "palpably increased." This is the one bright spot in Mr. Russell's narrative. People no longer live in an age of horsehair and mahogany, and crimson flock papers and green rep curtains; nor do they varnish their old oak or paper the walls in dark crimson, with heavy curtains to match, or burden themselves with sideboard, dinner wagon, and rows of stiff chairs, "all carved in the same massive and expensive style of ugliness." The art of hospitality, too, has improved. "No longer is the mind oppressed by those monstrous hecatombs under which, as Bret Harte said, "the table groaned and even the sideboard sighed." Instead of these horrors we have bright flowers and shaded lights, and a very few, perhaps too few, dishes, which both look pretty and taste good." But from this point onwards Mr. Russell is the good-natured pessimist. He thinks manners have gone off. There is more flunkeyism nowadays than there used to be, more social pushfulness and familiarity, a growing love of titles, and a larger amount of intriguing "for visits from illustrious personages." An English royalty could not set foot in the street nowadays without being mobbed, and thousands of excursionists a few years ago flocked into Folkestone to watch the late Empress of Austria bathing. "In old days people thought a great deal, perhaps too much, of family. They had a strong sense of territorial position, and I have heard people say of others, 'Oh, they are cousins of ours,' as if that fact put them within a sacred and inviolable inclosure. But titles were contemned. If you were a peer you sat in the House of Lords, instead of the House of Commons, and that was all.

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Extracts from "The Reflections of Ambrosine"

By Elinor Glyn

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

VII

It was odious weather, the afternoon of e 15th. Our eight guns had arrived in ne for tea, some with wives, some with- t—one with a playful, giddy daughter. en predominated.

There were some two or three decent peo- e from the county round. The remainder, nmercial connections, friends of the past.

One terrible woman, with parted, plaster- hair, and an aggressive voice, and rus- ng silks, dominated the conversation. She the wife of the brother of the late Mr. rrage's partner who "died youngish."

This couple come apparently every year the best partridge drive.

Mrs. ("Dodd" is their name) was ex- emely ill at ease among the other ladies, t was determined to let them know that e considered herself their superior in ev- y way.

At the moment when she was recounting, a strident voice, the shortcomings of one her local neighbors, the butler an- unced:

"Sir Antony Thornhirst."

Our ninth gun had arrived.

"So good of you to ask me," he said, as shook hands, and his voice sounded like ooth velvet after the others. And for a nute there was a singing in my ears.

"Jolly glad to see you," Augustus blus- ed. "What beastly weather! You mo- ed over, I suppose?"

Sir Antony sat down beside me.

I remembered the ways he would be ac- stomed to, and did not introduce him to y one.

He had exchanged casual "How-do-you- 's?" with the neighbors he knew.

I poured him out some tea.

"I don't drink it," he said, "but give me me, and sugar, and cream, and anything at will take time to put in."

I laughed.

"It is very long since we met at Harley, d I began to think you were going to get me again, Comtesse!"

"Is that why you came here?"

"Yes—and because they tell me your eper can show at least a hundred and ty brace of partridge each day!"

"Augustus was right, then."

"What about?"

"He said you would come because of the mber of the birds. I—I—felt sure you uld be engaged."

"Your note was not cordial nor cousinly, d I was—engaged, but the attraction of e game, as Mr. Gurrage says, decided ."

His smile had never looked so mocking r his eyes so kind!

"Might I trouble you for a second cup, ase, Mrs. Gussie?" the female Dodd inter- pted, loudly, from half across the room. Mr. McCormack is taking it over to you. d a little stronger this time, please. I n't care for this newfangled taste for ak tea—dish-water, I call it—only fit for e jaded digestions of worn-out, worldly men."

"Who owns this fog-horn?" my kinsman ispered. "Will it come out shooting to- rrow? The game-book record will be con- lerably lower if so!"

"I+ won't shoot; it will only lunch," I ispered back.

Somehow, my spirits had risen. I loved sit and laugh there with—Antony. (I ink of him as "Antony," now we are usins, I must remember.)

The evening passed in an endless, boring round. This sort of company does not adapt itself as the people at Harley did. With my best endeavors to be a good hostess, the uneasiness of my guests prevented me from making them feel comfortable or at home.

Mrs. Dodd's impertinence would have been insupportable if it had not been so funny.

She complained of most things—the draughts, the inconvenience of the hours of the train departures, and so on.

She was gorgeously dressed, and hung with diamonds. Without being exceptionally stout, everything is so tight and pushed-up that she seems to come straight out from her chin in a kind of platform, where the diamonds lose themselves in a narrow, perpendicular depression in the middle.

Antony sat next me at dinner at one side. On the other side was old Sir Samuel Wakely. Mr. Dodd, on his left hand, had Miss Springle, the playful, giddy daughter of one of the guns.

She chaffed him all the time, much to the annoyance of his life's partner, who was sitting opposite, and who, owing to an erection of flowers, was unable to quite see what was going on.



She rushed wildly, her dress held high, showing a pair of opulent ankles

"Yes," we heard Mr. Dodd say, at last, "I nearly bought it in Paris at the Exhibition. Eh! but it was a beautiful statue!"

"I like statues," said Miss Springle.

"Well, she was just a perfect specimen of a woman, but Missus Dodd would'na let me purchase her, because the pure thing was not dressed. I did'na think it could matter in marble."

"What's that you are saying about Mrs. Dodd?" demanded that lady, from across the table, dodging the chrysanthemums.

"I was telling Miss Springle, my dear, of the statue of 'Innocence' I wanted to buy at the Exhibition at Paris," replied Mr. Dodd, meekly, "and that you would'na let me on account of the scanty clothing."

"Innocence, indeed!" snorted Mrs. Dodd. "Pretty names they give things over there! And her clothing scant, you call it, Wullie? Why, you are stretching a point to the verge of untruth to call it clothing at all—a scarf of muslin and a couple of doves! Anyhow, I'll have it known I'll not have a naked woman in my drawing-room, in marble or flesh!"

The conversation of the whole table was paralyzed by her voice. My eye caught Antony's, and we both laughed.

"There, there, my dear, don't be even suggesting such things," said Mr. Dodd, soothingly.

"La! Mrs. Dodd, you make me blush," giggled Miss Springle.

I wondered what Antony thought of it all, and whether he had ever been among such people before. His face betrayed nothing after he laughed with me, and he seemed to be quietly enjoying his dinner, which, fortunately, was good.

VIII

On the morrow, it had cleared up and flashes of blue sky were appearing. Augustus and Mr. McCormack had both had too much to drink the night before, at dinner, and were looking, and no doubt feeling, mixed and ill-tempered.

The morning was long after the shooters had gone. It seemed as if one o'clock, when we were to start for the lunch, would never come.

Miss Springle had some passages-at-arms with Mrs. Dodd. They had all been down to breakfast but Lady Wakely and another woman, who were accustomed to the ways of the world.

I had never seen any shooting before. The whole thing was new to me. Augustus had insisted upon selecting what he considered a suitable costume for me. We had been up to London several times together to try it on, and, on the whole, though a little *outré* in its checks, it is not unbecoming.

Mrs. Dodd was puffing behind us. She had insisted upon following with the guns, although Lady Wakely and the two other elderly women had driven back to Ledstone.

The yellow paradise-plume and bright blue dress made a glowing spot of color on the brown, ploughed field.

Miss Springle tripped gayly along in front with Mr. Dodd, coquettishly tapping him on the arm and looking up in his face.

Giggles of laughter were wafted back to us. Miss Springle is a rather pretty girl, with thick, black hair.

Mrs. Dodd had panted after her husband and Miss Springle, who were in the most open place; but Wilks was unable to contain himself with annoyance at this.

"Not a bird will face the line if the lady's dress is seen!" he said, in despair, as he passed us, and we saw him unceremoniously insist upon Mrs. Dodd joining Sir Samuel Wakely, who was at the thickest corner, next us.

"The air must be black with the language Wakely is using, I will bet," said Antony.

And then the partridges began to come.

"There's a burrd! There's a burrd!" shouted Mr. Dodd, excitedly, pointing with his gun straight at Sir Samuel's head.

"Damn you, sir!" yelled Sir Samuel back to him. "It is pure murder the way you hold your gun."

"I'll trouble you not to swear at my husband!" roared Mrs. Dodd.

A huge covey came over at the moment, but the voices and the bright blue dress attracted their attention, and they all wheeled off to the right, so that, but for two stray birds killed by Antony, this end of the line found the drive a blank.

Augustus's rage knew no bounds.

He came up to me as if it was my fault.

"Take that old woman home this moment, Ambrosine," he said, furiously. "Do you hear—this minute!" and I was obliged to go up to Mrs. Dodd and suggest our returning. I was tired, I said.

"I'll not leave Wullie with that minx," she replied, firmly. "You can go without

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me, Mrs. Gussie. I'll not take it rude of you at all." I tried to explain that I thought we were all a littl in the way, and had better return to the house; but Miss Springle, who joined us, would not hear of such a thing.

"Mr. Dodd says he can't get on without me," she said, coyly, whereupon Mrs. Dodd gurgled with rage.

"I am afraid you will all be shot if you delay here," said Antony, coming to my rescue. "We are going to take the next beat at right angles, and you are all in the full line."

"Goodness gracious me!" screamed Mrs. Dodd. "Oh! gentlemen, save me!"

And she rushed wildly towards Augustus, who was coming up, her dress held high, showing a pair of opulent ankles, and wide, flat feet covered in thin kid boots, while a white-cotton stocking appeared upon the stove-pipe calf that was visible above.

The yellow paradise-plume floated in the wind, the hat having become a little deranged by her rapid flight.

"Gussie Gurrage!" she yelled. "Oh! do you hear that? the gentleman says I'll be shot!"

And she precipitated herself into the unwilling arms of Augustus.

He had not manners enough to stand such an assault. His face flushed with annoyance, and the savage look grew round his mouth. I waited for the explosion.

"Confound it, Mrs. Dodd!" he said. "Women have no business out shooting, and you had better clear out and go home!"

"I've never been so insulted in my life!" she snorted, as we walked back to the farm, after a confused scene in which Mr. Dodd, and Sir Samuel, and Augustus, Miss Springle, and Mrs. Dodd herself had all talked at once.

"Never so insulted in my life! Sent away as if I wasn't wanted. If I hadn't known Gussie Gurrage since he was a baby, I'd have boxed his ears, that I would!"

I remained in haughty silence. I feared I should burst into screams of laughter if I attempted speech.

Miss Springle had evaded us at the last minute, and could be seen once more by Mr. Dodd's side as we drove past the shooters.

A meek woman, sister of Mr. McCormack's, a Mrs. Broun by name, who had quietly stood by her husband, and had not been in any one's way, now caught Mrs. Dodd's wrath.

"You've had a good deal to do with Jessie Springle's bringing up, I've heard, Mrs. Broun, since her mother died, and a disgrace she is to you, I can testify."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dodd, how can you say such a thing?" said Mrs. Broun, almost crying. "Jessie is a dear girl, so full of fun."

"Fun, you call it, Mrs. Broun! Looking after other women's husbands. How would you like her to be flirting with your Tom?"

(This is the spirit my mother-in-law would approve of.)

"Oh! it is quite immodest, talking so, Mrs. Dodd!" replied the meek lady, flushing scarlet. "Why, no one would ever think of such things—a girl to flirt with a married man!"

"That's all you know about it, Mrs. Broun. I tell you that girl will upset your home yet! Mark my words; but I'll not have her running after Wullie, anyway."

The situation was becoming very strained. I felt bound to interfere by some *banal* remarks about the scenery, and, finally, we arrived back at Ledstone, and I got rid of them by conducting them to their rooms.



Miss Springle tripped gayly along in front with Mr. Dodd

IX

One could never describe the expression of Antony's face. If one goes on saying "mocking," or "cynical," or "ironical," or "quizzical," it gives no impression of what it is. It is a mixture of all four, and yet laughing, and—and—tender, and *insouciant*, and gay. He is himself, and there could never be any one like him. One feels as if all common things must vanish and shrivel up before his style of wit.

One could think of him as finishing a game of chess calmly while the officers of the Terror waited to conduct him to the guillotine. He is exactly—oh! but exactly—grandmamma's idea of a gentleman, I wish she had seen more of him.

There is nothing *poseur* or dramatic about him. He is quite simple, although he laughs at things all the time. I seem to have learned more of the world, and the tone of everything, just talking to him, than from all the books I have read lately. What would it be like if he was interested in anything intensely, if something moved him deeply, if he really cared?

As I sat there, I thought of many things. An atmosphere of home had suddenly come into the room. I could almost believe I could hear grandmamma's voice.

"What are you thinking of so seriously, Comtesse?" he asked, lazily.

"I was wondering—"

"Well?"

"I was wondering if anything really mattered in life; if one could grow old, and remain numb all the time; if things are real; if—oh! does anything matter? Tell me, you who know."

"Not many things. Later, you will regret some things you have not done—very few you have."

"I have been reading metaphysics lately, and, it seems, one could reason one's self into believing nothing is real. One of my books said the ancient Cynic philosophers doubted for the sake of investigation, and the moderns investigate for the sake of doubting. What does it all mean?"

He began stroking Roy's ears. He had put his dear head on Antony's knee.

"I never can understand," said Antony presently, "why your grandmother did not let me know when you first came to the cottage. She was fully aware of the relationship between us, even if I was not."

"Grandmamma was a very proud woman. We were so very poor. And then, there was grandpapa's *bêtise*, which, I fancy, had greatly separated them from his family."

"What made her come to Ledstone, at all, I wonder?"

I felt my cheeks getting pink, and bent down to look into the fire.

"She wanted to live in England, so that I might become English by growing up there, and—and it was cheap. We had been in London before that, and back in Paris, and down at Brighton, and a lot of dull places. I remember she saw the advertisement in the paper one morning, and took the cottage immediately."

"You had heard that we were relations," he asked.

"Yes, vaguely. But I did not know it

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many of you there were, only that the present holder of the title was a Sir Antony."

"It was a strange coincidence neither of us should have caught the other's name at the ball that night."

"Yes."

"Afterwards, when we talked you over at Harley, every one had got information about you, it seemed. They were all so awfully interested in you. You looked such an extraordinary contrast to the rest of the company."

"Well, I am glad of that."

He smiled.

"It was when I heard that your grandmother was a French woman I grasped everything. I remembered there was some story in the family about a younger son marrying a beautiful Parisienne. But it seemed to me it must be too far back to be possible. And then Lady Tilchester told me she was a very old woman. So we came over next day."

"I wish you had seen more of grandmamma," I said. "You would have got on together. She used to say wonderful things, sometimes."

"I thought her the most lovely old lady I had ever seen."

"Her maxims would fill a book as big as La Rochefoucauld."

"What a pity you did not write them down."

"The Marquis and she had the *religion du Beau*. They worshipped everything that was beautiful, and suitable, and refined. They never did anything for effect, only because the action was due to themselves, and was a good action." I paused.

"Go on, Comtesse," said Antony. "I like to hear it all."

"They really believed in *noblesse oblige*. Neither of them would have stooped from their position—oh! not a little inch."

"It is a thing we have quite forgotten in England. It was inconvenient, and most of us are not rich enough to indulge in it."

"But must one be rich to behave as of one's race?" I asked, astonished.

"Yes—or remain in the background, a good deal bored. To obtain the wherewithal to enjoy this rather expensive world, people stoop considerably, nowadays."

"And you don't think it dreadful?"

"I am not a Crusader. Times have changed. One can keep one's own ideas, and let others do as they please."

"Grandmamma had a maxim like that. She said it was *bourgeois* to be shocked and astonished at things. She believed in the differences of classes. No one could have persuaded her that the common people are made of the same flesh and blood as we are."

"Tell me some more."

"This was her idea of things generally: First of all, to have the greatest self-respect. To stoop to no meanness. To deserate the body or mind in no way. To conquer and overcome all foolish emotions. To be unselfish, to be gay, to be courageous. To bear physical and moral pain without any outward show. To forever have in front of one that a straight and beautiful carriage must be the reflection of a straight and beautiful mind. To take pleasure in simple things, and to be contented with what one has got, if it is impossible to obtain better. In short, never to run one's head against a stone wall or a feather bed. But if a good thing is to be gained by patience, or perseverance, or concentration, to obtain it."

"I am learning. Continue!" said Antony, but there was no mock in his eyes.

"They both had a fine contempt of death, and a manner of *grand seigneur*, and a perfect philosophy. They had the refinement of sentiment of the *ancien régime*, only they were much less coarse. And in the *ancien régime* one worshipped the King and the constitution of France, whereas grandmamma and the Marquis worshipped only '*le beau*' in everything, which is higher than an individual."

"How well you tell it! I shall have to reorganize my religion."

"You are laughing at me!"

"No, I am not. I am deeply interested. Go on," and he leaned back in the straight-backed arm-chair.

"'Never stay in the mud,' was another of grandmamma's maxims. 'It happens that



"Give me some sugar," he said

the best of us may fall there in life, but no one need stay there,' she used to say. Even the common people could rise out of it if they had a fine enough spirit. But we were the examples, and one must never give a bad example. For instance, the common people might cry when they were hurt. They were only lower creatures and under the protection of the others. They could roar, if it pleased them, as they were the model of no one. But we could not cry, to encourage this foolishness."

"And so you lived, and learned all that, dear little Comtesse! No wonder your eyes are so wise!"

"I remember, once I became impatient with some new stitches in my embroidery that would not go right, and I flung the piece down, and stamped on it, and tore it. Grandmamma said nothing, but she deliberately undid a ball of silk, and tangled it dreadfully, and then gave it to me to straighten out. It was not to irritate me, she said. But patience and discipline were necessary to enable one to get through life with decency and pleasure, and, while I untangled the silk, I should have time to reflect upon how comically ridiculous I had been to throw down, and trample upon, an inanimate thing, that only my personal stupidity had caused to annoy me."

Antony looked at me a long time. He sighed a short, quick sigh, then said, gayly:

"You must certainly write a book for the training of the young! But what did your grandmother say of such things as strong passions—the mad love of one person for another, for instance? Could they be ruled by maxims?"

"She did not discuss those things with me. But she did say that in life, now and then, there came a *coup de foudre*, which sometimes was its glory and sometimes not; that this was nature, and there was no use going absolutely contrary to nature; but that a disciplined person was less likely to commit a *bêtise*, or to mistake a passing light for the *coup de foudre*, than one who was accustomed to give way to every emotion, as a trained soldier is better able to stand fire than the raw recruit from the fields."

"And yet the trained soldier goes under, sometimes."

"In that case, she said, there were only two courses—either to finish the matter, and go out altogether, or to get up again, and fight better next time."

Antony looked down at me. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and it seemed as if he were observing something in my very soul. Then he said, with a whimsical smile:

"Comtesse, tell me: And did she consider there were any great sins?"

"Oh yes. To break one's word or in any way degrade one's race. But, she said, sins were not so much sins in themselves as in their *façon de faire*. One must remain a gentlewoman—or man—always, even in moments of the greatest *tourbillons*. 'We are all of flesh and blood,' she said, 'but, in the same situation, the *fille de chambre* conducts herself differently to the *femme de qualité*.' What a serious impression I am giving you of grandmamma, though! She was a gay person, full of pleasant thoughts."

"She permitted pleasures, then?"

"But, of course, all pleasures that did not really injure other people. She said priests and custom and convention had robbed the world of much joy."

"She was quite right."

"She liked people to have fine perceptions. To be able to 'see with the eyelashes' was one of her expressions, and, I assure you, nothing escaped her. It was very fatiguing to be long in the company of people who passed their lives morally eating suet-pudding, she said. Avoid stodge, she told me, and, above all, I was to avoid that sentimental, mawkish, dismal point of view, that dramatically wrote up, over everything, 'Duty,' with a huge 'D.' It happened that there were duties to be done in life, but they must be accomplished quietly, or gayly, as the case might be. 'Do not shut the mouth with a snap, and, having done so, turn the corners down,' she said. 'These habits will not procure friends for you.' And so I learned to take things gayly."

We were both silent for some time after this. Then Antony exerted himself to amuse me. We talked as lightly as the skimming of swallows, flying from one subject to another. We were as happy as laughing children. The time passed. It seemed but a few minutes, when the clock struck eight.

"You will make me late for dinner!" I exclaimed. "But you reminded me of grandmamma and the Marquis, and made me talk."

"May I come again to-night—to return La Rochefoucauld?" he asked, with his droll smile.

"I do not know. We shall see." And I ran into my room, leaving him standing beside the fire.

To be Continued.

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The White Feather

A PROFOUND student of the moral and religious life of to-day observes that the average morality and standard of character inside the organized churches is in some respects lower than that which obtains outside. There are those, he goes on to say, who make no profession of religion, who, it may be, are defective in their practice on many points, but of whom it may be said that they are incapable of meanness and baseness. They are loyal to truth and honor. With them the supreme virtue is courage, as indeed it ought to be. In their creed, to show the white feather is to give one's self over to eternal death.

One of the new novels of the season, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll maintains, gives memorable and sharp expression to this view of things, namely, *The Vultures*, by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman. It is a genuine pleasure, he declares, to read such a book as this. "Mr. Merriman is steadily building up and increasing his already high reputation. *The Vultures* is perhaps his best book. It is full of matter, full of strength, of tenderness, of wisdom. Mr. Merriman is consistent in his view of character. He admires reserve above everything. He can recognize and depict a noble nature, but he has no patience with ostentation or with gush, or with anything that savors of vulgarity. Though his stories are full of incident, there is a singular stillness in his atmosphere, the stillness of high breeding, of tranquil power. His thoughts in this book seem to me sweeter and deeper than before, and his style shows a rare finish. Mr. Merriman is before all things a gentleman. What that means only a jaded professional reader knows. From every point of view this book is among the very best of recent years, and its spirit and temper are beyond praise."

But Dr. Nicoll—one of the truest ethical thinkers of the day, as well as one of the sanest critics—is more anxious to point the moral of Mr. Merriman's story than to criticise it, high as his criticism places it. *The Vultures*, he holds, is a glorification of courage. "Mr. Merriman's story is one of life-long devotion and sacrifice to a lost cause. It is the cause of Poland. We are introduced to Prince Bukaty, his son, and his daughter. The Prince is old and lonely. His battle has cost him many years of happiness, though, to such as had daily intercourse with him, he seemed quite a peaceful and jovial old man. He had endured and lost much. His wife had been unable to bear the atmosphere of strife and peril, and had turned her face to the wall quite soon, not daring to meet the years in which there could be no hope of alleviation. His friends had been scattered, many of them exiled to distant parts of Russia. His generation was passing away, and its story had been one of the saddest ever told. He himself had grown accustomed to that existence which is called living upon a volcano. A rope was round his neck; he and his children were deep in conspiracies. There was hardly any hope of justice or redress. The old man had lost everything, had lived a life of hardship and even of privation. He had witnessed the ruin or the downfall of all his friends; yet he never dreamed once of surrender. It was his business to carry on to the end of his days his high-handed and dignified fight against ill fortune. Neither did his son or daughter dream of a way of escape. His son was one of those beings who find life a joy and his fellow-beings a jest. His daughter had something in her slight frame that suggested endurance, and something in her face which assured of truth. Yet all of these were happy in a noble way. Their hearts were lightened by an inward sun which shone through all the chances and changes of the road. 'The best sort of happiness is rarely visible to the multitude. It lies hidden in odd corners and quiet places, and the eager world which presumably is seeking it hurries past and never recognizes it, but continues to mistake it for prosperity and riches, noise and laughter, even fame and cheap notoriety. These people looked for happiness, not in the immediate gratification of their desires and the instant fulfilment of their hopes, but in a loyalty which would survive all difficulty, and bridge the longest span of years. The time might never ripen till years after they had gone hence and were no more seen. But what of that? Duty remained the same, and in the fulfilment of duty they were blessed. They had the peace of those who know that they are wanted in the world, and so they diffused tranquillity wherever they went. They moved quietly through stirring events, and acted without haste in hurried moments.' With this noble race even love came second to duty, and Princess Wanda found an Englishman worthy of her love. When her brother was killed she went to her father. She was sure of her lover. 'Duty is best, is it not?' she said to him. 'It is the only thing,' he answered, and so they parted. It was not only her father; it was a whole nation that stood between them. 'If two people have between them,' she said, 'that with which you say they might be content — if they had it, and were sure they had it, and had it with a perfect trust in each other, but knew they could never have more—could they be happy?' 'They could be happier than nearly everybody else in the world,' he answered. 'And if they had to go on all their lives, and if one lived in London and the other in Warsaw, they could still be happy.'

"There are people who are very anxious to have a chance of gracefully showing the white feather. There are others to whom the white feather is an emblem that they need not trouble their minds about. There are some, I verily believe, who are proud of the white feather—else why should they display it so ostentatiously? But surely not those who have given themselves to what Maurice Le Guérin called 'that grand and sacred thought—the thought that drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God—the thought of liberty.'"

Finance

THE expected has been happening in Wall Street of late. That is to say, the stock-market has sunk into the deadly monotony, the unrelieved dulness, which students of the financial situation foresaw weeks ago. It is as well that it is so. Greater evils than restricted business are avoided, and the community at large gains in that it does not lose. It is indeed difficult to see how matters could be different; but to so many people these periods of speculative listlessness mean that the market is preparing itself for sharp fluctuations in one or the other direction, that they at times assume, in the popular mind, an importance which they are far from possessing.

It may be admitted freely that the banks have succeeded in completely checking any desire on the part of the more reckless speculators to indulge in operations for the rise, and that the community has been made to realize the delicate condition of the money-market. This has indeed been the main deterring influence in the stock-market for some weeks. It was the action of the banks, when confronted by impaired reserves, that precipitated the late slump which so severely punished the short-sighted audacity of the Western plungers and of sundry over-venturesome pools. Security prices sustained severe declines. The ownership of stocks changed, passing from weak to strong hands. To-day, at the lower level the problem is not to induce liquidation of speculative stock holdings in order to contract outstanding credits, but to check any such movements as, by stimulating speculative purchases of stocks, may complicate an already perplexing situation.

The rank and file of speculators have thus been compelled to weigh every money-market possibility, and to trim their stock-market sales accordingly. General basic conditions have undergone no change calculated to upset optimistic calculations. The trade reports continue gratifying, and the "cold spell" has notably stimulated the commercial distribution of seasonable merchandise. There is, then, every reason to believe that the general prosperity is not yet about to abate, and that there is a good volume of business ahead for the railways. Much has been said of the effect which the recent advances in wages will have on the net earnings of the railways. While the cost of operating is obviously increased, the advances in rates already in force, or soon to be announced, should offset the effect of the higher wages on the surplus applicable to dividends. Obviously, the exact working of these advances is not known, but it is altogether reasonable to assume that dividends are not in danger. Reasons for a further decline in prices are thus wanting. The average investor sees nothing to make him exchange his securities for cash, and the average speculator, finding little pressure to sell, believes that aggressive or extensive operations on the short side of the account are unwise at the moment. An advance is not to be thought of, on the other hand, the money-market having served notice on the would-be bulls. The result is speculative inertia. Such trading as there is, therefore, is altogether professional in character. Technical conditions do not permit of violent fluctuations either up or down, and the result is half-hearted, desultory buying and selling. The "scalping" of fractional profits is the only course left to the professional speculator. Even this has been difficult, and repeated unsatisfactory experiences have conduced to a steadily dwindling volume of business, until, at this writing, daily transactions on the Stock Exchange are barely a third of what they were a few weeks ago.

Nothing has happened to lift the apathy. The President's message was what Wall Street had reason to believe it would be. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury caused but a passing ripple of excitement. On the subject of trust legislation, Wall Street feels decidedly easier. There is, to judge from sentiment in Congress, but little likelihood of any at this session. That bills will be duly introduced and as duly shelved indefinitely seems more than probable. There has been widespread discussion of the imperative need of currency reform, and it is not unreasonable to expect some measure of relief before many months, but thus far none of the various bills considered is satisfactory.

In casting about for developments of importance likely to affect sentiment, Wall Street sees in the recent advance in the price of Northern Securities stock an intimation that the suit will be decided favorably to the company. There is much misapprehension as to the real state of affairs. A favorable decision is not unlikely in the suit brought before the Supreme Court by the State of Washington against the company. But such a decision, if rendered as expected by the Street, cannot affect the important suit brought by the Attorney-General of the United States against the "merger."

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The Present State of Wireless Telegraphy

See page 1964

THE powerful wireless stations now in course of erection on Cape Breton and Cape Cod may fairly be expected greatly to extend our knowledge of the subject, but pending their completion it is perhaps worth while to record some of the definite results which have been achieved already. Preliminary experiments are apt to be somewhat indecisive, so that it may be wise to pass by the transatlantic attempts of last year as having no determined practical value, however great may have been their scientific importance. For commercial purposes the question at issue is not the ultimate distance at which vague signals may be occasionally caught, but the radius over which readable messages can be regularly sent, day in and day out. This is not easy to determine, for while the public is fully informed of successes, it hears little of failures. We note the wireless messages as reported in the daily papers, but wot not of the despatches that failed, or the causes of their failing. As our readers are aware, the Italian cruiser *Carlo Alberto*, which recently brought Mr. Marconi to this country, took him on a long cruise in European waters in the summer just past, during which long-distance working from the great station at Poldhu was thoroughly tested. The results, as they have now been brought to light, prove to be highly interesting. The voyage extended from Dover to Kronstadt, and back *viâ* Kiel. Then the cruiser turned homewards, and sweeping down by Gibraltar and through the Mediterranean, bore back to Spezia. The messages sent from Poldhu consisted mainly of repetitions of Morse S (three dots), followed by brief sentences. It is claimed that the former were received, though very feeble, even at Kronstadt, and there is good reason to believe that the latter were at times distinctly readable up to a distance of over 900 miles. Now it chanced that eighteen miles from Poldhu was located a small wireless station, independent of Marconi's company, and the director of this, finding that signals were rattling in from Poldhu, quietly played Sherlock Holmes, and recorded in good Morse substantially the whole series of messages hurled after the receding *Carlo Alberto*. When, therefore, the results of the cruise were published they could be checked by an independent record of the messages actually sent. And these proved to be far more numerous than those received. For instance, a message of greeting from the Italian embassy to the King of Italy, finally received on September 9 near Spezia, was launched from Poldhu at frequent intervals during the previous *two days*, and was only caught on the 9th after nearly two hours of vain iteration. It could have reached his Majesty more promptly by mail. A full comparison of the signals sent with those received will quite certainly tend not only to confirm the really brilliant success of the system in spanning space, but to show as well that success is at present painfully discontinuous. On the other hand, it is equally clear that at eighteen miles the Poldhu messages were taken with great regularity, in spite of attempts to suppress eavesdropping by sending out confusing signals, which were very promptly sorted out. Apparently the scheme of so tuning the sending and receiving apparatus as to avoid working other instruments has come to grief, which is to be expected when one considers the very heterogeneous character of the impulses sent out, at least by present stations. The causes of the many failures at the long range, and sometimes at far shorter distances, have not yet been untangled. The curious fact has been disclosed that sunlight seems to check the electric impulses, but just how remains to be seen.

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Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

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Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

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Harper's Magazine

for January

WU TING FANG

on

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The Man Who is to Come. By Benjamin Kidd (author of "Social Evolution.")

A paper in which the author outlines the probable future development of the human race, showing how man in the future will differ from man of to-day.

English

"The Coinage of Words." By Professor George B. Kittredge, of Harvard.

An intensely interesting account of how the language grows through new words being coined and colloquialisms entering into our regular vocabulary.

Nature

"Plants of Crystal." By Professor Mann, of the Syracuse University.

A charming nature paper in which Professor Mann tells of his work in collecting these dainty sea crystals known as diatoms

Short Stories

There are eight short stories in the January number—of different types and all good. Most of them are illustrated.

Science

"Becquerel Rays." By Professor Joseph John Thomson, F.R.S., of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, Eng.

A most important scientific paper showing the results of the most recent developments in the Becquerel rays.

Travel

"In Ethan Allen's Country." By Julian Ralph.

An account of a ramble through the New England hills told as only Mr. Ralph can tell such a story. The pictures are by Clarence Underwood, who accompanied the author.

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The Heart of the Alps

See page 1996

EVERYBODY knows, or thinks he knows, the Alps; if not by experience, at least by picture, story, and the incredible adventures of friends. The tourist knows them from the Gotthard railway and from the summit of the Rigi; the mountain-climber recognizes no Alps at all, except the Wonder-spitzen and Falloverhorns, upon which he has set his triumphant foot. Yet very few people know the real Alps, in which there are people who do not keep hotels, nor guide the stranger up mountains. In fact, there are three horizontal strata in the Alps: up to about 3500 feet above the sea lie the foot-hills, the paradise of the traveller on wheels, including all the great Swiss and Italian lakes, and the maelstroms of tourists at Chamounix and Interlaken. The upper belt extends from about 7000 feet to 15,000 feet above the sea, and is made up of barren rock and those savage ice-fields which are the terror of the inhabitant and the joy of the visitor. Between 3500 and 7000 feet is the real heart of the Alps, the valleys and uplands lying between the green slopes of the foot-hills and the majestic white summits.

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(Continued on page 1995.)

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(Continued from page 1993.)

the greater part of the wonderful Alpine roads; it abounds in every kind of natural beauty, and is inhabited by a numerous and often picturesque people. Here, among superb rivers, cliffs, waterfalls, gorges, forests, and descending glaciers, the real mountain life goes on, summer and winter. The middle region lends itself to long pedestrian tours, because it may be penetrated in every direction by a walker of moderate pluck and endurance, and abounds in comfortable little inns. Yet to follow any definite direction is not easy, because the Alps are a long, sharp spine lying east and west, and punctuated by the great towers of the groups of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Gotthard, and the Engadine. North and south stretch numerous spurs; the valleys caught between these steep escarpments are easy to enter, but you can get out of them only by crossing high cols across the main range, or over a side spur.

Yet a relief map of the Alps shows at once that there are deep and long depressions running approximately parallel with the divide—in fact, the traveller may comfortably drive all the way from Annecy to the Engadine, passing over the shoulders of Mont Blanc, near Chamounix, then up the Rhone Valley and over the Furka, Oberalp, and Albula passes, to the head-waters of the Inn, almost every yard of the way a sight of the most splendid snow mountains. On the south side the slope is much more precipitous, and the valleys are gashes cut from north to south; a route following near the main chain takes a succession of steps over passes where there are no roads and sometimes no foot-paths; but in these valleys, little visited by the tourist, one finds the genuine Alpine folk; speech, costume, and habits are as yet little influenced by the modern world, and nowhere can the summer be more agreeably spent than in these wild fastnesses — now deep in a gorge, now under the very shadow of the mightiest snow-clad mountains.

The preparations for a pedestrian journey are simple: a rough suit (preferably knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, with high, close-fitting collar); the ordinary canvas "rueksack," which rests more lightly on the shoulders than a knapsack; a rough mountain cloak for rain cover and extra coverlet; a stout stick; and a travelling knowledge of French, German, and Italian, for the south slope. No vernacular, no dinner.

The chain of the Alps is the arc of an ellipse which bounds the valley of the river Po from the Col de Tenda northward to Mont Blanc, thence eastward through Switzerland and the Tyrol; thence southeastward to the head of the Adriatic. The greater part of this sweep is not only a divide between the Po and the Rhone, Rhine, and Danube, it is also in many sections the political boundary between Italy and France, Switzerland, and Austria. Hence the heart of the Alps abounds in fortifications, both mediæval and modern. In the French valleys of Dauphiné and Savoy there is hardly an old castle, because the peasants centuries ago overwhelmed their lords; elsewhere, on both the north and the south, numerous and picturesque ruins show the mediæval strongholds. The modern forts do not loom up with bristling towers; you see a road zigzagging aimlessly up a mountain; if you follow it far enough, you find a sentry—if you follow it too far, you are likely to find a dungeon; but the modern forts, in most places, show very little above ground; nevertheless, most of the great passes, as the Mont Genèvre, Cenis, Gotthard, Brenner, and the passes of the Dolomites, are covered by powerful forts, and on the Italian-French frontier the cols, crossed by bridle-paths, are flanked by barracks, and small fortifications. Practically, from

(Continued on page 1997.)



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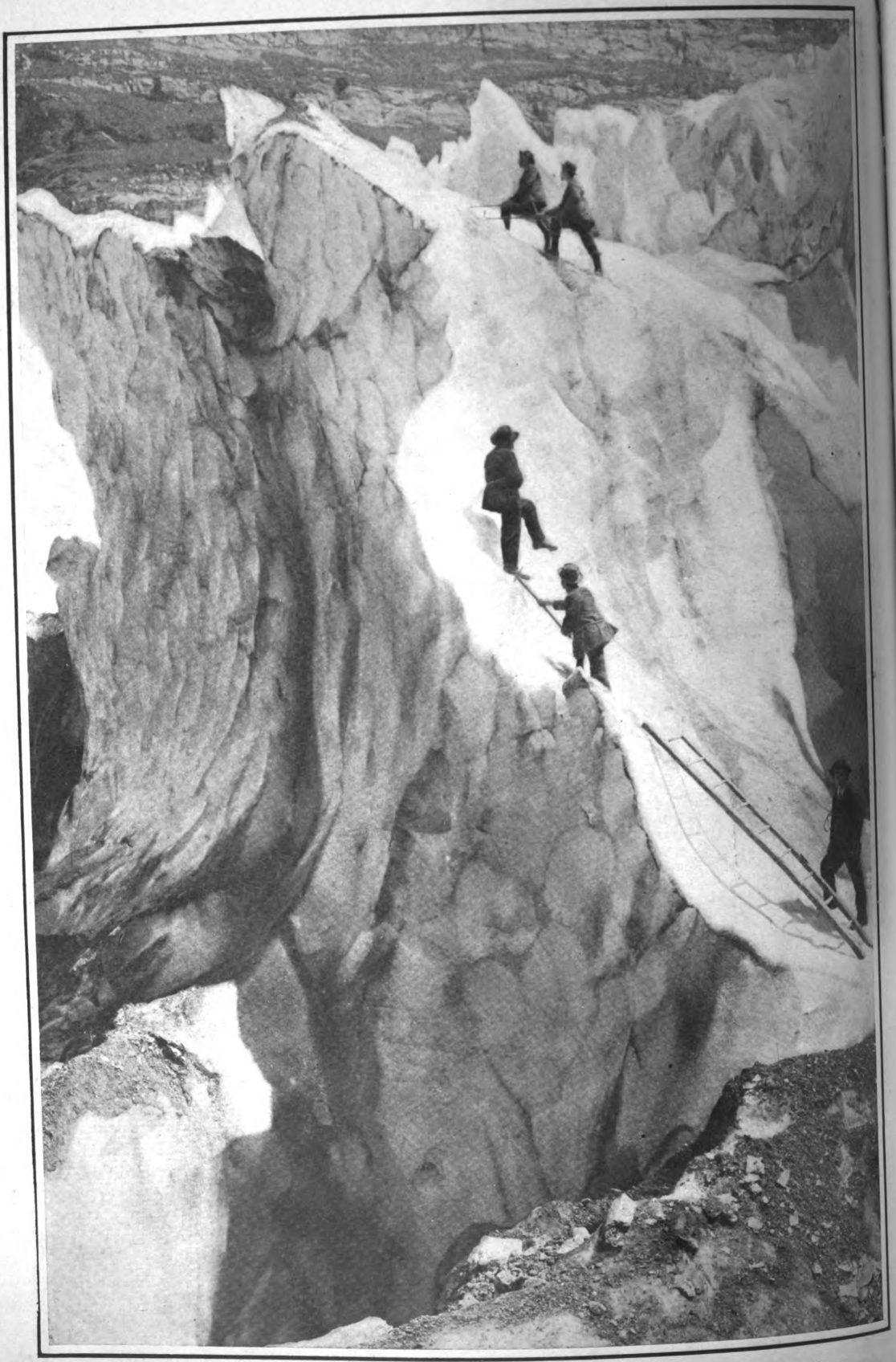
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(Continued from page 1995.)

the Mediterranean to Mont Blanc the Alps on both sides are a series of prodigious military intrenchments, constantly manned by some of the best soldiers in Europe. Both countries have developed special corps of mountain troops, made up of young men born in the up-and-down regions, practised in military mountaineering. Any day in the late summer you may meet a French battalion on its cheerful way up or down a high snow pass without a road, every man carrying his fifty-six pounds. Somehow they negotiate a mule train with a piece of artillery and even a cart, which must be taken to pieces to get it over. Loose-limbed, powerful, swinging along as though they liked the fun, entirely conscious of being the best troops in France, these stout fellows cross the mountains like boys getting over a picket fence. On the other side, you find the Italian Alpinists, more dandified, but wonderful marchers, and entirely at home on pass or summit.

If war should break out on this frontier there would be terribly hard fighting. The main valleys are so commanded by rapid-fire guns that an advance in force seems impossible on either side; but the rival Alpine troops for weeks will swarm up the gorges and try flank attacks till one side or the other is outmanœuvred. Even the peaceful Swiss have found it expedient to fortify both ends of the Gotthard tunnel, and to provide galleries of explosives so as to blow it up if necessary.

Actual warfare seems distant from the Alps: peace, quiet, and good-will are the dominant notes. The people are almost everywhere good-tempered and civil. On the north and west sides of the Alps there is a deal of hard drinking; in the Italian valleys the little wine-shops deal out beverages rather less alcoholic than some of the Yankee root-beers. The people habitually live in villages instead of scattered farmsteads; and though there is plenty of dirt and poverty, the south slope is much more prosperous than the north, partly because the winters are lighter and the soil more fertile, partly because the people build better houses. The chalet type is there less common, and the houses more nearly approach the high gable shown in the illustration. Occasionally one strikes evidences of deeply lying grim poverty. For instance, go to the village of Rossa, in the Val Calanca, a little off the Gotthard railway; you approach it with confidence, because Baedeker says that there is an inn: you even have visions of a nice little dinner of soup and cutlets and fried potatoes; you reach Rossa, after seven o'clock, in the midst of darkness and stop at the post-office to inquire for the inn.

"Why, there isn't any inn!"

"There must be; the guide-book says there is."

"'Oh yes, after all, there is an inn at the Palace. Here, child, show the gentleman the Palace."

You are thus conducted up the hill to a large square white building, and are somewhat unceremoniously introduced into the great hall, and find the noble family eating their princely supper. The Palace is simply the most pretentious house in the village. The hall is a room about seven feet high, the rafters absolutely black with smoke, the floor of stone blocks equally black with dirt. In the deep chimney corner, actually behind the little fire, a barefooted boy, flanked by his father; the woman of the house, a tall and bony person, with hands so dirty that you suspect her of sometimes touching the wall; the ducal banquet hanging over the fire proves to consist of boiled potatoes, eaten without salt, and supported by slices of goat's-milk cheese; they make up the family supper. The guest is placed in a settle before the fire, from which he refuses to budge, being convinced that it

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is the only warm spot in the village. F him bread is provided, and goat's m The mother and the boy speak chie most barbarous patois; the father a Italian, which he uses in explosive gr of complaint against the world in ge as he sits smoking by the fireside. N theless, the guest finds a comfortable clean bed, and in the morning receive is officially called coffee, and the bil supper, lodging, and breakfast is two or forty cents—about what they are wor

In many valleys the peasants are prosperous, and you find an occasional which in these parts usually marks the bition of a man born in the valley has come back rich, to be a magnate in own valley.

Races and languages are badly tan in the heart of the Alps; many of the valleys of Piedmont are French-spea even to official notices; and several of most thriving valleys speak German pa especially on the south and southea Monte Rosa. Just how the chief pla the German-speaking Italian valley of Lyss should be Gressoney St. Jean i problem left to the philologist. The G mans have been there for centuries. Peas costume is still to be found in some part the heart of the Alps, although everywh the men have accepted the trousers a abjure the bobtailed red coats which amu travellers fifty years ago. The women a still more persistent in their old hab In the Fobello Valley, for instance, ev girl that you see in the fields wears substantially the surprising costume re sented in the illustration. In some bo the waitresses wear the bewitching costu which are represented by the lovely Alpe zellerin. In the Tyrol both men and wom are still proud of their national costum and habitually wear it on Sundays.

We so associate Switzerland with pe petual snow that we do not realize how fa the wealth of the country is simply gras Outside the snow fields are great areas naked rock, which have recently come ou from under the snow; but the greater par of the Swiss mountains is covered with tur in hundreds of places irrigated from mou tain streams. The word Alp, as all th world knows, does not mean mountain a all, but a high mountain pasture, whe the cattle spend their summer vacation Here are the chalets, so picturesque fro without, so wretched and dirty within No one who has ever got the reek of mingl peat smoke and concentrated cow will ev have the same fondness for Swiss chee Yet the herds, as they wander over the gre mountain-sides, are almost the only tr able wealth of the country, and have a co scious pride in their own importance; an everywhere their unmusical bells combine make a harmony. At the end of the sea one sees the long lines of cattle and he men winding down to the lower pastures.

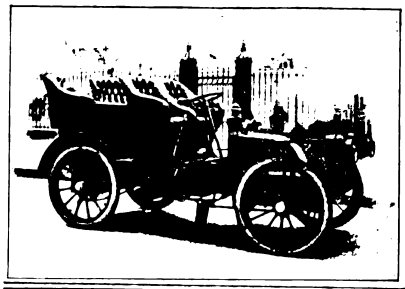
To the visitor one of the most astonis things is the ease of communication up i secluded valleys. The Italians have the R man tradition of grandiose building, a are fond of great arches. Indeed, they ha models before them, for in Aosta are Ro walls and a fine arch of Augustus. Alm every valley from the Mediterranean t Trieste is provided with a good road, ru ing to the head, and many of them ar served by the great transalpine highwa One of the most interesting things for t traveller is to travel on these beautiful ro which add a human touch to the sce and are a lesson to Americans in the art communication. First of all, they are ev three hundred feet to the mile, or six in a hundred, is nearly the maxim grade, and the roads are lengthened by zags, so as to reduce the grade. Then t are solidly built and well macadam and kept in constant repair, and are no matter how hard or long a rain may

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Although often only wide enough for two vehicles to pass on a walk, they are protected on the outside by a wall or fence with solid stone posts, and the bridges are almost invariably stone arches. The traveller following near the backbone of the Alps crosses every one of these roads near the summit. Most of the Alpine highways select passes with grassy summits, so as to avoid avalanches; hence the Little St. Bernard and the Cenis are rather tame in their upper reaches. The Great St. Bernard is simply a savage gash cut down through the mountains by some young Titan who laid his hatchet to his father's favorite glacier. The Simplon road is undoubtedly the most picturesque, on both north and south sides. The Spluegen road on the north side threads the beautiful gorge of the Via Mala, and on the south side cuts off a steep ascent by a succession of impossible tunnels and avalanche galleries. Few things in life are more pleasurable than to swing up one of these mountain passes in the early morning, each zigzag revealing new views, new precipices, new snow peaks; and then coming down into the new scenes of beauty on the other side. It is on these roads alone that one still finds that comical vehicle, the diligence, in which five horses, driven by two men, may draw ten people, provided two more horses with one or two men draw the baggage. In France and Italy this cumbersome fossil is replaced by the omnibus, a vehicle very like our mountain wagon. The Alps are also crossed by four lines of railway, and the Gotthard has adopted substantially our American system of parlor and dining cars.

After all, the pedestrian's object is not so much to follow roads as to avoid them. The great pleasure of the heart of the Alps is to penetrate into remote valleys and over unusual passes, the joy of discovery. For the foot traveller the little incidents of the way, the small dangers, the good conscience at the end of a solid day's tramp, for him also, views almost as superb as those of the highest mountain-climber. Along the south slope one has a clearer impression of the immense height of the Alps, for one is almost under the terrible black precipices which hold up Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa. It is possible, also, for the humble pedestrian to have his share of the dangers of the mountain, especially if he depend on book and map for crooked foot-paths. For instance, going up the Gries path on a sunny morning you may see a mist rising ahead of you; it grows denser as you climb, and you look about for some herdsman to guide you across the glacier. Suddenly out of the fog looms up a figure coming down to meet you; it turns out to be that of a commonplace German, who asks whether he is on the Neufenen Pass. "Certainly not; you are on the Gries Pass." Oh no. I have made the Gries Pass. I came up from Tosa Fall this morning, crossed the Gries in the fog, and struck this path." "But, my dear sir, you are going toward the Tosa Fall this moment; you have made a circle on the ice, and are going back on your own tracks." With difficulty the stranger admits his error, and the two travellers together step out on the glacier, with due precautions, such as setting up stones to make a line. By-and-by the stones give out, and after ten minutes there are two men lost on that waste of ice, somewhere between a crevasse and an ice-fall. Whichever way they go is the wrong way. Finally, one stands still, while the other cruises about at the end of a tether, represented by the distance at which he can hear his comrade's voice. They strike the cliff on the other side, but there is no path; they cruise, and each finds what he is convinced is the only way out. The less experienced prevails, and they go down happily through the chilly driving rain to a wretched chalet, where they find refuge and a direction.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVI. *New York, Saturday, December 27, 1902—Illustrated Section* NO. 2401

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XX.—ROBERT H. McCURDY, *AET. 43*

See page 2019—Editorial Section

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The Fate of Trust Legislation

IT is upon the Senate and not upon the House of Representatives that the fate of the President's movement for trust legislation depends, for it is there that are to be found the men who will be most strongly opposed to change, who are most independent of public opinion, and it is there also that debate is free. In the Senate not only does the rule of the previous question not obtain, but there is no way to check or limit debate. In the House of Representatives the Speaker and his Committee on Rules will govern absolutely on this question. There will be no factious opposition to the hierarchy, because it is the confident belief of the members of the House, especially of those who have just come successfully through an election campaign, that the people are demanding anti-trust legislation.

Assuming that a bill does pass through the popular branch, it will go to the Senate, which will make a time-consuming inquiry as to precisely what is wanted by the administration. This inquiry will necessitate a study of Attorney-General Knox's speech before the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce, for it is perfectly well understood in Washington that, on that occasion, Mr. Knox expressed the views of Mr. Roosevelt, and that the speech did not take its final form until there had been many consultations between the President and the head of the Department of Justice, and until a substantial agreement between them had been reached. Mr. Knox's views have been fully set forth and explained in the editorial columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and it is unnecessary to repeat them here.

Very powerful antagonistic influences will be encountered in the Senate if an anti-trust bill reaches that body. First, there is Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr. Aldrich is hostile to any legislation which can be proposed that, in his opinion, or in the opinion of the large interests with which he is intimately connected, will be impaired by such legislative action. While he believes in the intervention of the government, through tariff laws, for the benefit of capital invested in manufactures, he opposes the theory that the government ought to undertake the control and regulation of the machinery of business, or to interfere with the free trade which exists between the States, and to which our present enormous prosperity is largely due. After Senator Aldrich comes Senator Allison, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, who has already announced himself as opposed to any legislation of this character during the present session. Then we have Senator Hoar, devoted to the protective principle, but, like Senator Aldrich, hostile to legislation which may injure business interests by way of governmental interference. All anti-trust bills will be referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which Mr. Hoar is chairman. On this committee, besides Mr. Hoar, are the following Republicans who will contend against any drastic or important regulative or suppressive legislation: Senators O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, Fairbanks of Indiana, McComas of Maryland, and Depew of New York. Of the remaining three Republicans, Senator Nelson of Minnesota is not likely to be strenuously insistent upon hostile action against the trusts.

The Democrats will profess antagonism to trusts on general principles.



William B. Allison

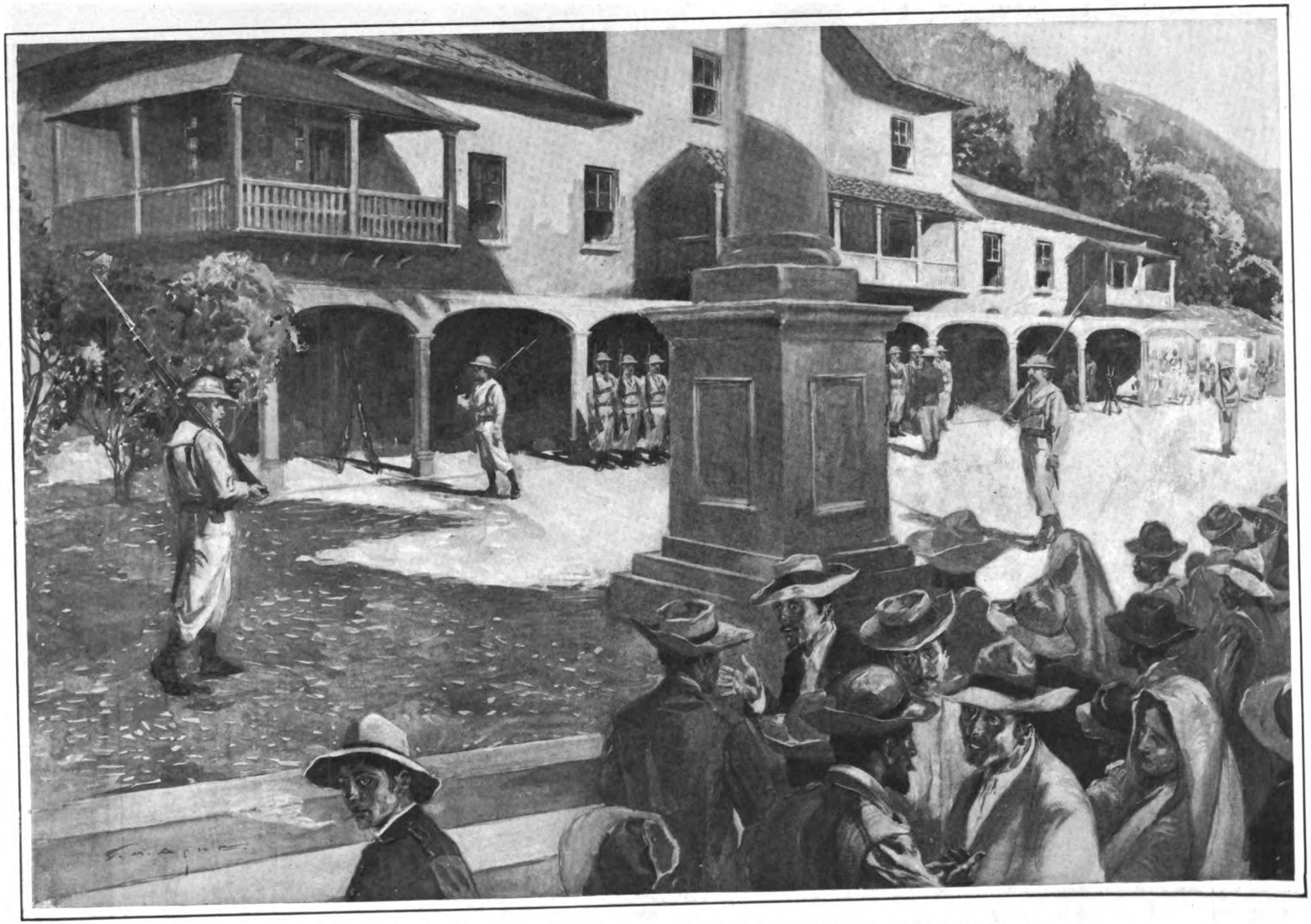


C. W. Fairbanks



P. C. Knox

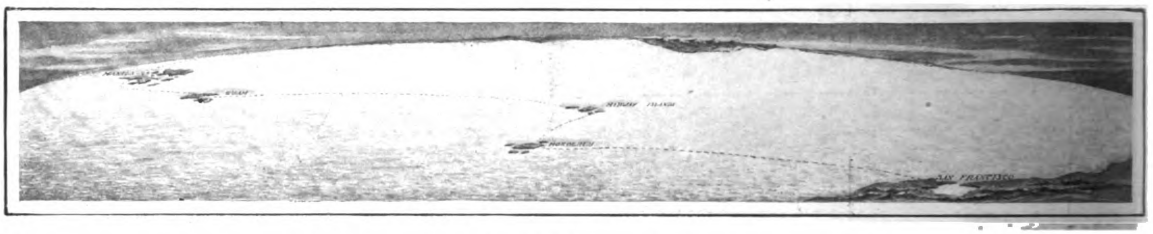
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THE KEYSTONE OF THE VENEZUELAN SITUATION

Around the custom-house of La Guayra, the port of Caracas, capital of Venezuela, there is constant excitement. Germany and England in pressing their claims for unpaid debts against Venezuela will take possession of this building, and collect the customs, unless the United States interferes

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First American Cable Across the Pacific

WITH the laying of the American end of the Pacific Commercial Cable, a new era opens for the West. The cable puts San Francisco into direct communication with Honolulu, the Midway Islands, Guam, and Manila. It is the first cable to be laid across the Pacific—the final step in joining the circle of telegraphic communication around the world.

town, which at once started on its way to Honolulu. The cable was christened by the little daughter of Governor H. T. Gage: "In memory of John W. Mackay I christen the Pacific Cable: may it always carry messages of happiness." Forty thousand people witnessed the ceremony. Mayor Schmitz congratulated Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Pacific Commercial



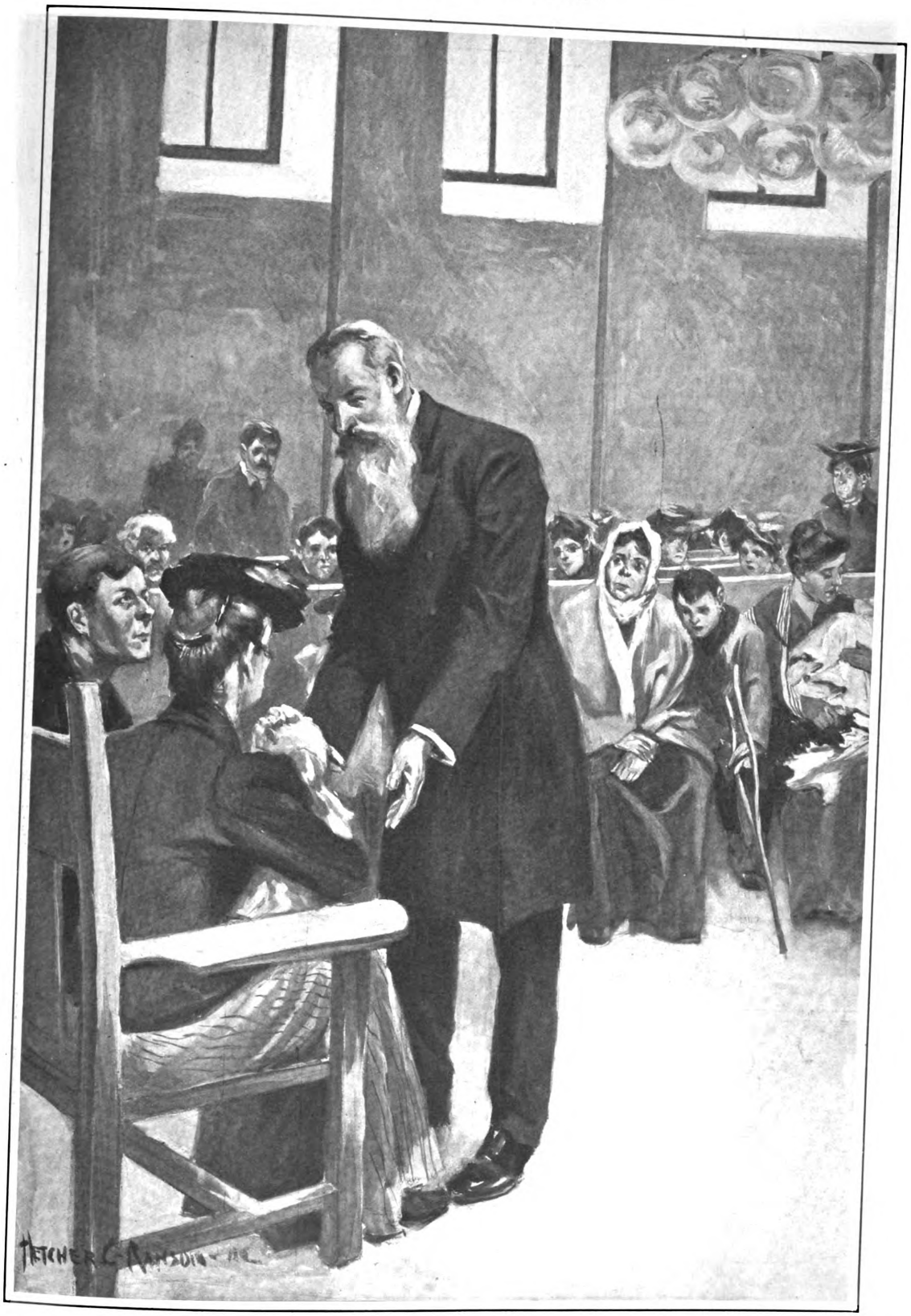
Mr. Mackay

The Landing of the American End of the new Pacific Commercial Cable on December 14, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay witnessing the first Step in the actual Laying of the Cable

After one unsuccessful attempt to land the cable, in which several onlookers, including Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, were slightly injured by the heavy hawser which was attached to the shore end, the cable was at the second trial successfully spliced, and a message was transmitted over it from the shore to the steamer *Silver-*

Cable Company, upon the successful beginning of the enterprise, and Governor Gage, on behalf of California, paid a glowing tribute to Mr. John W. Mackay, through whose efforts was made possible the success of the undertaking. That this success should be due to the enterprise of one man is one of its most interesting features.

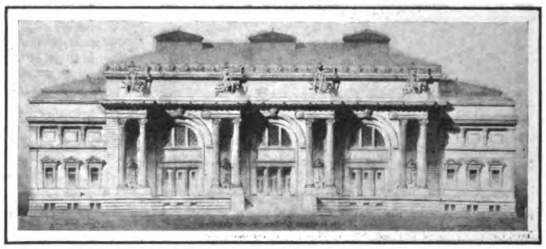
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DR. LORENZ IN THE NEW YORK HOSPITALS

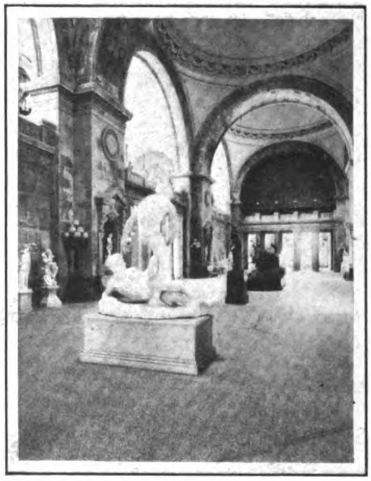
Perhaps because it is so close to us we do not realize the work which Dr. Adolf Lorenz is doing in the New York hospitals. Each day he is operating on little crippled children who have been considered incurable. Each day he goes among them, kindly and gentle, as they sit in the dispensary rooms in hundreds awaiting his arrival

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NEW YORK'S MUSEUM OF ART

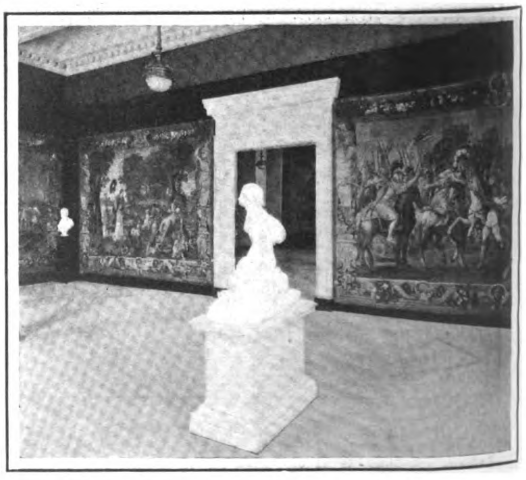
THE new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which was formally opened to the public last Monday by the Mayor of New York and the trustees of the museum, is the most monumental of the city's public buildings, though it is only a fragment of the completed structure. Its design was the final work of the late Richard Morris Hunt, who, at the time of his death, was engaged upon plans for a building for the museum to extend along Fifth Avenue from Seventy-ninth to Eighty-fifth streets, and to enclose completely the red-brick building so long known as the Art Museum. The new wing is the first section of the proposed building, and will constitute only about one-fifth of the completed Fifth Avenue front. Its present purpose is largely that of an adequate entrance to collections that are already housed in the old building. The vestibule opens into a hall of statuary more than two hundred feet long and of imposing breadth and height. The picture shown in the foreground is George Gray Barnard's fine "Struggle of the Two Natures in Man," and, just beyond it, the "Bacchante" of Frederick MacMonnies, which, several years ago, became the subject of an agitated discussion that ended in its rejection by the Boston Public Library. Directly in front of the entrance, and leading from the hall of statuary, is the main staircase, of handsome proportions and decoration, which leads to the main building of the museum. At the left of the great hall are two rooms containing the Coles tapestries, and above them is a fine gallery, with the Garland porcelains loaned to the museum by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. In the corresponding gallery on the right will probably be placed the unique collection of jades presented to the museum by the late Heber R. Bishop. An interesting collection of Peruvian pottery, shown in a small gallery at the right, is a recent loan to the museum. The exterior of the building, shown in the illustration, is of impressive dignity, though still lacking the monumental sculptures that will decorate the frieze. The material is Indiana limestone of a warm tone. The new wing contains 39,600 square feet of floor space, and the cost of the building is $1,200,000.



One of the Statuary Corridors in the new Addition to the Museum

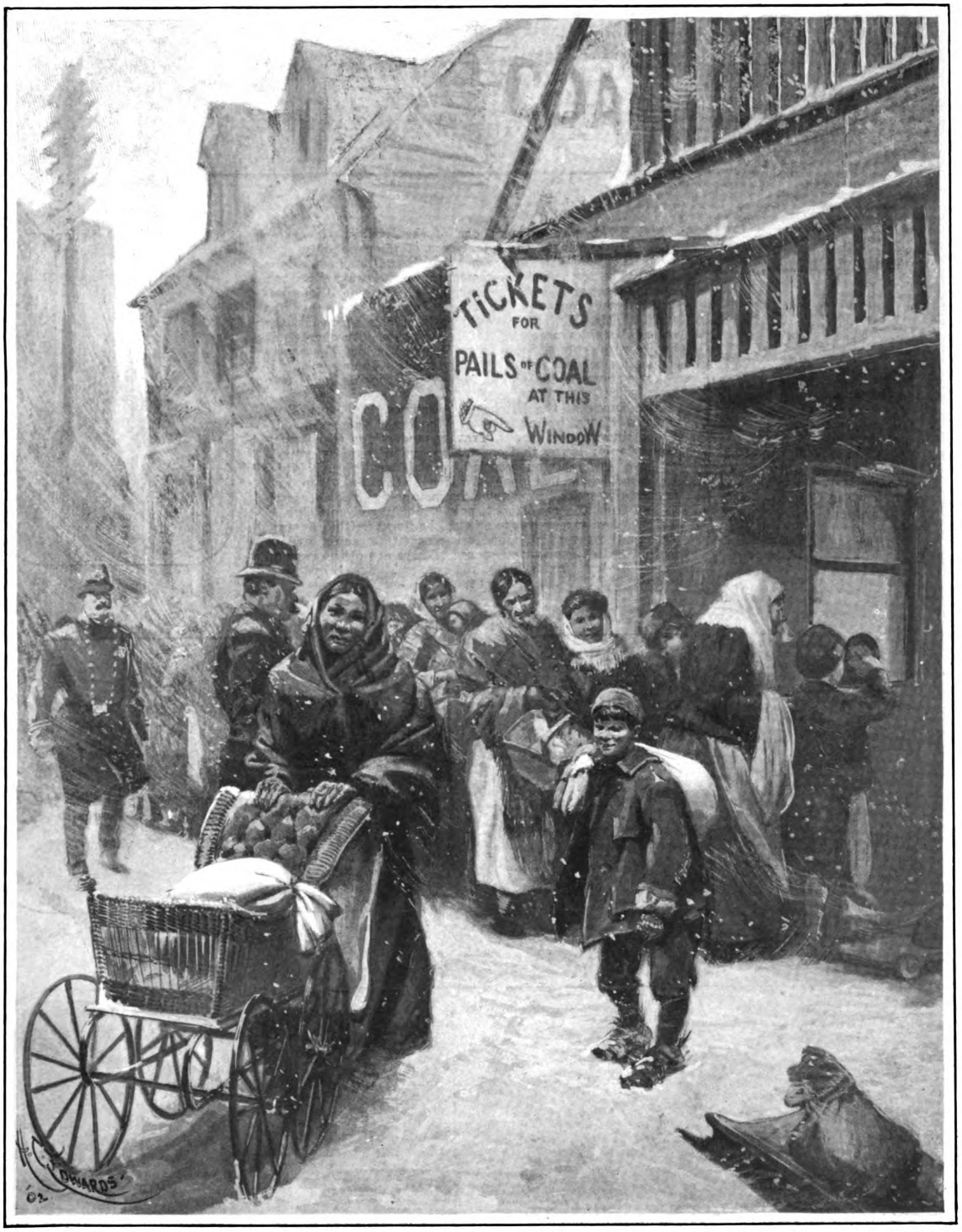
The development during the past few years of the actual facilities in our large cities for the reception of our own art treasures and those brought from abroad is one of the most encouraging signs of the interest the public and, at the public's demand, the municipal authorities are taking in this practical phase of American art development. The lament comes from abroad that the younger artists of worth, in spite of the vast storehouses of art in England and on the Continent, are not allowed the public attention in the museums which their work seems to merit. There is no room for the Young Masters. The discontent aroused by the present conditions of admission, for example, to the Luxembourg is notorious. Even the older artists who are still exhibiting in the salons persist in claiming for their work a more permanent place, with the result that a large number of competitive museums—really private salons of more or less stability—have sprung up. With the development of adequate homes for our own best art this condition of discontent cannot prevail. With the growing facilities, representation is largely a question of merit. The Old Masters have their place—in the Metropolitan Museum the collection rivals those of the Continental galleries. But the art progress and traditions of to-day are considered. It is an advance. The addition to the Metropolitan Museum is a sign of encouragement and progress in our national art. By those personally interested in the completion of this new addition it is claimed that New York's title to the "artistic and architectural supremacy of this country" is strengthened by the completion of the new plans. The mural decorations have been given special attention. Apart from these decorations the front of the building is to have appropriate designs, with the names of all the great artists of the world.





Views of the Tapestry Rooms in the new Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

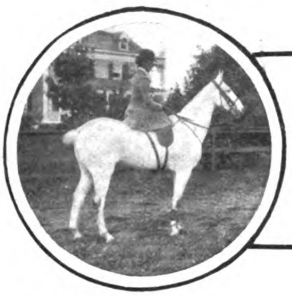
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THE POOR LINE IN THE COAL FAMINE

Those who really suffer day by day from the scarcity of coal are the poor people in our great cities. They are gathering daily now at coal-yards in New York, Chicago, Boston, and so on, waiting to be allowed to buy at any price a little basket of coal. The scramble to rob a successful applicant, the excitement in the long line of impatient people, make it necessary to keep a cordon of police on duty at such places night and day

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The Migration of Society to Aiken



Mrs. J. L. Kernochan

Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg

AIKEN has in prospect one of the liveliest seasons it has known in the brief years of its popularity as a fashionable winter resort for the millionaires of the East. The town is not yet over the excitement of its two great sensations—one, the opening of a twenty-thousand-dollar tennis-court by the Aiken Club, and the other the visit of Mr. William C. Whitney's racing string in the splendid stables prepared for its reception. Another event has been the completion of his mile track, which lies nearly two miles beyond his private race-track. Racing is one of Aiken's favorite pastimes, and steeplechasing and polo have ardent champions.

The houses of the Hitchcocks, Eustises, Whitneys, Hunnewells, Motts, Iselins, that of Woodbury Kane, the Mallorys, Harringtons, Sands, Travers, and others stand upon high, sloping lawns that cover a square or more of ground, and are invariably surrounded by high box-hedges. Whiskey Road is the fashionable residence street in Aiken, and is ever alive with teams and horsemen going back and forth to and from the race-tracks, polo-grounds, and golf club.

The Aiken preserves are among the finest in the country. The quail reservation alone occupies 40,000 acres, and is maintained at enormous expense. There are other reservations for deer, fox, rabbits, pigeons, wild doves, and partridges, and these furnish sport for the entire season.



Mr. W. C. Whitney



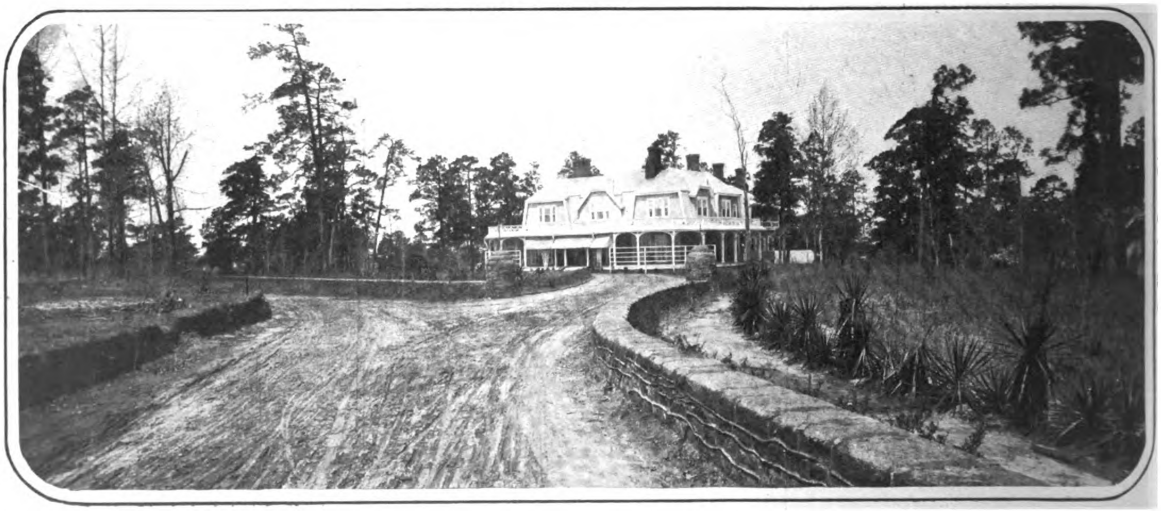
Mr. T. Hitchcock, Jr.



Wilcox's, the Hotel-Club of Aiken

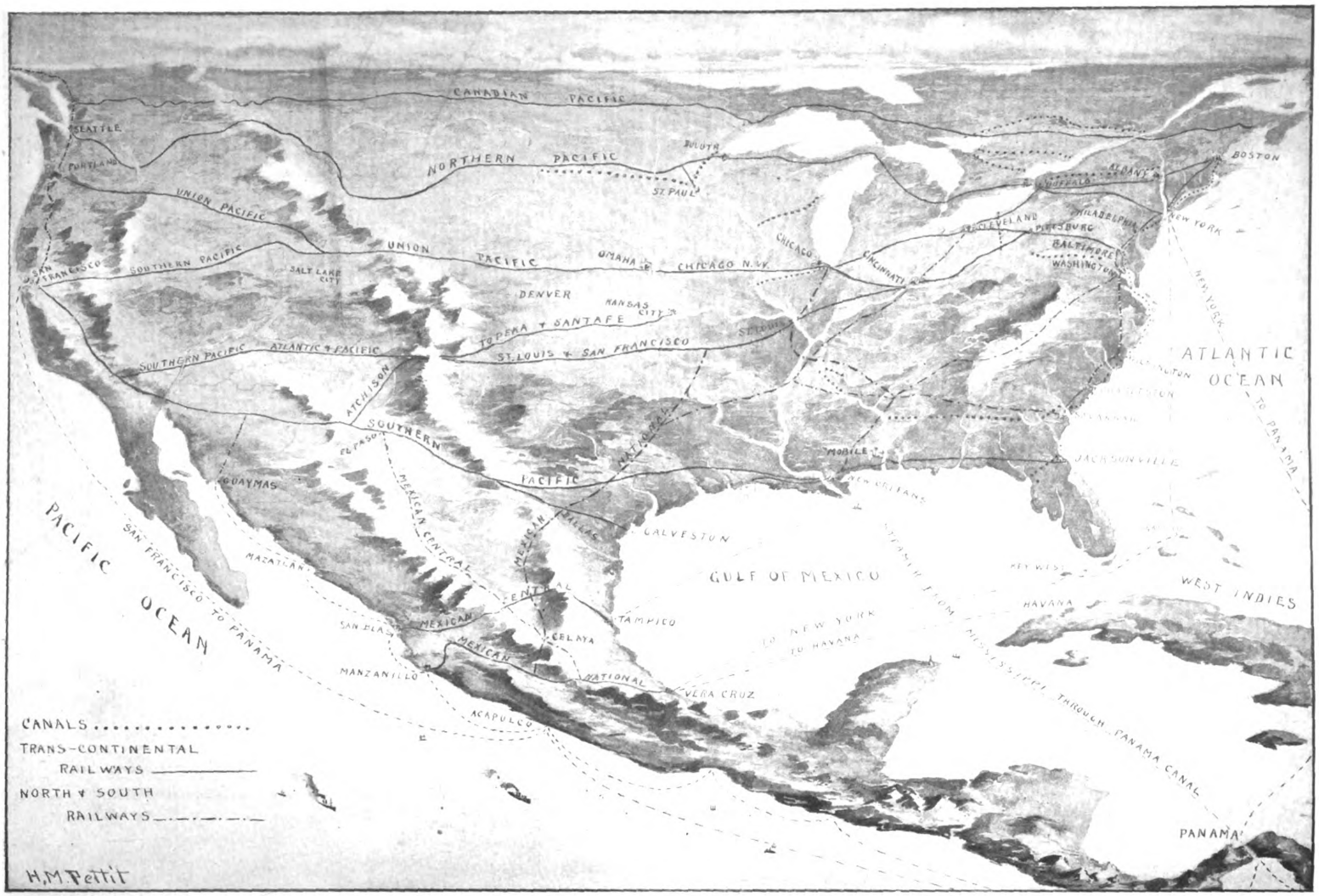


Mr. Whitney's Cottage at Aiken



Mr. Clarence Dolan's Cottage at Aiken

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRANSPORTATION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the cry was "Westward Ho!" Transportation all over the world grew from East to West, and especially in the United States. Now, however, as shown in this drawing, the transcontinental railways have covered the country on latitudinal lines, and it seems certain that the twentieth century is to see the development moving North and South. On the drawing the new and proposed canals connecting the Mississippi, Missouri, and the lakes, the canals making an inland passage from Boston to New Orleans, the railway from San Francisco to Siberia, by way of Alaska, and the more recent railways running north and south connecting the interior with Gulf ports and the Panama Canal water system all illustrate this. The reader is referred to an interesting article on the subject on page 2023

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The Jesup North-Pacific Expedition

A PART of the Jesup North-Pacific Exploring Expedition, sent to northern Siberia by Morris K. Jesup, president of the American Museum of Natural History, has just returned. Waldemar J. Jochelson was the leader of the expedition. Associated with him was Waldemar Bogoras. Both these men are well-known scientists, and members of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. The results of the expedition are of the first scientific importance. The party explored vast regions in the north never before visited by white men, and in the discovery of hitherto unknown races of people found substantial proof of the common origin of the aboriginal North-American Indians and the nomadic tribes of northern Asia.

The distance travelled by the expedition was more than fifteen thousand miles. The start was made from New York, and the route followed was by way of San Francisco and Japan to Vladivostok. At the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad the two leaders were met by their wives, who went with them into the unknown country of northern Siberia. The party embarked on a Russian steamer to the mouth of the Anadyr River, and reached Marinsky, the most northern military post of Russia on the Pacific coast. From there the party made diverging trips, meeting at stated intervals, Jochelson taking the interior and mountains, and Bogoras the coast and tundra. They associated with the natives, hunting and fishing with them, taking part in the training and driving of reindeer, and so on. At first they conversed with the natives by means of signs. In two years the native vocabulary was mastered.

The tribes are quite independent of the Russians, except on the southern frontier. They have only a faint conception — and farther north, none at all—that the country belongs to Russia. The northern tribes are so far away in such a bleak, barren country, that the Russians take no interest in them.

The coast natives are generally armed with rifles, and shoot with fair accuracy. They have plenty to eat, and are fierce and independent. When they grow old they publicly demand death at the hands of their sons. The old women are killed in the same way.

Mr. Jochelson went to the mountains, where the natives are either starving or dying off from contagious diseases. The race is becoming extinct. The explorer took with him abundant supplies, which he distributed among the starving and needy.

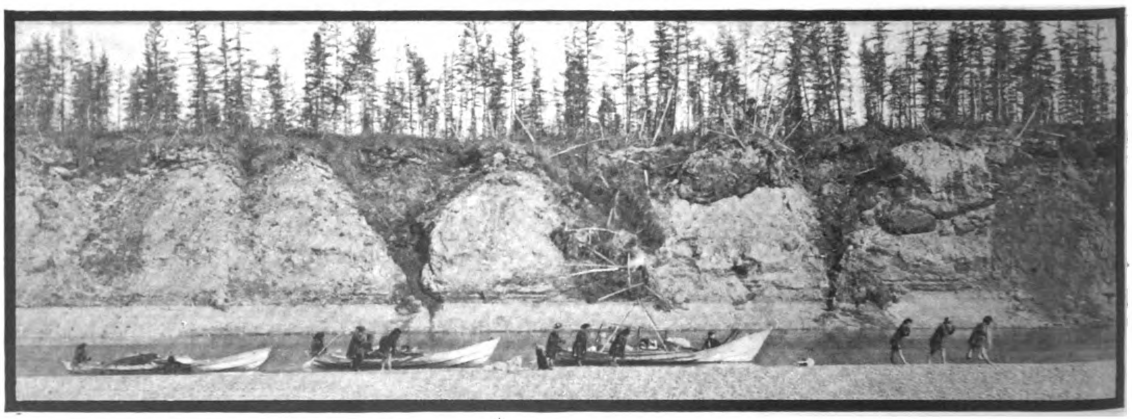
The people studied by Mr. Bogoras were strong and big, the men being, as a rule, six feet in height. They are a warlike race, and have many vendettas, some feuds being three hundred years old. No blood payment is demanded for accidental killing; a present wipes out the score.

The Yukaghir, one of the tribes, express their art and writing in small figures. The maid writes her love-letter by drawing male and female figures on birch bark. She shows her preference by running a hair from her head to that of the man she prefers; her dislike, by running the hair in the opposite direction. Mr. Jochelson secured an interesting collection of these letters. Mr. Bogoras brought over a collection of prayers painted on wooden paddles for ceremonials. The prayer to the god is done with reindeer blood. There are pictures of whales, seals, fish, and land game to show that the solicitor desires them, and how many. If three whales are wanted, three are drawn. Whatever is wanted is painted in the centre of the wooden paddle; a picture of a net for fishes is placed on the pointed end, and a picture of a bow and arrow is made on the handle end for the land game. The paddle is then hung up in the tent for the inspection of the spirits.

On his trip from the mouth of the Anadyr River, Mr. Bogoras had 150 Siberian dogs, one American and one Swiss attendant. The dogs, although the swiftest and most indefatigable travellers, constantly broke down, and had to be traded for fresh animals. Only three of the original number survived the trip. By making a voyage in a row-boat, 800 miles in the open sea, occupying thirty-four days, the Bogoras party caught the returning steamer at Marinsky Post. The row-boat, which saved him a wait of a year, is now in the American Museum.

Mr. Jochelson left Marinsky Post with his wife, Cossacks, supplies, and twenty horses for Gichiga. All of his horses perished with hunger. After he had completed his investigations in the vicinity, he finished his trip of 15,000 miles, going to Kolyma, thence along the mountains back of the arctic coast of northwestern Siberia, where the Yukaghir are located, to Ustjansk, the most northern town, thence south along the Jana River to Yakutsk, thence to Irkutsk, thence by rail to St. Petersburg, and thence to New York. All told, he only found 700 Yukaghir people remaining in the vast areas formerly occupied by them.

The Yukaghir are the remnant of the Paleo-Asiatic race, one of a number of small tribes that do not belong to the main stock of the Asiatics. As scientists do not yet know with whom to connect them, they call them Paleo-Asiatic. They are inclined to place them in the same stock as the American Indians. While their faces have a Chinese cast, similar to those of British-Columbian Indians, who, in the salmon canneries, cannot readily be distinguished from the Chinese working with them, they have physical traits differing from the Mongolians. They are a small, slender people, well shaped, usually having smooth, round faces. Some of the women have fair, white skins; less seldom so, the men. Their religion is Shamanism.



The Jesup Expedition in Northern Siberia
The Exploring Party on the Korkodon River, a branch of the Kolyma

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

THE attempt of England and Germany to collect debts due from Venezuela, and to punish Castro's government for the seizure of ships and for other outrages, was said to be peaceful, but it sounded warlike. It began by the seizure of Venezuelan vessels, the German commander sinking the two which he took. His subsequent explanation was that the two vessels were unseaworthy. He made it after his action had been universally criticised, and after England had plainly shown signs of suspecting that it had been an error on her part to join in the affair with so testy an ally, one who evidently wanted to make all the trouble possible. It may be that the reluctance of England to share in obstreperous methods led to the request of Italy to participate in the movement of compulsion. At any rate, Germany was strengthened by the request, and there is close intimacy between Berlin and Rome. The sinking of the ships did not, however, make such a stir as the bombardment of Puerto Cabello. This was participated in by both squadrons, and was occasioned by an insult offered to the British flag by the populace of the town. Explanation was demanded by the English commander, a short time was given for a reply, and the firing upon the forts opened while the answer was being signalled back. It seems to have been an answer, too, that should have prevented immediate bombardment. The firing was upon the forts in the harbor, but it aroused a good deal of feeling in this country, where neither Venezuela nor Castro is popular. Congressmen began to talk unsafely, and the Administration was disturbed. While the allies had not violated the Monroe doctrine, the disposition of Germany was evidently to go as far as we would permit, a disposition which might easily lead it to go farther. The outbreak of feeling here showed how tender are our feelings on the subject of the doctrine, and how easily passion may flame out. The expressions of our feelings were echoed in the British Parliament, and led to strong criticism of the government for taking part in the affair. All this, also, induced to more serious consideration of Castro's offer to arbitrate, which was made through our minister, Mr. Bowen. The moment was uncomfortable on both sides of the water.

Strangely enough, Castro himself, the violent revolutionist, showed to advantage in the moment of national peril. He endeavored to arrange a truce with his opponents, and to make the safety and welfare of the country the subject of first importance. Moreover, he was self-restrained and dignified at a time when his fellow-countrymen had lost their heads in true Latin-American fashion. The bombardment of Puerto Cabello was certainly calculated to stir the Venezuelans to the depths of their nature, and it was not surprising that they should demand reprisals upon the English and Germans who were in Venezuela, but when this was made by the populace which had visited Castro he indignantly rebuked his countrymen, and urged them to injure no foreigner except on the field of battle. He told them that they should not war on peaceful men who happened to dwell among them, who were not responsible for the acts of their governments, and who, perhaps, regretted those acts. He advised the people to show the world that Venezuelans are civilized people. Moreover, after the German consul had fled, leaving his wife, who was ill, behind him, Castro took the unfortunate woman to his own palace and cared for her. In the language of the theatre, Castro suddenly played up to a new and very much larger rôle than he had theretofore essayed.

The Anthracite Coal Strike Arbitration, as the Upper House of our Federal Legislature decided that the Anthracite Coal Commission appointed by Mr. Roosevelt should be called, has now been sanctioned by Congress, the House bill having been adopted, though not without some amendment, by the Senate. It is, then, established, so far as Congress can establish anything, that Mr. Roosevelt, acting, not in his private capacity, but as President, has a right, whenever he sees fit, to create offices not authorized by the Constitution or any law; that he may appoint persons to such offices without the advice and consent of the Senate, and that provision ought to be made by Congress for the remuneration of such persons. The hope that the gravity of the innovation would be clearly brought out in debate, and that, at all events, the Democratic Senators would oppose the bestowal of a power unknown to the Constitution on the President, was disappointed. With one exception, however, the members of the Senate proceeded with more decency and order than was exhibited in the House of Representatives, and strove to avoid a flagrant exposure of the willingness of both political parties to bid against each other for the labor-union vote. Senator Morgan pointed out that the House bill established a precedent that might one day prove dangerous, but he lacked the courage of his convictions, and refrained from declaring that the Anthracite Commission ought not to be recognized in any way by Congress. He tried to carry water on both shoulders by suggesting that the sum proposed for the compensation of the commission should be appropriated as a contingent fund for domestic purposes.

It is true enough that sums of money are appropriated for contingencies abroad, and that in such cases Congress takes no cognizance of the details of expenditure. In the present instance, nothing would be gained by an ostrich-like proceeding, for the object of the appropriation would be notorious. Senator Bailey, another Democratic Senator from whom better things were expected, also defied logic by declaring that, while he was opposed to recognizing any right on the part of the President to appoint quasi-official commissions without warrant of law, he was willing that the persons appointed to settle the coal strike should be paid out of the Treasury,

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provided they should be designated as arbitrators, and not as commissioners, who are generally public officers. Such a change of name being the only salve that Mr. Bailey's conscience required, Senator Foraker quickly applied it, and the Senate voted that the commission should be henceforth known by the appellation which we have mentioned. Even if the constitutional question were to be practically waived, the House bill still needed to be amended in one or two particulars, and this the Senate proceeded to do. It struck out the preposterous provision of the bill repealing the wholesome law which prohibits the payment of two salaries to government employees. Those members of the Arbitration, therefore, who are already drawing a Federal salary will have to content themselves with ten dollars a day for expenses. The determination of the amount of pay to be received by those arbitrators not already in government service had been left by the House bill to the President, but the Senate very properly fixed the amount at four thousand dollars a year apiece. If the House of Representatives had not acted with blind haste in the matter, it would have perceived that persons appointed to perform a quasi-judicial function ought not to feel that the amount of their compensation should be contingent upon the acceptability of their decision to any individual.

We record, finally, that on this, as on many another occasion, the decorum and common-sense of the Senate were shocked by an antic attempt of Senator Mason of Illinois to challenge the fool's cap and bells which were supposed to be pre-empted by ex-Senator Hill when he asserted that the Federal government could, by the exercise of a phantasmal right of eminent domain, enter the territory of Pennsylvania and seize and operate her coal-mines. Mr. Mason professed indignation at the show of deliberation with which the House bill was considered in the Senate, and announced that he would shortly go to the root of the matter by submitting a bill for the appointment by the Federal government of receivers for the coal companies, whenever, through the cupidity of one side or the stupidity of the other, a condition should be created like that of last summer. It was his hard fate, but a deserved one, to be rebuked by Senator Tillman, who, at this juncture, interposed, and played the part of the ring-master toward the clown, by announcing that he would no more look for illumination to the Senator from Illinois than he would to the ex-Senator from New York.

At the hour when we write, the Anthracite Coal Strike Arbitration may be said to have traversed the first stage of its proceedings. That is to say, the plaintiffs or appellants, the representatives of the union mine-workers, have put in all the evidence that they are prepared to adduce, and the defendants or respondents, the representatives of the owners or operators of the mines, will now be heard from. In considering the testimony given, impartial persons will bear in mind that the arbitrators had no power to administer oaths, and that, consequently, witnesses were well aware that, however mendacious, they could not be subjected to any penalty for perjury. Not a few of the witnesses put forward on behalf of the mine-workers were of the species known to lawyers as "swift," and much of the testimony was discredited by the betrayal of personal interest, and by the fact known to the arbitrators that the unions would make it unpleasant for any miner who should testify in a way prejudicial to their interests. Nevertheless, under the probe of skilful cross-examination, some remarkable admissions were elicited. For example, the counsel for the defendants extracted from witnesses for the plaintiffs an acknowledgment that the majority of the anthracite miners earn at least six hundred dollars a year, which, according to Mr. Mitchell, would be a fair annual income for an American skilled worker. It was also brought out that most anthracite miners work very much less than eight hours a day, and could signally increase their incomes by working that number of hours, and by employing more unskilled laborers to assist them in the ruder portions of their task. It is manifest that these admissions cannot easily be reconciled with the demands for a higher rate of wages, and for a curtailment of working-hours. On the other hand, the representatives of the mine-workers have undoubtedly been able to show that anthracite mining is attended with hardship and danger. That is a state of things which has always been recognized as inseparable from anthracite mining, and it is precisely on this account that wages have always been high compared with those paid for work equally skilful and equally hard, but performed under less repellant conditions.

There is another charge as to which the mine-workers seem to have made a *prima facie* case, so far as certain operators are concerned. We refer to the charge that miners who have been conspicuous in organizing unions, or in enforcing strikes, have subsequently been blacklisted, or, if retained in employment, have been relegated to less profitable sections of a mine. We suppose that there is some human nature in employers, as well as in the employed, but we do not well see how boycotters can object to blacklisting, unless the pot is at liberty to call the kettle black. Whatever may be thought of the admissions secured from the miners' witnesses under cross-examination, no reasonable person would presume at this stage of the proceedings to anticipate the judgment of the arbitrators. The operators, in their turn, will be confronted by skilled cross-questioners, and they will, doubtless, be invited to show whether their profits are inordinate, and whether their principal reason for resisting increased wages is their desire to pay dividends on profusely watered stock. Meanwhile, we do but register a fact when we say that the union miners, who have hitherto had things their own way, so far as the production of direct evidence is concerned, have, up to the present hour, failed to justify themselves at the bar of public opinion for the prolonged strike which has inflicted, and is still inflicting, so much suffering on large fractions of the American people.

The summary expulsion of a member of a labor union on the ground that he had done service in the militia of the State of New York directed public attention to the inquiry whether the fundamental interests of the American community, considered as a whole, are reconcilable with the supposed interests of organized labor under its present leadership. This grave question was driven home even more forcibly by the extraordinary testimony given on December 11 before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, which was engaged in a discussion of the Eight Hour bill, passed by the House, and now pending in the Senate. Mr. J. H. Mull, assistant manager of the Cramps' shipbuilding firm, testified that, while two United States ships were being fitted out in the Cramp ship-yards during the early stage of the Spanish-American war, when an attempt of Spanish armored cruisers to attack our seaports was apprehended, dastardly efforts to cripple them were made by members of the International Association of Machinists. Mr. James A. McConnell, president of the association, repelled with indignation the idea that either he or his society collectively could have authorized such acts, but Mr. Mull is prepared to prove that the perpetrators of the outrages were members of the association. On December 12 cumulative evidence of a grievous lack of patriotism on the part of labor-unionists was given by Judge L. E. Payson, representing the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, who declared that the battle-ship *Illinois* was tied up to her dock before her trial trip under the threat of the labor leaders that she should not sail unless their demands were complied with.

These examples of the small regard exhibited by labor-unionists for the safety and honor of their country are likely to affect materially the attitude of the Senate toward the Eight Hour bill. There is reason to believe that this measure was passed by the House of Representatives, not on its merits, but in obedience to a cheap demagogic impulse, the Senate being relied upon to veto such *ad captandum* legislation. It is certain that, if this bill be passed, our plans for the quick and extensive enlargement of our navy will have to be seriously modified. Representatives of the great shipbuilders and steel-manufacturing plants have announced in the most positive terms that, if the measure is placed on the statute-books, their principals will decline to bid for any further contracts from the government. This means, of course, that the whole work of naval construction and armor-plate fabrication would have to be performed in navy-yards and government foundries, with the result, as experience has shown, that delays would be interminable, and the cost of building and equipping war ships would be indefinitely increased. The exactions of the labor unions have, of course, been greatly stimulated by the outcome of the anthracite-coal strike, but it should be ad-

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tinctly understood that labor agitators cannot be permitted to prescribe the conditions under which the instruments of national defence are to be provided. It is not yet known what report on the Eight Hour bill will be made by the Senate Committee, but that the measure will be condemned is hoped by every patriotic and far-sighted citizen who has the welfare of the navy at heart, and who comprehends how utterly the safety of our great seaboard cities may, at a given crisis, depend on its promptitude and its efficiency.

One of the features of the report submitted by Mr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, who, in August, 1901, was sent to the East as Special Commissioner of the War Department, is his declaration that in those islands, as in Singapore and the Malay Peninsula, an importation of Chinese labor is in the highest degree desirable, if not indispensable. This conclusion is confirmed by all those Americans who are qualified by personal experience in the Philippines to give first-hand testimony. Among the resolutions to be submitted at the coming meeting of the National Board of Trade will be a proposal that Chinese labor shall be admitted into the Philippine Archipelago on the following conditions, namely, that admission shall be granted to no more than two hundred thousand Chinese, that an immigration fee shall be paid, and that the laborers shall be registered and deported to China at the expiration of ten years, or at the discretion of the President at any time after five years. The proponent of the resolution will advocate it on two grounds—first, that the native Filipinos cannot be tempted by wages to work persistently and productively; and, secondly, that American laborers cannot be induced to go to the islands. Now the sole motive for excluding Chinese workmen from the United States was to avert competition with American laborers. But to the Philippines, as we have seen, American laborers will not go.

Here seems to be a situation, therefore, where we are justified in applying the maxim *cessante ratione cessat et ipsa lex.* It may, indeed, be argued that, in the interest of the Filipinos, we ought to bar out the Chinese, as they are now practically barred out of Java, because no people of Malayan stock has proved competent to cope with Chinese industry, cleverness, and thrift. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the Javanese, although to a large extent of Malayan origin, have shown themselves far more capable of consecutive and fruitful labor than are the Filipinos, and that the latter might be safeguarded from exploitation at the hands of the Chinese by the proposed provision for deportation at the expiration of ten years. One thing is certain, that the large natural resources of the Philippines will never be turned to account until some solution of the labor problem has been hit upon. It is high time that the archipelago should begin to share the prosperity of which Porto Rico and Hawaii have had such notable instalments since their annexation to the United States. Porto Rico has no labor problem, but Hawaii would have one, if Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese had not been substituted for the native Hawaiians, who are too lazy and thriftless to work. Both Porto Rico and Hawaii, moreover, are permitted to send their export staples to the United States duty free, and thus have a powerful stimulus applied to their productive energies. We know of no avowable reason why the Filipinos should be worse dealt with than the Hawaiians or the Porto-Ricans in the matter of access to our markets. The very least that Congress can do, unless it is determined to maintain an unjust discrimination against the inhabitants of the archipelago, is to pass the bill reducing the duties levied on Filipino products to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates. If Congress refuses to do at least as much as this, let it face the country, and boldly acknowledge the intention to treat our Asiatic dependencies worse than Singapore and other British colonies are treated by Great Britain.

There are dentists in the navy now, and they are rated as yeomen. They feel the need of more rank and pay, and the National Dental Association has interested itself in helping them to get it. The House Committee on Naval Affairs heard a number of leading dentists discourse on the subject on December 13, and they were doubtless able to make out a good case for their cause. The navy dentists will probably not demand to be put in the line of promotion to be admirals, for their training does not qualify them for such a place. If they reach some such footing as that of the surgeons and chaplains that will doubtless satisfy them, and their pretensions to that much of advancement are not unreasonable. Their profession is coming up. In the matter of ability to collect pecuniary rewards for the exercise of their skill, the leading dentists in large cities are not much behind the surgeons. No single thing tends more to help a man's social standing than the ability to draw high pay for respectable work. This the modern dentist can do. Moreover, his education is more careful and his professional training more protracted and complete than it used to be. Only last week Dr. Lorenz was quoted as reminding some newspaper men that "surgery, like dentistry, is almost altogether technique." The dentist is coming up in the world as the doctor did before him,—coming up indeed so fast that he will probably resent as impertinent any suggestion that he has not yet altogether arrived. In time the navy dentist is likely to get what he wants, and to be in a position to condole with the navy chaplain upon the inadequacy of his pay and uniform.

The *Knights of Labor Journal,* in its issue for November, advocates, for remarkable reasons, the passage of a bill to come before Congress at this session to put window-glass on the free list. There are duties amounting to about 100 per cent. on window-glass, which is a dear commodity in this country. In the natural order of things, the glass industry here, being protected by these duties, should have greatly flourished and expanded, as the steel industry has done. Our glass-workers having a good chance, and having cheap and excellent raw materials ready to hand, and being aided especially by the discovery of natural gas, should have greatly improved and cheapened their processes and extended their industry, and ought by this time to be not only supplying their home market with good glass at a fair price, but should be exporting glass besides. Instead of which, glass here costs twice as much as it should, and we import about one-tenth of the six million boxes of glass that we use. The trouble is, as explained by the *Knights of Labor Journal,* that the manufacturers and their workmen have got together and arranged for their mutual enjoyment of the blessings and emoluments of a high tariff. First the manufacturers formed a trust; then the workmen—skilled glass-blowers, organized as L. A. 300—perfected an organization to limit the number of workmen employed in the business. By agreement with the manufacturers only members of L. A. 300 can blow glass. By agreement between the 2400 members of L. A. 300 the number of apprentices to the business is very strictly limited, and no skilled foreigner is admitted to membership except upon payment of a heavy initiation fee. Having a good thing in a tariff which enabled them to get twice as much for window-glass as it is worth, manufacturers and workmen have gone on in contentment, and shared the profits of the situation. Their industry can be kept in a backward state, their output has been restricted, and their efforts have been spent not in extending their business, but in preserving their monopoly. They are able to extort $8,000,000 or $9,000,000 a year from consumers by excessive charges which the tariff permits, and with that they try to get along. These figures and statements are all taken from the *Knights of Labor Journal.* That paper wants the tariff on glass removed, so that the natural capacity of the country for glass-making may have a chance to develop, and an industry may grow up which will employ vastly more workmen than now, and do the country good instead of harm.

The *Evening Post* thinks that "in view of the contention of the War Department that alcoholic drinks are essential to the efficiency and good behavior of the army," there is timely interest in the statement of Colonel Woodhull, lately Assistant-Surgeon-General of the Army, that "alcohol, in all its forms, is mischievous to the soldier." Of course the War Department has never made any such contention as the *Post* derisively suggests. It is probably very much of the mind of Colonel Woodhull as to the mischievousness of alcohol, and the sole purpose of its contention in behalf of the canteen is to abate that mischievousness as far as is possible. There is a simple way to deal with the drink problem in the army. Do what some railroads do. Employ no soldiers but abstainers, and dismiss any soldier who is caught drinking. The only hitch about this plan is that there may be diffi-

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culty in hiring enough abstainers at thirteen dollars a month to fill the regiments. But if the pay of soldiers is made equal to the pay of railroad employees, abstainers can probably be had for the army in large numbers. Put the soldier's wages at sixty dollars a month, and see what the recruiting officers can do. It will increase the cost of the army by about twenty-five million dollars a year, and it cannot be done, of course, without the co-operation of Congress. At present young men of first-rate responsibility do not enlist in large numbers in time of peace: better jobs than soldiering are open to them. But if the foes of rum who want railroad methods applied in the army can get Congress to raise the soldiers' pay to the railroad level, it is quite possible that a body of enlisted men may be gathered who will let alcohol alone. The first thing to do seems to be to induce Congress to appropriate that twenty-five millions for increased pay. Until that is done the talk of applying railroad methods to the army seems futile.

There is a gorgeous iridescence about a recent despatch from Aldershot, England's great depot for arms and men, which sheds fresh and romantic interest on our new great gun at Sandy Hook. We had better say, at the outset, that we do not place implicit confidence in the said despatch, but regard it rather as a very promising first effort in the difficult field of modern realistic fiction. The writer begins by announcing that experiments at Aldershot have revealed the interesting fact that the invisibility of artillery can be secured down to comparatively close ranges by the device of painting the guns and carriages with streaks of red, blue, and yellow—the three primary colors. These colors harmonize with the natural surroundings and background in such an effective manner that at three thousand yards field-glasses have the greatest difficulty in detecting the guns so treated, without other means of concealment being attempted. One battery with its rainbow-hued guns approached to within a thousand yards without being seen. The writer goes on to aver that this new discovery promises some very interesting developments, and no doubt it will bring about a revolution in the mode of conducting the warfare of the future. The present régime at the War Office, with its indefatigable search for reform in England's military procedure, will be certain, says our writer, to decide on some very radical changes with reference to the new invisible color scheme. The idea of decorating the big guns with fanciful patterns and wall-paper figures in the three colors is looked upon with high favor, as contributing a joyful note to the solemnity of battles, and providing a delightful accessory to the glory of pageants and military reviews. It has already been whispered, our despatch declares, that a War Office agent has been visiting the studios of some well-known British artists, with a view to securing their talent for the decoration of the guns of the Royal Horse Artillery. The powers of the War Office have determined that in applying the primary colors to the guns it should be done in as artistic a manner as possible, in order that the guns may as well be ornamental in times of peace as useful in actual warfare.

Our romancer continues in similar strain: The artist's fancy, he declares, is to have full play, the impressionist school figuring with special prominence; for it is estimated by the War Office that since the guns are to be viewed mostly from a distance, the effect of an impressionist study will thus be given a better opportunity. These new guns will undoubtedly be things of beauty and a joy forever. This red, blue, and yellow color scheme also means the putting aside of khaki,—which originally meant "dust color,"—and the adoption of a variegated costume patterned after the solar spectrum. The War Department has been considering the new uniform equipment for some time, and is believed to have decided upon a horizontally striped suit, with red, blue, and yellow alternating. The first uniform turned out by the makers was so successfully invisible that it was lost under the very eyes of a government agent. This unlooked-for incident, it is thought, led to the idea of painting the uniforms on the person of the soldier just before going into action. This method has the advantage of enabling the commanding officer to give directions to the artist with reference to the country in which he is campaigning. For instance, if the battle-field is of a green tone, before entering action he issues the command, "Paint company green!" and so on, according to the prevailing color tone of the vicinity. The invisible color scheme will, as a matter of course, have to be applied to the kit and equipment of T. Atkins. Grease paint will serve splendidly for the face and hands. Ordinary mineral house-paint will serve for the uniform decoration. The remount department has been specially advised in reference to the purchase of paint for the cavalry horses, and it is thought that a good quantity of color may be obtained without going to Hungary or Australia for it. The zebra mounted infantry will look exceedingly picturesque,—if only it were not for their invisibility. The officers will be distinguished as follows: red nose, captain; red nose, two blue cheeks, and yellow on chin, colonel; and so on up the grades. It is evident that the American invasion has reached Aldershot, but we understand that our Mr. Twain can prove an alibi.

The open letter of Dr. Keen of Philadelphia to Senator Gallinger, taking the Senator to task for introducing bills into Congress to restrict the practice of vivisection in the District of Columbia, has brought out a reply which to the lay mind seems, in some particulars, pretty strong. Senator Gallinger is a doctor himself. He reminds Dr. Keen that "self-advertisement is prohibited by the ethics of our profession,"—a retort that is unimportant, for Dr. Keen's story of his success in Midshipman Aiken's case was merely a part of his argument, and will not strike either the public or his professional brethren as being told for the purposes of advertisement. The Senator doubts if experiments on the brains of animals have thrown important light on the working of the brain of man, and he questions whether Dr. Keen's operation really saved Mr. Aiken's life, since the clot of blood on the midshipman's brain might have been absorbed. Neither of these sallies helps his case. Where he is strong is in his description of some atrocious cruelties which, he asserts, have been and are being practised on animals, and in his denial that he has ever favored any legislation that would prohibit vivisection or prevent any of the experiments which Dr. Keen claimed were necessary to give him the knowledge requisite to act successfully in the Aiken case. The most that he has done, he says, has been to try to prevent such vivisection as is "cruel and inhuman." He tells of an experimenter who plunges dogs into boiling water; of another who fastens a dog to a dissecting-table and pounds him on the head with a stone bottle; of another who claims to have subjected more than eighty large animals to extreme torture; and of another who has invented a mechanical "tormenter" of a most devilish efficiency. These stories are not unfamiliar. No one can read the literature of the antivivisection societies without concluding that there are a good many vivisectors who ought to be in State-prisons or lunatic-asylums. A law that would prohibit futile cruelty without paralyzing experiment would be a good law. The trouble doubtless comes in the enforcement of such a law. Who is to say what experiment is cruel and what is not? The antivivisectionists are usually extremists. Are they to be put in charge of the experiments in the medical colleges? Could any law prevent the cruelties of scoundrels, abhorred by decent experimenters, who do their dark deeds in secret? It is the difficulty of regulating vivisection by law so as not to do more harm than good that keeps dispassionate observers passive in the matter. There is no doubt that some black deeds are done in the name of science, just as many have been done in the name of religion.

Millions of Americans have learned already this winter what it means to be short of hard coal, and there is every prospect that the lesson will be brought home to them still more forcibly before the winter is over. A good many of them, between visits to their coal-dealer, must have considered what the world is going to do when the coal-supply gives out. That it will give out comparatively soon seems as certain as death or taxes. The supply of soft coal in this country is very large, and may last for centuries—but not very many centuries—at the current rate of consumption. But what we are suffering from now is the lack of anthracite, and of that, the experts tell us, the supply is absolutely restricted. Some of them say that there is enough under the surface of American soil to last seventy-five years. Perhaps that is an under-estimate. At all events, there isn't very much considering the prospective needs of the country, and in the course of a few generations, if we go on burning it as we do now, it will run out.

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And then what? There is hard coal in China. There may be great supplies in the far north, or in South America and other unprobed countries, but even if there is, the cost of hauling it will put the price up so much that most Americans will turn to other fuel. The whole process of heating may be revolutionized by future discoveries, and it is pretty sure to be very much modified, but so far as one can judge now, when we can no longer dig fuel out of the ground we shall have to raise it on the earth's surface. Coal once mined won't grow again, but wood will. We shall have to burn wood or something else that can be grown. Mr. Edward Atkinson has let his mind dwell on this prospective fuel problem, and suggests "plant fuel." He computes that a good crop of corn would yield twenty tons of dry corn-stalks to the acre, which would give up as much heat as sixteen tons of coal, while sorghum, a plant requiring little attention, yields fifteen tons of combustible stalk to the acre. The great bulk of these fuels is an obvious drawback to their use, but that drawback may be overcome. Persons still under fifty remember when the farmer supplied the bulk of the country's fuel. It is not impossible that our children may see him render that service anew.

It will be a cold day when Count Boniface de Castellane fails to get his name into the newspapers. While his worthy sire, the Marquis de Castellane, is enlightening the readers of one of our current magazines on the splendid history, present obligations, and high future destiny of "la noblesse Française," and exhorting the members of his exalted order to stir up their intellectual faculties and once more get in the van of French enlightenment and progress, like those two noble ancients, Mirabeau and Talleyrand,—his worthy son Boni has done it again, and this time in a larger and more comprehensive manner than ever before. It has always given us a benign satisfaction to contemplate the exploits of the young heir of all the Castellanes and some of the Goulds. To see him march up and down, explaining that his highly sensitive nature has been wounded, and that he will not enjoy unruffled sleep until he has shot a brute of an editor; or to hear him lay down the law as to what a real gentleman will do or will not do, as, for instance, that no real gentleman will pay cash for articles of bijouterie and virtu, or even inform a mere salesperson when he intends to settle his account; or when we learn that Count Boni asserts that no true gentleman will wear a suit more than once, and therefore orders garments from his tailors not by the dozen merely, but by the gross;—all these things give us a certain quiet pleasure which we do not get from waterfalls and rainbows and earthquakes and thunder-storms. But the present feat of Count Boni,—if it be faithfully reported, and is not a new leaf from the book of the Aldershot correspondent,—puts all past exploits into the shade. Acting on the advice of his patrician sire M. le Marquis, Count Boni determined to stir up his intellectual faculties and get into the front of the procession of *la belle* France,—in other words, to stand for the Chamber of Deputies. But they say he distributed such largesses to the electors as to arouse a universal outcry, with the result that a bill has been introduced to abolish all French titles, including those of our countrywomen who have married into the Faubourg St.-Germain. No wonder Count Boni is setting out for foreign parts.

It seems that Watts' picture "Love and Life," which came to this country for exhibition, and was given to us by the artist, is making trouble again. At the time it was given it was proposed to hang it in the White House, but the Woman's Christian Temperance Union objected so vociferously that the painting was sent to the Corcoran Gallery. The trouble is that the figures in the picture are nude, and the W. C. T. U. ladies think them highly improper. Their former objections prevailed, but now that the White House has been done over, it is proposed to hang the painting in the dining-room. To this the national superintendent of the Purity-in-art Department of the W. C. T. U. strongly objects, declaring that the presence of the picture in the President's house is "extremely objectionable." It might be thought that if the President and his family, all highly respectable people, can get along in daily association with Mr. Watts' picture, the W. C. T. U. ladies might continue to stand the risk of an occasional glimpse of it, but the protestants do not take that view. Perhaps they have formed the habit at home of keeping an eye on the minister, and having views as to what he and his wife ought to do, or not to do, and how he should regulate his household. At any rate, they speak up to the President just as firmly and candidly as though he were the minister, and trust that he "will not flaunt any talk of 'art for art's sake'" in their faces. It is not likely that he will. Nothing but the strongest sense of obligation, combined with enforced leisure, would be likely to induce any prudent man to discuss art with the W. C. T. U. The picture is all right. There is no difference of opinion among people whose opinions about art are worth considering that Mr. Watts' painting is a pure and admirable work, though some of them think that the Corcoran Gallery is a better place for it than the White House.

A medal for pure and unmitigated good-nature was awarded, not many days ago, to a youth in a public school. He had not made a noteworthy record for progress in learning; he had not even reached a point beyond the average among his fellows; he had simply eclipsed them all in amiability of the kind that accepted rewards or punishments with urbane and equal philosophy. And the fact that a medal was deemed not too honorable for him under the circumstances is significant evidence of the high esteem in which good-nature is held. How it does oil the creaking wheels of life, to be sure! How smooth it makes the path! What a comfortable and comforting companion a truly amiable person is, if he is only a dog! When everything and everybody else have ruffled one the wrong way, and made every individual set of injured feelings one possesses stand up like quills upon the fretful porcupine, how soothing to step into the atmosphere of the amiable person! Serenity enters, peace sets in, you laugh, he laughs, the world turns rose-colored again. Amiability accomplishes what no sermon could. It is an immeasurable influence for good. It is, therefore, with satisfaction that we note the presentation of a medal to the good-natured boy. Why would it not be a valuable custom to introduce into all our schools?

Some attractive Christmas bargains are offered this year by the Children's Aid Society of New York. For twenty dollars it will place a homeless child in a comfortable country home. You need not provide the child: the society does that. Thirty dollars of your money will enable it at its farm-school to train a homeless street boy for farm life. A thousand dollars will provide an income that will place two homeless children every year, and there are also exceptionally tempting hundred-dollar opportunities. C. Loring Brace, secretary, at the society's office, 105 East Twenty-second Street, is the person to whom money should be communicated. At the same place the society welcomes gifts of clothes, shoes, books, toys, and attractive reading matter. The society is an important and long-established concern, and maintains in New York more than thirty different enterprises which help children. Its beneficiaries last year numbered more than 55,000. Its superintendent of schools writes that its burdens and opportunities are greater this year than ever before, because of the great increase of New York's foreign population.

More powerful even than our great railroad corporations are the insurance companies which have conserved the people's money so wisely as to be able to withstand any imaginable financial shock. They own railroads, steamship lines, trust companies, and banks in bewildering and constantly increasing numbers. Curiously enough, they are to an exceptional degree "one-man concerns," the nominal head being the real head and actually dominant. Of those now occupying these few positions of great personal responsibility, as Mr. Alexander, Mr. McCall, and Mr. Dryden would frankly admit, the most distinguished in point of service and achievements is undoubtedly Mr. Richard A. McCurdy. His son, Mr. Robert H. McCurdy, whose portrait appears in our series to-day, has been enabled, therefore, to supplement a natural aptitude with a most valuable training. He already has charge of the most important department and, in the ordinary course of events, it would be wholly natural and fitting that the mantle of his eminent father should fall upon his shoulders. He is forty-three.

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The Venezuela Imbroglio

As we write, it seems probable that before these lines meet the reader's eye Venezuela will have succumbed to the inevitable, and agreed to pay the price of her contumacious conduct. In order, however, to appreciate the international situation brought about by the Anglo-German demonstration against La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, and to forecast its probable effect upon the relation of the United States to minor American commonwealths on the one hand and to European powers on the other, it may be well to recall the principal precedents by which, not unreasonably at the outset of the imbroglio, our State Department considered itself bound, but from which it might have found itself constrained to depart, in view of unexpected acts of violence and of responsive hostilities insensibly impelling the allied forces to undertake a war of conquest.

We begin by pointing out that relevant and cogent precedents are to be sought, not in examples of the treatment which Latin-American republics have received at the hands of the United States, but in those examples of coercive pressure which we have deliberately permitted European powers to apply to those commonwealths. The broad and deep distinction is inculcated by the paternal or fraternal spirit of the Monroe doctrine. It amounts to this, that the oldest adult male of a family may permit himself to chastise his son or younger brother, but will not allow such discipline to be administered by outsiders. For instance, in 1858 Congress authorized a punitive expedition against Dictator Lopez of Paraguay, not only because American citizens had been despoiled of their property, but because—a provocation not paralleled in the case of Venezuela—a Paraguayan fort had fired on a vessel belonging, not to a private American citizen, but to the United States government. Nor is there any doubt that, if due apology and adequate redress had not been promptly offered, the commander of the expedition would have invaded and occupied Paraguay, as General Scott invaded and occupied Mexico. It does not follow that our State Department would remain an impassive spectator if a European power should proceed to like extremes. We conquered Mexico, and, under the guise of purchase for a derisory sum, we deprived her of a third, or, if Texas be included, of more than half of her territory. We would not suffer France, however, to pursue a similar course, but, as soon as our hands were freed by the close of the civil war, signified a wish, equivalent to a command, that Napoleon III. should recall his troops from Mexico. We purchased Alaska from Russia, but not without vehement protest would we have beheld a sale of that region to Great Britain. When Florida belonged to Spain, we had a boundary controversy with that country, but, instead of referring it to arbitration, we occupied by force the disputed section. When Great Britain presumed, however, to deal in the same high-handed way with the Venezuela boundary, we firmly interposed. In Grant's administration our State Department countenanced an annexation of Santo Domingo; we would not have permitted Spain to effect the reconquest of that republic which at one time she had in view. By the treaty of 1846 with New Granada we acquired the right, and assumed the duty, of maintaining order on the Isthmus of Panama; we would not have suffered New Granada to delegate such functions to any European power. We have offered to buy the Danish West Indies, but we have, at the same time, conveyed to Denmark an intimation that we should not willingly see them transferred to any strong European government. In fine, we have taken Porto Rico for ourselves, but we would never have allowed Germany to take it.

Thus we see that the only precedents by which our State Department would consider itself bound in the interpretation of the Monroe doctrine are those acts of interference with Latin-American commonwealths on the part of European powers which either explicitly or by implication we have countenanced. We did not prohibit Spain from entering into brief hostilities against Chile and Peru, because those hostilities were provoked, and because it was well understood that Spain had no intention, even if she had possessed the power, of reconquering her former colonies. We did not protest against the joint expedition of Great Britain, Spain, and France against Mexico in 1861, and the ensuing occupation of Vera Cruz, partly because we then had a civil war on our hands, and partly because, up to the time when Great Britain and Spain recalled their contingents, the expedition seemed justified by the refusal of Mexico to make any provision for the payment of foreign creditors. We have not remonstrated when European powers have exacted redress for the spoliation of their subjects in Haiti since that Black Republic became a nest of bandits; but we have, at the same time, made it known that no permanent occupation of Haitian soil would be tolerated. We did not resist the gradual extension of the British Woodcutting settlement in the Belize at the expense of an adjoining Central-American republic, nor its ultimate erection into a British crown colony, although that erection ran directly counter to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That precedent, however, has been regarded by Mr. Blaine and other truly American Secretaries of State as a deplorable one, never to be followed or confirmed, and certainly Mr. Cleveland did not follow it when he virtually forbade a similar high-handed extension of the British-Guiana frontier. In the Cleveland administration, however, our State Department accepted and confirmed the Vera Cruz precedent by permitting the British government to occupy Corinto for a brief term, in order to extort from Nicaragua a settlement of debts due to British subjects.

In view of the successive and obviously pertinent precedents which we have just mentioned, it is hard to see how President Roosevelt could oppose the desire of Great Britain and Germany to apply coercive measures to Venezuela, so long as those measures should aim exclusively at extracting from the Caracas government some reasonable provision for debts claimed to be due to British and German subjects, and so long as no acts should be committed calculated to provoke desperate resistance, and thus bring about a war of conquest and lead to a permanent, or at least prolonged, occupation of an American republic. We are told that on paper definite assurances regarding these points were given to the Roosevelt administration. It is understood that our government agreed to sanction the proposed measures, if these were confined to a peaceable blockade — called peaceable, because vessels of neutral powers that attempt to pass it are not captured but merely turned back—and to the occupation of one or more custom-houses at Venezuelan seaports. Unluckily, as often happens when the execution of diplomatic programmes is committed to military and naval officers, the paper assurances were quickly violated. Scarcely had the German and British fleets arrived at La Guayra than they proceeded to perpetrate a flagrant act of war by seizing and destroying Venezuelan gunboats. When this initial and indisputable rupture of peaceful relations was made known at Caracas, it is not surprising that the populace rose in an angry demonstration against British and German subjects, and it was doubtless well for the latter that they were temporarily imprisoned. On the very next morning, however, they were released at the suggestion of the American minister, and there is no doubt that, up to this point, the responsibility for war rested, not upon the Caracas government, but upon the commanders of the British and German squadrons. The latter have since materially aggravated their responsibility by a bombardment of Puerto Cabello and the demolition of its fortress. The pretext for this regrettable act was the seizure of a British merchant steamer, but this had already been recovered by British marines, and it was most unreasonable to give the authorities of the town only two hours in which to communicate with Caracas and to offer satisfaction for the seizure. It is hard to reconcile such acts as the unprovoked destruction of Venezuelan gunboats at La Guayra and the hasty bombardment of Puerto Cabello with the promise given to our government that vindictiveness should be eschewed, and that caution and forbearance should be evinced in the application of coercive measures, so as to avoid exasperating the Venezuelans and driving them to desperate resistance.

It is probable that in London and Berlin, if not in Washington also, the history and national temper of the Venezuelans have been overlooked or misconceived, and that it has been too lightly taken for granted that they could be as roughly and summarily brought to book as were the Nicaraguans. As a matter of fact, among all the Latin-American peoples, the Venezuelans have the most illustrious record. Unlike the British colonists, who had the aid of France, they did not have the assistance of any European power in their uprising against their mother-country. Not only did they free themselves from Spanish oppression, however, but they played the part of liberators in New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. If, indeed, the renown of a national hero is to be measured by military triumphs in the field, there is no reason why the name of Bolivar should pale beside that of Washington. It was preposterous to assume that a people conscious of ennobling traditions, and inspired by heroic examples, would tamely submit to be treated like China or like Egypt. That assumption seems to have been made, however, by the British and German commanders in Venezuelan waters, and, as those officers have not been superseded, we must infer that their conduct has met with approval at the Foreign Offices of London and Berlin.

Under the circumstances, President Roosevelt might well have considered it his duty to point out that the smooth assurances originally given to him on paper had not been made good in fact, and that in case a provocative policy should cause the allied powers to drift into a long and sanguinary war with an American republic, it might be expedient that the mediation of the United States or a resort to arbitration should be speedily agreed upon. Again we reiterate our oft-repeated assertion of the national necessity of building and maintaining a navy equal at least in size and strength to that of the German Empire.

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing.
—*Browning.*

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Our Duty to Ourselves

THE Venezuela affair reveals a fact in current international history, and demonstrates a duty. It is conceded by all fair-minded and disinterested statesmen that the attack on Venezuela by Great Britain and Germany was hastily conceived, and has been too vigorously pushed. The cause of the hostile movement of the two powers justified the employment of force, but the force actually put in operation, and the methods followed, suggest an eagerness, on the part of one of the powers at least, disproportionate to the requirements of the quarrel. It is pertinently pointed out by French writers, apropos of the bombardment of Puerto Cabello and the sinking by the Germans of captured vessels, that an attempt to collect debts by the destruction of the debtor's assets is one of the curious incidents of the affair. It is also pointed out that while the profession of the allies is that they have established a peaceful blockade, they have certainly committed acts of war. The eagerness for harsh measures displayed by the Germans, so far as this country is concerned, is a most important phase of the episode. It is this disposition which lifts the veil entirely and which reveals, in the clear light of demonstration, the fact in current international history to which we alluded at the opening of this article. This fact is one which ought to be fully recognized by this country and frankly met. Our interests and our future are deeply concerned, and we shall be criminally unjust to ourselves if we ignore it.

The country is committed definitely to the Monroe doctrine. Whether we like the doctrine or do not, is a question that is not now in the field of discussion. Both political parties have approved of it. President Cleveland actually put it in operation. President Roosevelt insists upon it, and urges the country to establish such a navy as will enable the government to make good its declarations if they are questioned or attacked. On the other hand, it is well known that Germany does not like the doctrine, and that her ruling men refuse to accept it as a principle of international law, or as anything more than a statement of policy on our part. German newspapers, of the semi-official type, have declared the doctrine an impertinence. It is also the fact that the German Emperor strongly desires freedom to colonize in South America. The present interests of his empire and his people on the Continent are, it is true, comparatively small. There are a few Germans in Brazil, in Paraguay, and in Chile, but by far the largest number, some 17,000, is to be found in the Argentine Republic. This is, as we have said, a comparatively small number, for among the foreigners in the Argentine are more than 490,000 Italians, 198,000 Spaniards, and 94,000 French. Nevertheless, it is well known that the German Emperor has colonization dreams concerning South America, which are, consequently, interesting and important to us. It is one of the necessary conditions of such dreams that the range of our Monroe doctrine shall be tested, especially as the Emperor wishes to secure a coaling-station in the Caribbean Sea. A year ago, his ambassador at Washington vigorously denied that his august master was endeavoring to secure the island of Margarita, off the north coast of Venezuela, for that purpose, but diplomatic words must be weighed by accompanying national acts, and we know that soundings about the island have been made by the Germans, and that the day after the bombardment of Puerto Cabello a German gunboat made her way thither. Doctor von Holleben must therefore pardon the President if he keeps his eye on Margarita.

Assuming that it is the policy of Germany to question the validity of the Monroe doctrine, German haste and excesses in the present affair are explicable, and they are explicable on no other theory. An excellent opportunity has been presented to the Emperor, of which he has availed himself. Not only is the first hostile step permissible under the Monroe doctrine itself, but he has England and Italy for allies. England probably made a mistake in joining Germany on this debt-collecting occasion, but we can depend upon her government to withdraw before Germany induces the British commander to go too far. There is no doubt of England's friendship for us in this matter. English interests and our own are common in the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, and Mr. Balfour's government will certainly not lend to Germany a helping hand to break down a principle which is only less important to Canada and the British West Indies than it is to us. Still, Germany has apparently done its utmost to bring on war with Venezuela and to involve England in it. Italy can always be had by the Emperor, not only because Italy's interests are the same as his hopes and inclinations, but because the two are allies on general principles.

The important fact is, however, that Germany is ready to go to extremes in order to break through the prohibitions of the Monroe doctrine. The present effort is likely, let us hope, to come to nothing, but it is sufficient that it has justly awakened anxiety. This government has shown no disposition to stretch or strain the doctrine, or to prevent the interested European powers from taking proper measures to collect their debts from Venezuela. The attitude of the Germans, on the contrary, their haste, their evident desire to make the blaze of war as hot as possible, is menacing, and it is evident that it has succeeded in stirring up a spirit of resentment among our own people. Conditions that existed immediately after the bombardment of Puerto Cabello were not pleasant to contemplate. There was a certain insolence in Germany's note which ruffled our people, which disturbed the administration, and which compelled the English government to hope that it might be relieved from its difficulty through our arbitration. The affair thus became so uncomfortable that men naturally began to think and speak of other and more serious complications. It clearly points out a duty which Congress should at once discharge. This country cannot maintain its assumed position in international affairs without a navy equal in power to that of the German Emperor, existing and in process of construction. We must build even more rapidly than he is building, but it is not only our duty to do so; it is within our power and our resources. The President was right when he said in his annual message that it "would be worse than an idle threat to assert it [the Monroe doctrine] unless we intended to back it up, and it can be backed up only by a thoroughly good navy." The evidence of the necessity of such a navy is now before Congress. It has been as insistent upon the doctrine as the Executive branch of the government has been; let it now discharge the full duty which the President has pointed out, and which Germany has shown to us.

The Vulgarity of Wealth

IN a new English periodical, very deep blue, very royal blue, as to cover, and of a moral and intellectual complexion within equally responsive to the challenge of its name, *King and Country*, Miss Marie Corelli has a paper on the vulgarity of wealth which ought to be very consoling to all persons exempt from its censure through their poverty. We ourselves drew a long breath of satisfaction as we opened to it, and said to our hearts: "Ah! Here is something that will make it right with us for having to earn our bread in the sweat of our brows," and we began to think of the millionaires whom we should be able, during its perusal, to despise as the representatives of their order.

We have, of course, always despised millionaires, and have carefully refrained from abasing ourselves before them on more than one occasion, but we are sorry to say we were not enabled by Miss Corelli to indulge an unusual contempt for them. The case against them, as she makes it out for the readers of *King and Country*, seems concretely to be that in their loathsome vulgarity they have not only bought their way into the smartest London society, but have so corrupted some of the elect standing, by virtue of birth and office, near the throne, that they have got these otherwise archangelic aristocrats, to have them invited to the royal presence, and even to the royal table. "Men and women," says she, and we find ourselves all but whispering her withering words to the reader, "who have the privilege of personally knowing and frequently associating with the royal family are known to accept payment for bringing such and such otherwise obscure persons under the immediate notice of the King; and it is a most unfortunate and regrettable fact that throughout the realm the word goes that no such obscure persons ever dine with their Sovereign without having paid the 'middle man' for the privilege. It would be an easy matter for the present writer to name at least a dozen well-known society women, assuming to be 'loyal,' who make a very good thing out of their 'loyalty' by accepting huge payments in exchange for their recommendation or introduction to royal personages, and who add considerably to their income by such means. . . . These are some of the very ladies who are most frequently favored by notice at court, and who occupy the position of being in the 'swagger set.'"

Miss Corelli offers other evidences of the vulgarity of wealth, as Mr. Carnegie's broadcast benefactions, and especially his gift of free libraries, which do authors out of a large imaginable sale of books that would be bought if they were not borrowed; as Cecil Rhodes's faithless machinations against the South-African republics; as a lively American lady's supplying the press with a full account of her Afternoons, and sending a check to soothe the susceptibilities of otherwise incorruptible editors; but nothing seems to us quite so bad, so wickedly vulgar as the behavior of the rich who buy their way to the feet, and even to the elbows of royalty, by bribing the heaven-appointed agencies of the divinity that doth hedge a king, and bringing the very swaggerest of the swagger low. Very justly she seems to make this the climax of her accusal, and we do not well see what wealth can say for itself. No one will listen if wealth urges that it is no worse in buying than birth is in selling, and that there never was a time in the shining history of courts when money could not make its way on just such terms as the present. Royalty, which has always been the source of honor, has always been the source of dishonor, and its favors have often, such as they were, gone shockingly cheap, gone to blackguards, gone to wantons, gone to reprobates of all sorts. Wealth may say this, but probably does not, in bargaining with the noble need that now sells those favors; it probably knows how to put the transaction on the highest ground, and takes good

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care to let the simple world suppose that the monarch was anxious to meet the remarkable man, or the wife of the remarkable man, who had squeezed a hundred millions out of his country's mines, or meats, or railroads, or soaps, or baking-powders, or vacant lots, and had come to London to put them where they could do the most good. Probably the affair is carried on more gracefully than ever before, but this does not relieve it from the taint of vulgarity, so far as one of the parties is concerned. Wealth does not suffer from the sense of this, we may suppose, and is not aware of having done anything out of the common. As for the other party, the party that sells, it would be hard to decide whether it finds itself vulgarized or not. Wicked it indeed is, and Miss Corelli does not spare it her reproaches, but it is very difficult, we fancy, to make a "well-known society woman" feel herself vulgar in anything she does; at least it seems to be so in this country, and in England it is highly conjecturable that the fact that she is what she is fully sanctions to her what she does. If she sells a presentation at court, or a dinner with royalty, the discredit is to the purchaser, and the vulgarity attaches not to her poverty, but the money that buys it. This is not quite Miss Corelli's contention, but we do not see how some such conclusion can be shirked; it certainly leaves the blame where she began by putting it, and irrefutably establishes her case against wealth in the most essential point.

Mark Twain on Christian Science

MARK TWAIN seems pleased with Christian Science. His article about it in the December *North American Review* includes only part of what he has to say on the subject, and he may turn a sharp corner in the January number, but it does not look as though he would. He intimates that he will discuss then whether the Scientists kill off more patients than are killed off now by legalized methods, and that question, as he will discuss it, is not likely to cause the Scientists much distress. Meanwhile, he starts in his first article with the assumption that the Scientists are partially insane, but he thinks none the worse of them for that, as he begs leave to consider that we are all partially insane. The Christian Scientists' kind of insanity seems to him exceptionally picturesque and interesting. He intimates that they believe that Mrs. Eddy's famous and profitable textbook is the identical "little book" mentioned in the Apocalypse, and that they are making rapid progress towards the deification and worship of Mrs. Eddy. Considering whether "Christian Scientism is destined to make the most formidable show that any new religion has made in the world since the birth and spread of Mohammedanism," and whether "within a century from now it may stand second to Rome only," he reviews some of its strong points.

It has a good start. Its "boom," he says, is not yet five years old, yet already it has 500 churches and 1,000,000 members in America.

It has plenty of money.

Its power, authority, and capital are concentrated in the grip of a small and irresponsible clique with nobody outside privileged to ask questions or find fault.

It is not a mere philosophy, but a religion, passing as an improvement on an existing religion.

It has another detail of equipment worth all the rest, and more. Its advantage over all preceding religious movements is that at the very start, with a supremely good working machine, it offers *a new personage to worship*, and *present health and a cheerful spirit* in addition to heaven hereafter. Mormonism has appealed only to the ignorant: Bellamyism, Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, to comparatively few. The appeal of Christian Science is as universal as that of Christianity. "Its clientage," says Mark, "is the Human Race. Will it march? I think so."

He goes on to say that its principal offer is to rid the race of pain and disease, and that in large measure it makes that offer good. He thinks that four-fifths of pain and disease is due to the imaginations of the sufferers; Christian Science can banish all that, and no other organized force that he knows of can do as much. If that much pain and sickness were banished, this would be a new world and a pleasanter one. A good many patients would be killed off in the process, but whether more than are now killed off by approved methods is to be discussed later.

He proceeds to quote various stories from the Christian Science magazine, including testimonials about cures, many of them more amusing than edifying to the unconverted reader. He quotes them with much gayety, yet finds in them evidence of extreme satisfaction in Christian Science by its patrons. "They show," he says, "the kind of trade the Science is driving. . . . It will kill a man every now and then, but no matter; it will still be ahead on the credit side."

The reader as he finishes the article will wonder where Mark Twain has left him; whether Mark approves Christian Science or not. He seems to have concluded that the deaths that occur under Christian Science treatment do not constitute a sufficient reason for condemning the system. That is the general opinion. So far as the public can judge, the Scientists do at least more good than harm with their "treatments." Human health—human life—is an exceedingly complicated affair, about which those who know most best realize how imperfect and incomplete their knowledge is. Therapeutics is still an experimental science. The Christian Scientists seem to have got hold of an important curative agency, and to have devised an effective apparatus for the application of it. It may be mind-cure, it may be hypnotism, or anything else that they say it is not, but it certainly is not drugs. It will be better understood after a while than it is now, and when it is understood the whole Christian Science movement will be simplified, and lose its mystery. It is not going to grow on the lines that Mark Twain suggests. There is a lot of nonsense about Mrs. Eddy, but no considerable number of twentieth-century North-Americans will ever worship her. She is a very shrewd and able female, and may be truly good for aught we know. She has made money, and her business methods are laughably effective, but she is not in Christian Science for business reasons alone. Somehow she has got hold of some important truths, which the regular doctors and the regular ministers have missed. When those truths become common property Christian Science will fade out, or merge into the rest of the Christian Church. It is not a new religion. In spite of its queerosities, it is essentially Christian. It is a new sect, not a new religion. It may render Protestant Christianity a service analogous to that rendered by the Methodists, the Baptists, or the Unitarians, but when its special work is done it will flow back into the main stream, leaving both the ministers and the doctors with more knowledge of their business than they possess at present.

Correspondence

BISHOP SPALDING

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS, *November 18, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Permit me to make a remark in defence of Bishop Spalding's action, which, as I fear, you misconstrue. [HARPER'S WEEKLY, November 15, 1902, pages 6 and 7.] That this member of the commission should be supposed to have forfeited his reputation for flawless impartiality because some boys employed by the union workers in the anthracite mines had been recipients of his bounty, is, to my thinking, preposterous. Consider, if you please, the point of view from which Bishop Spalding regards these questions.

In the address delivered in Peoria at the mass-meeting in memory of the death of President McKinley, he said: "Let us remember that men are just only when they love. Sympathy gives insight, and where this is lacking we are blind to the injustice our fellows suffer, and we do them wrong with easy consciences." Now the diamond of Truth has many facets, and if, by the help of this quotation, we can see from the same angle as Bishop Spalding, the same ruby ray of Wisdom will flash across our sight. The fact that he has materially expressed his love renders him, according to his own conscience, able to do perfect justice: the act of expressing in practical manner his sympathy has given him clearer insight. Instead of being a "speck on the judicial ermine," his act thus becomes a veritable halo of well-doing.

With best wishes, faithfully yours,

CHARLES J. FINGER.

THE "QUALITY"

461 ATLANTIC AVE.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I should like to make reply in your columns to what seems to me an unjustifiable, if not unexplainable, attack in the current number of the *Saturday Review* (London) on Mr. Robert Chambers.

Having stated that the reader of the *Maid-at-Arms* is irritated by "the absurd terms of expression" put in the mouths of his characters, the reviewer says that irritation is succeeded by exasperation when the hero, "whom he wishes to portray as a gallant gentleman," asks the heroine, "in the language of the kitchen, 'Do not the quality visit you here?'"

The reviewer closes with the courteous remark, "No, Mr. Chambers, 'the quality' do not visit you here."

I do not know what the language of the kitchen may be, but it would seem scarcely necessary to point out that the word in question was used, in the sense in which Mr. Chambers has used it, by representatives of the literary and social "quality" of England no less distinguished than Lord Bacon and Joseph Addison. The former used the phrase "persons of quality," while the latter wrote (*Guardian*, No. 112), "I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits."

It is with some astonishment that American readers of the *Saturday Review* (London) observe that the visits of the editor to the kitchen have apparently been more frequent and productive of a greater degree of intimacy than those paid to "the quality" of the British literary world.

I am, sir,

HERMAN SPENCER.

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New Paths of Expansion

See page 2013

THE map which is presented on another page of this number makes visible at a glance two facts: the one, that the development of the United States has followed mainly the lines of latitude; the other, that upon the great collective horizontal line which has been described by these paths of expansion there is being erected a perpendicular reaching into and through the tropics.

The expansion of the original thirteen colonies has very naturally moved along the isothermals. Emigrants have seemingly been guided by thermometers rather than by stars. To be sure, there has been departure from these main thoroughfares in the search for empty fields, but during the past century the European in this continent has developed and expanded chiefly from east to west, and within temperate limits. The fields of ice and snow to the north have presented an almost impenetrable barrier to growth in that direction, though the discovery of gold up beneath the arctic circle has dissolved some of the injunctions of nature. To the south, the climate and unfavoring moral, as well as physical, conditions have been nearly as effective. So the civilized life of the Western continent has been woven on the warp of transcontinental lines; and the arctic and tropic regions are its margins.

But the vacant places have been pretty much occupied or pre-empted; the arid regions, even, are being recovered. Lands once fertile are sterile; many mines have been emptied of their contents and mountains denuded of their forests. The competition in production, as well as the cultivation of the fields, has grown more intense, and the pressure upon the climatic barriers is increasing. Not only is this true; the barriers themselves are being destroyed, not alone from surging temperate enterprise and industry, but from forces within the tropics. For one thing, the advances in the physical sciences have made life in the once uninhabitable lands tolerable and even comfortable. Moreover, through the discoveries in the biological sciences it has become possible to ward off many of the deadly diseases to which the temperate man has been subject in the tropics. There is, then, a conspiracy of forces driving and inviting the man of the temperate zone and of European origin into the lower latitudes in paths at right angles to that which he has hitherto followed: there is the increasing pressure of competition within the old temperate boundaries; there is the improving environment which, thanks to the scientist, the tropics are offering; and beyond these, there is the altruistic desire of the Anglo-Saxon to impart his civilization and the selfish desire to get what the tropics produce. The chief of the Bureau of Statistics told me a few months ago that our importations from the tropics and subtropics amounted to a million dollars' worth a day. Under the compulsion of such inducements and pressure it is not strange that the railroads are beginning to creep southward, and that the north-and-south watercourses are being improved and extended.

It is impossible to speak here in detail of the projects to this end; but it can be predicted with certitude that while the east-and-west lines will be made straight, and so shorter, there will be increasing facilities both by rail and water for communication between the North and South, between the north temperate zone and the tropics, and even between the north and south temperate zones.

This tendency would be more clearly evident if the land and water courses of both hemispheres and both continents of this hemisphere were brought into view. I have in mind the Cape to Cairo road which is to traverse the length of Africa; the French road connecting Algeria with French possessions on the coast of Guinea; the Asiatic roads which will doubtless soon connect the Siberian railway both at east and the west with the southernmost shores; and of the proposed railway extending from Manchuria northward to Bering Strait, to connect by ferry with another road (still in the dreams of capitalists) running down the west coast of North America. Then it is more than possible that South America will have a railroad some day within the next twenty-five years connecting all the cities of her west coast, and tying them, through Central America, to the systems of the great northern continent.

Within the United States itself, the most notable achievements of the next quarter of a century will doubtless be those which assure a more intimate and extensive communication by water between the zones which have hitherto been somewhat estranged. If the present projects are carried through, there will be an Atlantic seaboard inland route from Boston to Florida, and through Florida to the Gulf, while the Mississippi will not only be brought into communication with the Great Lakes, but will be immensely lengthened through canal connections with the Red River of the North. When the isthmian canal is completed, the possibilities of commercial intercourse will be so multiplied as to make a present estimate valueless. All that can now be said is that our industries, our commerce, and our altruism are to find new courses, and these at right angles to the parallels of latitude.

The Importance of the New York State Canal Projects

THE WEEKLY desires friends and well-wishers all over the United States, but it will not commend itself less strongly to fair-minded men because it is frankly loyal to the city which is its home. There is no doubt that, of recent years, there has been a pronounced and increasing tendency to divert American exports—and such a diversion necessarily involves imports also, since a ship aims to carry cargo both ways—from the city of New York to other ports on the Atlantic seaboard, notably Newport News, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Montreal, and even Boston.

Against Montreal we are protected to a certain extent by nature, which during a part of the year blockades with ice the St. Lawrence River. It might, at first sight, be assumed that we are safeguarded against competition on the part of Boston also, since that seaport is some two hundred miles further east. What would the geographical advantage amount to, however, if, owing to preferential railway rates and lower elevator dues, it were possible to place Western grain on shipboard more cheaply in Boston than in New York? The unwelcome truth is that New York city is at this moment confronted by a situation somewhat analogous to that in which she found herself in the first decade of the nineteenth century, when her population was exceeded by that of Philadelphia, and when it was a matter of grave doubt which of the Atlantic seaports would become the *entrepôt* of our foreign trade.

If, during the first quarter of the last century, the State of Pennsylvania had succeeded in opening canal communication with the Great Lakes, and New York had omitted to do so, it is absolutely certain that Philadelphia would have continued to be, what she was for more than thirty years after the Declaration of Independence, the commercial metropolis of the United States.

It is because De Witt Clinton recognized this truth betimes, and managed to get the Erie Canal built in the teeth of enormous difficulties, political and economical, that he ranks in our commercial history by the side of those useful citizens who purchased the Louisiana Territory, and who invented the cotton-gin, the steamboat, and the electric telegraph.

The man who, by giving an adequate enlargement to the New York canals, shall make them as serviceable to the city of New York to-day as the Erie Canal was when it was first opened, will acquire as firm a hold upon the remembrance and the gratitude of his fellow-citizens as has De Witt Clinton.

There is reason to believe that Governor Odell has awakened to this truth, and that he has decided to link his name with such a broadening and deepening of the canal system of New York as will revolutionize the conditions of grain carriage between the West and the Atlantic. It is, of course, understood that all the advocates of improved canals agree that the new waterways should be wide and deep enough to accommodate thousand-ton barges. Where they differ is as to the route which the new waterway between the Hudson River and the Great Lakes should take. Some experts hold that no attempt should be made to maintain direct canal communication with Lake Erie, but that Lake Ontario should be brought into connection with the Hudson River by means of a canal which should follow the Oswego River during a large part of its course. Other engineers, no less qualified from a technical point of view, insist that the enlarged canal should continue to have Lake Erie for its objective, and to pursue an inland route, embracing the Mohawk, Oneida, and Seneca rivers, and avoiding only those sections of the present Erie Canal which are liable to fractures.

Which of these routes will be favored by Governor Odell we may not definitely know until we read his annual message, which will be sent to the Legislature at Albany on January 7. His preference between the routes named will, undoubtedly, be determined by their comparative cost. It has been asserted that the adoption of the inland route would impose an aggregate expenditure of eighty-one million dollars, and that the annual payments to be made on account thereof would exceed by one million dollars each those required for the Lake Ontario route.

It should therefore be borne in mind that the constitutional amendment which was passed by the last Legislature, and which, if passed by the next Legislature also, will be submitted to a vote of the people at a special election, provides for the payment of the canal debt from the indirect State tax revenue. Governor Odell has promised that he will assent to any plan of canal improvement the execution of which will not require an annual appropriation that cannot be met from indirect-tax income. Under the circumstances, we suppose that the Lake Ontario route is likely to receive the Governor's approval. So far as the city of New York is concerned, the thing of paramount moment is that a one-thousand-ton barge channel shall be begun at once, and that no more time shall be wasted in bickering between the advocates of rival routes.

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The American Ambassador in London

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *December 10.*

Of all the diplomatic positions in the world, that of American ambassador to the Court of St. James is perhaps the pleasantest. Whoever fills it gets infinitely nearer to the realities of English life than the representative of any other power. Diplomatists, as a rule, live in a world of their own making. No doubt, of its kind it is a very agreeable world, one that any man may well like to have the entrée of. But at the same time it is usually a professionally stiff, exclusive, and at bottom rather narrow world. It is the good fortune of the American ambassador in London that he is able to step out of all this completely. He has not to make a world; he finds one already made for him, and in England it is co-extensive with the nation. All Englishmen, whether they are in "society" or not, whether they live in London or the provinces, instinctively separate the American from his brother ambassadors. He stands peculiarly apart from the other members of the diplomatic corps, so much so that people more than half forget he is an accredited official, and come to think of him rather as a distinguished national guest whom it is a pleasure to honor. I came across a curious instance of this the other day in the smoking-room of one of the great political clubs. Some half-dozen members were discussing the report that Russia was stirring up once more the question of the Dardanelles. One of them inquired who was the Russian ambassador in London. Nobody knew. Who, then, was the German ambassador? You might as well have asked a New-Yorker for the name of the Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas. Or the French or Italian ambassador? Again there was the blankest ignorance. For these six London clubmen, all of whom took more than the average Englishman's interest in foreign affairs, the representatives of the four greatest powers in Europe simply did not exist. But all of them knew Mr. Choate, and could give the names of his predecessors as far back as the days of James Russell Lowell. And this might have happened anywhere in the United Kingdom. Go where you will in these isles, outside the small official circle, and you will find that the American ambassador is the only one who really reaches the masses. He is the only one in whom the people, as a whole, have any interest. From the moment he has presented his credentials he becomes an intimate part of English social life, and a still more intimate part of the world of English arts and letters. Other ambassadors may be as lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return a more brilliant hospitality. But the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets the American ambassador. He alone gets behind the scenes and is shown the best of whatever England has to offer. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One never hears of the Russian or German ambassador being asked to lecture before a philosophical or historical society, or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English, and it is often wonderfully complete, they still stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. The public at large knows nothing of them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American ambassador never is—they are foreigners, and treated as such. A paragraph in the papers is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival, as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial salute from the entire London press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom, the other is a national event. Indeed, directly he is installed in the somewhat dingy offices of the embassy in Victoria Street, everything is done to make him feel that he belongs to the nation and not merely to Downing Street and the court. He is deluged with invitations that other ambassadors may or may not be glad to escape, that are meant, at all events, to convey the peculiar affection and esteem in which the people place him. They come not only from the aristocracy and the great land-owners of the country, but from the universities, working-men's societies, all manner of literary and educational institutes. Mr. Lowell used to complain that Englishmen were spoiling him by their attentions. I am not sure that the American ambassador does not a little spoil England. He gives at least as much as he receives, and much is expected of him. The capacity of a long line of American ambassadors to warm both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence has been so palpable, their interests have so manifestly stretched beyond the humdrum game of protocols and despatches, they touch life at so many more points than the ordinary professional diplomat, that Englishmen would hardly know what to do if the United States sent them any one short of her best. A tongue-tied, unsociable, narrow-gauge American ambassador has become unthinkable to this country. Englishmen take it as a matter of course that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will not fall below the standard of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hay, that he will be a first-class after-dinner speaker, and able and willing at any time to read a paper, deliver an address, or unveil a monument. That, it must be owned, is asking a good deal. Is the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on the lookout for a specially attractive programme at its annual meeting? It applies to Mr. Choate for a lecture on Lincoln. Does the Omar Khayyam Club need an orator to fix the attention of all cultivated Englishmen on its favorite author? Who but Mr. Hay will fill the bill? Is there a vacancy in the presidency of the Wordsworth Society? The American ambassador is obviously the man for the post. Is there a bust of Fielding or Coleridge to be unveiled in Westminster Abbey? The first thoughts of Englishmen turn by instinct to the American embassy for the orator of the occasion. Journalists from all parts of the Empire meet to celebrate the coronation of the English monarch, a purely British event commemorated by a purely British gathering. Yet who but Mr. Choate should be the guest of honor? There is a banquet of cabinet ministers, statesmen, authors, artists, actors, critics, given in honor of a famous English cartoonist. On the chairman's left hand you look, and not in vain, for the figure of the American ambassador. Sir Henry Irving turns the Lyceum Theatre into a drawing-room for the reception of the Indian princes. Moving easily and welcomed among the brilliantly bohemian assembly behold the imposing form of Mr. Choate. Where, indeed, is the American ambassador not welcomed? One day you may hear of him addressing a working-men's institute in the East End of London. On the next the wisest heads of Scotland will be gathering to hear his estimate of a great American statesman. Now he is the centre of a house party at one of the splendid country mansions that are the ornament and charm of English life. And now again, to the envy of all the other ambassadors, who are never similarly honored, he has for his guest the King himself. From no other diplomat is anything like such a range required. And the difference is not, as I have said, due simply to the fact that the American ambassador speaks English. There have been many ministers accredited by Continental powers to the Court of St. James who had passed their boyhood in England, and spoke the language perfectly. M. Waddington, the late French ambassador, was such a one. He was educated in England, went to Cambridge, and established an undying claim on the affections of Englishmen by rowing in the 'varsity boat. Yet when he became ambassador no one ever heard of him. He sank comfortably into official obscurity, and made no sort of position for himself outside. How comes it, then, that no big dinner or literary or artistic gathering in London is considered complete without the American ambassador and the American ambassador's speech? The answer is to be found partly in the class of men whom the United States sends over here, and partly in the intimate sense of kinship and affection which all Englishmen feel for America as a nation and for the American ambassador as an individual. It is just this that makes Mr. Choate's position so particularly pleasant. He has the supreme advantages, first, of understanding the last least shade of the language of the nation to which he is accredited; secondly, of preserving all the time the invaluable outside point of view; and, thirdly, of finding wherever he goes the heartiest kind of welcome, public and private, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of the country he comes from.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then Sir Stratford Canning, once described the English embassy in Washington as a very pleasant post socially, but not requiring any great talents politically. Times have changed since then, and in many ways the office of British representative to the United States is now one of the most exacting in the service. But what Sir Stratford said of the British embassy in Washington may be applied to the American embassy in London. It is a very agreeable post socially, and it requires little more than a modicum of political talent. In fact, the social side of it quite overshadows the official and diplomatic side, and it is by mingling freely in the thousand and one elements that go to the making of good English society that an American ambassador really does his best work in bringing the two countries together. This being so, criticism and even description become a matter of difficulty. I may, however, set down without impertinence what is the unanimous opinion that London has formed on Mr. Hay's successor. To be obliged to step into Mr. Hay's shoes was in itself a severe handicap, for no American ambassador since Mr. Lowell had made himself not only so popular, but so beloved, among Englishmen. The gap that his translation to the Secretaryship of State left in the life of this metropolis was one, perhaps, that may never be filled. But you will hear it agreed on all hands that Mr. Choate comes as near filling it as any man could. He is a warm favorite in society, where his wit and kindliness and readiness to be interested make him a prize attraction to English hostesses. An invitation "to meet the American ambassador" is one that any Londoner will sacrifice much to accept. Moreover, though a lawyer by profession, Mr. Choate reaches a very high standard in his occasional addresses to literary and philosophical societies—in his Edinburgh lecture on Lincoln, for instance; the clubs resound with his *bons mots;* and as a speaker he is always ten per cent. fresher and more pointed than the average English orator.

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Extracts from "The Reflections of Ambrosine"

By Elinor Glyn

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

X

THE fog was white round the windows as I came down to my solitary breakfast on the 4th. My heart sank. What if it should be too thick for me to start? I could not bear to think of the disappointment that would be.

I forced myself to practise for an hour, after breakfast. Then I wrote a long letter to the Marquis de Rochermont. Then I looked again at my watch, and again at the fog. I should start at half past two, to give plenty of time, as we should certainly have to go slowly.

At last, at last, luncheon came. I never felt less hungry, nor had the servants ever appeared so pompous and slow. It seemed as if it could never be half past two.

However, it struck eventually, and the automobile came round to the door.

For the first five miles the fog was very thick. We had to creep along. Then it lifted a little, then fell again. But at half past four we turned into the lodge gates. I could see nothing in front of me. The trees seemed like gaunt ghosts, with the mist and the dying daylight. The drive across the park and up the long avenue was fraught with difficulty. Even when we arrived, I could see nothing but the bright lights from the windows. But, as the door was thrown open, I realized that Antony was standing there, against the flood of brightness.

I seem always to be saying my heart beats. But there is no other way of describing the extraordinary and unusual physical sensation that happens to me when I meet this man.

"Welcome!" he said, as he helped me out of the automobile. "Welcome to Dane Mount! Do you know Lady Grenellen and your husband have not arrived? The brougham has with difficulty returned from the station after waiting until the train was in, and there was no sign of them."

A joy, unbidden and instantly suppressed, pervaded me as he spoke.

"Perhaps they missed the train and will catch the next," I hazarded.

"The fog in London is quite exceptional, the guard said. I have given orders for the coachman to return and try for the next train. It gets in at six-forty-two. After that there is one at seven, and the last one is at ten-eighteen. But they will probably telegraph."

"It makes me laugh!" I said.

"Come and have tea. We shall not bother our heads about them. They are, fortunately, well able to take care of themselves."

Antony led the way to the library, where the tea was laid out.

I never have sat in such a comfortable sofa or felt more cozily at home. Everything pleased me. All is in perfect taste.

"What long eyelashes you have, Comtesse!" said Antony, apropos of nothing. "They make a great shadow on your cheek, and they have no business to be dark, with your light mud-colored hair."

"How rude, to call my hair mud-colored!" I said, indignantly. "I always thought it was *blond cendré*."

"So it is, and it shines like burnished metal. But you are a vain little thing, I expect, and I did not wish to encourage you!"

His voice was full of a caress. I did not care to look into his queer cat's-eyes.

"You have black eyelashes yourself, and I am of the family, why may I not have them too?" I said, pouting.

"Of course you can have them or anything else you wish, to oblige you! But I should rather like to know how long your hair is when you let it down. You look as if you had a great quantity there, but probably it is not all your own!" And he smiled provokingly.

"If I was not afraid of the servants coming in I would undo it to show you!" I replied, with great indignation, and a sudden feeling that I too could tease. "I never heard anything so insulting!"

My servants are well trained. It is not six o'clock yet. They won't come in until half past six, unless I ring. You have plenty of time."

A spirit of *coquetterie* came over me for the first time in my life. I took out the two great tortoise-shell pins that held it up and let my hair tumble down around me. It falls in heavy waves nearly to my knees.



"Fiendish little Temptress, put up that hair"

"That is perfectly beautiful!" said Antony, almost reverently. "I apologize. It is your own."

I got up and shook it out and stood before him. It hung all round me, like a cloak. Oh! I was in a wicked mood, and I do not defend my conduct.

"Comtesse," he said, and his eyes swam, "fiendish little temptress, put up that hair."

He looked at me long, and we neither of us spoke.

"It was a very cruel turn of fate that we did not meet this time last year," he said at last.

"Yes."

"Comtesse, I want to make your life happier. I want to introduce you to several nice women I know. I shall have a big party next month. Will you come and stay again? Then you will gradually get a pleasant society round you, and you need not trouble about the Dodds and the Springers—no, Springle was their name, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It is so kind of you, all this thought for me. Oh, Sir Antony, I have nothing to say," I faltered.

He frowned.

"Do not call me *Sir* Antony, child. It hurts me. You must not forget we are cousins. You are Ambrosine to me, or my dearest little Comtesse."

The clock struck half past six. The servants entered the room to take the tea things away, and while they were there another footman brought in three telegrams, one for me and two for my host.

Antony handed the two others to me. One was from Lady Grenellen, the other from Augustus, both expressing their annoyance and regret. The telegrams were all sent off at the same hour from Piccadilly, so apparently they were together, my husband and his friend.

"It is comic," I said, "this situation! Augustus and Lady Grenellen fog-bound in London and you and I here, and it is the fault of neither of us."

"I like a fog," said Antony, with his old, whimsical smile, all trace of seriousness departed. "A good, useful thing, a fog. Hope it won't lift in a hurry."

XI

Before I opened my eyes next morning in my beautiful room, a telegram came from Augustus—a long telegram written the night before, telling me the fog was impossible to penetrate that night, and I was to come up and join him at once in London, as he had just decided to go to the war with his Yeomanry. He could not keep out of it longer, as all his brother officers had volunteered, so he had felt obliged to do so, too.

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They were to start in less than three weeks.

"I shall go by the ten-o'clock train," I told McGreggor, as I scribbled my reply. "I must get up at once. Ask for my breakfast to be brought up here."

And so Augustus is going to the war, after all. It must have been some very strong influence which persuaded him to volunteer, he who hated the very thought.



"For the first time in my life I had fainted"

I felt bitterly annoyed with myself that this news did not cause me any grief. I have been this man's wife for five months, and his going into danger in a far country leaves me cold. But I did grieve for his mother. Her many good qualities came back to me. This will be a terrible blow to her.

I looked up at the little pastel by La Tour. The sprightly French Marquise smiled back at me.

"Good-by," I said. "You—pretty Marquise—would call me a fool because to-day Antony is not my lover. But I—oh! I am glad!"

He did not even kiss my finger-tips last night. We parted sadly after a storm of words neither he nor I had ever meant to speak.

"*Il s'en faut bien que nous connaissions tout ce que nos passions nous font faire!*"

Once more La Rochefoucauld has spoken truth.

Why the situation is as it is I cannot tell. In my bringing up, the idea of taking a lover after marriage seemed a more or less natural thing, and not altogether a deadly sin, provided the affair was conducted *sans fanfaronnade*, without scandal. It was not that grandmamma and the Marquis actually discussed such matters in my hearing, but the general tone of their conversation gave that impression.

Marriage, as the Marquis said to me, was not a pleasure—a means to an end, a tax of society. The *agréments* of life came afterwards. I had always understood he had been grandmamma's lover.

Why did I hesitate? I do not know. There is a something in my spirit which cried out against the meanness of it, the degradation, the sacrilege. I could not break my word to Augustus. Oh! I could not stoop to desecrate myself, and to act for all the future—hours of deceit.

And now after to-day I will never see Antony alone again. That we shall casually meet I cannot guard against. But never again shall I stay in his house. Never again awake in this beautiful room. Never again—

"The brougham is at the door, ma'am," said McGreggor, interrupting my thoughts, and I descended the stairs. The fog was still gray and raw, but had considerably lifted.

In the uncompromising daylight Antony's face looked haggard and drawn.

"Comtesse," he said, as we drove along, "I cannot forgive myself for causing you pain last night. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to harass and disturb you—here, in my own house—that I wanted you to look upon as your haven of rest. But I am not made of stone. The situation was exceptional—and I love you."

In spite of our imminent parting, joy rushed through me at his words. Oh! could I ever get tired of hearing Antony say "I love you"?

"You did not cause me pain," I said. "We had drifted, neither knowing where. It was fate."

"Darling, do you remember our talk in your sitting-room, and of the *coup de foudre*? Well, it has struck us both. Oh! I could curse myself! Your dear little white face looks up at me pathetically without a reproach, and I have been a selfish brute to even tell you I love you. I meant to be your friend and comrade, that you might feel you had at least some one that would stand by you forever. I wanted to make your life pleasanter, and now my mad folly has spoiled it all, and you decree that we must part. Oh! my little Comtesse, my loving you has only been to hurt you!"

"Oh no. It makes me glad to know it—only—only I cannot see you any more."

"I would promise never to say another word that could disturb you. Oh, why must we say good-by?"

"Because I could not promise not to wish you to say things. You must surely know if we went on meeting it could only have one end."

"Well, I will do as you wish, my darling white rose. In my eyes you are above the angels."

Oh! Antony's voice when it is moved, could wile a bird from off a tree!

When I told him of my telegram, and I knew he too felt glad that last night we had parted as we had.

"Ambrosine, listen to me," he said. "I will not try to see you, but if you want anything in the world done for you, promise to let me do it."

I promised.

"There is just one thing I want to know," I said. "That day before my wedding, when you sent me the knife and the note saying it was not too late to cut the Gordian knot, what did you mean? Did you care for me, then?"

"I do not know exactly what I meant. I was greatly attracted by you. That day we came over I very nearly said to you then, 'Come along away with me,' and then we never met again until your wedding. When I sent the knife I half wondered what you would say. I wrote the note half in joke, half in earnest. My principal feeling was that I could not bear you to marry Augustus. If we had chanced to meet, then, really, I should have taken you off to Gretna Green."

"Alas!" I said.

The footman opened the door. We had arrived at the station.

XII

The ship sailed a week ago and Augustus has gone to the war! Oh! I hate to look back and think of those dreadful three weeks before he started.

A nightmare of hideous scenes! Alternate drunkenness and inordinate affection for me, or sullen silence and cringing fear. Oh! Of all the frightful moments there are in life, there can be none so dark as those that some women have to suffer from the drunken passions and ways of men.

Augustus would have deserted at the last moment if an opportunity had offered. His mother made matters worse, as instead of remembering her country as so many mothers have, and sending her son on his way with brave and glorious words, she wept and lamented from morning till night.

"I told you so, Gussie," she said, when she first met us in London. "I was always against your joining that Yeomanry. I told you it wasn't only the uniform, and it might get you into trouble some day. Oh! To think that an extra glass of champagne could have made you volunteer. And now

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you've got to go to the war and you have broken my heart."

Augustus's own terror was pitiable to see if it had not roused all my contempt.

Oh! that I should bear the name of a craven!

A telegraph-boy handed me an envelope. It was from the War Office, and ran:

"We are deeply grieved to inform you intelligence has been received that your husband, Lieutenant Augustus Gurrage, of the Tilchester Yeomanry, died of measles on board the troop-ship *Aurora* on the 6th instant."

Grandmamma was right.

"Remember, above all things, that life is full of compensations."

Dear grandmamma! I wish you could come back to enjoy this second youth.

Shall I travel? It is late June now. Shall I go and see the world, or shall I wait, and perhaps, later on, have a companion to see it with me?

XIII

This is not a school-girl love-story I am writing, but the chronicle of my life. I have always despised sentimental heart-burnings, and when I used to read of the heroine dying for love, it always made me laugh. But, oh! never again can I know such bitterness in life as I have suffered in this black week—to have been so near to bliss, and now to be away forever!

What good to me were my freedom and riches? As well be married or dead. I never knew before how much I had been looking forward to seeing Antony again.

And now it was all finished. I must not be a coward. Oh! how I wished again for grandmamma's spirit! This time I must tear the whole thing out of my life at once.

To go on caring for another woman's lover was beneath contempt.

Had it been Babykins or Lady Grenellen, or any other woman, this discovery would have made no difference to me. I did not doubt that Antony loved me, and me only, now. He had been "not wearyingly faithful," like the rest of his world, that was all.

But she—Lady Tilchester—my friend! Oh! I could not take her lover from her! She who had always been so good to me, from the first moment of our acquaintance, kind and sympathetic and dear! I owed her deepest gratitude. If one of us must suffer, it should certainly be I. I could not play her false like this. Of course she loved him still! He was often with her, I knew, and her face had softened when first she spoke to him. They had known each other for fourteen years, she had said. I seemed to see it all, this was her "midsummer madness," and Antony had gone away to travel for several years, and then returned to her again. They had probably been so happy together until I came upon the scene.

Well, they can be happy once more when he forgets me. I, at least, shall not stand in the way. Dear Margaret, I am not so mean as that. You shall keep your lover, and I will never have mine!

All my life I shall hate the road to Versailles.

I felt if we might dash against a tree and have done with the whole matter, it would be the best thing in the end.

The rapid motion through the air revived me. I had my wits about me when we drew up at the hotel-door.

"I am going to Switzerland to-night," I said to McGreggor. "Pack up everything."

She is a maid of wonderful sense.

"Very well, ma'am," she said, without the slightest appearance of surprise.

I sat down and wrote a telegram to Antony. It would just catch him. He was to leave by the night mail.

"I have seen Muriel and I know. Lady Tilchester has been always kind to me. Do not come. Good-by."

Then I took it to the post-office myself.

That night we left for Lucerne.

XIV

Far away up the hills there is a path that leads to an open space—a tiny peep out over the tree-tops, sheer precipices below. I would go there for the last time, and to-morrow return to England.

The climb was steep. I was a little out of breath, and leaned on the stone ledge to rest myself when I arrived at the top. I was quite alone.

The knife on my chatelaine caught in the lichen and dragged at the chain. It angered me. I took it off the twisted ring and looked at it.

"Little 'ill omen,' as he called you, is it your fault that once fate, once honor, and once gratitude to a woman has kept me from my love? Well, I shall throw you away now, then I shall have no link left to remind me of foolish things that might have been."

I lifted my arm, and with all my might flung the tiny, glittering thing out into the air. It fell far away down among the tree-tops in the valley.

Then I turned to go down the hill. I had done with ridiculous sentiment, which I had always disliked and despised.

Footsteps were coming towards me up the long, winding path. It was a lonely place. I hoped it was not one of the fat German Jews who had followed me once or twice! Ugly, liverish creatures!—hardly human, they seemed to me. I wished I had Roy with me. He had gone with McGreggor into the town.

A bend in the path hid the person from view until we met face to face.

And then I saw it was Antony, and it seemed as if my heart stopped beating.

"At last I have found you, Ambrosine, sweetheart!" he said, and he clasped me in his arms and kissed my lips.

Then I forgot Lady Tilchester and gratitude and honor and self-control, because in nature I find there is a stronger force than all these things, and that is the *touch* of the one we love.

It was, perhaps, an hour afterwards. The shadows looked blue among the pine-trees.

We sat on a little wooden bench. There was a warm, still silence. Not a twig moved. A joy so infinite seemed everywhere around.

"It was all over between us ten years ago," Antony said. "It only lasted a year or two, when we were very young. The situation galled us both too much, and Tilchester was always my friend. She knows I love you, and she only cares for her great works and her fine position now. So you need not have fled, Comtesse."



"And I leaned on the stone ledge to rest myself"

"I shall tell you something, Antony," I whispered. "I am glad I am doing no wrong, but if it was to break Lady Tilchester's heart, if grandmamma were to come back and curse me here for forgetting all her teachings, if it was almost disgrace — now that I know what it is like to stay in your arms — I should stay!"

THE END.

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A New Poet

ONE not infrequently hears it said that the day of poetry is past; that the researches of science have unveiled the world, and, in doing so, have despoiled fancy of her realm; that imagination, for lack of exercise, has grown stunted and inert; and that men and even women have become impatient of any literature but that of hard material fact or of commonplace life. It is scarcely conceivable that such a theory should have a serious ear from intelligent people, for the proofs are legion that it is false. A distinct poetic vein runs through the treatises even of many of the great masters of science; were one to eliminate that element from the works of such writers as Huxley and Tyndall, a multitude of splendid passages would be affected by the process. No names, furthermore, are held in higher honor to-day, nor shine with a brighter lustre on the roll of recognized achievement, than those of our contemporary poets. And if absolutely conclusive evidence were needed of the baselessness of the supposition that the people of the twentieth century are not seeking for and are incapable of discerning "the light that never was on sea or land," it could be found in the fact that our publishers have not withdrawn themselves from the service of those whose "imaginations body forth the forms of things unknown," and who "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

These reflections are suggested by the recent publication of a volume of poems of striking excellence from the pen of Mr. George Leveson Gower, which is in itself an earnest of the survival of the poetic imagination—and of its survival with a robust vitality—as a creator of literature, even among the interests and preoccupations which differentiate our time from the times that have gone before. To the influence of these interests and preoccupations, in all their intensity, Mr. Leveson Gower has been subjected in uncommon measure — for as private secretary to a Prime Minister of England, as representative in Parliament of an important constituency, and as a participator in the management of commercial and industrial enterprises, his path has led him right into the thick of public affairs. In that prosaic environment he produced these poems, which will be welcomed by all who like to be told of what the eyes of the seer have seen beneath the outward and obvious aspect of things.

Many and varied are the themes of Mr. Leveson Gower's poems. They sing of sea and sky, of forest and flowers and trees, of storm and calm, and of the changes that pass over the face of nature as one season gives place to another; indeed, one will not read far into the volume without discovering that this poet is and has been a true lover of nature, and has become familiar with all her ways. But the main burden of the poems is the loves and hopes and despairs and longings of the human heart, and the mystery of the life and fate of man. Wide as is this range, the instrument on which Mr. Leveson Gower has discoursed his music has been fully equal to the task required of it. It is not a pipe, nor is it a harp; it is rather an organ, and it gives forth, according to the exigencies of the score, simple notes of singular clearness and sweetness, or tones of strong resonance and sonorousness. Our poet has had at his command a rich vocabulary. His mastery of words is significantly illustrated by the happiness of his translations from the Greek Anthology and from a French rendition of certain Japanese verses, which he has gathered together in the latter part of the volume—the translations possessing all the spontaneity of original expression. Here, for instance, is his rendering of some lines of Posidippus:

> Jar of Cecrops, from thy lip
> Let the dew of Bacchus drip.
> Drench us through and through:
> Let wise Zeno's sermons cease,
> And Cleanthes hold his peace:
> Eros, here's to you!
> Bitter-sweet to you!

Another, a translation of "Love's Garland," by Meleager, is no less interesting from the same point of view:

> I will twine white violet
> And with soft narcissus set
> Myrtle-buds and lily posies,
> Crimson hyacinth shall meet
> In my wreath with crocus sweet
> And with lovers' roses,
> Such petals shall my garland shed
> On Heliodora's curly head.

Throughout the poems there are a naturalness of diction and an appropriateness of rhythm to theme which are altogether satisfying, nor is there any trace of a labored straining after effect. We quote four stanzas from a poem on the Flowers of the Universe:

> O! there are flowers upon the earth
> And flowers within the depth of seas,
> And in the heart spring flowers of mirth
> And gorgeous blooms of ecstasies,
> Some that will fade within the day
> And some that never pass away.
>
> In crannies of green ocean caves
> Where never drives the storm-wind's sound,
> Anemones cling round the graves
> Of the great army of the drowned,
> And weave a glory round each head
> Of the unknown, unnumbered dead.
>
> And when the night herself unveils
> Till all the breadth of heaven is shown,
> No brightest flower of earth but pales
> At the flame-flowers that shine alone,
> And silent their high task rehearse,
> The beacons of the Universe.
>
> O! heart of man, in thee are found
> Depths deeper than unfathomed seas,
> Mysterious caverns hung around
> With garlands of half-memories
> Borne in on us, we may not know
> From what far land, how long ago.

The richness and simplicity of Mr. Leveson Gower's style are well illustrated by the verses entitled "In Freya's Garden," from which the following stanzas are culled:

> In Freya's fragrant garden
> The souls of babes unborn.
> That Time has dared not harden
> By Life's chill, glimmering morn,
> Slumber and laugh and play.
>
> There, amid cool, long grasses,
> By sounds of rushing streams,
> For them the summer passes
> From dreams to happy dreams,
> Nor changes any day.
>
> Strange snowy blossoms falling
> Crown every golden head.
> There is no sad recalling
> Of joyous days long dead,
> For there no Past is known;
>
> No hours by them are numbered,
> No Future makes them fear.
> No sin that long has slumbered
> Cries out until they hear,
> And claims them for its own.
>
> Freya, mild-eyed and queenly,
> Passes from each to each,
> Greeting each soul serenely,
> Yet has no need for speech,
> For each child understands.
>
> And as by each she lingers
> They gaze in her fair face,
> And their soft baby fingers
> Are drawn by her calm grace
> To clasp her mother hands.
>
> Life's messenger some morning,
> The lady-bird, draws nigh,
> And without sign or warning
> Toward some soul must fly
> And light on lips or brow:
>
> Out from the green recesses
> It needs must follow then,
> Leave Freya's warm caresses
> For the rough walks of men
> It had not known till now.

The volume contains several narrative poems, of which we shall mention only one. It recounts the deeds of a band of Norsemen who, under their leader Sigurd, sailed to the Mediterranean and ravaged a "three-cornered island," putting to rout the inhabitants who opposed them and carrying rich booty back to their northern home. The story is told swiftly and boldly, but with fitting fire and vigor. These lines describe the encounter:

> Then with the Raven
> Streaming above them
> Rushed all the spearmen of Sigurd to battle.
>
> As when the lightning
> Shines in the night-time
> Brightening the deep-winding fiords of the Norseland,
> So flew the arrow-flights shrieking above them.
>
> As when the storm-wind
> Bows all the fir-tops,
> So was the crash of the charge of the Norsemen.
>
> Strongly the islemen
> Strove to withstand them
> Fencing themselves with their shields and their hauberks:
> Split were the shields
> And the hauberks were riven:
> Mighty spear-thrustings
> Pressed on the foemen,
> Grim was the dread that fell over the Southmen.

Unfortunately, our space will not admit of extended quotation, and the passages we have cited merely suggest the high quality of Mr. Leveson Gower's work. We shall close our selections with some lines on "Caedmon," taken from a group of fine sonnets to which a portion of the volume is devoted:

> Within, was mirth and loud-voiced revelry
> And clamorous greeting of each well-known song;
> Without the East Wind wailing and the long
> Dull, measured thunder of the Northern Sea:
> Then one called, smiling unto all the rest,
> "Arouse thee, Caedmon! Come, a song from thee!"
> "I cannot sing," full sadly answered he,
> And passed from them naught heeding laugh and jest.
> But as that night he slept among the kine
> One stood before him radiant and divine,
> And asked him, "Caedmon, wilt thou sing for Me?"
> "What song, Lord," cried he trembling, "can I bring?"
> Then answer came, "From henceforth thou shalt sing
> Of all Creation and Eternity!"

It is a pleasure to bring this volume to the notice of American readers who appreciate poetry of a high order, animated by a deep love of what is beautiful in nature, and by lofty views as to the duty and destiny of man.

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Christmas, 1902

By John Kendrick Bangs

THE glorious days, the holidays,
When jammed and crammed are all the ways,
When fakirs bawl upon the marts
And hucksters howl from passing carts,
When every train that comes to town
By shoppers blithe is laden down
From smoking locomotive stack
To groaning truck upon the track;
The women folk with anxious phiz,
The youngsters with their souls awhiz,
The fathers smiling, spite of ills
That later will attend the bills—
The holidays, the glorious days,
Again are with us, and the maze,
The rushing, crushing human tide,
Doth flow and ebb on every side,
And over all and everywhere
Hath nature spread a genial air.

Gaze on the shops! What crowds you see!
Of eager-eyed humanity!
The slender form, the figure fat,
The pudgy shopper and the flat;
Grandmothers, maids and wives and boys,
In scramble for the wares and toys
That when the Christmas morning comes
Shall brighten up the million homes—
The happy homes that far and wide
Stretch over all the country-side.
A sight it is the soul to stir,
To see this busy Christmas whir,
And oh, what brawn as well as brain
It doth consume to stand the strain!
Take yonder pale-faced woman there,
With avid eye and eager stare,
What little strength there seems to be
Stored in that frame, yet giant she
When in this maddening shopping fray
She strives to "do it all to-day."
One moment there behind the crowd,
She disappears, her head is bowed,
And then, by Jove!—oh, wondrous stunt!—
She bobs serenely up in front.
Pale, delicate, and seeming weak,
She does those things that well might pique
A gladiator in the days
When men were trained for lesser frays.
She does those things that one would think
Would make a football-player shrink.
And those who love a sporting show,
That makes all other contests slow,
Should stand and watch this shopping crew
In the gyrations they go through.

Upon the highways is a sight
To either prostrate or delight:
Folk bent beneath a bundled mass
Of packages of every class,
All hurrying, scurrying through the streets,
As trotters in their trial heats;
On clanging, banging trolley-cars
They cling as though on trapeze bars;
Where'er the busy mortal goes
He treads on some one else's toes,
Yet naught of quarrels e'er arise
To mar the genial Christmas skies.
The fakirs, with their toys of tin,
Contribute to the general din.
And cabs and hacks and motor-cars,
As numerous as are the stars
Up in the Milky Way, are crammed
Into a jumble, packed and jammed,
Until to straighten them at last
You'd think 'twould take a heavy blast
Of something strong as melanite,
Or even of much greater might.
Yet, 'mid the din and rout and chill
We find the Spirit of Good-Will.

But far behind these joyous scenes
We peep at through the Christmas greens,
Another lies obscured from view,
But, like the others, just as true
And just as anxious for the cheer
That Christmas chimes bring to the ear.
Far up above the bustling pave
In cheerless homes are spirits brave
That in the battles great of life
Have fallen 'neath the stress of strife;
To whom the chimes and Christmas trees
Seem almost bitter mockeries,
Since naught of peace hold they for them,
Crowned with the Pauper's Diadem.
Men, women, children, youngsters true
To some one as are yours to you;
Fathers and mothers wet of eye,
To note the Yule-tide passing by,
With naught to give, yet big of heart
As you who've flourished in the mart;
The babes of garrets, curly haired,
Who ever have most illy fared,
In spite of all are hoping yet
That Santa Claus will not forget
That they too in this Christmas fare
Would love, above all things, to share.
The hearth is cold, the room is dark,
The air is chill, the tables stark,
Yet in those little hearts that grope
So soon in evil, there is hope!

This scene, of all the Christmas sights,
Should serve to set the world to rights.
For just one day, if only one,
Let all enjoy a warming sun,
Let all enjoy that wondrous Peace
That brings the vexèd heart surcease,
That comes from Good-Will tangible,
That overflows from spirits full.
Somewhere, somehow, some hearts may be
Relieved of pressing misery
Upon this day of all the year
That sings the song of Love and Cheer;
And if each one of you who read
But ventures on one kindly deed,
By which some spirit sore distressed
Finds for the moment peace and rest,
Indeed the Christmas hour will bring
A gift so rare that e'en a king
Might envy you the thought and wit
By which you have acquired it;
And over all the land we'd see
Far more of joy than misery,
Far more of Good-Will unto man,
And Peace on Earth, since men began
To chant the words so true and tried
That voice the soul of Christmas-tide.

Finance

ONE of the astonishing features of modern life is the prevalence of superstition. The belief in omens, lucky numbers, unlucky days, and, indeed, in the inevitableness of what the unsuperstitious call remarkable coincidences is not confined to the masses. Irreligious people are almost invariably superstitious, whether they be educated or ignorant. Actors are notoriously averse to walking under step-ladders, placing umbrellas upon beds, etc. It is not that their point of view is theatrical, or that they look upon life through the spectacles of unreality. Gamblers are an unsentimental lot. But they believe in luck, and in as many omens as do actors. In Wall Street superstition is manifested in divers ways. But there is food for reflection in the remarkable number of people in the financial district who remembered that Wednesday, December 17, was the seventh anniversary of the famous Venezuelan panic precipitated by Mr. Cleveland's equally famous message. At this writing it is the fear of complications over the Venezuelan imbroglio that exercises the strongest influence on the security-markets.

After a period of dulness and of the monotony which invariably characterize "professional" trading, the stock-market received a sharp push downward. The money-market, or the gentlemen who control it, were responsible. Money rates rose sharply. Time loans, it was found, could not be made much, if at all, under 8 per cent., and even at that rate the offerings were not liberal. Call money loaned as high as 12 per cent. This advance, and the spectre of direful possibilities raised thereby, induced a fresh outburst of liquidation, which at one time bid fair to develop into a very fair-sized panic. Prices, however, had already sustained considerable declines, and a level was reached which not only strong interests, but clear-headed investors, deemed inviting. The absence of "support" from the leaders of the market was so conspicuous previous to that day as to be disquieting. Liquidation gathers momentum as prices recede, and there was an urgency to the selling which was not inspiriting. However, the market rallied, on the buying power referred to, and the worst was over, temporarily. The market, however, developed fresh weakness, and prices again declined, the fear of Venezuelan complication in the mean while coming to the front. The announcement that the leading banks and banking-houses had formed a $50,000,000 money pool to check undue disturbances in the money-market, should an emergency arise, helped sentiment somewhat, but it was offset by various alarming reports from Washington.

That the monetary situation was one of extreme delicacy was well understood. That it should have precipitated a crisis at this particular time was not so clear. Indeed, the action of the banks, or at least of certain of the largest ones, amply justified the suspicion that it was the result of a deliberate, premeditated plan. Professional Wall Street, with its eyes always an inch from the ticker-tape, immediately concluded that the leaders of finance were coercing certain interests into liquidation, prompted by the not altogether selfish desire of strengthening the general situation. It is certain that if the banks desired to force liquidation of speculatively held stocks, they succeeded, and it is equally certain that the situation at large was greatly improved thereby. It is not cynicism which makes Wall Street so often speak of a "healthy reaction," though, to the lambs, the expression is but an obituary notice. But the money pinch was felt not alone by the weak or the over-venturesome speculator in stocks. The business community as well suffered from it, and hence the cry, out of Wall Street, that the banks, by acting as they did, were in reality arguing in favor of currency reform. It was, in other words, an artistic way of lobbying. Be it as it may,—and the talk of "conspiracies" by the powers of the realm of finance is seldom justified—advices from Washington would indicate that some measure of reform will be passed at the present session of Congress.

Just as sentiment regarding the monetary outlook was commencing to improve, the Venezuela difficulty again chilled it. The bank pool, which announced that its members stood in readiness to contribute $50,000,000 additional credits in case some serious emergency arose, allayed some fears and aroused others. The necessity of such an announcement at this time was not so great as to convince the public that its only object was to preclude the rise of the cash rate to a ruinous level. Only superficial persons imagined for an instant that in case of a great demand for money the syndicate would stand in the way of 20 or 30 per cent. money by lending forty or fifty millions at 6 per cent.

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Financial

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F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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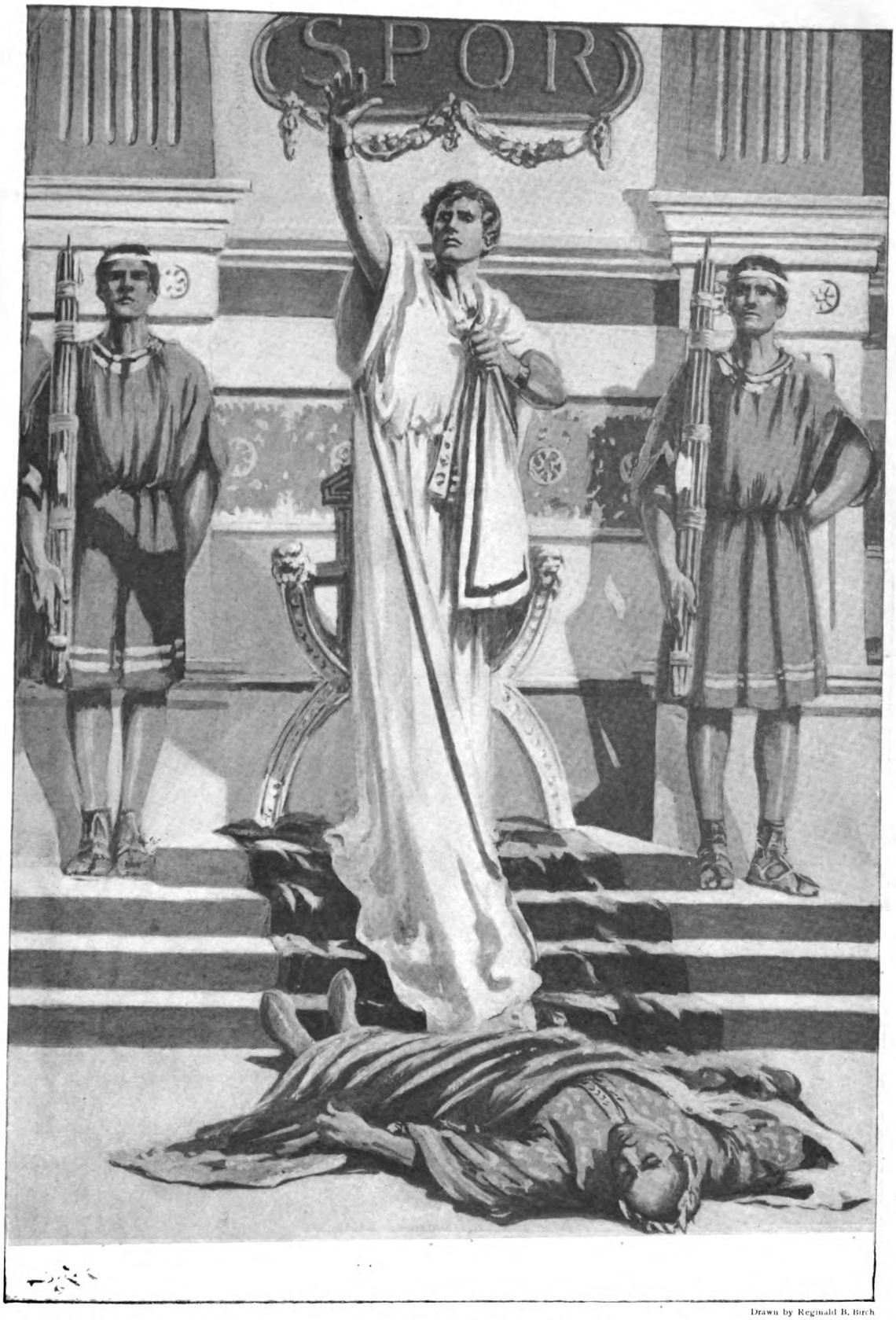
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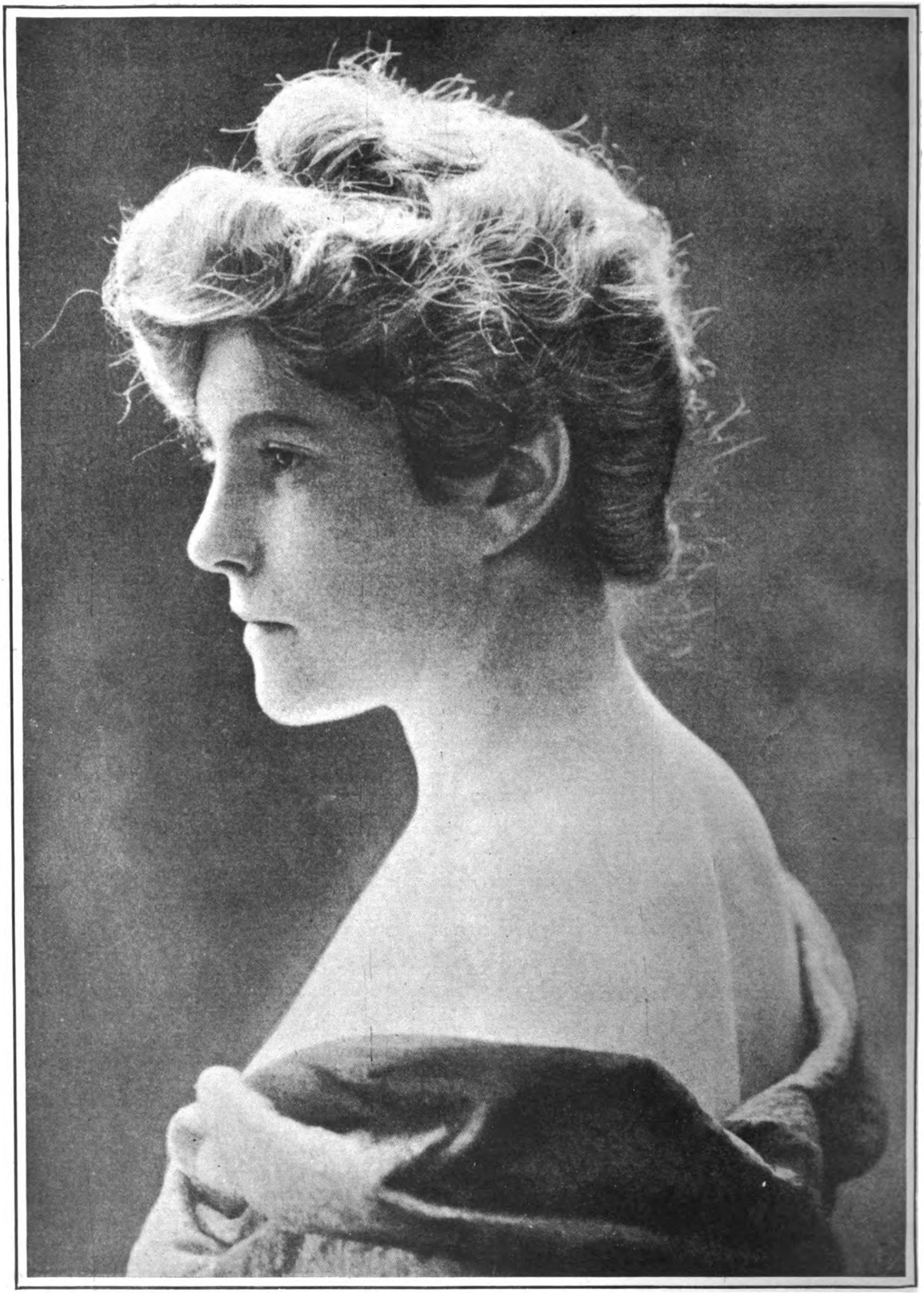


Drawn by Reginald B. Birch

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR" AT THE HERALD SQUARE, NEW YORK

Act III., Scene I.—Brutus (Mr. Mansfield): "People and senators! be not affrighted; fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid!"

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SUZANNE DESPRÈS

The young actress who has just taken Paris by storm

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A Debut at the Theatre Francais

See page 2032

THE début in question was that of Mademoiselle Suzanne Desprès in the part of *Phèdre*. For weeks "all Paris" had been talking of it, as an event of some general interest, and of no little artistic importance. It is of this side of the subject only that we wish to speak, rather than to make any criticism of the actress herself.

As a matter of fact, she was not making her début upon the stage, but only her début in one of the greatest of all theatres in one of the greatest of all rôles. It was a test night. It was one of those occasions in which Paris puts itself into committee, as it were, to judge the work of one whom it has been watching, encouraging, training for some years past. In no American community is there anything to correspond with

(Continued on page 2035.)

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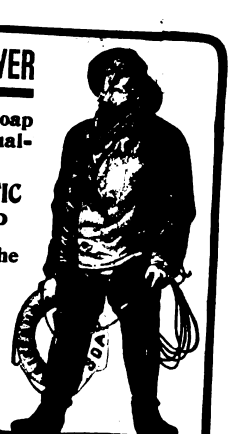


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(Continued from page 2035.)

straight from her part in "Captain Jinks" to that of *Lady Macbeth*. But the Parisian public likes this kind of pluck. It takes the young aspirant by the hand, so to speak, and says: "Try. We will stand by you. We will tell you where you are right and where you are wrong; and whether it is possible or not to do the thing at all."

Then, when the evening comes round, "all Paris" is astir. It is keeping its part of the promise. As you enter the lobby of the Comédie you know at once that some unusual interest is in the air. There is none of that flutter of opera-cloaks and flash of tiaras that make the entrance to a London playhouse like the antechamber of a court. There is none of that free-and-easy gayety with which people flock into a theatre in New York. Here there is serious matter in hand. The arrivals on whom Talma, Mademoiselle Mars, and Rachel look down are in a serious frame of mind. A great work of art is to be presented by a new artist, in perhaps a new way. This public comes, then, not to be amused, but to deliver judgment: not to while away an evening, but to assist at an artistic solemnity.

The audience, to an American, would seem rather motley. Evening dress is by no means indispensable; and the comparatively small number of ladies present are soberly attired. In the stalls, boxes, and galleries there are journalists, painters, actors, singers, professional men, men of letters, men of the world. Here and there a celebrity is to be seen—Le Bargy of the Comédie itself, Plançon of the Opéra, Lavedan the dramatist, Monsieur Crozier, the invariable companion of monarchs visiting Paris, and others of the same degree. The aristocracy are well in evidence; but well in evidence too are the "little people," the small bourgeoisie—shopmen, soldiers, barbers, tailors, clerks—of all ages, from the youth with the dawning mustache to the bald-headed graybeard.

Never was there a more democratic assembly. The house is full of men of all social ranks who never miss a first-night or a début if they can get to it. They know the play almost by heart; they know just where to look for new readings; they know just what will be the indications of a merely clever talent or of a rising genius. In temper they are sympathetic, but just; they are ready to praise, but equally ready to blame; and their judgment, on the whole, will be quick and sound. In short, their attitude is Athenian.

The curtain rises. *Hippolyte* and *Théremène* receive a modified welcome. They are old favorites; every one knows what they will do. There is some whispering. But as *Hippolyte* makes his exit there is a sudden hush—an intense, expectant hush. *Phèdre* comes slowly down the stage, and sinks languidly on her throne. Nothing about her escapes the quick French eye. At a glance it is plain that physically she is not *Phèdre*. Her bare arms and shoulders are finely modelled; but she has little grace and no beauty. Her face is that of a French peasant, painted by Jules Breton—intelligent and sad. She is not a queen; she is not Greek; she is not *Phèdre*—at least, not as Rachel is *Phèdre* as she sits in stone in the foyer. That is the first observation. The audience waits now for voice and diction. It will be equally critical of both. At the first short speech there is a slight movement of heads. Men turn for a second from the stage to look their neighbors in the eyes. Their glances say that the voice is good—deep, melodious, expressive—not the *voix d'or* of Sarah Bernhardt in her youth, but, none the less, good. The diction, too, is excellent. It was Sarah's early distinctness without her later affectations. Racine's rich verses fall flowingly and intelligently on the ear. So far she is



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(Continued from page 2038.)

satisfactory. The house listens now for the familiar line (accompanied by the first touch of action):

"Que ces vains ornements, que ces voiles me pèsent."

There is a perceptible murmur of appreciation. The words have been naturally delivered; the lifting of the veil has been gracefully done. The public is pleased with its pupil. From this moment onward, to the end of the play, it watches her and hangs on her utterances with an attention half of the teacher, half of the parent. Now and then there is a burst of applause. Now and then there is a whisper that she has missed the force of certain words, that she has not had the passion for certain speeches. Older men think they catch an echo of Rachel, younger ones an intonation like that of Sarah. In no case does attention flag. The audience is doing its part with an earnestness not less devout than that with which the young artist is doing hers.

With the further result we are not concerned. Opinion, on the whole, went against the artist, but our point is not the verdict on the player; it is the attitude of the people. From beginning to end—from the first day on which the task is undertaken until the curtain falls for the last time on the eventful night—that attitude is eager, encouraging, sympathetic, helpful; and we come away realizing how a great public can call out great work. We think, too, of our own somewhat incoherent and haphazard dramatic art; and hope for the day when that which is "broad-based upon *our* people's will" may have something of the perfection now to be seen nowhere in the world but in and around the House of Molière.

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O white high-roads, ye know my feet!
A loaf I carry and, all told,
Three broad bits of lucky gold—
Lira, la, la!
And oh, within my flowering heart
(Sing, dear nightingale!) is my Sweet.

A poor man met me and begged for bread
Lira, la, la!
"Brother, take all the loaf," I said,
"I shall but go with lighter cheer"—
Lira, la, la!
And oh, within my flowering heart
(Sing, sweet nightingale!) is my Dear.

A thief I met on the lonely way—
Lira, la, la!
He took my gold; I cried to him, "Stay!
And take my pocket and make an end."
Lira, la, la!
And oh, within my flowering heart
(Sing, soft nightingale!) is my Friend.

Now on the plain I have met with death
Lira, la, la!
My bread is gone, my gold, my breath.
But oh, this heart is not afraid—
Lira, la, la!
For oh, within this lonely heart
(Sing, sad nightingale!) is my Maid.

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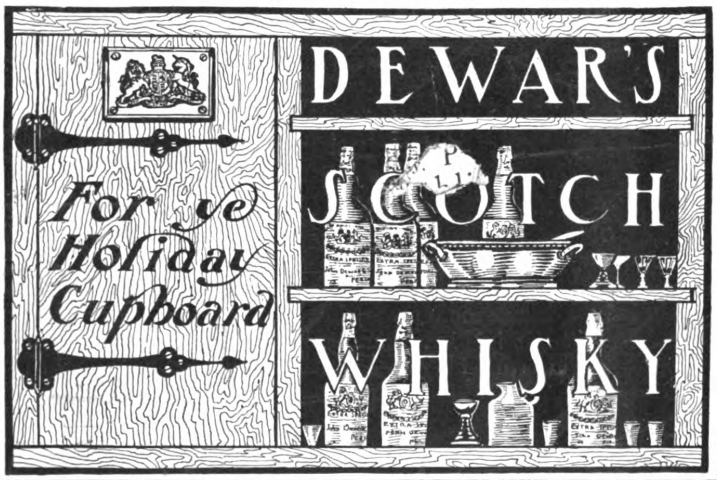
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